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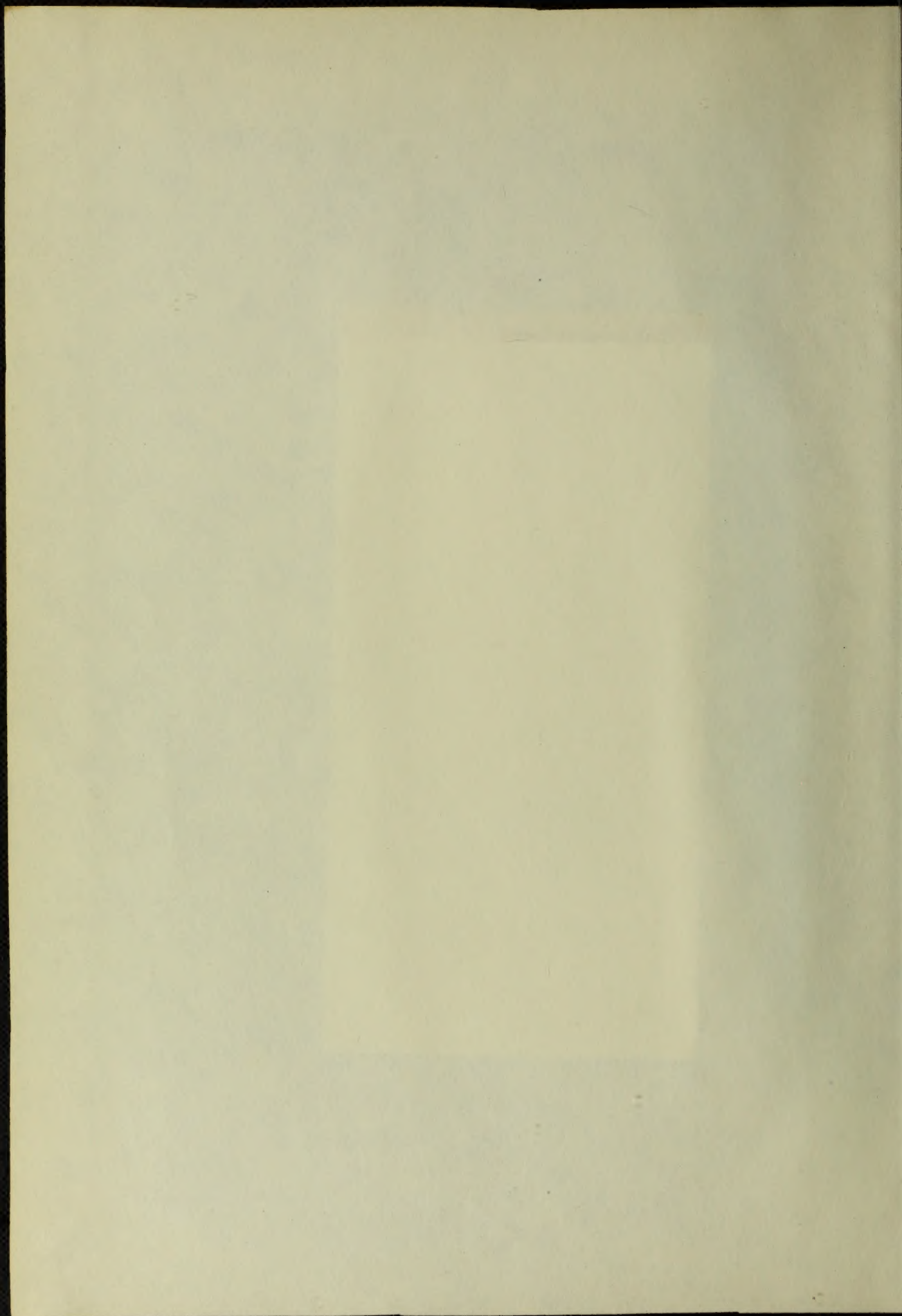
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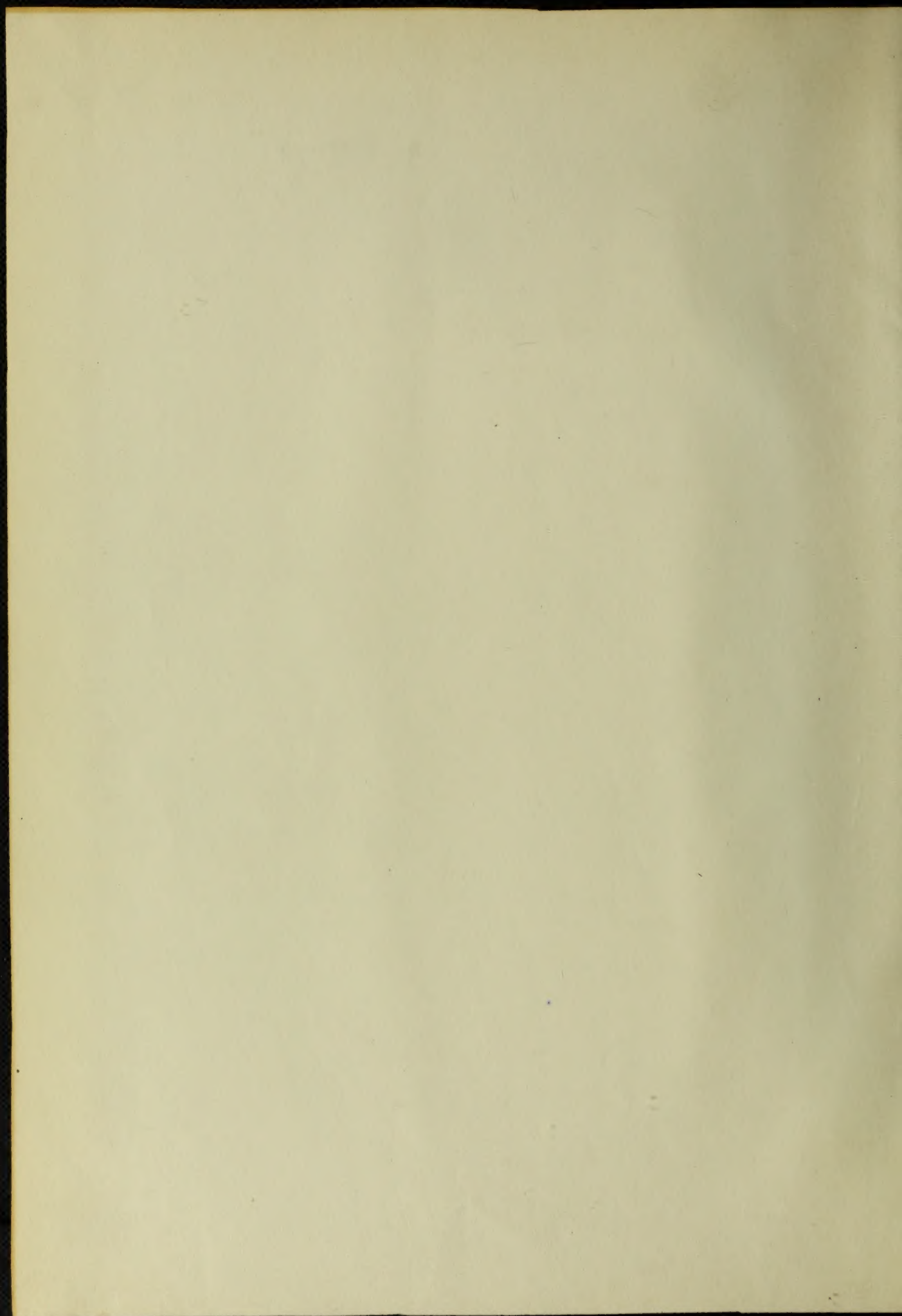
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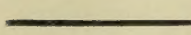
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The Outlook

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF CURRENT LIFE

VOLUME 131
MAY—AUGUST, 1922

FOUR MONTHS



THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK

The Outlook

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF CURRENT LIFE

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON was born in Manitoba in 1879 and was educated at the State Universities of North Dakota and Iowa and at Harvard University. During his life he has been almost everything from cowboy to reporter on the Boston "Evening Transcript" and associate instructor in anthropology at Harvard. Among his numerous Arctic expeditions are a private expedition to Iceland in 1904; an archaeological expedition to Iceland for Harvard University in 1905; and an Arctic expedition under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History and the Geographic Survey of Canada in 1908, during which he made valuable collections and investigations and reported the so-called blond Eskimo. He was the Commander of the Canadian Arctic Expedition which sailed from Victoria, British Columbia, in 1913 for four years' exploration north of Canada and Alaska.

AGNES REPPLIER, whose essays are known wherever there are people who enjoy English cleanly written, is of French extraction. She has spent much time in Europe and has received the Letaire Medal from the University of Notre Dame. Among her numerous volumes are "Books and Men," "Essays in Idleness," and "Counter Currents." She lives in Philadelphia.

JOHN HALL WHELOCK has been with Charles Scribner's Sons since 1911. He is the author of several volumes of poetry, and also of "Theodore Roosevelt: A Bibliography." Mr. Wheelock's new book of poems, "The Black Panther," is announced for publication some time during the fall.

BRANDER MATTHEWS'S article in the Book Table on Molière is from an address which this distinguished critic delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Letters on the occasion of its recent Molière celebration. Two members of the French Academy journeyed to America to take part in this notable international event.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON began his journalistic career in 1880 on the editorial staff of the New York "Tribune," with which he has been associated as, successively, day editor, editorial writer, and literary editor. He has been lecturer at a number of schools and colleges and a member of the Council at New York University. He is the editor of "History of New York University," published in 1903, and the author of "A Century of Expansion," "America and the Great War for Humanity and Freedom," and "Political and Governmental History of the State of New York." At present Mr. Johnson is an editor of the "North American Review."

FAITH BALDWIN started in pursuit of Pegasus at the age of eighteen. She has contributed to many of the leading magazines, and her first novel, "Mavis of Green Hill," was published in 1921. She spent two years, 1914 to 1916, studying in Dresden and Berlin, Germany.

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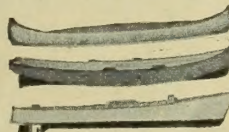
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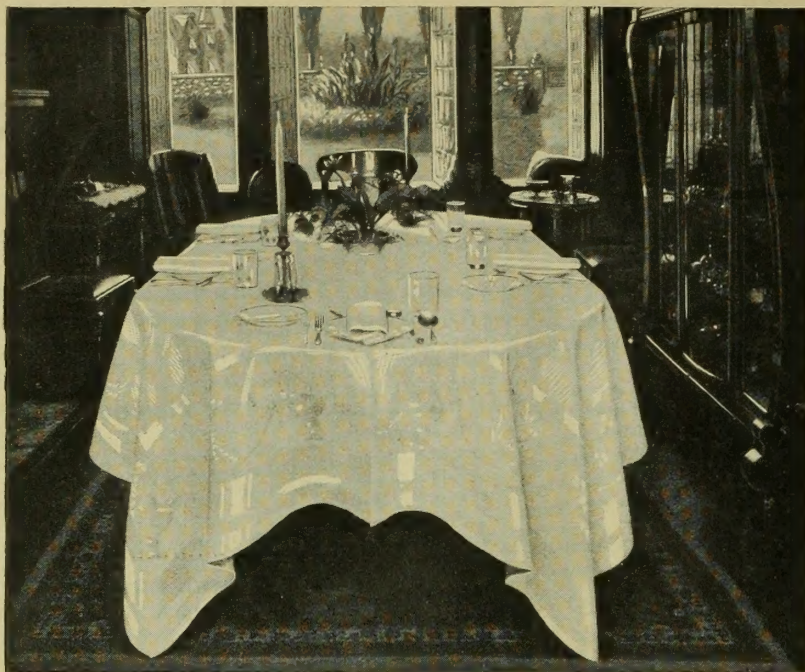


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The Outlook

MAY 3, 1922

CRISES AT GENOA

THERE are conferences and conferences. To call such a gathering as that at Genoa by the same name as that applied to the meeting of nations last winter at Washington is an indication of the poverty of language. No two gatherings could be more unlike.

At Washington there were nations which, however much their policies and purposes might differ, were willing to take one another's word as equivalent to a bond. Even the most disturbing incidents of the Washington Conference, such as some of the encounters between the Japanese and the Chinese and between the British and the French, served only to emphasize the fact that when any nation there finally pledged its word to a course of action there was no suspicion on the part of the representative of any other nation that that word would be broken. At Genoa, on the other hand, there are nations whose word is worth little or nothing in the eyes of other nations present. France, for instance, may cordially dislike England's purposes, but it does not distrust England's word. On the other hand, France and other countries, with very good reason, not only dislike Germany's purposes but also distrust Germany's word, and have no faith whatever in the words of Russia's present rulers.

Under these conditions it is not strange that the Genoa Conference has consisted of a series of crises. In diplomatic language, there has been incident after incident. One incident arises as soon as another is closed. To recount these daily occurrences of dangerous import would be wearisome. It would be useless to do so without at length explaining the moves in the game which these thirty-odd nations are playing.

In general, the nations gathered at Genoa seem to be taking sides according to the value they put upon good faith. The Bolshevik leaders from Russia put no value at all upon it, and the Germans put very little. Both the Russians and the Germans represent Governments which have been outlawed and which still bear the stigma of outlaws. They are governed somewhat by the psychology of the criminal, who thinks that, since every man's hand is against him, he is entitled to a living by his wits and is under no obligation to show good faith. When these nations were invited



(C) Underwood
TCHITCHERIN, RUSSIAN DELEGATE TO THE
GENOA CONFERENCE, PHOTOGRAPHED IN
THE GROUNDS OF THE HOTEL IMPERIAL
AT SANTA MARGHERITE

to Genoa, they accepted certain conditions laid down. Britain needs very much the trade of both of these countries, and used her influence to induce the other nations to receive their acceptances in good faith. France had very good reason to be reluctant in this matter, for she has found that Germany, after giving her signature to the Treaty of Versailles, has ever since been seeking to escape performing her part of the contract. There was every indication that France was approaching Germany in a mood of reconciliation. It is reported by a certainly not over pro-French British correspondent, J. L. Garvin, that one of the French Cabinet Ministers, de Lasteyrie, was taking the train from Paris in order to have a thorough financial discussion with the Germans when, presto! the Germans did their best to justify all the French fears by announcing their treaty with Russia, which at best has added new difficulties to the observance of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles.

Of course all this has gone to prove, what seemed obvious before, that under present circumstances in Europe it is

impossible to hold an economic conference which is not primarily political.

THE BOLSHEVIK'S AIM

FOR thus doing much to justify in the eyes of the world the course of France toward her, Germany has been charged with stupidity. Perhaps Germany is not as stupid as she seems to be. The world's memory has proved short, and the sort of things Germany did only a few years ago are passing into oblivion. Germany apparently can count on other nations' forgetfulness. What she has done in this instance is to secure at least a finger-hold upon the rich resources of Russia, and she is probably ready to gamble on the chance that the Allies will overlook this act of bad faith as they have overlooked a great many other such acts.

The Germans were told that, since they had made this arrangement with Russia, they could not be admitted into the discussions of Russian affairs, and they accepted their exclusion with apparent meekness. Moreover, they, as well as the Russians, were told that the Allies would preserve the right to declare any provisions of the Russo-German treaty which are in conflict with other treaties (for example, the Treaty of Versailles) null and void.

The Russians were told, too, that if they were going to continue in conference with other nations they must not be too truculent. The Allies' experts on Russia had met in London and prepared a report on Russian affairs which the Bolsheviks scorned in a statement which was issued by one of their officials. France promptly refused to sit with the Russian representatives until they made an explanation. In the meantime Tchi-tcherin, the Russian Foreign Minister, had issued a note in reply to the Allies' demand. The Allies had notified the Bolsheviks that their fifty billion dollar bill (which Dr. W. F. Johnson, in an article in this issue, exposes to the light of an incident in American history) was quite unacceptable. Mr. Tchi-tcherin withdrew the bill. The Allies had told the Bolsheviks that they would "write down" the war debts owing by Russia and postpone payment of interest, and even omit some parts of the arrears, and Mr. Tchi-tcherin agreed—naturally. The Allies had set certain conditions concerning the payment of debts and damages to foreign nationals; Mr.

Tchitcherin presented some counter-conditions, among which was the very important one that the Bolshevik Government should be recognized. When this apparently mild note appeared, it was explained that this superseded the truculent letter first issued, and the French thereupon resumed relations with the Russians.

In all of this the aim of the Bolsheviks is obvious. They are in desperate need of two things in order to retain their power over the Russian masses. If they get those two things at Genoa, they will go home highly pleased with themselves. One thing is recognition. The other thing is money. They have found that their plan to revolutionize the world by destroying the governments of other nations and the medium of exchange is futile. They had so conducted themselves that they won and deserved international ostracism. According to an Associated Press despatch from Moscow, the Bolshevik Government had issued up to the last of March twenty-five trillions (that is, twenty-five thousand billions, or, if you please, twenty-five million millions) of paper rubles since the first of January of this year. That seems incredible; but the whole Bolshevik scheme is incredible except for the fact that it happens to be one of the facts of an incredible era. Now these Bolsheviks find that if they are going to exploit the Russian people further they have got to have the backing of other governments not only politically but financially. So they present their fifty billion dollar bill, and present other preposterous demands, and then blandly offer to withdraw everything provided they get recognition and cash.

THE PROPOSED TEN-YEAR-PEACE TREATY

It is perhaps not surprising that in the midst of such proceedings Mr. Lloyd George's proposal for a ten-year pact of peace all around sounds rather ingenuous to those peoples who have suffered most from the criminal exploits of the German Militarists and the Russian Reds. Indeed, it would not have been surprising if the French had suggested that before they made any more pacts perhaps it would be well to see that those already made were observed.

Indeed, Premier Poincaré is reported to have declared in a speech at Bar-le-Duc, France, that all France has ever asked and all that she asks to-day is the execution of the Treaty of Versailles. "That," he is quoted as saying, "we must have and shall have. The peace of Europe depends upon it." He is reported as going still further in explicit statement by saying that he hoped that the Allies would be able to act in unison, but that France was prepared

to take the matter in her own hands, as the Treaty of Versailles authorizes, in order to protect her rights and interests. There has been a tendency in France toward a radical reduction of her military organization. Poincaré has been one of those who have cautioned his country against too rapid action in that direction, and now he points to the course of Germany and Russia as justifying his Cabinet in "daring to insist for the moment on eighteen months' military service."

Officially, however, the French Government is readier for compromise than Poincaré's speech would indicate—in deed, quite as ready for compromise as any one who knows what France has been through during the past two generations has any right to expect. The French delegation, in a statement concerning Lloyd George's proposal for a ten-year-peace treaty, has said: "It must be made clear that Germany and Russia have no aggressive intentions before the rest of Europe can agree to any such pact. If it involves the neutralization of frontier zones, it may be useful. If it involves later some form of reduction of armies, it may be beneficial. France is ready to reduce if others do so, because this would decrease expenditures, but it must affect everybody and be without a loophole for violation."

France of course is right in saying that a peace treaty had better be written in something else than water.

PASSING THE BONUS BUCK

PLANS to raise money for the payment of a soldiers' bonus have so far resembled the efforts of a man who seeks to increase the length of a piece of string by cutting off one end and tying it on the other. Congress is apparently unwilling to find any new funds for the bonus, for it is still keeping an expectant eye upon the payment of interest money on our foreign loans. At present the thought of Congress involves using interest payments from Great Britain.

Such funds, if they are received, cannot be properly applied to the bonus. Such interest should be applied to our own Liberty Bonds. For our bonds were in part sold to the Nation for the purpose of securing funds to loan to our allies. If Congress wishes to prove its sincerity in the matter of bonus legislation, let it collect the needed money by the imposition of new taxes frankly levied for the purpose of paying the bonus.

The political aspects of the bonus question are accentuated by the fact that it is proposed to increase the cash payments provided for in the House bill and to abolish some of the really constructive features, such as the land settlement plan which was incorporated in the original measure put forward by the

Legion. That land settlements and industrial loans can be of practical and permanent assistance to ex-soldiers has been proved by the example of Canada.

In an early issue of *The Outlook* an article on the Canadian system of loans to soldier-farmers will be published.

BUYING OFFICE WITH PUBLIC FUNDS

WE do not always agree with Senator Borah. But we have never doubted his independence of spirit and his readiness to fight for his convictions. This characteristic has been manifest in his public career ever since he rose to National prominence through his prosecution of the case against the murderers of ex-Governor Steunenberg.

If the Legion Post of Pocatello, Idaho, had realized this fact, they might have withheld their threat to drive Senator Borah out of public life because of his opposition to the bonus. In reply to the telegram from this Post Senator Borah said:

I observe in your telegram the threat which you impliedly make as to future political punishment. It was wholly unnecessary for you to make this threat. It reflected no credit upon you and it has had no effect whatever on me. When you come to that fight in which you propose to inflict punishment, you will doubtless be able to say many things in the way of censure upon my public service.

But one thing neither you nor any one else will be able to say, and that is, that I ever sought to purchase political power by drafts upon the public treasury, or that I chose to buy a continuation in office by putting \$4,000,000,000 upon the bended backs of American taxpayers.

I haven't much respect for the man who buys office, even though he pays for it with his own money. But the most slimy creature which disgraces American politics is the man who buys office by paying for it with appropriations out of the public treasury and charges his venal political obligations to the taxpayers.

Senator Borah's denunciation of the politician who pays for his re-election with appropriations from the public treasury constitutes an outstanding definition of an evil which is Nation-wide. It is particularly effective because it is accompanied by an act which might involve serious personal sacrifice.

THE RILEY MEMORIAL

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY had the gift of expressing in words that the great mass of people can understand feelings that the great mass of people have. If there is any feeling that approaches universality, it is tenderness for childhood, and particularly for childhood that has not a fair chance. This tenderness can be over-sentimentalized, but it is never to be scorned when it is genuine. It is this tenderness that one

WHAT NEWS FROM GENOA?

(Merchant of Venice, Act III, Scene 1)

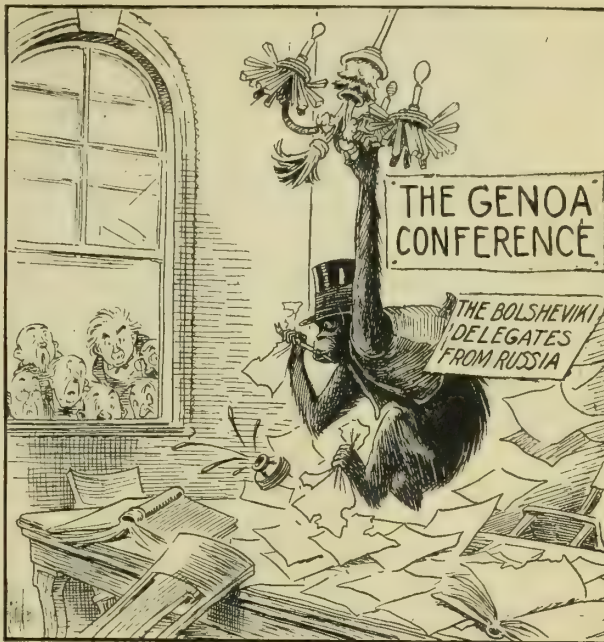
Donahy in the Cleveland Plain Dealer



JUST A GRAND STANDER

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

From Newton Bradford, Columbus, Ohio

Pease in the Newark Evening News



THE GENOA CONFERENCE

From Josephine M. Swenson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

From Benjamin Blumenthal, Philadelphia, Pa.

finds in Riley's verse perhaps more frequently than any other sentiment, and this verse will remain his monument long after much verse that is subtle and intellectually more mature will have been generally forgotten. In this sense Riley erected his own monument; but his neighbors have now built to his memory a monument of their own, and it is in the same vein as his verse. It is a hospital for the care of stricken children.

At the exercises at this hospital, in Indianapolis, Secretary James J. Davis, of the Department of Labor, paid a tribute to Riley in which he recognized this gift of the Indiana poet. "If the very sight of a child, if the fancies, the joys, the little griefs of a child touch us all so deeply," said Secretary Davis, "how much more touching are the fancies and joys and griefs of a child who is broken and bent and crippled! Nothing ever moved Riley to finer strains of poetry than bright, happy childhood, but nothing ever more stirred the depths of his being than the sight of childhood blighted with pain and distress." Secretary Davis mentioned the incident, which was one of Riley's earliest recollections, in which Riley saw to it that a lame schoolfellow always had the first ride in the swing under the locust trees at recess. Perhaps it is not mere coincidence that Riley's State, according to Secretary Davis, is leading in the effort to aid crippled children. Close after Indiana come New York, and Ohio, and Michigan, and Virginia, Massachusetts, Montana, Missouri, Illinois, and the rest. "In New York City alone," said Mr. Davis, "there are 36,000 cripples. A census of the Nation's cripples has never been undertaken—we have shrunk from the painful task. But let us hope that the percentage in New York is unusual, and that the country as a whole has taken no such toll of human bodies." According to Secretary Davis, there is not a State in the land that does not, through public or private means, pay heed to the needs of crippled children.

Riley's verses on "The Happy Little Cripple" contain in very simple and perhaps, to some, sentimental language a sound philosophy; for in those verses Riley represents the cripple as wondering how his aunt could, possibly be happy in a heaven where she did not have a chance to take care of him, for in heaven "they's nary angel 'bout the place with curv'ture of the spine." It is certainly true that the crippled children who are cared for in this hospital will do as much for the people of Indianapolis as the people of Indianapolis will do for them. In spite of wars and strikes and crime waves, this truth has been a dominant one in modern times.

Certainly such a hospital as the Riley Children's Memorial Hospital is as distinctive of the civilization of to-day as the amphitheaters and forums were of that of Rome.

HOME STUDY IN SING SING

UNIVERSITY work among the inmates of a State's prison is a novelty; it is also an undertaking of fine intention and aspiration. Columbia University in its courses at Sing Sing is trying to bridge the gulf between aspiration and failure, ambition and despair. It started when Mr. Spencer Miller, Jr., visited the great San Quentin Prison in California and found there a genuine interest in education as a constructive element in rehabilitation. Mr. Miller later became an assistant warden at Sing Sing, and has done a great deal to carry out the idea. Elementary instruction already existed; Mr. Miller undertook to do something for the men who entered prison with a certain amount of education and needed something more. His argument was that if the modern prison idea is to make a man capable of resuming his citizenship, there could be no means more effective than education.

In the head of the Columbia Home Study Department, Mr. Levering Tyson, sympathy and co-operation were found, for he remembered that long before a Sing Sing prisoner had written to him asking for a course in Spanish, to be paid for after his discharge. This was not possible at that time. Now a scholarship fund for such purposes is in existence and an inmate is eligible for full scholarship for a year if he is approved by the Sing Sing Mutual Welfare League, the head teacher, and the warden.

Under this plan thirty-five such scholarships were established, but this proved pitifully inadequate, for eighty applications were received from the men, and many of them still await the generous impulse of those who may be interested.

What kind of courses do Sing Sing prisoners want? In reply, we are told that some of the courses asked for but not given for lack of funds are interior decoration, automobile construction, commercial art, traffic management, and certain musical courses. Among the courses now given are English composition, advertising and selling, Spanish, agriculture, foreign exchange, newspaper writing, photoplay composition, accounting, fire insurance, American history, philosophy.

One interesting example of the work is that of a prisoner who has had a play accepted by a Broadway producer. More general results have been increase in courtesy and friendliness on the part of the prisoners to their teachers and the

growth of a spirit of mutual service among the prisoners themselves.

A CORRECTION

IN hearings before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives, C. V. Knightley, of Boston, testified that seventeen Assyrians, women and children, deported from Ellis Island, the immigrant station in New York Harbor, landed at Constantinople and were then massacred. These people, it was finally ascertained, as a result of an investigation by the American High Commission at Constantinople, were Armenians, the party consisting of seven men, nine women, and three children (making not seventeen, but twelve women and children in all)—nineteen in the whole party. The Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, has written to the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, reporting the findings of the High Commission and saying that it appears that, "after leaving no avenue of useful investigation unexplored, the High Commission was unable to find the slightest evidence to substantiate the rumor." Similarly, a careful investigation by the Y. W. C. A. also proves the rumor to have been substantially false. The Migration Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Constantinople personally interviewed four of those reported murdered—one of them being the mother in a family of five. Apparently there has been no sign that a single one of the nineteen was killed. In its issue of January 4, *The Outlook*, in commenting upon the hardships of deportation, referred to this rumor, not as a fact, but as a "story" which was "told of some Armenian women and children." We are giving a great deal more space to the correction than to the original report of the rumor, both because we desire that justice be done to the Department of Labor, that is responsible for deportation, and because we are heartily glad that the story has been proved untrue.

LADY ASTOR

LADY ASTOR is one of the most extraordinary and at the same time most engaging of the distinguished persons that have recently come from the other side of the Atlantic to visit this country. As a matter of fact, she is not a foreign visitor at all. She is an American girl returning to see the home folks. She was born and raised—to use the Southern phraseology—in Virginia. Nancy Langhorne was the scion of an aristocratic but land-poor family. She had beauty, education, a quick mind, a warm heart, and a fine spirit—a heritage that is better than millions of dollars so far as happiness and effectiveness

in life are concerned. About the time she was emerging from girlhood an American millionaire, William Waldorf Astor, emigrated to England and finally became a peer of the realm. His son married Nancy Langhorne, was elected to the House of Commons, and, finally, on his father's death, inherited his father's peerage and is now Viscount Astor. Thus it happens that the American girl from Virginia is Viscountess Astor.

When Lord Astor inherited his father's title, he was, under the British Constitution, transferred from the House of Commons to the House of Lords and his seat in the Commons was vacant. His wife, who believed in woman suffrage and was active in the suffrage movement in England before the war, determined to offer herself as a candidate. She made a splendid campaign in and about Plymouth, which constituency, after a triumphal election, she now represents in the House of Commons. Her husband, Lord Astor, has publicly said that it is not surprising that she should have been elected nor is it especially to her credit; what is surprising and much to her credit, he believes, is that she has made a success as a member of the House of Commons. Her common sense, her good humor, her human sympathy, and her brilliant, sparkling, and spontaneous style of speaking have given her real influence in Parliament.

She has come to America especially to attend the Convention of the National League of Women Voters, which has just concluded its sessions in Baltimore, and she has captivated everybody she has come in contact with since she arrived in this country about two weeks ago.

Personality is a most elusive and difficult thing to describe. It is far easier for Conan Doyle to explain or to photograph ectoplasm, a stuff of which he says spirits are made, than it is for a writer to express in printed words the effect of a flashing glance, or a rippling smile, or a spontaneous gesture, or the engaging hesitation of an instant while a speaker is eagerly choosing a word with which more effectively to take the already capitulating fortress of the hearer's mind. So it is not easy to describe Lady Astor's distinctive personality. One of the most effective slang phrases of the day is "have a heart." She manifestly has a heart. Indeed, at the dinner which was given in her honor on April 20 by the English Speaking Union, in New York, she said: "I didn't quite know whether New York audiences would be as kind as Plymouth audiences. I see that they are much the same. They forgive shortcomings in the way of scholarly or oratorical attainments when they see that you are speak-

ing from your heart. I usually do speak from my heart, for I have tried my head and found it wanting."

Lady Astor denies that she has come over here on a mission. "Can't a person come home," she inquired with a smile, "without being suspected of ulterior motives?" Uttering this defense with that little whimsical turn of voice and expression of countenance with which Theodore Roosevelt used to employ humor to point a moral, she denied that she is a personage and asserted that she is "but a symbol—a sort of a connecting link between all English-speaking peoples, a frail link, perhaps, but a link that is stronger than it looks." In her various speeches and interviews she has laid great stress—from "the mother-woman's point of view"—upon the necessity for the abolition of war and for an association of nations based upon human sympathy and human co-operation.

She has not criticised or advised the American people in the slightest degree, but she has made some allusions in a semi-humorous vein which are penetrating and significant. For example, when asked of her opinion of prohibition she replied: "All I can say with conviction is that I have never met the man or woman who has been made more unselfish or better by drink, but I have seen hundreds ruined by it." Asked regarding her views of the Irish question, her answer was: "The Irish question? There will be no trouble in Ireland if they will only look forward instead of back. I have no patience with anything based on ancient prejudices and ancient wrong. I have a great admiration for the Irish; I am part Irish myself; but

they will lose sympathy throughout the world if they do not stop fighting among themselves and start looking forward." She deplores the attacks of a peculiar personal nature made on Great Britain in the United States Senate. Personalities in politics she evidently thinks unsportsmanlike. "You know," she said, "if a member of Parliament made attacks of this kind in the House of Commons on the United States, it would not be tolerated by his fellow-members. 'It is not cricket!' they would exclaim."

But the reader must not get the impression that vivacity and ever-buoyant good spirits are the sole characteristics of this charming Anglo-American or Americo-Englishwoman. She has her serious moments, in which she gives expression to the fundamental truths of her political philosophy in a language of common sense that every one can understand. Perhaps her political philosophy cannot be summed up better than she has done it in the following passage of her address to the New York League of Woman Voters, which was delivered in the Town Hall of New York City on the very evening of her arrival from her transatlantic voyage:

I can conceive of nothing worse than a man-governed world except a woman-governed world—but I can see the combination of the two going forward and making civilization more worthy of the name of civilization based on Christianity, not force,—a civilization based on justice and mercy. I feel men have a greater sense of justice and we of mercy. They must borrow our mercy and we must use their justice. We are new brooms; let us see that we sweep the right rooms.

Personally, I feel that every woman



(C) Harris & Ewing

LOBD AND LADY ASTOR AS THEY ARRIVED IN AMERICA ON THE OLYMPIC

should take an active part in local politics. I don't mean by that that every woman should go in for a political career—that, of course, is absurd—but you can take an active part in local government without going in for a political career. You can be certain when casting your vote you are casting it for what seems nearest right—for what seems more likely to help the majority and not bolster up an organized minority. There is a lot to be done in local politics, and it is a fine apprenticeship to central government. Local politics are very practical, and I think that, although practical, they are too near to be attractive. The things that are far away are more apt to catch our eye than the ones which are just under our noses; then, too, they are less disagreeable.

Political development is like all other developments. We must begin with ourselves, our own consciences, and clean out our own hearts before we take on the job of putting others straight. So with politics; if we women put our hands to local politics, we begin the foundations. After all, central governments only echo local ones.

After hearing Lady Astor's opinions on current and critical political questions and after reading the accounts of her success as a Member of Parliament, we wonder if the old aphorism, "Virginia is the mother of Presidents," may not have to be changed to—Virginia is the father of stateswomen!

INCORPORATE THE LABOR UNIONS

ON another page a labor leader, Mr. Ellis Searles, protests that the demand for the incorporation of labor unions comes primarily from "the union busters" of the country. With this we totally disagree. We also disagree with his statement that if the unions were incorporated and held legally accountable for the fulfillment of their contracts they would be "subject to the whim of hostile courts." This is also Mr. Gompers's publicly stated view. If the courts of the United States are hostile to labor, which we by no means believe, the quickest way to eradicate that hostility is to take the unions out of a special and favored class of the public over which the courts have no control.

With Mr. Searles's assertion that labor is not a commodity we are in entire sympathy. Commodity is a thing; service is rendered by a person. If a man comes to your house to sell you melons, and you know how to judge melons, the character of the man does not concern you. If a man applies to you for a position as gardener and he and you are going to work together in growing melons, it is of great importance that

WHAT AN IMMIGRANT IN THE CABINET THINKS OF IMMIGRATION

IT has been said that America is no longer a land of opportunity. It has been said that we have crystallized into a class-divided nation. The only trouble with these statements is that they are not true.

One of the proofs that they are not so occupies a place in the Cabinet of President Harding—James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor.

Secretary Davis was born in Wales. He came to this country as a boy, and worked, when a young man, as an iron puddler. At twenty-one he was president of his local branch of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers of America.

We recently wrote Secretary Davis, asking him for a photograph of himself as a boy, and he replied: "Unfortunately, during the early days of my life in America our family had very little money to spend for such luxuries as photographs and portraits."

We wanted that picture to go with an article which the Secretary has written for us on the problem of the immigrant. No one is better equipped than Secretary Davis to appreciate what the immigrant owes America and what America owes the immigrant. The article will appear in an early issue of *The Outlook*.

you should know his character and that he should know yours. If a man sells you a commodity, the relation between you and him is that of seller and purchaser. If a man sells you his labor, the relation between you and him is that of co-operators in a common enterprise. At the root of much of our present industrial disturbances is the fact that both employer and employee treat labor as a commodity. The result is that the laborer is often indifferent to his employer's interest and the employer is often indifferent to the interests of labor.

But it is also true that men may contract to furnish service and that they may be held accountable for not furnishing what they agree to. A surgeon contracts to perform an operation and to attend the patient after the operation and dress the wound. If in the middle of the operation he should cease work or strike in order to get a larger fee than he agreed upon beforehand, he could be criminally punished for malpractice—

that is, for not furnishing the service which he had agreed to furnish. Society recognizes this principle in some forms of employment. Mutiny at sea is a crime. Mutiny is simply a strike against performing a service which the sailors had agreed to perform in signing the ship's articles. If Mr. Searles were on a transatlantic liner and suddenly the engineers, the firemen, and quartermasters declined to do their work and the vessel was in danger of shipwreck or the boilers threatened to explode, would he not be among the first to insist upon the forcible completion of the seamen's contract and their punishment when they reached port for breaking the contract?

Mr. Searles makes many bald assertions which cannot be sustained by the facts. He says, for example, that the prime purpose of corporations is to evade responsibility. He either ignores or is ignorant of the elementary principles of corporation law. Corporations are suable and can sue. If they are fined, the stockholders share the loss pro rata. In some cases, as, for example, in National banking corporations, the directors of the corporation are doubly liable for the fulfillment of contracts. Mr. Searles says that there are all kinds of associations in commerce which are not incorporated. If he means that those associations are not amenable to regulation by law he is of course mistaken. The courts, on the complaint of the Federal Trade Commission, have just dissolved one such association—the association formed for mutual benefit by the dealers in hardwood lumber. It is true that associations for mutual benefit which do not make legal agreements only have to comply with certain special regulations for such mutual benefit associations. But the labor unions are associations formed, not merely for mutual benefit, but to enter into contractual obligations. They either ought not to enter into these obligations or, if they do, ought to be so constituted that they can fulfill their contracts.

The trouble with the labor unions today is that they want to eat their cake and keep it. They want to hold employers to contracts, but they do not want to be held themselves. Mr. Gompers has recently admitted upon the witnessstand that the trouble with many unions is that they are in the hands of unscrupulous and petty leaders. His remedy for this condition is patience, with the hope that the long processes of education will make bad men good, although with delightful inconsistency he does not rely on such processes in dealing with bad employers. The really effective way to make unscrupulous and irresponsible men careful—whether they are employers or labor leaders—is to

impose responsibilities upon them and hold them accountable.

Nor do we think that the advantages of the incorporation of labor unions would be wholly one-sided. The very tone and tenor of Mr. Searles's article indicate what we believe to be the fact—that to-day labor unions and labor-union leaders are looked upon with distrust, suspicion, irritation, and sometimes anger by the public at large because of their sabotage, their violence, and their unwillingness to abide by their own word. If they were incorporated, that very fact would give them the social standing which they now feel they lack. The phrase, "dignity of labor," is a much abused and misused one. If, however, labor unions are to have the social dignity which Mr. Searles subconsciously feels they lack and which we believe it would be socially desirable for them to possess, one of the quickest ways in which they could achieve this dignity would be to incorporate themselves, become responsible entities, and take their place with other citizens who regard the courts and judicial procedure, not as hostile engines of a despotic government, but as the best device which democracy has discovered for the settlement of human disputes. When Mr. Searles speaks of judicial procedure as "the whim of hostile courts," does he not come dangerously near to allying himself and the cause which he has at heart with the attitude towards society which is entertained by the thug, the pickpocket, and the swindler? Labor leaders of the intellectual ability of Mr. Searles and Mr. Gompers are doing their cause as well as their country disservice in attacking the courts. If there is injustice in American courts, what labor leaders should do is to join with their other fellow-citizens, who have placed their property and treasures under the direction and protection of judicial procedure, in reforming court abuses rather than to ally themselves with lawbreakers as enemies of the courts.

The Outlook does not wish to be classed with "the union busters" of the country. It desires to see the unions incorporated because it desires to see them dignified and strengthened so that collective bargaining can go hand in hand with social justice. If, however, the labor unions wish to place themselves or to have society place them outside of the pale of the courts, they will find that this is the surest way to shipwreck. History shows that no class, whether it be composed of the wealthy or of the so-called proletariat, can long exist in nations that believe in constitutional government without being willing to submit to the rules and regulations of law which society at large has framed for its self-protection.

FAMILIAR SPIRITS

SAUL, King of Israel, was but one of the long line of those who from prehistoric days have sought the aid of witches and mediums to raise the spirits of the dead. When Saul went, disguised, to consult the woman at Endor who had a familiar spirit, and fell "all along on the earth," overcome partly by his superstitious fear of the woman's message and partly by his faintness from hunger, he cut a ridiculous figure. His conduct in this, as in other instances, serves, not as an example to be followed, but as a warning. His effort to find in the supernatural a support for his wavering faith and his timid will resulted only in enfeebling his will and corrupting his faith.

What happened to Saul has happened to many thousands of others in the ages before him, and in the ages since, and in our own day. What is called Spiritualism is chiefly, if not wholly, an attempt to escape from the normal duties and responsibilities of life by recourse to counsel and direction from the dark. For one who has the purpose of seeking clues to new truths of science through so-called mediums by a cold and impartial examination of evidence, as the chemist or physicist seeks such clues in the undisturbed seclusion of his laboratory, there are hundreds who are seeking by such means either new sensations or some comfort and solace in sorrow, or some power which they can substitute for their own will and character in the control of conduct.

We publish on another page an article by Vilhjalmur Stefansson which gives an interesting portrait of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and incidentally an unconsciously self-painted portrait of the great Arctic explorer. We do not doubt either the intelligence or the sincerity of conviction of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but we do not think that his message brings a new revelation of truth and power.

Against the application of scientific methods to the search for truth no one who loves truth would wish to place any obstruction. There may be differences of opinion as to the regions in which such search for truth are most promising; as to the methods applicable in particular cases; and as to the evidence necessary for the formulation of working hypotheses. These differences are common to all realms of science. With such we are not here concerned. It is not this aspect of so-called psychical phenomena that has aroused the public interest and has given audiences to such men as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. What sends people to the lectures of Sir Oliver and Sir Arthur

and to the séances of mediums is not a scientific impulse; it is the great desire to communicate with the spirits of the departed whom they know, and from whom they want to get some word that will make life worth while.

Since the war, when the fact of death was impressed upon the minds of many hundreds of thousands by the dramatic experiences of battle and sudden calamity, this desire has been intensified. It is, in fact, not a scientific but a religious phenomenon. There is in the minds of these hundreds of thousands a sense of wrongness, and a consequent effort to make some connection with the Higher Powers. This, as William James has pointed out in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," is the essence of religion. There are, however, helpful religions and hurtful religions, true religions and false religions, religions that build up and strengthen character and religions that demoralize. No one can observe thoughtfully this phenomenon without wondering how far it is a symptom of spiritual and moral health, and how far it is a symptom of a breakdown in spirit, morals, or mind.

No amount of evidence that the spirit of man survives bodily death is of itself, or can be made to be, of service to a true and wholesome religion. It is not what a man believes, or even knows, about life in a future existence that constitutes faith; it is rather his attitude toward life and the kind of life that he lives resulting from that attitude. The only kind of eternal life that counts is eternal life here and now. Even the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, which constitutes one of the articles of belief among his followers, did not of itself put life and heart into his disciples. It was the kind of life that Jesus lived and was able to impart to his disciples that was the source of their power and the substance of their faith; and it was not merely his bodily appearance after death that seemed significant to them, but rather the sense of his presence with them in spite of death. It was not the fact that he walked with them to Emmaus that made their hearts burn within them, but what he said to them on the way. If Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will bring to the world a message of power and life, it will not matter much where he gets it. If he can secure such messages as a result of his experiences, no one will question their validity. But the mere fact that a man who has a reputation for knowing something about evidence and who has had some scientific training in medicine reports that he has seen spirits, and has obtained from them some description of the circumstances of life after death, has no bearing whatever upon that faith

which moves mountains and transforms character.

Religious faith does not depend upon the kind of evidence that one gets either in the laboratory or séances; it is a matter of experience that is open to the child as well as the adult, the ignorant as well as the learned. The faith of a child in his father or mother is not something that you can implant by a process of reason or argument, or the production of testimony and evidence. The attorney who argues before a jury may bring the minds of that jury to a state of certainty concerning a fact, but he cannot by that same process implant in the minds and souls of the jury his own faith in a friend or a parent or a God. Evidence may convince a jury, but it cannot of itself change them from bad men to good men, from selfish men to unselfish men, disloyal men to loyal men. It is only faith that can do that—sometimes faith in a fellow-man, some-

times faith in a country, but supremely faith in a Power not themselves that makes for righteousness.

All around us in this world there are forces conspiring to develop and fortify faith. They are to be found in the records of the race, in the institutions of religion, and in the influence and power of those who have themselves grown through faith. If any man finds these forces unavailing, he will find no support for true faith in any mere evidence that the spirit of man survives the death of his body.

In the future, as in the past, men will seek some easier way to faith than the rugged path of adherence to the law of self-restraint and service, or what in the much misunderstood language of Scripture is called virtue and love. Those who believe that the universe is ruled by a Power that would supplant chaos with order, self-indulgence with self-control, and greed with love have in

themselves at least the elements of faith. For that faith they do not depend upon the witness of their eyes, or their ears, or the mere report of facts concerning the past or present, or the possible future. They can derive it only from those who have that faith and prove it by their lives.

Those who seek for faith in signs or wonders or in spirits called from the vastly deep will seek it in vain. Not even Jesus, who brought immortality to light, turned the thoughts of men to the search for evidence of life after death. On the contrary, he warned his disciples against such search and enforced his teachings by the parable in which he represents Abraham as answering the rich man in torment, who besought that one might be sent from the dead to cause his brothers to repent, and saying: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

PAPER MADNESS

FORTUNATUS HAD A PURSE THAT WAS NEVER EMPTY NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE TOOK FROM IT—AUSTRIA HAS A PURSE THAT GROWS EMPTIER THE MORE SHE PUTS IN IT—MR. GREGG TELLS WHY

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM WILLIAM C. GREGG

IF the Genoa Conference considers countries in alphabetical order, Austria will be first; there is, however, much pre-Conference help being arranged.

Lloyd George recently dressed a window showing Austria in a stabilized Loan Gown. It attracted attention; the fashion was established. Now France and Italy are also making "Loan Gowns" for Austria. Czechoslovakia is making a loan to take the place of an old coal loan. The latest news is that Holland is contemplating a loan to Austria.

There is some psychology in all this, but more business. The Bank of England owns the Anglo-Austrian Bank. Englishmen own the principal Danube navigation companies. They have large commercial relations with Czechoslovakia, which sells to Austria. Why should not England loan nine million dollars to Austria under such circumstances, especially as she has a mortgage on a lot of Gobelin tapestries as security?

France recently bought the Laenderbank, one of the large Vienna financial institutions. She has industrial interests in Austria and since before the war has held a controlling interest in the Southern Railroad Company, the only large Austrian system not Government owned.

Italy, by the Versailles Treaty, ex-

tended her northern boundary into Austria, including the great port city of Trieste. The Italians very properly supported this new acquisition by a friendly and expanding policy in Austria. They have acquired mine properties, as well as Austrian banking and commercial interests.

Surely these three Allies have business in Austria which must be looked after. They would not be the clear-headed, practical people we know them to be if they failed to try at least to improve bad conditions. There is, however, another side of business, called politics. Business and politics are always Siamese twins. Many think that they should be separated, but the operation is not performed, because a vital circulation involves them both.

Politically, France wants to be the big sister to the little entente composed of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia. They can prevent Austria from joining Germany, and together with Poland they present a solid barrier against Soviet Russia. France is interested in the development of trade routes east and west.

The political interests of Italy differ enough from those of France to make the two nations rivals in southern European society. Italy wants trade routes north and south, so that she can resume her very extensive pre-war business

with Germany. She also bids for business with the little entente by playing the rôle of big sister number two. She has recently presided over three conferences in Italy in which the little entente, Austria, and Hungary came together and improved their mutual relations. One conference was held in Rome, one in Portorose, and one in Venice. In the last the dispute between Austria and Hungary over west Hungary was settled by giving it to Austria. If you add the Genoa Conference, you may call Italy the Convention Country of Europe.

Political rivalry makes it hard to work out the purely business part of loans to Austria to re-establish her credit. I can see all kinds of lions in the way of a good solution. The danger is that England will be content with a temporary business advantage resulting from her loan. She may also foreclose on the tapestries later.

France and Italy may be opportunists. All the world is being financed in a happy-go-lucky manner. England, France, and Italy are not holding their own expenditures within their Government incomes, so we can hardly expect them to plan and impose on Austria such a financial reform as they themselves are not able to adopt, but only to talk about.

So we can prophesy that the credits

to Austria will be given by England, France, and Italy with many hopes of benefits to themselves, with many warnings to Austria, and with some plans for supervision, but with no absolute grip on Austria's collar.

Austria reminds me of the Hawaiian natives; fine looking, friendly, and estimable, but they lack character. The Austrians have never before had self-government. They are not capable of it at present, because they lack patriotism and self-control, two essentials in a republic. These qualities are at present all too scarce in any country, hence the world travail.

While staying in Vienna I have been buying some antiques. I have made large and small purchases in many stores. With one exception, they have urged me to accept a bill at a lower price than I paid, ostensibly to save me part of the Austrian export tax, but when I demurred they bluntly said that they couldn't afford to pay the 7 per cent sales tax. Of course this tax was included in the price. They collected the tax from me, but refused to pay it all to their Government. With exceptions noted later, the Austrian people appear well dressed and well fed. There is a much greater variety of food here than last year. Any one who has the money can get anything to eat or drink. There are over 250,000,000,000 paper kronen in circulation. There is very little unemployment, so every one has money, more or less. To be sure the money is worth little—seventy kronen to one United States cent—but the people have learned that it won't do to hold onto something that is falling in value, so they spend their money on themselves.

The theaters are crowded, so are the movies. One day we saw over one hundred thousand people at and around the race-course. A man may think it better to bet his money on a horse-race than to put it in a savings bank.

And this brings me to the reason for the degradation of the Austrian kronen. They were worth before the war 20 cents apiece, and at the time of the armistice 10 cents. Then people called themselves a democracy, but practiced Socialism. The Government gave every one a job, especially old soldiers. They bought food at high prices and sold at low prices. They imported coal to operate the railways and hauled people for as low as six cents per 100 miles. The first year the Government deficit was enormous; the kronen fell rapidly in value, prices started up, and the wages of state employees were increased. This increased the deficit. There was only one way to meet a deficit—with the printing press—and vast quantities of paper money were issued.

Theoretically, inflation would work all right if all wages and prices could be increased as rapidly as the value of the money decreases, but it is not humanly possible. Theoretically, when money is falling in value, it is useless to save it. It should be spent for something sub-

stantial, but it must not be held. Consequently there is great temptation to spend it for food, drink, and pleasure. It is a good time also to borrow money, if possible, and to go in debt. The chance is in favor of one paying his debt at half what it cost him. If I borrow a thousand kronen on a sixty-day note, and the krone loses one-half its value in sixty days, I am a big gainer, and the lender a big loser.

There is a case in Vienna where a man bought a house full of furniture before the war, on credit. The bill was not paid until recently. The courts decided that the man who bought the furniture need not pay more than the number of kronen called for in the original bill, so the debtor sold one chair for the needed amount and squared the account.

There are many strange phases of this financial spree. On the surface it does not seem criminal, but below one can find the old people neglected or dead; the middle class, who were not used to work, are undernourished or living scantily by selling their possessions. The proportion of unfortunate people is much larger under present Vienna conditions. Many stores are filled with jewelry, furniture, pictures, and curios that have been sold for what they would bring by people who had no choice. Much of this junk is of small value, and the owners realized little from its sale. Thousands of people are working for just enough to keep them fairly alive. I am not referring to skilled labor or common labor of a heavy type, but household servants, employees in hotels, clerks, and porters. Their appearance is semi-genteel or downright shabby. They are fairly used to the life now, and make the best of it.

I was in Vienna just a year ago. In referring to my notes at that time, I find that there were 90,000,000,000 paper kronen in circulation, with a total gold value of \$128,000,000.

Now there are 250,000,000,000 kronen in circulation, with a gold value of only \$35,000,000. Loss in total value of all paper money in one year, \$83,000,000.

It is interesting to see that the more paper money they print, the less the total amount is worth. It is possible also to understand the Vienna complaint that there is not money enough in circulation. If, for instance, the total of next Saturday's factory pay-rolls in Austria amounted to \$35,000,000 in gold, it would take the entire 250,000,000,000 kronen to pay them, leaving no money for other transactions and none in the banks.

It is also interesting to reflect that, theoretically, if Austria could raise \$35,000,000 in gold, she could buy up and burn up all her 250,000,000,000 paper kronen.

To such a depth of depreciation have sunk the promises of Socialism masquerading in the costume of democracy. To such a depth has sunk a country which used freedom as a license; first,

to spend what they had, and then what they hadn't, until no one does them honor and they mock at themselves.

Yet Austria four years ago was in about as good shape as any other war-weary nation. No country has been free from crimes against itself, including the United States, which has had a weak Congress that creates deficits to please the Socialistically inclined.

Which is the most dangerous step in the downward path—the first, the middle, or the last? America has made the first deficit step already, and seems about as complacent as the poor Austrians were when they started down.

The problem for England, France, and Italy is first to stop the Austrian deficits, then retire the present worthless paper currency, issuing a new currency with a safe amount of gold or gold equivalent behind it.

If all the credits were concentrated for this latter purpose, it would be possible of achievement, but there is not power enough inside and outside of Austria to make her reduce her expenditures to come within her income.

We have heard statements that the first decision of Genoa would be that budgets must be balanced before help could be expected. There will be no special need of help after budgets are balanced, for the whole deplorable disaster of depreciation has been caused by deficits. The exchange value has also been depressed by the same failure to balance the trade of a country by self-denial.

Austria, for instance, has worlds of forests close to Vienna and elsewhere. She could swear a mighty oath that after next September she would not import another ton of coal until her financial health was restored. She would have to change her locomotives to wood-burners and use only wood in industry and the home, a perfectly possible thing for a courageous nation to do. But Austria is not courageous; she prefers credits and coal to chopping wood and developing a national spirit.

The Vienna papers recently reported that the Senate at Washington had appropriated \$50,000,000 as a loan to Austria. On March 17 one paper, in commenting on the supposed good luck of Austria, estimated that they could live for a year on the \$50,000,000. Two-thirds of Austria think only of favor to come from outside. The other third realize their inability to make Austria stand alone and are sick at heart.

How many people in the United States are thinking about getting something from Congress, without realizing that A stands for Austria and America as well, and both can fall from the same cause—lack of patriotism and lack of self-denial? Austria is making some effort toward reforms, but, to me, the only solution is strong outside control or the division of the remnant of the once proud Empire among the adjacent countries. Italy alone might take a mandate to govern her.

THE CRIME WAVE AND LAW ENFORCEMENT

BY GEORGE S. BUCK

THERE is food for anxious thought in the crime wave sweeping over the United States, particularly when it is borne in mind that it comes on top of an appalling state of habitual lawlessness. In 1918 Cleveland had twenty times as many murders as London per one hundred thousand of population. In 1921 Chicago had fourteen times as many as Berlin. There is more crime among the two hundred thousand Sicilians in Chicago than there is among the four million in Sicily. We have much the same habits, institutions, and ideals as the Canadians. We are divided by only an imaginary line, and yet in 1913 there were eight times as many murders south of the border as north of it. Burglary insurance in the United States has increased 543 per cent in the past five years, and so the story goes. Where will this end? What are the causes? Of course so great a problem is complex. One individual can see only a section of it. Nevertheless from the experience of four years as the official head of the Police Department in a typical cosmopolitan American city of half a million people it is possible to observe some of the forces that have brought us into our present path and continue to drive us along it.

THE American people are of an obliging, accommodating nature. They have a way of passing laws to please those who want them, and those who seek new laws of a reform nature seem to have a kind of childlike faith in the power of a statute to better human conduct. Then when the act is passed and becomes law those communities which did not want it or those large elements in the population who are opposed to it look to the law-enforcing agencies to veto it by non-enforcement. The attitude of the lawmakers seems to be that a new law will leave everybody happy—the reformers because they have what they want upon the statute-books, and the rest of the community because it will be relieved of agitation and everything can go on as it did before. Some of the political leaders, influential in controlling legislation, frankly approve of this method of procedure in private and confidential conversation, but would never publicly say so, and the course of events shows that they but reflect the usual attitude of the American people.

The attempt to deal with a situation in the method just described and how it works when brought in contact with the human machinery of a police department is well illustrated by an ordinance passed by the city of Buffalo some years ago which forbade the sale of liquor on the same floor on which dancing was going on. This ordinance sought to achieve a very laudable purpose. The drawback was that there were some high-grade, perfectly respectable res-

taurants whose patrons drank so little liquor as to lead to no unseemly conduct, and who deeply resented this interference with their indulgence in the fad of dancing between courses. So the management of the Police Department let it be known that certain restaurants might have dancing, but the rest could not. Now the officer on the beat is a very suspicious and an extremely practical man. He at once argued with himself that if certain places were allowed to profit by violating the law some one higher up received pay for it, not necessarily in cash but in some way—in political support or friendship. Perhaps directly across the street from one of the restaurants favored with permission to have dancing was one to which that privilege was denied. The patrolman on that beat reasoned with himself somewhat like this: "Braun, on the north side of this street, is just as decent a fellow as Greuner, on the south. It is not fair to give this privilege to Greuner and to deny it to Braun. What is more, Braun has given me many a good cigar and hot coffee on a cold night, just out of the kindness of his heart. Now if Braun starts up dancing I am not going to see it. I shall just turn my back." After a time Braun found he could not stand the competition from Greuner's dancing attractions, so he started up. The same situation and the same reasoning applied elsewhere, and before long dancing and liquor selling were going on all over without any more regulation than if the ordinance were non-existent, except that, because the law was there and could be enforced at any time, the door was wide open for unscrupulous members of the police force to exact tribute on the threat of enforcement.

This incident illustrates perfectly the viciousness of laws which express excellent views of conduct but which run counter to the settled habits or fixed desires of a part of the community. These may not in themselves be criminal and are more a matter of morals or social customs than of governmental regulation. There arises first the resentment of those regulated, which brings pressure on the police to ignore the law; this is followed by "easing up" on some, which spreads to all, because of the human qualities inherent in those charged with the duty of law enforcement. By and by there is a gust of public indignation over non-enforcement and everything is shut up tight; as soon as the gust passes the old forces reassert themselves and the vicious circle starts over again, leaving in its wake a constantly increasing contempt for law.

As Mayor I was able to cure this particular trouble by insisting that the ordinance be amended to permit dancing and liquor selling on the same floor, provided the Mayor was first satisfied that the place was fit to be licensed, and

a fee for such permission was fixed at \$100. The effect was magical. The respectable part of the community which was determined to have dancing with its meals was satisfied; and the ordinance almost enforced itself, because every restaurateur who had invested \$100 in a license became a volunteer police officer to prevent unlawful poaching. Formerly, when a lawbreaker, he dared not start a prosecution against a fellow-lawbreaker, but when he had paid the fixed rate for his privilege he was entitled to protection, and he got it as a matter of right.

This is as simple and complete an illustration as can be found of the great advantage of laws which fit the ideas of the community. It is impossible to legislate successfully in advance of the prevailing standards of the people. Perhaps an autocrat may mark out a goal and force his people up to it, but certainly a democracy cannot do it.

It must always be borne in mind that the majority of men on a police force are honest, decent fellows. They want to command the respect and good will of the community. They cannot help reflecting the opinion of their neighbors. If the community regards a law as foolish, the officers will not have much heart for its enforcement. In addition to this, the average man wants to avoid trouble and to hold his job in peace. He does not need to be told to shut his eyes to breaches of the law. He will quickly take a hint. From the attitude of his superiors he decides what is expected of him, and if they are not keen for the punishment of all offenders, he is quite ready to be lax in the performance of his duties. In short, the police reflect very accurately the attitude of their employers on the subject of law enforcement.

IN almost every campaign involving the choice of a Mayor the question is fought out, "Shall the town be open or shut?" A multitude of our new voters do not even know what this means. If answered, "Yes," it brings in a time when gamblers can run openly, when prostitutes and pimps can ply their trades and advertise their business freely. It means that honest, faithful service by the police is discouraged. Men who have distinguished themselves by long and efficient work are passed by when promotions are made or are assigned to posts where their qualities are least effective. Every grafter on the force is busy and prosperous. The slime of falsehood and venality is everywhere. Almost every kind of crime can secure some degree of immunity, and the whole force is demoralized. The terrible thing about the whole business is that the question is submitted to the public so camouflaged that only the wise ones see the real issue. Imagine the roar of protest that would go up if a referendum

should be proposed on the naked issue, "Shall the laws be enforced? Answer by a cross under Yes or No." Of course such a question never should enter the political arena. The law is the shield of the poor and weak from exploitation and injustice and guards the security of all with few or many possessions, and its suspension in the ordering of our affairs should be unthinkable. To be a violator of it even secretly should be a burden of shame to be undertaken by no respectable person; and yet all of us are well aware of the pride which many otherwise excellent citizens take in breaking the Volstead Act.

Of course in a mayoralty campaign the question is never stated baldly as to whether the gamblers, prostitutes, and pimps shall be given free rein or have their activities restricted as greatly as possible. A mayor must take an oath of office to support the laws, and there are none who want an open town who would care to declare frankly for an open season for the purveyors of vice.

There is generally some issue back of which the "open town" forces can gather. They particularly prize some catch phrase, such as "personal liberty," or some slogan which has a quality appealing to those who honestly regard themselves as liberals, or are for some reason dissatisfied, and want to register a protest. In this way the support is gained of many who would not deliberately abet lawlessness if they realized what they were doing.

It is surprising how strong are the forces anxious for an "open town." In addition to the active participants there are, first of all, the owners of real estate, for which there is then a far greater demand. Residential districts in that transition stage which precedes the advent of business are adapted to the activities of an "open town," and when so used pay larger rentals than could be secured for any legitimate purpose. Then there are the shopkeepers who sell to the underworld, the proprietors of restaurants, theaters, dance halls, and all kinds of places of amusement. Lastly, there is the great body of people whose patronage keeps business humming in that part of the town which is open.

THESE elements are powerful factors in any election. They know what they want and from whom they can most likely get it. Owing to the habitual indifference of the electorate, it requires only twenty-one per cent, or a trifle more, of the qualified voters to carry a municipal election. If any reader questions this statement, let him take the total population of his own town, subtract two-fifths of it from the total to allow for children and aliens, and then compare the difference with the total votes cast at a municipal election, and he will see that it is substantially correct. It is because of the indifference of the voters that the question "Shall the town be open?" is so often answered in

the affirmative. Then the police force, instead of doing its duty vigorously to the full of its ability, is committed to a policy of hands off to as great an extent as the sense of public decency will permit, but it cannot keep its hands off some kinds of crime without lessening its efficiency in all lines. With certain crime this consequence is easier to trace than in others.

Take, for example, the picking of pockets. There is good reason to believe that it is a well-organized industry. In fact, those who engage in it call their work a profession. Articles taken by experienced operators are not sold locally. They are shipped out of town and turned into cash at some far-distant point. When a high-class operator falls into the toils of the law, he is furnished with bail. Often this is wired from New York, and a skillful criminal lawyer appears to defend him and utilizes every possible technicality to protect his client. Some years ago a Buffalo police officer was in New York on his vacation. While talking to a New York patrolman a pickpocket joined the group and was introduced to the man from Buffalo. "What is your friend doing here?" he asked. "Oh, he has just come to get wised up," said the New York officer. "Well, then, stranger, if that is all," said the pickpocket, "come to my flat this evening on Blank Street and I will introduce you to some prominent members of the profession." So the Buffalonian accepted the invitation, thinking that a personal acquaintance with really leading members of the profession might prove of value later on. Now this Buffalo police officer had a reputation in the underworld as a man who was honest and fair, one who used every legal means to enforce the law, but who did not take any treacherous advantage. After some years he became Chief of the Buffalo Police and set out to give the city as clean an administration as possible. He had been in office only a few months when he received a message that there were three prisoners in the jail who were very anxious to see him. So he went over, and there were three of the professional pickpockets whom he had met some years before in New York. They said: "We want to apologize to you. We have made a mistake. We did not know you were Chief. We thought the town was open and that it was all right for us to operate. If we had known you were Chief, we would not have come here. Now please do not be hard on us. If you will not press the charges against us, we promise that we will get out of town at once, and, what is more, wherever we go we will peddle it through the profession that there is nothing doing in Buffalo." The Chief decided to take them at their word, and in eighteen months the picking of pockets declined from an annual rate of over six hundred to less than one hundred. Of course it is impossible to determine what amount of this reduction was due to these three pickpockets, how much to the general reputation of the administration

which must have spread abroad among the people of the underworld, and how much to better police work. What is significant is the relation between an open town and crime. It is the evident assumption on the part of the professional criminals that in an open town they can operate with comparative impunity, and that when a city has a police administration vigorously trying to enforce the law it is advisable to keep away.

IN a large cosmopolitan city the various foreign elements are a prolific source of lawlessness, not because they are naturally criminal, but because they have been uprooted from their own soil. At the best, only a few police officers can speak the most common foreign tongues, and with some languages it is necessary to depend upon interpreters. This is always an obstacle in the pursuit of criminals. The children of immigrants pick up English and frequently their parents do not, with the result that the youngsters feel their superiority. This helps to break down the discipline of the home and is reflected in time in the criminal records. The various nationalities present a great obstacle to the uniform enforcement of the laws. This is especially the case when the strictly American element is in the minority. Some races have customs of Sabbath observance utterly at variance with that of others. Some believe in Sunday baseball. Some do not. Some want dancing at public gatherings on Sunday or theatricals or bowling, others do not. And so it goes.

Since this is so and we have in our midst large masses of population with social ideas and customs foreign to our own, rather than try to force them through our mold by legal processes it would be better for the respect for law either to legalize or license what is not inherently wrong and trust to time, education, and social influence to weld us into a homogeneous whole with common ideals and customs. Mr. Taft pointed out a step vital to the reduction of lawlessness when he declared in 1908: "The administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization. The prevalence of crime and fraud, which here are greatly in excess of that in European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administration to bring criminals to justice." He added: "Felonies are bound to increase unless the criminal laws are enforced with more certainty, more uniformity, and more severity than they are now." Mr. Taft proved himself a prophet, for in the fourteen years since he uttered those words major crimes have increased by leaps and bounds.

The real cure for our lawlessness rests with the hearts and consciences of the American people. When they are convinced that disrespect for law has become such a disease in the body politic that it must be cured, the battle will be won, but until that day dawns we are doomed to present to the world a worse and worse spectacle of lawlessness.

FLOODS THAT SERVE AND DESTROY



A RIVER
OF WOOD
IN BRITISH
COLUMBIA

The picture was made immediately after the spring thaw, when the great mass of logs which had been cut during the winter was being carried down the stream to the lumber mills

International

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST

The scene, photographed at Beardstown, Illinois, shows one of the largest levees in the Mississippi Valley, protecting thousands of acres of land around Beardstown, just after the protecting wall gave way. The spot from which the daring photographer made this picture was, it is stated, washed away five minutes later

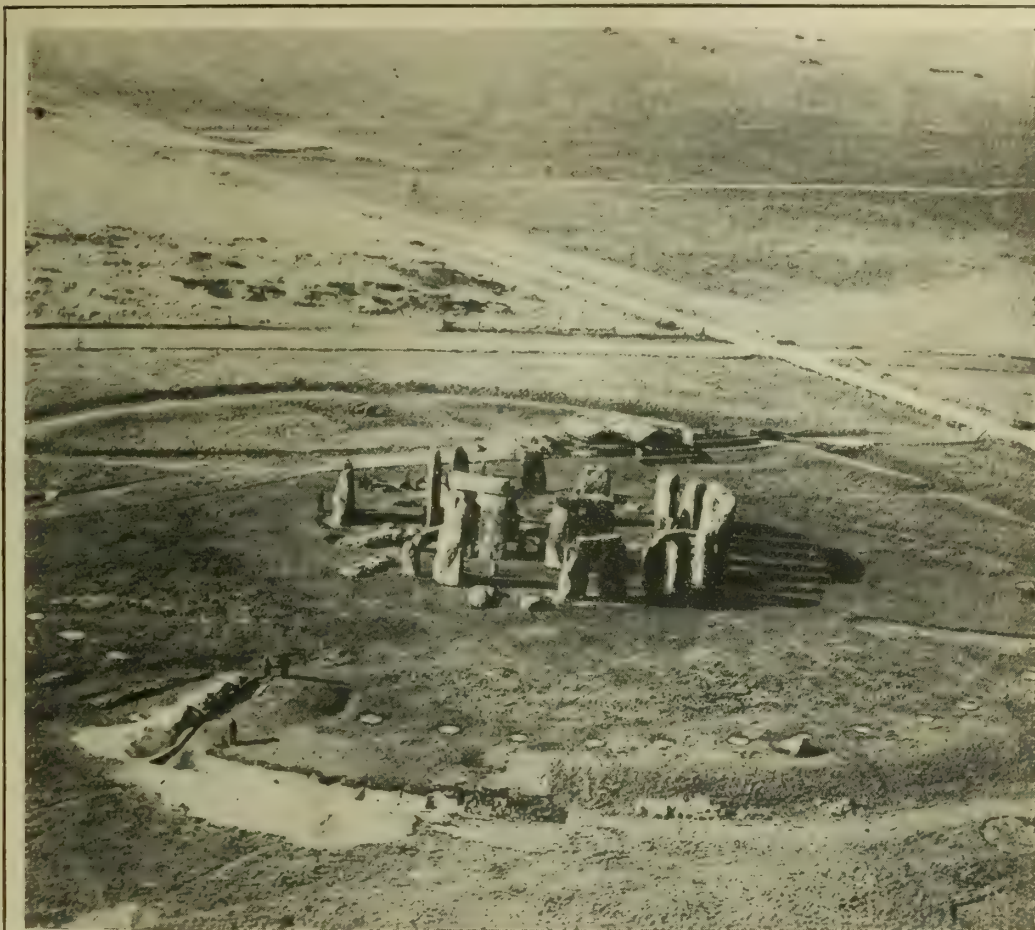


(C) International, Chicago

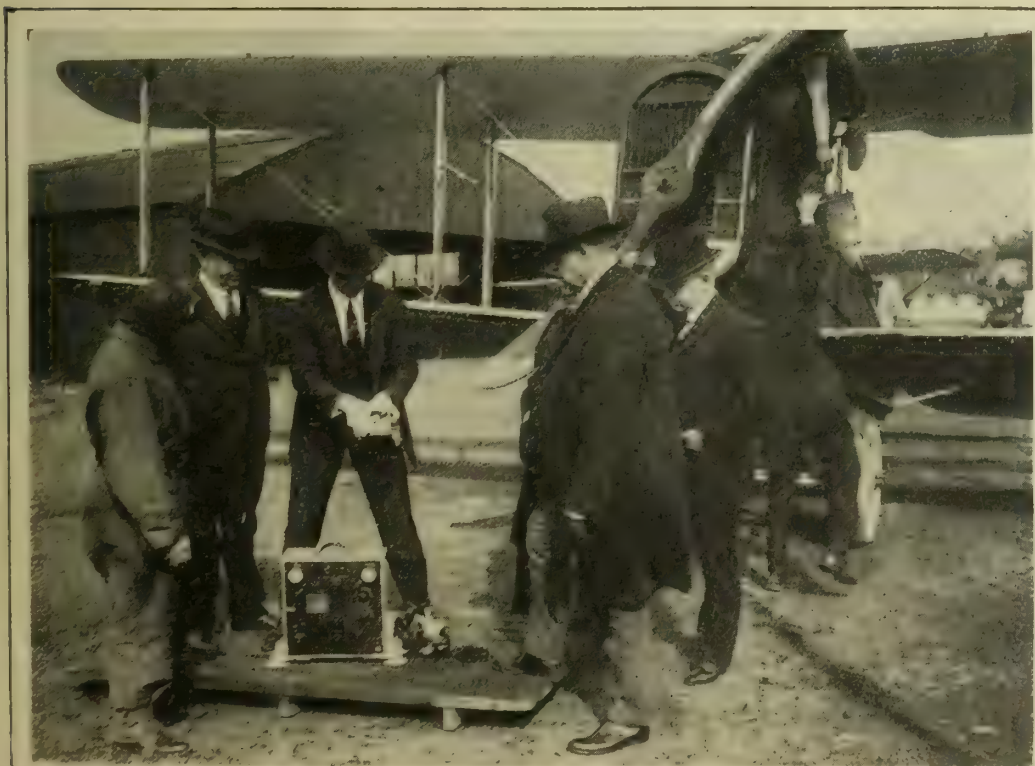
LOOKING DOWN ON THIRTY CENTURIES

PREHISTORIC RUINS OF STONEHENGE AS SEEN FROM AN AIRPLANE

Widely differing conjectures have been made as to the purpose and origin of these huge monoliths. Nennius in the ninth century asserted that Stonehenge was erected to commemorate the slaughter of four hundred nobles by Hengist. The Welsh bards tell us that it was erected by the incantations of Merlin, who brought the stones from Ireland. The best of modern opinion agrees that it is a sun temple of the bronze age. The time of its erection has been calculated as about 1680 B.C., from the fact that on this approximate date the midsummer sun would have risen on a direct line with the axis of the temple.



Wide World Photos



(C) Thomson & Harding

POSTMASTER- GENERAL HUBERT WORK INSPECTING A NEW RADIO OUTFIT FOR AIRCRAFT

Dr. Work (right foreground) is seen at Bolling Field Air Station, at Washington, and before him is a radio outfit which is to be installed on a mail-carrying airplane. This is the first time, it is announced, that the Post Office Department has utilized radio in connection with the air mail service. The two pictures on this page suggest the thought that perhaps a mere matter of thirty centuries is all that has saved Postmaster-General Work from becoming a sun god. Nothing less could have resulted from dropping down at Stonehenge in the time of its heyday with the radio apparatus which he is here shown inspecting.



From an old print

WHEN THE KEARSARGE BROUGHT TO AN END THE CAREER IN THE ALABAMA OF GALLANT CAPTAIN SEMMES, SHE WROTE "FINIS" TO ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC CHAPTERS IN MODERN NAVAL HISTORY. BUT THAT HISTORIC BATTLE MARKED ALSO THE OPENING OF A NEW CHAPTER IN THE BOOK OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. EVEN THE BOLSHIEVIKI OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THE LESSON OF THAT CHAPTER AS IT APPLIES TO THEIR RECENT FANTASTIC DEMANDS. BUT FEW BOLSHIEVIKI WILL READ MR. JOHNSON'S PERTINENT ARTICLE. THE MODERN RADICAL READS ONLY AUTHORITIES WITH WHOM HE AGREES

RUSSIA'S FIFTY-BILLION BILL AND THE STORY OF AMERICA'S CLAIM FOR "INDIRECT DAMAGES" FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

IF anything could surpass the extravagance of Soviet Russia's claim against the Allied Powers of fifty billion rubles in gold as indemnity for the direct and indirect damages which that country is alleged to have suffered during and since the World War as results of their action, it would be her ineptitude in basing that claim, as she is said to do, upon the precedent set by the United States in its settlement of accounts with Great Britain after the Civil War. This will be obvious when we recall a chapter of history of fifty years ago, too much forgotten but pertinent to the present time; and it will also be obvious that Mr. Lloyd George acted in logical accord with the precedent of that former episode when he somewhat bluntly declared that if Russia persisted in making that claim there

would be no object in her continuing in the Genoa Conference.

It is quite true that there was a proposal by some Americans to demand an enormous sum of "indirect damages" from Great Britain. It is equally true that if it had actually been made and insisted upon Great Britain would have withdrawn from—if, indeed, she ever would have entered—the Geneva Arbitration; that the best sentiment in America was opposed to the suggestion; and that the only result of its making was a few years' delay in the settlement of the legitimate issues between the two countries.

As early as October, 1863, more than a year after the "escape" of the Alabama from Liverpool and the stopping of the Confederate ironclads from a similar "escape" by the stern warning, "This

means war," Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister to England, intimated to the British Government that this country would prefer claims against it for breaches of neutrality, and would be willing to submit them to any equitable form of arbitration. No reply was then made, but two years later, at the end of the war, the British Government specifically refused to submit the question of its liability for the Alabama's ravages to arbitration, because it held that its own law officers were the supreme interpreters of the British neutrality laws, though it was willing to join in the creation of a commission to which should be submitted such claims as it (the British Government) saw fit thus to receive for consideration. In this attitude Great Britain doubly erred, as some of her own statesmen have

frankly confessed: First, in ignoring the international law against which she had sinned as well as against her own neutrality laws; and, second, in declining to go into court unless she herself could determine what charges should and what should not be made. The result was that negotiations were for a time suspended.

A year later, however, the British Government reversed that unfortunate and indeed untenable attitude, and indicated its readiness to arbitrate the Alabama claims. Some delay was occasioned by Mr. Adams's retirement, but his successor, Reverdy Johnson, took up the matter where he had laid it down, and early in 1869 negotiated with Lord Clarendon a convention for the settlement of the Alabama claims and all other matters at issue.

It was when this treaty was laid before the Senate for ratification that the demand for "indirect damages" arose. The chief spokesman of that demand was Charles Sumner, who was then Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. He took the ground that the British Government should be held responsible pecuniarily for all the indirect as well as direct losses which the United States had sustained in the war because of its conduct. If the Alabama had not been permitted to sail in the summer of 1862, he said, and if Great Britain had not permitted a Confederate loan to be subscribed, the war would have ended in 1863, instead of 1865. Therefore he held Great Britain responsible for the second half of the war, and insisted that she should be required to pay the entire costs of those two years, in round figures about two billion dollars. He made a strongly worded speech to that effect, and, although it was made in an executive or secret session of the Senate, he took pains to have it made public and as widely circulated as possible. Then, utilizing the intense partisan feeling against Andrew Johnson, who was then—after the futile attempt to impeach him—nearing the end of his term, Sumner rallied the Senate against the treaty, chiefly for the reason that it did not specifically provide for the arbitration of the "indirect damages." The result was that on April 13, 1869, the treaty was rejected by the overwhelming vote of 44 against it to only one cast in its favor.

Meantime Reverdy Johnson, warned by Seward that his treaty would be rejected, proposed to Lord Clarendon a modification of it so as to permit any claims whatever—even for "indirect damages"—to be laid before the Arbitral Commission, and then resigned his place as Minister, without waiting for a reply. There is little doubt that Clarendon would have refused the proposal. Certainly, as soon as Sumner's speech was read in London and the grounds on which the treaty was rejected were understood over there, an overwhelming official and popular sentiment arose

against any arbitration or other attempt at settlement; because, it was argued, America would demand the two billions of "indirect damages," and of course Great Britain would refuse to consider the claim, and so the conference would fail, and there was no use in entering a conference that was in advance doomed to failure. The case was made still worse when that fine historian but poor diplomat John Lothrop Motley was sent as Minister to Great Britain, for he shared Sumner's views, and intimated that unless the "indirect damages" were considered favorably there was little hope of improving relations between the two countries.

Fortunately, Motley was soon withdrawn. But even then it was necessary to wait for some time, until the passions aroused on both sides of the ocean by Sumner's fulminations had in a measure subsided. At last, early in 1871, a Canadian statesman, Sir John Rose, undertook what proved to be successful mediation. His efforts were, indeed, at first menaced by Sumner, who, when asked by the Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, what treaty terms would be acceptable to the Senate, again insisted upon "indirect damages," and in a written memorandum prescribed as a *sine qua non* of settlement Great Britain's withdrawal from Canada and all other possessions in the Western Hemisphere! The sequel to that amazing demand, and in some degree its result, was a revolt in the Senate which removed Sumner from the Chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee and assured a more reasonable policy in that body. A little later Sumner voted for ratification of the Treaty of Washington, although it made no more provision for "indirect damages" than had the Johnson-Clarendon convention, against which he had thundered and which had been rejected by an all but unanimous vote.

Once more the boggy of "indirect damages" was conjured up. Soon after the first meeting of the Geneva Tribunal, in December, 1871, some malicious marplot, whose identity is matter of conjecture, gave currency in England to a report that Sumner's claims for two billion dollars and the withdrawal of the British flag from the Western Hemisphere were to be approved by the United States Government and would be insisted upon by it at Geneva as essential to a settlement. For this there was not of course the slightest foundation in fact. But the report created much excitement, disquiet, and indignation in England; both parties demanded that any such action be resisted, and the Cabinet seriously considered the propriety of asking the American Government for assurances that no such claims would be preferred at Geneva as a necessary condition to continuance of the conference. The British Foreign Minister told General Schenck, the American Minister, that his Government could not admit that it was within the province of the Geneva Tribunal to consider claims

for "indirect losses," and that statement was a few days later made in the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament. In the ensuing debate members of both parties insisted that no such claims should be admitted, though they spoke in a moderate and conciliatory tone, with the exception of William E. Gladstone, who fulminated furiously against the country for which at that time he had an intense animosity.

Sir Stafford Northcote brought matters to a head by saying publicly that he understood the American Commissioners to have promised that the indirect claims would not be made. This was repeated in Parliament and reported at Washington, and all the American Commissioners denied that any such promise had been made. Indeed, one of them, E. Rockwood Hoar, said that he had always understood that such claims were to be presented. A little later it was made clear that this apparent contradiction arose from a sheer misunderstanding. The American Commissioners realized the futility and worse of such claims, and wanted to drop them, but did not see how they could legally do so, seeing that they had been included in the presentation of the American case to the Tribunal. In order to give time for them to find a way out of the difficulty, the next meeting of the Tribunal was postponed from June 17 to June 19, 1872.

On the latter date the question was finally settled. Charles Francis Adams drafted a statement, which was unanimously adopted by the Tribunal, to the effect that, without expressing any opinion as to the difference over interpretation of the Treaty of Washington, the members of the Tribunal of Arbitration were individually and collectively convinced that claims for indirect damages did not, under international law, constitute a valid foundation for an award of compensation, and that therefore they must be wholly excluded from consideration by the Tribunal. That was the end of them. Nothing more was ever heard of indirect damages. And the Tribunal's award of \$15,500,000 was hailed with satisfaction and enthusiasm throughout the United States as a wholly adequate indemnity.

Such is the "precedent" upon which the Soviet triumvirs are reported to base their claim of fifty billion gold rubles. It will be perceived that it counts against, rather than for, their extravagant demand, while it does give sanction to Mr. Lloyd George's prompt condemnation of that claim as something that cannot be considered by the Genoa Conference. One of these days the world may decree as a heroic measure for the prevention of war that a nation responsible for starting a war shall be held accountable for all losses caused by that war, directly and indirectly. But that day is not yet; and even if it were, that principle would not give sanction and validity to this fantastic claim of Soviet Russia.

A YANKEE MOTHER IN ISRAEL

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

OF course I never saw her. She died years before I was born. But she left behind her a portrait so full of her personality that no living figure is more human to me than my great-grandmother.

I do not at all refer to the portrait over the dining-room mantelpiece, showing her as a withered old woman in a frilled cap, which by the time I was old enough to take an interest in her was the only tangible sign of her existence left in her old home. No; that might have been any withered old woman in a frilled cap.

There is another portrait of my great-grandmother not done on canvas with oils. Here are some of the strokes which have painted it for me.

WHEN I was about eight years old, I went out one day to watch old Lemuel Hager, who came once a year to mow the grass in the orchard back of the house. As he clinked the whetstone over the ringing steel of his scythe, he looked down at me and remarked: "You favor the Hawley side of the family, don't you? There's a look around your mouth sort o' like Aunt Almera, your grandmother—no—my sakes, you must be her great-granddaughter! Wa'l—think of that! And it don't seem more'n yesterday I saw her come stepping out same's you did just now; not so much bigger'n you are this minute, for all she must have been sixty years old then. She always was the *littlest* woman. But for all that she marched up to me, great lummoxy of a boy, and she said, 'Is it true, what I hear folks say, Lemuel, that you somehow got out of school without having learned how to read?' And I says, 'Why, Mis Canfield, to tell the truth, I never did seem to git the hang of books, and I never could seem to git up no sort of interest in 'em.'

"And she says back, 'Well, no great boy of eighteen in the town I live in is a goin' to grow up without he knows how to read the Declaration of Independence,' says she. And she made me stop work for an hour—she paid me just the same for it—took me into the house, and started teaching me. Great land of love! if the teacher at school had 'a' taught me like that, I'd 'a' been a minister! I felt as though she'd cracked a hole in my head and was just pouring the l'arning in through a funnel. And 'twasn't more'n ten minutes before she found out 'twas my eyes the trouble. I was terrible near-sighted. Well, that was before the days when everybody wore specs. There wa'n't no way to git specs for me; but you couldn't stump Aunt Almera. She just grabbed up a sort of magnifying-glass that she used, she said, for her sewing, now her eyes were kind o' falling her, and she give it

to me. 'I'll take bigger stitches,' says she, laughing; 'big stitches don't matter so much as reading for an American citizen.' Well, sir, she didn't forgit me; she kept at me to practice at home with my magnifying-glass, and it was years before I could git by the house without Aunt Almera come out on the porch and hollered to me, 'Lemuel, you come in for a minute and let me hear you read.' Sometimes it kind o' madded me, and sometimes it made me laugh, she was so old, and not much bigger'n my fist. But, by gol, I l'arned to read, and I have taken a sight of comfort out of it. I don't never set down in the evening and open up the Necronsett 'Journal' without I think of Aunt Almera Canfield."

ONE day I was sent over to Mrs. Pratt's to get some butter, and found it just out of the churn. So I sat down to wait till Mrs. Pratt should work it over, munching on a cookie out of her cookie jar and listening to her stream of talk—the chickens, the hail-storm of the other day, had my folks begun to make currant jelly yet? and so on—till she had finished and was shaping the butter into beautiful round pats. "This always puts me in mind of Aunt Almera," she said, interrupting an account of how the men had chased a woodchuck up a *tree*—who ever heard of such a thing? "Whenever I begin to make the pats, I remember when I was a girl working for her. She kept you right up to the mark, I tell you, and you ought to have seen how she lit into me when she found out some of the pats were just a little over a pound and some a little less. It was when she happened to have too much cream and she was 'trading in' the butter at the store. You'd have thought I'd stolen a fifty-cent piece to hear her go on! 'I sell those for a pound; they've got to be a pound,' says she, the way she always spoke, as though that ended it.

"'But, land sakes, Mis Canfield,' says I, 'an ounce or two one way or the other—it's as likely to be more as less, you know! What difference does it make? Nobody expects to make their pats just a pound! How could you?'

"'How could you? How could you?' says she. 'Why, just the way you get anything else the way it ought to be—by keeping at it till it is right. What other way is there?'

"I didn't think you could, I *knew* you couldn't; but you always had to do the way Mis Canfield said, and so I began grumbling under my breath about bossy, fussy old women. But she never minded what you *said* about her, so long as you did your work right, and I fussed and fussed, clipping off a little, and adding on a little, and weighing it between times. It was the awfulest bother you

ever saw, because it spoiled the shape of your pat to cut at it so much, and you had to do it over again every time. Well, you wouldn't believe it, how soon I got the hang of it! She'd made me think about it so much, I got interested, and it wasn't any time at all before I could tell the heft of a pat to within a hair's breadth just by the feel of it in my hand. And I never forgot it. You never do forget that kind of thing. I brought up my whole family on that story. 'Now you do that spelling lesson,' I'd say to my Lucy, 'just the way Aunt Almera made me do the butter pats!'"

I WAS sitting on the steps of the Town Hall, trying to make a willow whistle, when the janitor came along and opened the door. "The Ladies' Aid are going to have a supper in the downstairs room," he explained, getting out a broom. I wandered in to visit with him while he swept and dusted the pleasant little community sitting-room where our village social gatherings were held. He moved an armchair and wiped off the frame of the big portrait of Lincoln. "Your great-grandmother gave that, do you know it?" he observed, and then, resting on the broom for a moment and beginning to laugh, "Did you ever hear how Aunt Almera got folks stirred up to do something about this room? Well, 'twas so *like* her! The place used to be the awfulest hole you ever saw. Years ago—oh, *years* ago, before there was a good county jail—they'd used it to lock up drunks in, or anybody that had to be locked up. Then after that the sheriff began to take prisoners down to the new jail. But nobody did anything to the room—it belongs to the town, you know, and nobody ever'll do anything that they think they can put off on the town. The women used to talk about it—what a nice place 'twould be for socials, and how 'twould keep the boys off the streets, and how they could have chicken suppers here, same as other towns, if this room was fixed up. But whose business was it to fix it up? The town's of course! And wa'n't the selectmen shiftless because they didn't see to it! But of course the selectmen didn't have the money to do anything. Nothing in the law about using tax money to fix up rooms for sociables, is there? And those were awful tight times, when money came hard and every cent of tax money had to be put to some good plain use. So the selectmen said *they* couldn't do anything. And nobody else would, because it wasn't anybody's business in particular, and nobody wanted to be put upon and made to do more than his share. And the room got dirtier and dirtier, with the lousy old mattress the last drunk had slept on right there on the floor in the corner,

and broken chairs and old wooden boxes, and dust and dry leaves that had blown in through the windows when the panes of glass were broken—regular dumping-ground for trash.

"Well, one morning bright and early—I've heard my mother tell about it a thousand times—the first person that went by the Town Hall seen the door open and an awful rattling going on. He peeked in, and there was little old Aunt Almera, in a big gingham apron, her white hair sticking out from underneath a bandanna handkerchief, cleaning away to beat the band. She looked up, saw him standing and gaping at her, and says, just as though that was what she did every day for a living, 'Good-morning,' she says. 'Nice weather, isn't it?'

"He went away kind of quick, and told about her over in the store, and they looked out, and sure enough out she come, limping along (she had the rheumatism *bad*) and dragging that old mattress with her. She drug it out in front to a bare place, and poured some kerosene on it and set fire to it; and I guess by that time every family in the street was looking out at her from behind the window-shades. Then she went back in, leaving it there burning up, high and smoky, and in a minute out she came again with her dustpan full of trash. She flung that on the fire as if she'd been waiting all her life to have the chance to get it burned up, and went back for more. And there she was, bobbing back and forth all the fore part of the morning. Folks from the Lower Street that hadn't heard about it would come up for their mail, and just stop dead, to see the bonfire blazing and Aunt Almera limping out with maybe an old broken box full of junk in her arms. She'd always speak up just as pleasant and gentle to them—that made 'em feel queerer than anything else, Aunt Almera talking so mild! 'Well, folks, how are you this morning?' she'd say. 'And how are all the folks at home?' And then *slosh!* would go a pail of dirty water, for as soon as she got it swept out, didn't she get down on her creaking old marrow-bones and scrub the floor! All that afternoon every time anybody looked out, splash! there'd be Aunt Almera throwing away the water she'd been scrubbing the floor with. Folks felt about as big as a pint-cup by that time, but nobody could think of anything to do or say, for fear of what Aunt Almera might say back at them, and everybody was always kind o' slow about trying to stop her once she got started on anything. So they just kept indoors and looked at each other like born fools, till Aunt Almera crawled back home. It mighty nigh killed her, that day's work. She was all crippled up for a fortnight afterwards with rheumatism. But you'd better believe folks stirred around those two weeks, and when she was out and around again there was this room all fixed up just the way 'tis now, with furniture, and the

floor painted, and white curtains to the windows, and all. Nobody said a word to her about it, and neither did she say a word when she saw it—she never was one to do any crowing over folks."

THE hassocks in our pew began to look shabby, and my aunt brought them home from church to put a fresh cover of carpeting on them. They suggested church, of course, and as she worked on them a great many reminiscences came to her mind. Here is one: "I used to love to ride horseback, and grandmother always made father let me, although he was afraid to have me. Well, one summer evening, right after supper I went for a little ride, and didn't get home till about half-past seven. As I rode into the yard I looked through the open windows, and there was grandmother putting her bonnet on; and it came to me in a flash that I'd promised to go to evening prayers with her. I was a grown-up young lady then, but I was scared! You did what you'd promised grandmother you would, or something happened. So I just fell off my horse, turned him out in the night pasture, saddle and all, and ran into the house. Grandmother was putting on her gloves, and, although she saw me with my great looped-up riding skirt on and my whip in my hand, she never said a word nor lifted an eyebrow; just went on wetting her fingers and pushing the gloves down on them as though I was ready with my best hat on. That scared me worse than ever. I tore into my room, slipped off my skirt, put on another right over my riding trousers, slammed on a hat, threw a long cape around me, and grabbed my gloves. As the last bell began to ring and grandmother stepped out of the house, I stepped out beside her, all right as to the outer layer, but with the perspiration streaming down my face. I'd hurried so, and those great thick riding trousers were so hot under my woolen skirt! My! I thought I'd die! And it was worse in the church! Over in our dark, close corner pew there wasn't a breath of air. It must have been a hundred by the thermometer. I was so hot I just had to do something or die! There weren't but a few people in the church, and nobody anywhere near our corner, and it was as dark as could be, back in our high pew. So when we knelt down for the General Confession I gathered the cape all around me, reached up under my full skirt, unbuttoned those awful riding trousers, and just cautiously slipped them off. My! What a relief it was! Grandmother felt me rustling around and looked over sharp at me, to see what I was doing. When she saw the riding trousers, she looked shocked and frowned; but I guess I must have looked terribly hot and red, so she didn't say anything. Well, I knew it was an awful thing to do in church, and I was so afraid maybe somebody *had* seen me, although old Dr. Skinner, the rector, was the only one high enough up to look over the pew-

top, and he was looking at his Prayer-Book. But I felt as mean as though he'd been looking right at me. Well, he finally got through the prayers and began on the First Lesson. It was something out of the Old Testament, that part about how the Jews went back and repaired the ruined walls of Jerusalem, each one taking a broken place for his special job, and then how they got scared away, all but a few, from the holes in the walls they were trying to fix up. Dr. Skinner always read the lessons very loud and solemn, as though he were reading them right at somebody, and he'd sort of turn from one to another in the congregation with his forefinger pointed at them, as if he meant that just for them. What *do* you suppose I felt like when he turned right towards our corner and leaned 'way over and shook his finger at me, and said in a loud, blaming tone, 'But Asher continued and *abode* in *his* breaches!' I gave a little gasp, and grandmother turned towards me quick. When she saw the expression on my face (I guess I must have looked funny), she just burst right out into that great laugh of hers—ha! ha! ha! She laughed so she couldn't stop, and had to actually get up and go out of church, her handkerchief stuffed into her mouth. We could hear her laughing as she went down the walk outside!

"You'd have thought she'd be mortified, wouldn't you? I was mortified almost to death! But she wasn't a bit. She laughed every time she thought of it, for years after that. It was just like her! She did love a good laugh! Let anything happen that struck her as funny, and she'd laugh, no *matter* what!"

Later on, as we carried the hassocks back to the church and put them in our pew, my aunt said, reflectively, looking round the empty church: "I never come in here that I don't remember how grandmother used to say the Creed, loud and strong—she always spoke up so clear: 'From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost: The Holy Catholic Church: The Communion of Saints: The Forgiveness of sins—' and then she'd stop dead, while everybody went on, 'The Resurrection of the body;' and then she'd chime in again, 'And the Life everlasting, Amen.' You couldn't help noticing it, she took the greatest pains you should. But she always said, if anybody said anything about it, that she didn't believe in the resurrection of the body, and she wasn't going to say she did. Sometimes the ministers would get wrought up, and one of them went to the bishop about it, but nobody ever did anything. What *could* you do? And grandmother went right on saying the Creed that way to the day of her death."

ONCE I was taken to see an old Irish woman who had come, as a young girl, from Ireland just after the great famine in '48, and had gone to work for

great-grandmother, who was then sixty-three years old. She told me this story, in her thick, thick early-nineteenth-century brogue, which I will not try to reproduce here: "There was a pretty girl, young and happy-looking, that lived up the road with her father, a poor weak rag of a man with a backbone like a piece of string, and with her stepmother, a hard woman, her heart made of a flintstone. And when they found out the girl was in trouble, and her sweetheart that was the cause of it off up in the North Country for the winter to work as a lumberjack, didn't they turn the poor girl out—yes, out like a dog. And old Mrs. Canfield—that was some kin to you, I forget what—where I was working, she went right out and brought her in, and kept her there safe and sound all winter, treating her as nice as anybody, letting her sew to pay for her keep, and helping her make the baby clothes. She'd go with her to church every Sunday, the girl right on her arm, and nobody daring to say a word, for fear of old Mrs. Canfield's tongue. 'For,' she used to say, 'let 'em say a word if they dare, and I'll tell a few things I know about some folks in this town who had to be married in a hurry, and whose babies came into the world ahead of time.' You see, she was so old she knew everything that had happened from the beginning almost. She'd say, 'There's lots worse things done every day in this town,' she'd say, and nobody to answer her back a word.

"But behind her back everybody was thinking it very certain that the man would never come back, and if he did, he'd never own the child, nor have anything to do with Margaret, poor girl! You see, in those days there weren't any mails that were carried 'way back off in the woods, and she neither had any word of him nor he of her. Well, old Mrs. Canfield knew what they were saying all right—she knew what everybody was saying—and I could see that she was troubled in her mind, though she never lowered her high head by an inch. Margaret's time drew near, and no sign from John Dawson, that was away. But Margaret never lost her faith in him a minute. 'When John is back,' she'd say, just as sure of him as though they'd been married by the priest; but I could see old Mrs. Canfield look queer when she'd hear Margaret talking that way.

"And then one morning, in April 'twas, and we'd all the doors and windows open for the first time, Margaret had gone down the walk to look at the lilac bush to see if there were any buds on it, and around the corner came John Dawson!

"Her back was to him and he hadn't any idea she was there, so when she turned round, they stared at each other for just a minute, as if they'd never seen each other. Margaret stood there, just frozen, now the moment had come, just waiting like a little scared, helpless—I had the half of me hanging out the kitchen window to see what would hap-

pen, and I'll never forget it—never—never—never—the look on his face, the astounded look on his face, so full of pity and love, so strong with pity and love. 'Margie! Margie!' he said in a loud voice, and threw his sack off his back and his gun from his hand, and ran, ran to take her in his arms, so gentle, so strong.

"Well, when I could see again, I went off to tell old Mrs. Canfield, and there was the old lady in her own bedroom, standing bolt upright in the middle of the floor, and crying at the top of her voice. Her wrinkled old face was just a-sop with tears. Faith, but it was the grand cry she was having! And the good it did her! When she came to, she says to me, 'Well,' says she, 'folks aren't so cussed as they seem, are they?'

"And then we went downstairs to get out the fruit-cake and the brandied peaches; for the minister married them in our parlor that afternoon."

ONE day old Mr. Morgan, the one-armed Civil War veteran, took me along with him, to get out of the buckboard and open gates, on the back road along the river. He was going up to a hill pasture to salt his sheep. It took forever to get there, because his horse was so slow, and he had time to tell me a great many stories. This was one of them: "When I was a boy at school, I worked at Aunt Almera Canfield's doing chores night and morning. I remember how she used to loosen herself up in the morning. She was terribly rheumatically, but she wouldn't give in to it. Every morning she'd be all stiffened up so she couldn't stand up straight, nor hardly move her legs at all; but she'd get herself dressed somehow, and then two of her sons came in to help her get started. She'd make them take hold of her, one on each side, and walk her around the room. It was awful to hear how she'd yell out—yell as though they were killing her! And then they'd stop, the sweat on their faces to see how it hurt her, and then she'd yell at them to go on, go on, she hadn't asked them to stop! They were over sixty, both of them, with grandchildren themselves, but they didn't dare not do what she said, and they'd walk her round again. She'd kick her poor legs out in front of her hard, to get the joints limbered up, and holler with the pain, and kick them out again, till by and by she'd get so she could go by herself, and she'd be all right for the day. I tell you, I often think of that! Yes, lots of times, it comes back to me."

Up in the sheep pasture, as we sat to rest the horse, he told me this: "I always thought Aunt Almera knew all about the John Brown raid before most folks did—maybe she sent some money to help him. She wasn't a bit surprised, anyhow, when she heard of it, and all through the whole business she never thought of another thing, nor let anybody else. He was caught—any of us

that lived in that house those days will never forget a one of those dates—and put in jail on the 9th of October, and his trial lasted until the 31st. Aunt Almera made us get together in the evenings, me and the hired girl and one of her grandsons and her daughter, all the family, and she'd read aloud to us out of the 'Tribune' about what had happened that day at his trial. I never saw her so worked up about anything—just like ashes her old face was, and her voice like cold steel. We got as excited about it as she did, all of us, especially her grandson, that was about my age, and when we knew he was going to be hanged—and the day of his execution—December 2d, it was—Aunt Almera came at dawn to wake me up. 'Put on your clothes,' says she, 'and go over to the church and begin to toll the bell.' I didn't need to ask her what for, either. I'll never forget how awful she looked to me.

"Well, we tolled the bell all day long, one or the other of the family, never stopped a minute. You never heard anything so like death. All day long that slow, deep clang—and then a stillness—and then *clang!* again. I could hear it in my head for days afterwards. Folks came in from all around to find out what it meant, and Aunt Almera called them all into her parlor—she sat there all day and never ate a mouthful of food—and *told* them what it meant, so they couldn't ever get the sound of her voice out of their ears. Between times she'd read to whoever was there out of the Bible, in a loud voice, 'Avenge thou thy cause, O Lord God of battles,' and 'It is time for thee, O Lord, to lay to thy hand, for they have destroyed thy law,' and 'Let there be no man to pity them; nor to have compassion of their fatherless children.' It was the darndest thing to hear her!

"You'd better believe when the first call for men came from Washington there wasn't a boy of military age in our town that didn't enlist!"

AN old, old cousin had just died, and as we sat downstairs talking with the doctor, he said to my aunt, who had been taking care of the sick woman: "She took it hard! She took it hard!"

They both frowned, and my aunt looked rather sick. Then the doctor said, "Not much like your grandmother, do you remember?" "Oh, yes, I remember," said my aunt, her face quivering, her eyes misty, her lips smiling. The doctor explained to me: "Your great-grandmother was an old, old woman before she ever was really sick at all, except for rheumatism. And then she had a stroke of paralysis that left her right side dead. She lived four days that way—the only days she'd spent in bed in years, since she was a young woman. I suppose. Her mind wasn't very clear, she couldn't talk so that we could understand her, and I don't think she rightly knew anybody after her stroke. I guess she went back, 'way back, for we saw

from what she did that she thought she had a little baby with her. I suppose she thought she was a young mother again, and that was why she was in bed. She'd spread out her arm, very gentle and slow, the only arm she could move, so's to make a hollow place for a little head, and then she'd lie there, so satisfied and peaceful, her face just shining as if she felt a little warm, breathing baby there. And sometimes she'd half

wake up and stretch out her hand and seem to stroke the baby's head or snuggle it up closer to her, and then she'd give a long sigh of comfort to find it there, and drop off to sleep again, smiling. And she'd always remember, even in her sleep, to keep her arm curved around so there'd be room for the baby; and even in her sleep her face had that shining love on it—that old wrinkled face, with that look on it! I've seen

lots of death-beds, but I never—" he stopped for a moment.

"Why, at the very last—do you remember?"—he went on to my aunt, "I thought she was asleep, but as I moved a chair she opened her eyes quickly, looked down as if to see whether I had wakened the baby, and looked at me, to warn me to be quiet, her finger at her lips, 'Sh!' she whispered.

"And that was the way she died."

NOON

BY JOHN HALL WHELOCK

At noon I watched
In the large hollow of eternal heaven
A soaring hawk climb slowly toward the sun
Upward, in adoration without end.
His flight was a great prayer.

OLD CHINOOK SURPRISES THE PARSON

BY PEARSE PINCH

I MET "Old Chinook" from away out West the other day, right here on the streets of Washington. Somehow I vaguely sensed his presence before he appeared, as I used to do out West. There he would come softly whistling or humming an air from one of the great operas, learned he would never tell where. I think he must have been whistling along the street the day I met him. We called him "Chinook" because, like that famous wind, he used to arrive so unexpectedly, and the frost lost its grip on everything at his coming. His jubilant greeting the other day drove the chill from the air, and spring seemed to be here in full tide.

"Well, Parson," he exclaimed, "where on earth did you come from, and how came you here?"

We were soon up to our ears in question and answer as to what had befallen each since the day our trails parted out there in Wyoming. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Still preachin', or workin' for Uncle Sam?"

"Preaching," I answered. "That's my work; and I could hardly do anything else, if I would; and wouldn't, if I could."

"I s'pose so," he replied. "But don't you get awfully tired of it sometimes?"

"Why should I?" I questioned in turn.

"Oh, I w's just thinkin'." Then, with a sudden turn, he seemed to be off on another tack. "By the way," he said, "how many railways run out to that town where you're preachin'?"

"Only one," I informed him, "and that is all the traffic would sustain."

"Why don't you have half a dozen?" he asked.

"Why should we," I asked, "when one barely pays?"

"Well, you see," he answered, "there are so many ways of building and running railways that every community, it

seems, ought to have the advantage of them all."

"Why, man, what do you mean?" I asked. "What are you driving at, anyway?"

I knew he had something up his sleeve which he was taking a round-about way, not uncommon with him, to produce.

He went on: "You see, there are the several kinds of power. Some like the old way, of running cars by steam. They think it more reliable, like other old things. Others like the trolley, because the cars can run oftener, and accommodate passengers any hour of the day. You know that road of ours out West? Well, they are burning oil on that branch, and nothing else. I met an old fellow up the river who is always recalling the time when the engines had nothing but wood, and he thought it more homelike than any of these new-fangled ways."

"But," I said, "all of that would be no reason for building a half-dozen roads out to our place."

"There are other things to consider," he persisted. "There are different styles in building cars. There are different kinds of platforms to get in on. There's no end of variety in choice of routes. One road could follow the hills, and another the valleys. Some folks are never happy unless they can be riding somewhere within sight of bodies of water."

I thought I began to see the direction of Chinook's parable, but to further call him out I began a protest against the whole idea.

"You know perfectly well, Chinook," I said, "that you are talking nonsense. As it is, our road is well patronized. The cars are well filled, and often crowded. A whole neighborhood of commuters ride together, and it makes a big

neighborhood sociable between our town and Washington morning and night, as cheerful and friendly a crowd as you ever saw. The road, I understand, is fairly prosperous. But if we had five or six roads, they would divide the crowd into sorry little handfuls, some becoming partisans of one road, and some of another. It would all tend to breed neighborhood dissension. As a business policy it would be suicidal, and every road would be bankrupt. I can't imagine anything more senseless."

"I know something more senseless," Chinook replied.

"In the name of all that's foolish, what is it?" I asked.

"The policy of the churches; for they are doing worse than the thing you describe as so disastrous in railroading. That's why I wondered if you don't get awfully tired of preachin'."

Chinook's parable had me tight. I confessed that the policy of our churches is a grievous trial to any man who wants to be a preacher and still be a man.

"And yet," I protested, "things will never become any better if those of us who want another policy abandon the field and leave it to the partisans who want nothing but division. I try to make my church broad enough to include all who want a larger type of Christian life."

"No chance, Parson," replied Chinook.

"Folks seem to like narrow and partisan ways in everything. I don't know that they are any worse in religion than in other things; but somehow it looks smaller and more contemptible in religion; and they are smaller and more contemptible when they are narrow and partisan in a thing so big as religion. You may as well give it up, Parson, and come back with me into God's great big churchless outdoors."

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON



(C) Paul Thompson

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, LADY DOYLE, AND THEIR CHILDREN LOOKING AT NEW YORK CITY FROM THE ROOF OF THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL

THE years when Conan Doyle was not as yet my hero are faint in the mists of childhood. At first he was Sherlock Holmes, tall and slender, stooped, with keen features and nervous hands (like William Gillette's, which I was not to see on the stage for two decades). From my fellow-cowboys I used to hear tales of Buffalo Bill, who had been their associate and who fitted into our life, for he was indeed part of it. But Sherlock Holmes was equally real to me, though he belonged to the strange world of hansom cabs and street lamps seen hazily through a drizzling rain, which, somehow, I imagined could not at all resemble the drizzle that soaked me to the skin as I rode herd. To me Sherlock Holmes was a vivid, resilient figure moving through a blurred, unreal London—unreal so far as concerned St. Paul's or the Tower, though I could always see a cameo face at the window of the one substantial house of a gossamer city, No. 221 Baker Street.

It was Sherlock Holmes that was real; his pen-name was Conan Doyle.

Sherlock Holmes was my hero because he was not handsome and muscular and stupid like the knights of the mediæval romances that were then coming into fashion. In him the body was incidental to the mind. He fought with a weapon keener than steel, the one weapon (as I then thought) of the future. At that and in my next stage of development I saw no excitement (but great anthropological interest) in a football game—a pageant, I conceived it, of

our caveman ancestry. My thrills were in debate and in chess. The reign of brute force was over and the intellect had come to rule. That idea did not leave my head till 1914. I am not fully over it yet, for I sometimes think brains may have had something to do with winning the war.

While still a college student I worked my way over to Europe. Had I been able to cross two years earlier, I should probably have made a pilgrimage to many literary shrines, among them Stratford and "The Abbey." When I did get across, I had a notion to visit the Doone country, but the only shrine I actually searched for was 221 Baker Street. Of course it was not there. The absence of the house made the tenant more real, through relief from a suspense not acknowledged. One feels so much better about the gods if they are in the sky and not perched on a hill like Olympus. They are so much safer in the sky.

Now that 221 Baker Street had through its absence relieved me of my one (unconscious) misgiving about Sherlock Holmes, I forgot any curiosity I might have had about Conan Doyle. For I could feel the nearness of Holmes (who was Doyle) in every crowded street. Especially in fogs and at night he peered at me out of passing hansoms and stepped aside to let me pass through dark and narrow alleys. Why should I search for a man who brushed against me in every crowd? Busy as he was, why should I bother him? So I went from theater to theater seeking instead

I knew not what. At last I found Bernard Shaw and a statement, if not a solution, of the Irish question in what is still my favorite Shaw play—"John Bull's Other Island."

It was on my third visit to England that a friend of mine who was a friend of Doyle's took it upon himself to bring us together. I have heard this friend tell that I wanted to meet Doyle because I thought him the greatest man in England. That was not my point of view. I have not thought deeply nor analytically about who may be the greatest man in England. What I felt was that, apart from the friends I knew well enough to need no exchange of words with them to find them good company, there was but one personality I realized in England—Sherlock Holmes, who as yet was Conan Doyle.

But when I first met Conan Doyle he was Dr. Watson. This was a hard trial for Sherlock Holmes. A personality less individual than his would have lost ground. To him it gave added strength. On coming to the top of Olympus I realized that I had always subconsciously known that the gods would not be visible to a casual eye. No real gods would be. Invisibility is an attribute of the godhead, to the disciple a precious sign confirming his belief.

Not merely at first was Conan Doyle Dr. Watson. He still is. But Sherlock Holmes has gradually asserted himself. Dr. Watson's kindness, his unselfish way of refusing to take the center of the stage, his generous interest in friends and mere people and in simple things (even in the weather), at first make him appear as a single personality. But he is really a composite personality, and you presently catch the analytic mind of Holmes peering out at you. The penetration he applies to his problems in crime is focused, and you feel that he reads legible upon the innermost walls of your mind things that even you did not know were there. Still, Sherlock Holmes under these conditions seems to suffer a strange astigmatism, for when he looks at you through the kind eyes of Conan Doyle he sees little but the good. Your weaknesses and wickednesses have to be pretty conspicuous if he sees them at all.

At his home Conan Doyle is not merely a sturdier Watson and a kinder Holmes. He is also a gentler Sir Nigel and a mellow blend of all the host of his nobler characters. Lady Doyle, Denis, Malcolm, and wistful little "Billy" are there in appropriate settings as proxies for the fair ladies, sturdy lads, and dainty little maidens of his wholesome books.

But to Sir Arthur this is not his whole family. His son Kingsley fought without serious hurt through more than

half the war. Then, because he had been a medical student and surgeons were needed at the front, he was sent back to England to his studies and to his death from pneumonia. Some time after that, with a conventional outlook and a literal acceptance of the formula "dust to dust," I came into a family where Kingsley still occupied a place no less than Malcolm and Denis, and I gradually learned to adjust myself

to a new relation between those who are living and those who are called dead.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is now in America to preach the gospel which enables Kingsley to keep his place as a loved member of the family at the side of his brothers and sisters. Sir Arthur is a better spokesman for himself and for his case than any of us who are his devoted friends. He will probably ad-

dress himself to his audience with such direct simplicity that there will be no ovations: Let us hope, for our sakes rather than his, that we listen with the attention given Paul at Athens. He speaks with the same sincerity, with the same conviction, that he brings a new revelation of truth and power.

His plea is only the plea of Paul: "Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good."

THE SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

AN ESTIMATE OF GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

BY AGNES REPPLIER

IF Mr. George Wharton Pepper be re-elected to the United States Senate, he will refute the emasculated creed that political life is a strong but dirty current, unfit for clean swimmers. This creed, subscribed to for the most part out of sheer apathy, has robbed the Republic of thousands of her ablest sons. They have held back, fearing rough contact and possible contamination. They have considered honor and honesty to be private luxuries which must be safeguarded from the public need.

Mr. Pepper has much to give and little to get in offering his services to his country. A lawyer of distinction, he has achieved success in his profession as the reward of engrossing toil. Since the year 1889, when he was graduated from the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, class orator, and winner of the Sharswood prize and of the Pemberton Morris prize, his life has been one of strenuous endeavor. In the year of his graduation he published "The Border Land of Federal and State Decisions;" in 1891, "Pleading at Common Law under the Codes;" in 1901, "Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania." For four years he edited the "American Law Register and Review." He is general counsel for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Philadelphia Trust Company, and the Philadelphia National Bank. He possesses that accurate knowledge of code and Constitution which is of inestimable service in public affairs. His examination of witnesses before the Congressional Joint Committee in the Ballinger-Pinchot case was so masterly as to attract general attention. He displayed on this occasion an extraordinary skill and a steady self-control combined with that certainty of information which is particularly comforting to his clients.

When Mr. Root lamented that "democracies are always in trouble," he understood the perils of a representative system which depends upon rationality as well as upon liberty, upon wisdom in choosing no less than upon freedom of choice. Some measure of responsibility for his country's well-being rests with every voter. He casts his ballot uncon-

cernedly, as if it didn't matter in the least; but it is he who wins the reward of his wisdom or who pays the penalty of his errors. There have been times when the persistent election of incapable legislators has so reduced the level of the Nation's efficiency that the American citizen could only shrug despairing shoulders and say with the British soldier: "It's comfortable feeling as 'ow you're so wet that you can't get no wetter no'ow." There have been times—few and far between—when the courage and sanity of American lawmakers have arrested the attention of the world. The resources of our manhood are as limitless as the resources of our mines and farm lands; but much is lost by misdirection. "If citizens will not elect able and honest men as their agents," says ex-Senator Beveridge, "they must suffer the consequences of their indifference to their own welfare."

The influence and authority of the Senate have increased immeasurably during the last decade. More than one observer has pointed out that, while the House has declined until it is a negligible factor, the Senate waxes stronger every year. The struggle between the legislative bodies and the Executive, the unconcealed hostility which nullifies where it should construct and thwarts where it should amend, is not particularly helpful to the Nation. We are just as tired of war in Washington as of war in Europe. We want peace, and a rational understanding, and mutual concessions, and the triumph of common sense.

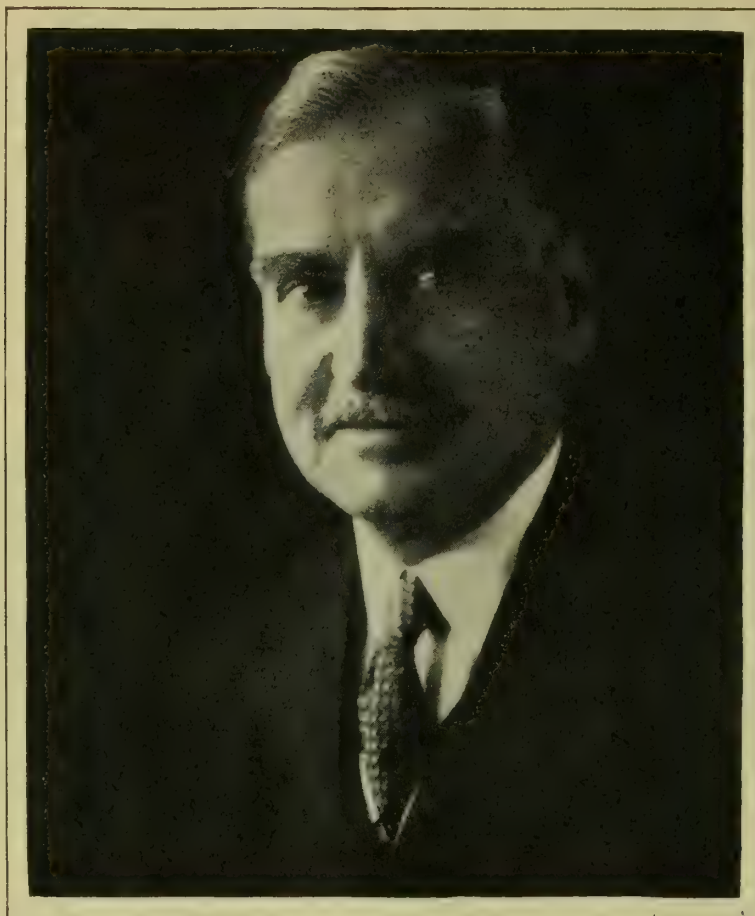
Therefore—the Senate being all-powerful—it is well to think soberly before electing a Senator. Therefore a moiety of Pennsylvanians have in mind a man of grave serenity, disciplined intellect, and balanced judgment, who can be trusted—having been already tried—not to go off his head when the first volley of words is fired. A knowledge of law has saved him from grave blunders, a knowledge of the world from the hopeless sentimentalism which alternates with selfish greed. It sometimes seems as though Congress ceases to be illiberal only when it has a chance of becoming

sentimental, and it is hard to say which mood is more injurious to the Nation. Mr. Pepper may be said to represent the type of mind which Mr. Henry Adams (a man not lavish of praise) recognized in his day as characteristically Pennsylvanian and credited with good working qualities: "In practical matters it is the steadiest of all minds; perhaps the most efficient; certainly the safest."

The practicality of a lawyer's mind is touched on every side by abstract considerations. Mr. Pepper's relations to labor illustrate this point. He has more than once represented the contractors in equity suits to restrain secondary boycotts, and the decisions then obtained have been accepted by union workers. On the other hand, he refused a retainer from the Merchant Tailors Association when he believed the union to be within its rights. And he mediated successfully in the Kensington textile strikes when there was ground for common agreement. One year's hard work he devoted to the Committee on Constitutional Revision, paying his own expenses in Harrisburg and gaining little but the pleasure of accomplishment. In this case, as in others, it might have been said of him, "His service was in the endeavor only, and not in the fruits thereof."

In the direful autumn of 1914, when Americans, aghast and bewildered, were swayed alternately by generous indignation and a demoralizing sense of security, Mr. Pepper refused once and for all to be morally anesthetized. He advocated a National protest against the violation of Belgium's neutrality, and the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany in the event of the protest being disregarded. This was not a popular stand to take. It ran counter to a long-cherished policy of non-interference, and it threatened vexation and internal discord. "Keep out of trouble," was the prevailing sentiment. The devout talked about peace, the cynical talked about profits; both concurred in denying any responsibility for the assaulted decencies of civilization.

There were men, old and young, to whom acquiescence in evil was an intel-



(C) Harris & Ewing

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER, SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

lectual impossibility. Mr. William Dean Howells, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. W. W. Keen, flamed with a noble anger which swept them back half a century to their lost youth. Theodore Roosevelt voiced the shamed manhood of the Nation. Mr. Pepper, too generous to enjoy an ignoble safety and too far-sighted to believe it could be permanently trusted to the hard-pressed armies of France and Eng-

land, watched with concern Germany's deepening hostility, and gave his active support to Major-General Leonard Wood's campaign of preparedness. He enrolled for training in Plattsburg. He was color sergeant of the First Provisional Regiment in 1915, and sergeant in Company H of the Ninth Regiment in 1916. In the welter of emotions evoked by sudden and vast calamity, this Phila-

delphia lawyer held fast to Newman's simple words: "The best prudence is to have no fear."

The entrance of the United States into the war imposed new obligations upon all loyal citizens. For two years Mr. Pepper served as Chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense. Even in his hard-worked life he had never shouldered duties which were, to use his own words, more "back-breaking." His great-great-grandfather, Thomas Wharton, had served in the same capacity—Chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of Safety—during the War of the Revolution. The average voter is apt to look adversely upon *any* candidate whose ancestors are a known quantity; but there is an aptness in this succession of offices—offices as strenuous as they were unremunerative—which should disarm the deep-rooted prejudices of democracy.

Mr. Pepper was appointed to the United States Senate by Governor Sproul in the winter of 1922, to fill the chair vacated by the death of the redoubtable old king-maker, Senator Boies Penrose. He is now a candidate for reelection. Should he win out, his triumph would mark an era in the political history of Pennsylvania. He is in no sense one of the "ordinary men" for whom we have been told officially—but I hope mistakenly—that "America was made." He is rather one of the extraordinary men who are perhaps made for America, who take to duties as a duck takes to water, who face responsibilities and carry burdens all their lives. He has been a force in his own city and State. It remains to be seen whether or not he is desired as a force in the country. Under any circumstances, life holds for him work in plenty, and honor, and esteem, and the old fighting faith that these things are well worth living for. The traditions of freedom warm his blood, and the stability of common sense steadies and animates his mind.

THE PETTY SOUL

BY FAITH BALDWIN

I
OH, if I go to heaven,
 I'll find it neat and small,
 With paved and pleasant footpaths,
 And nothing grand at all.

II
 The wide fields of the blessèd,
 They give on hill and sea,
 But unhorizoned beauty
 Is not for souls like me.

III
 My barren-breasted virtues
 Would be too ill at ease.
 A little heaven's harbor
 Is best for such as these.

IV
 And should hell be my portion,
 I shall not know that one
 Where gorgeous sinners shudder
 From sins which hide the sun.

V
 A little hell awaits me
 Of little sins and mean,
 A makeshift hell of hearsay,
 Hypocrisy, and spleen.

STRIKELESS FORT WORTH

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GATEWAY TO TEXAS AND ITS ENERGETIC PEOPLE—ITS SPECTACULAR SKY-LINE AND RAILWAY BUILDING—HOW IT MAINTAINED ITS CREDIT AT A CRITICAL HOUR—THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN ITS BOSSES AND EMPLOYED

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

THE motion-picture Texan and the real Texan are two different persons altogether. The Texas cities we see depicted in movie reels, where intoxicated, gun-toting cow-punchers wreck an entire town for mere sport, are altogether a different picture from the one that appears before the eyes of expectant visitors. The Fort Worth skyline reminded me of lower Broadway. Against the prairie it looms up something like Mount McKinley in Alaska.

The movie thrillers would have us believe that those who dwell on the southwest prairie, where cow-punchers to-day actually still exist, live in little shacks that can be pulled over by a celebrating rounder with a lariat and a cayuse. Possibly the directors of some of these films had indulged in too much "white mule" when they wrote the Texas scenes "true to nature." Texas cities resemble Los Angeles more than any other urban section of America. I believe I saw more attractive homes in Fort Worth than in any other section I have visited in this country outside of Los Angeles.

In a section of the country where there were supposed to be wild cow-punchers, grease grass, and cactus I found myself in a \$4,000,000 hotel. When taken to my room, I thought I was in the Pennsylvania or the Vanderbilt. I gazed out of my window at the new Waggoner Building and the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank Building, and rubbed my eyes. It was

about the same kind of a sight one would get looking south from the New York City Hall toward the Woolworth Building.

An hour later, while talking to the President of the Chamber of Commerce, I asked how they were able to build such a gigantic hotel in a city of a hundred-odd thousand, when there were other cities five times that population with nothing like it.

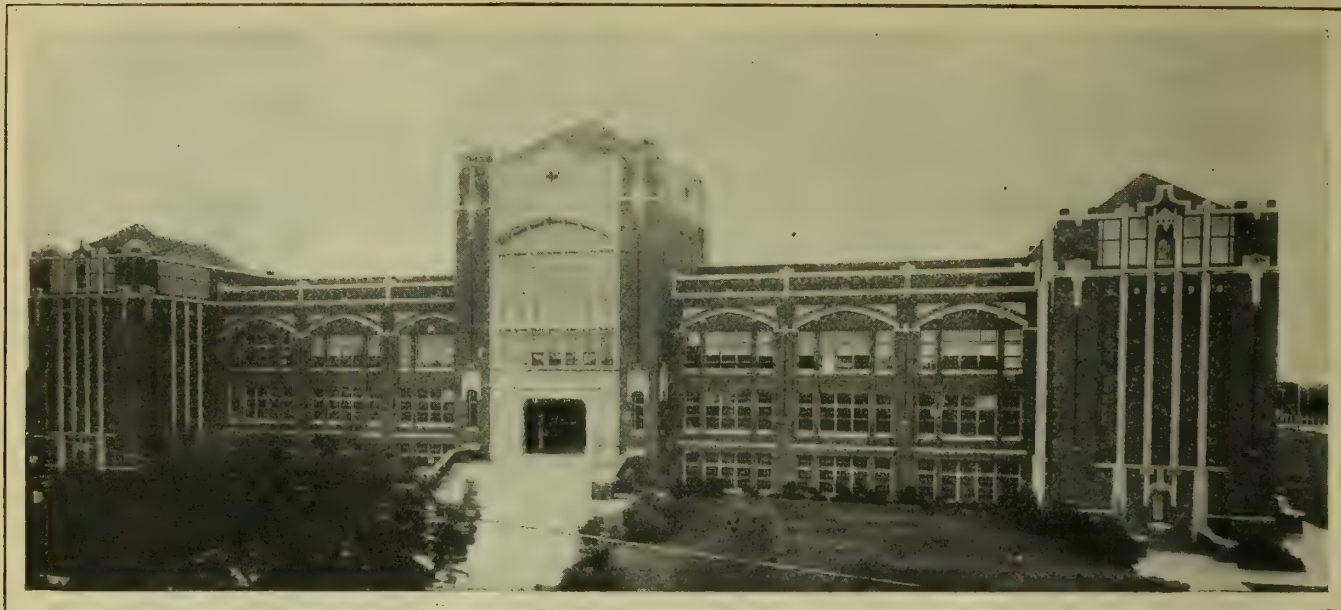
"Oh," he answered, casually, "a few progressive citizens decided that we needed a real hotel. They got together and raised \$1,200,000 to start the ball rolling in less than three hours."

At a business men's luncheon that day I saw a half-dozen propositions put through that involved fair-sized sums of money. It was raised in a few minutes without any prompting from the chairman. Here was the kind of spirit that builds cities. I could visualize, as I watched these subscriptions quickly raised, the spirit behind the men who built the Fort Worth skyline; whose ancestors had fallen at the Alamo, had beaten Santa Anna into submission, and gained their independence from Mexico; established a Republic; elected a President; and then gladly became a part of the United States.

The early history of the building of railways through Fort Worth bears witness to the class of men who resided in that section then, and whose descend-



THE W. J. WAGGONER BUILDING, ONE OF THE TOWERS THAT LOOMS IN THE FORT WORTH SKYLINE.



Jernigan-Warren Photo Service, Fort Worth

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL OF FORT WORTH—ONE OF THREE HIGH SCHOOLS

ants still "carry on" the same policies. The first road built into Fort Worth was the Texas and Pacific. It was constructed to a little west of Dallas, when the panic of 1873 struck the country. Building ceased. Fort Worth began to disintegrate as a city. The railway company had secured the right of way, and if the panic had held off just thirty days the road would have been constructed through to Fort Worth. When the road failed to materialize, the population dropped to less than 1,000. These people remained because they had ultimate faith in the growth of the city.

When the land grant was given to the Texas and Pacific, however, it was conditioned on the road being constructed to Fort Worth by the first day of January, 1874. The panic blocked this construction, but the Legislature validated an extension, and each succeeding Legislature granted extensions until the Constitutional Convention of 1875.

The people had by this time despaired of getting their railway, and so they organized a company of their own, subscribed to the capital stock, and made payment in money, labor, material, forages, supplies, or anything they possessed of a marketable value. Major K. M. Van Zandt was president of this company. When the Legislature assembled, the railway company made another bid for an extension of time, since the prize was too rich to abandon without a struggle, and since they had spent large sums of money in surveying and plotting land. So they took the contract off the hands of the construction company and made a desperate bid to complete the road before the Legislature could complete its reports and adjourn. The efforts of John C. Brown, vice-president of the Texas and Pacific, who had remained on the ground steadily, won out in a close fight.

On July 19, 1875, the first train rolled into Fort Worth in charge of Conductor

W. R. Bell, who still "pulls a rope" on the Texas and Pacific. Pandemonium broke loose in Fort Worth; lacking cannon, anvils were used to make an appropriate noise.

The building of the next transcontinental road through Fort Worth was no less spectacular. The Santa Fé started construction a short time later from Galveston north to Temple. Walter Gresham, who was director and field man for the Santa Fé, mailed from Temple, on the same day and the same train, a letter to Fort Worth and Dallas stating that the town that would first subscribe a \$75,000 bonus and contribute depot grounds and right of way through the county should be on the main line of the Santa Fé. Peter Smith, one of the early builders of the South, got busy at once, and with the aid of a few of the enterprising "old timers" raised the cash bonus and secured the right of way before nightfall, and early the next morning appeared in person before the Santa Fé officials, and the road was thus secured by Fort Worth.

Seventeen railways enter Fort Worth, and in practically every case it has been a story of large bonuses and grants cheerfully and quickly given. To-day the railway yards of Fort Worth hold 14,000 freight cars, while 1,300,000 cars are interchanged there annually. The State raises between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000 worth of cotton every year, and Fort Worth industries alone produce \$450,000,000 worth of manufactured goods.

The Fort Worth preferential freight distribution area, with a population of 2,000,000, embraces 91,000,000 acres; its cotton production amounts to \$400,000,000 annually; corn, \$155,000,000; live stock, \$115,000,000. Even in oil (although I don't believe in oil; I have too many worthless \$50 "dry hole" certificates in my desk now), but they have real oil in Texas to the extent of about

\$245,000,000 a year. When I saw the great wells and great storage tanks, I wondered why some of the wildcat promoters who sold me stock four years ago could not have been fortunate enough to land in the Fort Worth territory.

Some idea of the vast expanse of the agricultural area of Texas can be gathered when comparing the large ranches in Texas with those of other States. The King Ranch, in Nueces and Kleberg Counties, is composed of about one million acres of land, and the owner of this small empire has about seventy-five thousand head of live stock. John G. Kennedy, another noted Texas ranchman, owns five hundred thousand acres of land and about thirty thousand head of live stock. Yet these two immense ranches scarcely amount to more than a pinpoint on the average Texas map.

This section can grow anything from grapefruit to winter apples; its climate ranges from the semi-tropical to snow-line; on the same day within the boundaries of Texas people are bathing and reclining under beach umbrellas, and others, in the foothills, are hunting game on snowshoes.

I was especially interested in this "gateway" to the Gulf from a standpoint of its labor relations. I had been in Fort Worth but a few hours when the president of the Trades Assembly (A. F. of L.) took me on a motor trip about the city. I soon discovered why Fort Worth was practically free from labor trouble. Here was a labor leader who believed that every man who drew a day's pay should do a full day's work in return. He believed that the relations between employer and employee should at all times be one of closest co-operation, and in case there were disputes that these disputes should be settled by arbitration instead of strikes.

When I was in Fort Worth in October, 1921, there had not been a strike of any

note for twenty years within the city—although thousands of men are employed—for here was a new type of labor leader. The spirit of unionism throughout the town was different from any place I had ever been in. In 1919 and 1920, while other cities were tied up with the high cost of building construction, with woeful inefficiency of labor and childish restrictions, Fort Worth constructed 2,400 homes, 2 twenty-story buildings, and a \$4,000,000 hotel, and during this peak period their labor retained a high standard of efficiency, in marked contrast to Northern cities. Here I found labor organizations that did not allow agitating organizers within their jurisdiction. One large power company has never dealt with a labor organization, because the men did not need one for their protection. An organizer dropped into Fort Worth one day to organize the employees of this company. The Fort Worth labor leaders said: "No. If these men want to get in, all right, but we're not going out and try to force them in."

The greatest asset Fort Worth has to-day is the spirit of the workingmen who comprise a large share of her 140,000 population.

Fort Worth has a great reserve of cheap power, and a project is now under way which will probably provide enough power to run the whole northern section of Texas for all time to come.

A number of big packing plants have located in Fort Worth because of its exceptional transportation facilities and reasonable labor attitude. The packing-houses now do a business of \$150,000,000 annually, and 3,000,000 head of cattle go through Fort Worth every year.

Many of the old Texans cannot understand why these large plants are locating in their city, rather than in other Texas cities. But if they had lived in

some of the Northern industrial centers from 1917 to 1921 they would easily understand. It is because of the favorable labor situation. Here is a city of 140,000 people whose chief industry is manufacturing, and it has had no notable strike in twenty years!

I drove through that section of the city where workmen resided, although there was no "workingman's section." They lived in bungalows that made my mouth water when I contrasted them with my congested New York. Here were men who owned their own homes, or who were paying for them; who had just as much at stake in the city as the manufacturer, the business man, or any one else who took just as much pride in civic betterment as any member of the Chamber of Commerce or Bankers' Club; men who could speak English, and who believe in America; men imbued with the same spirit of community building as the Chamber of Commerce or Merchants' Association. They had fine school buildings, spacious playgrounds, well-kept lawns. I did not see a tumble-down shack nor a decayed fence within the city limits.

Fort Worth was built on a prairie, and it wounded the pride of its citizens that they had no lake resorts. In 1913 some of the leading spirits of Fort Worth, under the leadership of William D. Davis, conceived the idea of creating a lake by damming the west fork of Trinity River at a point six miles northwest of the city. In a short time the project was under way. Construction was started in 1913, and completed in 1916. It cost several million dollars. When finished, a concrete conduit was built, carrying the water to Fort Worth. This lake holds forty billion gallons of water and has a shore line measuring forty miles. The lake proper is fourteen miles long and two

miles wide. The drive around this lake is one of the "show" drives of the United States.

Peter Smith, Major Van Zandt, Captain B. B. Paddock, Colonel Paul Waples, Joe Brown, are examples of the kind of men who built Fort Worth. It was Paul Waples who, in the 1907 panic, when Texas's creditors in the East and North were demanding that the debts due them be instantly discharged, issued a statement of the assets in cotton and material eligible to payment of debts, and asked the question: "Why do creditors of business houses and individuals in Texas clamor for the pound of flesh?" He demanded that a reasonable time be granted Texas to pay, and promised that she would not only discharge all her debts, but leave a surplus large enough to finance her for a generation of normal conditions. Time was given. Creditors became aware that Texas was one of the most resourceful States of the Union.

The younger element of Fort Worth Builders includes such energetic figures as L. H. McKee, W. M. Massie, William Monnig, Amon G. Carter, William D. Davis, and T. B. Yarbrough.

Colonel Louis J. Wortham is the Watertson of Texas. He started on his newspaper career in 1882, and is rough and ready if necessary, though naturally endowed with the deportment of a Chesterfield. He is the editor of the "Star Telegram."

These new Texans reflect much of the same indomitable spirit of the "Alamo" Texans. They have accomplished more than they really intended to. Fort Worth was built by men who realized that workmen ought to own attractive homes of their own, and the whole city co-operated toward that end. The result is thousands of good-looking bungalows and very little radicalism.

WOULD THEY DESTROY LABOR UNIONS?

BY ELLIS SEARLES

EDITOR OF THE "UNITED MINE WORKERS' JOURNAL"

BACK of the demand for the incorporation and taxation of labor unions, about which so much is heard these days, there is to be seen the hand of the union-busters of the country. That's what the members of organized labor say, anyway. If labor unions were compelled by law to incorporate, then the treasury of the union would be subject to raids by employers or others who might wish to stir up a situation that would afford opportunity for such raids. A labor union could not exist under such circumstances, for its funds would be attacked from every possible quarter.

If trade unions were incorporated, they would at once become constantly menaced by receivership suits, thus placing their property and treasuries subject to the whim of hostile courts,

and there are many courts in the land that are hostile to organized labor. Corporations of business men are not subject to this danger. The activities of a corporation are limited and clearly defined by charter. It is different with a trade union. Its activities and functions cannot be defined by any charter or any law. A labor union is a social institution, which cannot be separated from the human beings that compose it.

There are labor spies in every industry in the country. These spies are there for the purpose of keeping the employer informed as to all activities of the employees, and especially every symptom of unionism that may appear among the men. In some industries they are called spies, but in the coal-mining industry they are armed gunmen

and thugs who seem to bear a roving commission, not only to roam at will over the mountainsides of West Virginia and other places, but to assault, shoot, and murder those among the mine workers who dare even to think aloud about organizing a local union.

If labor unions were incorporated, these spies and hired thugs could easily institute fictitious lawsuits that would tie up the funds of the unions and render them helpless, or, where a hostile court could be found, they could obtain judgments that would ruin the unions.

In other words, incorporation would enable their enemies to throttle the life out of every labor union in the land. And the unions believe that such is the purpose of those who are calling so vociferously for incorporation. It would

be an easy matter for an employer to "plant" a hired spy in any labor union as a member, and this spy could stir up and incite acts of violence and damage that would afford sufficient grounds upon which to base suits for damages that would bankrupt the organizations and keep them bankrupted. That this could be done is best proved by the fact that it has been done many times.

Those who are backing the plan to compel labor unions to incorporate insist that labor unions should stand in the same position before the law as corporations. They lose sight of the fundamental difference between a business corporation and a labor union. A business corporation is a commercial institution. A labor union is not commercial. It has nothing to sell. It is a body that undertakes to afford protection to its membership in their dealings with their employers. It believes in and practices the idea of collective bargaining between employers and employees. Labor unions are composed of the same type and kind of human beings that are found outside their ranks. They are the same kind of American citizens as the stockholders of a corporation, and the same kind as those who are engaged in business or in the professions.

Promoters of the plan to force labor unions to incorporate say it is necessary in order that the unions "may be held responsible for their acts." But we should remember that corporations are not formed for the purpose of being "held responsible." Their prime purpose is to evade responsibility.

When two men form a partnership in business, one partner can contract debts for the partnership and all partners are responsible for the full amount of these debts. All of the property of the partnership can be seized to pay the debts contracted by any partner, and if this is not enough, then the private property of each partner is liable for the full amount of the debts.

But it is different with a corporation. Under this form of doing business there is no such danger to the individual. When an officer of a corporation contracts indebtedness in the name of his company, only the property of the corporation can be reached for settlement. Property of individual stockholders cannot be levied upon, as in the case of a partnership.

Corporation stockholders invest what they are willing to risk in a corporation, knowing that they cannot be held responsible for more.

It is also interesting to note that these same people who cry so loudly for incorporation and taxation of labor unions never say a word about compelling business associations to submit to a similar law. There are associations of coal operators in every coal-producing field in the United States, and none of them is incorporated. There are associations of manufacturers in every line, and they are not incorporated. We find National associations of manufacturers; whole-

salers in every line of trade; associations of millers, druggists, grocers, clothing merchants and manufacturers; associations of iron and steel manufacturers; associations of railway executives; associations of employing printers; associations of this, that, and the other character. And then there is that wonderfully mysterious something that is known as the National Steel Institute, or something of that kind, headed by Judge Gary, the champion heavyweight union-buster of the country. Members of the "Steel Institute" have long denied that it had anything to do with the fixing of steel prices, but all who believe that story will please stand on their heads.

None of these associations are incorporated. No matter how much damage they might do to the welfare of the nation, no matter how they might undertake to regulate and restrict business and prices, they could not be attacked as corporations. Neither are they required to pay taxes, because they are not legal entities.

But we do not hear any one demanding from the housetops that these commercial and business associations should be required to incorporate and pay taxes. Nor do we hear any demand that they be required to open their books and business for public inspection, as labor unions are asked to do.

If labor unions were incorporated, they would of course be forced to file reports of their business and affairs. Their books would be open to inspection at all times. They could be required to account for every penny of income and expenditure, and they would be limited and restricted in both directions. Every union-busting, open-shopper among the employers feels that this would be a means of helping to break up labor unions.

Members of unions ask why these employers are so anxious to have the unions do something that they themselves are not willing to do. It will be remembered that the Federal Trade Commission issued an order requiring coal-producing companies to file with the Commission detailed statements of their cost of production of coal, including the amount paid for wages and all other purposes. Coal operators refused to comply with this order, and when the Commission insisted upon compliance the operators went into a Federal court and obtained an injunction against the Commission to prevent it from inquiring into the cost of coal production. It does seem that when employers demand publicity for all of the receipts and expenditures of labor unions they should be willing also to make public the details of their business.

What is it that these coal operators seek to hide from the public through the use of the process of injunction? They are insisting that wages of coal miners are so high that they prevent coal companies from selling their coal in American markets. They place all of the blame for the present unsettled condi-

tions in the coal business on the miners' wages. They say profits have been wiped out and that they are not now and have not for a long time been making money. But they offer no proof of these statements. In fact, they use every means to prevent the public from ascertaining whether they tell the truth about it. They rush off to a court and plead for protection against the prying eyes of the public. The people must not be permitted to learn the facts. The public must take their word for everything and be satisfied.

If these coal companies were honest with the public, if they had nothing to hide, if they were not attempting to cover up the real facts in regard to their profits, they would willingly permit the Federal Trade Commission to have access to their books. The average citizen cannot take kindly to a set of men who demand publicity for the business of every one except themselves.

Now and then we hear some one say that the United Mine Workers should be subjected to strict Federal supervision and investigation because of the existence of the check-off system for the collection of the dues of its members. The charge is frequently made that this check-off system is illegal, and that money collected through its use is expended for unlawful purposes. The outrageous charge is sometimes made that the check-off is used for the collection of money to finance riots, murders, and other crimes in the coal-mining fields. The fact is that the check-off has been held to be legal by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and it stands to-day as a long-established and fully recognized principle in the industry. The Borderland Coal Corporation, a non-union concern of West Virginia, sought to destroy the check-off with an injunction suit, but the Court of Appeals refused to enjoin it. The Court said the check-off was nothing more than a voluntary assignment of wages already earned by an employee, the same as if he assigned a part of his wages to pay a grocery bill or any other obligation. Certainly there is every legal recognition of the principle of voluntary assignment of wages. The wages are not assigned for the purpose of financing riots, disorders, murders, and the like. The assignment is made for a perfectly valid and recognized legal purpose.

There have been so many misstatements in regard to the "march" in West Virginia last summer that it may be well to give the facts in connection with that affair. It is frequently said that this was an outbreak of union coal miners, and it is sometimes referred to as "a treasonable insurrection of union miners." It was nothing of the sort. Such charges are made for the sole purpose of creating in the public mind a prejudice against the miners' union. The armed gunmen and thugs employed by non-union coal companies, who for years have made it their business to keep the union out of these fields, even

THE FARMER
of the metropolitan district has received
FIVE AND ONE-HALF CENTS A QUART
for the same milk for which the consumer paid
TWENTY CENTS

Mr. Parkinson tells the story of the five and one-half cents in this issue. In

The Outlook for May 31 Sherman Rogers

will tell some of the things which happened to

THE OTHER FOURTEEN AND ONE-HALF CENTS

Mr. Rogers's article is not so much a record of expenditures as a story of the dramatic and scientific fight for clean and wholesome milk which has saved thousands of lives and lowered to an amazing extent the infant death rate of the metropolis.

to the extent of shooting down innocent persons, became so bold and their outrages were so terrible that the people of that section of West Virginia refused longer to stand for such things. This "march" was a result of that wave of indignation. Miners, farmers, mer-

chants, carpenters, professional men, and citizens from many walks of life decided to put an end to the reign of terror, and they assembled for the avowed purpose. It was not a question of unionism and non-unionism. It was a matter of self-protection against the

murderous band of roving desperadoes. And had it not been for the interference that came from the outside those thousands of determined men would have cleared them out and made life and liberty safe in West Virginia. That's the truth about the "march."

RICH DAIRYMEN?

BY EDWARD K. PARKINSON

AFTER dairy farming for some years one has, naturally, a pretty clear idea of the profits to be made by selling milk to city people, and also when one has a good thing a certain shyness crops up on being asked by others to tell how easy it is to get rich by dairying.

The Christmas holidays are the one time during the year when my wife and I make a point of getting away from our farm to visit a cousin in Manhattan who is a bond broker. What wonderful days these are, with theaters, opera, concerts, moving pictures, shops, etc., filling our waking moments with one sensation after another, for it's our vacation, and we feel much like Browning's Pippa when she exclaims: "Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee!" Three days of riotous pleasure, worth a king's ransom! Only three out of 365 with no deductions for holidays and Sundays—just one, two, three days, all our own!

Much to my amusement, my cousin greatly enjoys calling me the Milk Baron. On Christmas Eve, which last year fell on Saturday, we were discussing conditions in general in front of the fire over our mild Havanas. Prices were dropping all along the line with the notable exception of food, and, "Hang it, Billy," exclaimed my cousin, "you farmers have us by the throat these

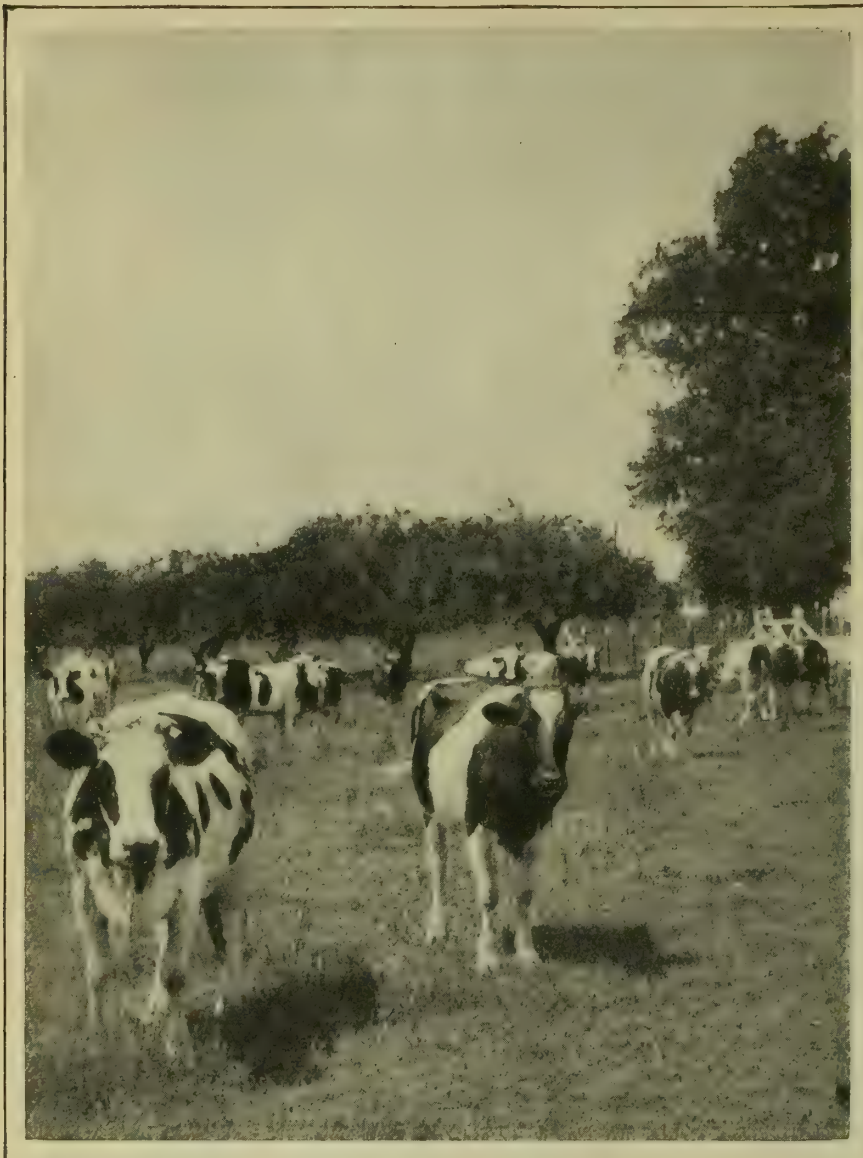
days! Not that I personally begrudge you a cent. Go to it, I say, make hay while the sun shines. But, really, old man, when we have to pay twenty cents a quart for good milk for the children I call it a hold-up game. Of course you chaps took your cue from the labor unions and formed the Dairymen's League, and, as far as I can see, have made a great success of it. For, whereas the wholesale milk dealers in New York used to dictate prices to the dairymen, now we pay what you are pleased to ask. Great game! I'm proud to be connected with a milk baron."

"My dear Jack," I replied, warmly, "your ignorance outside of your personal affairs is colossal. Do you know what I am paid for my milk this month? No, of course not! You just jump at conclusions. Well, the League price is close to five and a half cents a quart for the same milk for which you paid twenty cents, and the spread between those two figures covers freight, pasteurization, and distribution. I have absolutely no say as to what I shall receive for my milk from month to month, the price being fixed by the Price Committee, which is made up of the Producers' Organization and the Distributors' Organization. In setting these prices the main factors considered are supply and demand and the price of cattle feed. It so happens that I have my note-book in

my pocket, and, seeing you are my cousin, I will let you into the secret of my rapid rise to affluence.

"Our farm," I continued, "consists of two hundred acres, of which sixty acres is in pasture, through which, fortunately, a stream flows. I raise corn for silage and for feeding, oats for feeding, hay and clover, enough potatoes and vegetables for ourselves, besides plenty of fruit for home consumption. Now let's take the cows, who are the money-makers. We have twenty-five in milk all the time, and in order to keep up this number it is necessary to replace, on an average, seven cows each year. These are raised from our own calves and must be fed and cared for until they are two years old, when they drop their first calves. Even then they do not reach their best as milk producers until their second and sometimes their third calf is born.

"These cows are all splendid Holsteins and give about 10,000 pounds of milk a year each, or about 13.5 quarts per day. This month I will receive \$2.52 per 100 pounds of milk, or, as I said before, 5.5 cents per quart. So, putting the very best possible face on it, my gross profit, if I could count on 5.5 cents per quart right along, would be \$6,675 a year. Easy, isn't it? Nice, comfortable home, plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, two men to help with the



(C) Ewing Galloway

"GIVE ME THE COUNTRY, WHERE THERE ARE DUMB BEASTS TO CARE FOR AND MAKE MUCH OF"

work with cottages to live in, etc. Can't you just picture me going down to the bank each month in my car and depositing my wad?

"But just hold on a minute. I mustn't forget to charge off one or two little items against my cows: Bedding per cow; keep of bull per cow; labor per year per cow; interest on money invested in barn and cow; taxes on cow and barn; insurance on barn; depreciation on each cow, and heat, light, medicines, disinfectants, veterinary service, and ice, amounting in all to \$65 on each animal. Besides this there is the feed to add—hay, silage, bran, corn-meal, gluten-meal, cottonseed-meal, and pasturage—totaling a few cents over \$167.

"Of course you will say, 'Oh, but you have your own hay, corn, silage, and pasture.' Quite true; but don't forget that my corn would sell on the market just as quickly as the other fellows', so I must charge it up at market prices.

The same is true of hay. My silage I only charge for at its food value plus labor and fertilizer. My pasturage charge is only normal, for had I no pasture I should have to provide more silage and hay. So, you see, I must take \$65 plus \$167, a total of \$232, from the gross profit of \$252 on each cow, leaving \$20, to which may be added the value of her calf at birth, \$15. I then have a net profit on each cow of \$35, or \$875 from my entire herd. Wouldn't you like to buy me out, old chap? Before you make an offer, however, let me add that in order to get this splendid income I must get up at half-past four every day, winter and summer, and when any of my cows drop their calves I am always with them, whether it's the middle of the day or night. I wash and clean the milking machines myself, for, although I have good men, I wouldn't feel safe in trusting this work to either of them.

"In the winter there's the wood to cut

and ice to get in, besides the repairs on farm implements and buildings. So you must acknowledge that, in a measure at least, I earn my princely income. You are wondering how I manage to get along on \$875 a year. Well, I couldn't if Bessie hadn't turned to, like a trump, and helped by raising poultry, for she takes entire charge of a flock of 500, and so adds about \$550 more to what the cows bring in," I ended, lighting a fresh cigar.

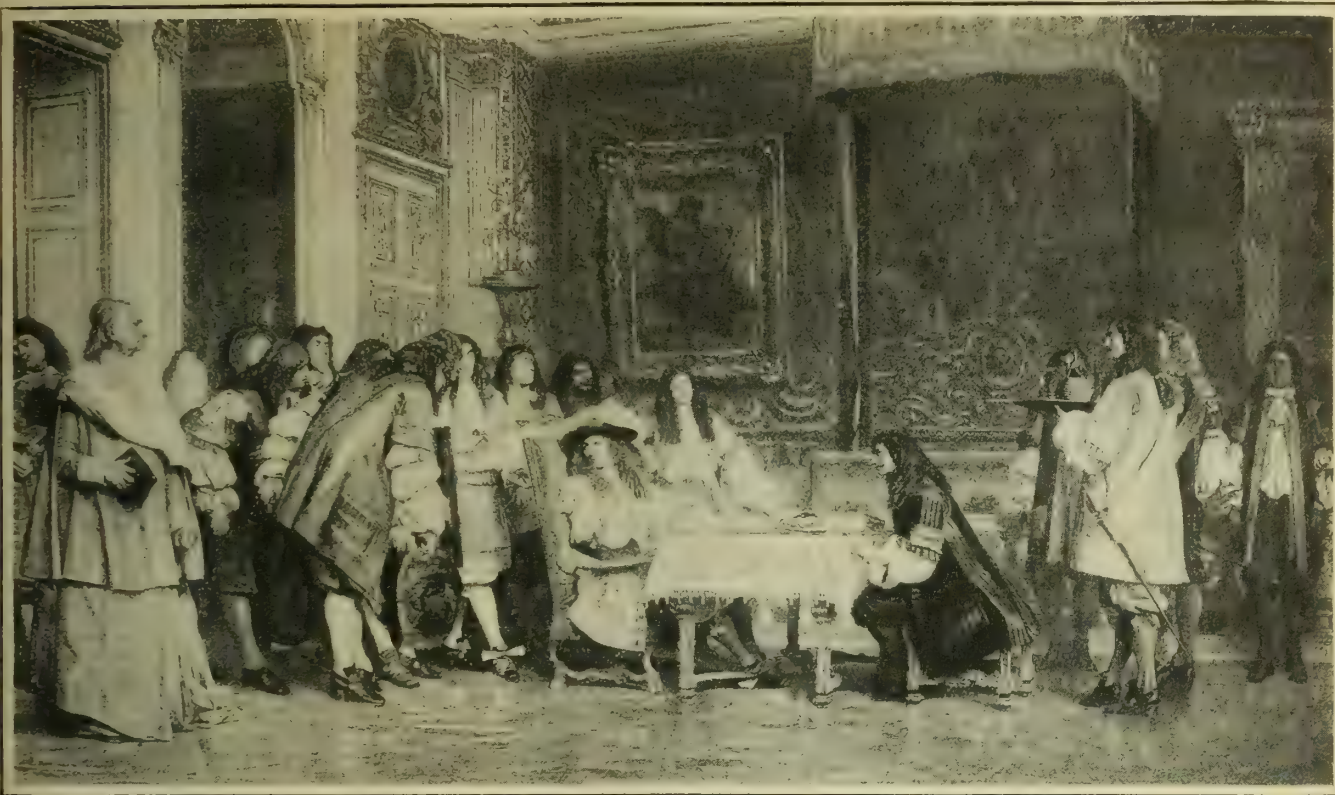
"Billy, you amaze me," said my cousin, "and if I didn't know you intimately and hadn't spent days on your farm I'm afraid I should be a doubting Thomas. It had never occurred to me that farming was like any other business, or that a practical farmer had to apply business principles to his work, just as I do. Somehow, I imagined he raised all his own feed and fed it out to his cows, and then counted the money received from them, as profit. What, in the name of goodness, does a man see in working hard all his life for a paltry few hundred dollars a year? Why, I often make in a month what takes you with the hardest sort of labor to pull in in a year!"

"Well, Jack," I replied, "you have overlooked the greatest factor in life—individuality. From my point of view, to see you grubbing every day in an artificially lighted den downtown, with money-getting occupying most of your waking hours, is a pitiful sight. To me, you have missed the very essence of life. You never see the sun rise in all its wonderful beauty, or marvel at the re-awakening of life with the first flush of spring, nor would you feel any pleasure in caring for dumb animals that look to you through gentle, trusting eyes for their sustenance. The birth of a little helpless calf would to your mind only mean extra work, not the completion of one of nature's most stupendous achievements—a new life.

"Then you live in a constant uproar—cars tooting, bells clanging, and doors slamming from morning until night. You are only a unit among millions of other units. Were you to be stricken in the street, a policeman would turn in a call for an ambulance and off you would go to some hospital, where you would consider yourself lucky if your wife ever received word as to your whereabouts.

"Not for me, Jack! Give me the country, where I can watch things grow, where there is plenty of elbow-room, where I'm independent and have to stand on my own feet without help, and where there are dumb beasts to care for and make much of. After all is said, money can't buy contentment, and don't forget this, although you may not believe it, it takes as much brains to make a success in farming as in any other business. Well, old man, each to his own taste, after all, and if we are going to the theater, it's about time we started, isn't it?"

THE BOOK TABLE



From the Painting by Gérôme

MOLIÈRE BREAKFASTING WITH LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES

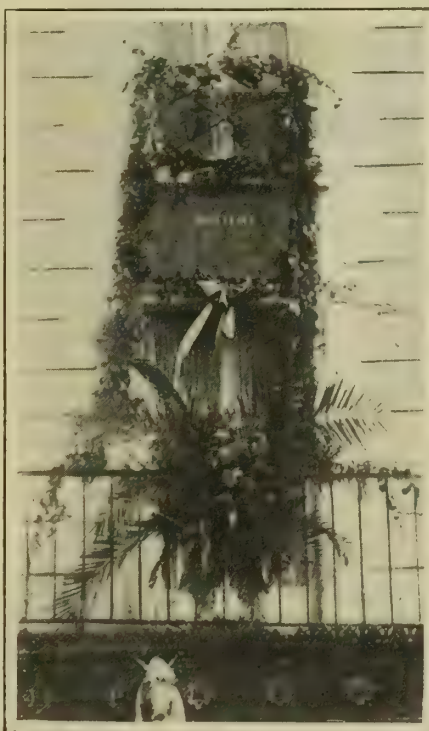
THE MODERNITY OF MOLIÈRE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

MONSIEUR MAURICE DONNAY and Monsieur André Chevrillon have come three thousand miles to take part in our tribute to the genius of a man who was born three hundred years ago. Our invitation and their crossing of the Atlantic bear witness to the fact that the fame of Molière is both enduring and world-wide. No one of the makers of French literature is more typically, more fundamentally French than he, and yet here in a city almost unknown and absolutely unimportant three centuries ago men assemble to do him honor and to acclaim him as the master of modern comedy.

He was not only a man of his own country, he was a man of his own time. In the early years of the long reign of Louis XIV he came a little later than Corneille and a little earlier than Racine; and neither of them is as representative of that glittering epoch as Molière; and yet half a dozen or half a score of his thirty plays are alive to-day in all the freshness of their eternal youth. He is not for his own country alone, but for all civilization; and he was not for his own age only, but for ours also. To say this is to say that he possesses the two indispensable qualities of a classic: his masterpieces have a large measure of permanence and a large measure of universality.

I have studied him lovingly for half a



(C) Keystone

TABLET ON THE HOUSE IN WHICH MOLIÈRE WAS BORN, IN THE RUE ST. HONORÉ, PARIS, WITH DECORATIONS PLACED THERE AS A PART OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE TRICENTENARY OF THE PLAYWRIGHT'S BIRTH

century, and as I came to a more intimate acquaintance with his writings and to a keener appreciation of the man himself I felt more and more the modernness of his work. No doubt, it bears unmistakably the impress of his own time—all masterpieces do that of course, those of Sophocles and Shakespeare no less than those of Molière. Yet he is more modern than the great Greek tragedian, who lived two thousand years ago; and more modern even than the great Englishman, who wrote both comedies and tragedies, and who died only six years before the great Frenchman was born. The great Spanish playwright Calderon survived Molière eight years; and his pieces seem to us now almost archaic in their stagecraft and in their spirit, whereas the comedies of Molière are modern both in their form and in their content.

The modernity of his form is obvious enough, and he is master of modern comedy, not only because he realized better than any predecessor in any country what the true province of comedy was and what were its possibilities and its limitations, but also because he wrote for the modern playhouse, with its roof, with its artificial lighting, with its scenery, with its seated spectators. The pattern he devised for this modern playhouse is the pattern employed to-day by the playwrights of every Euro-



From an old print

pean language, even though they may be totally unaware of the debt they owe to him. Shakespeare's plays have to be modified to adjust themselves to our theaters; Molière's do not demand any rearrangement, not a single transposition or a single omission. Sheridan could not have plotted the "School for Scandal" if Molière had not plotted the "Misanthrope" and the "Femmes Savantes." Ibsen could not have put together the "League of Youth" and the "Pillars of Society" if Molière had not devised "Tartuffe."

He had profited by his early study of Plautus and Terence, as they had profited by their study of Menander; but the Greek and the two Latins in their turn had progressed only to the play of intrigue, the comedy of anecdote; they were not equipped to achieve the comedy of manners, the comedy of character, the social drama, the play which, while it makes us laugh, also makes us think. Their field was narrowly restricted, and the hampering conditions

of the social organization in Athens and in Rome did not tempt them—indeed, did not permit them—to achieve a large and liberal treatment of human nature. Shakespeare, as it happened, never undertook the comedy of manners which is also a comedy of character, perhaps because his social background and country did not supply the material for this special type of comedy. The London of the Virgin Queen lacked the urbanity of the Paris of the Grand Monarch. Elizabethan society was boisterous in speech and violent in temper; and therefore no one of Shakespeare's ever-delightful comedies, sometimes delicately romantic or sometimes robustly farcical, is a picture of the life of his own time and of his own country. Molière in four or five or six of his amplest and deepest comedies brings before us his own contemporaries as he had observed them in the city of his birth.

It was these contemporaries that Molière had to please if he was to keep his theater open; and this is what every

great dramatist has had to do, Sophocles no less than Shakespeare. We can see that Molière took account of what was wanted by the Parisians of the second half of the seventeenth century, by the young King, by the burghers, and by the populace also. He gave them what they expected from him, and also more than they expected, sometimes even more than they were ready to receive. Leading his audiences upward, coaxing them along, skillfully stimulating their desires, he was able at last to rise to a level to which no earlier comic dramatist had aspired.

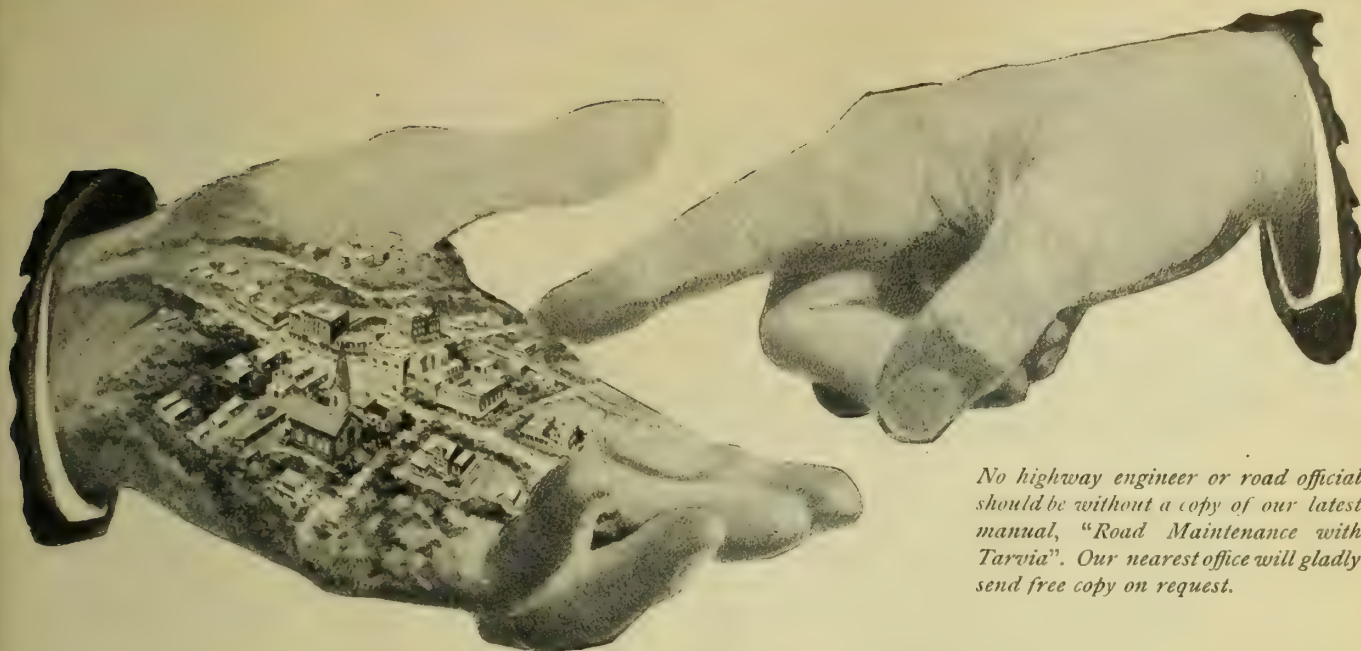
It is not widely recognized that great dramatists have almost always been popular in their own day. True it is that they may not have been adequately appreciated while they were alive, but they were successful, none the less. I doubt whether even Ben Jonson, with all his friendship for Shakespeare, was really aware of his friend's true greatness; and I fear that of all Molière's associates only Boileau and La Fontaine were keen-eyed enough to measure his superiority. But there is no denying that Shakespeare and Molière were popular favorites and that the playgoers flocked gladly to see their plays performed.

This immediate popularity of theirs was due in a measure to their skill in hitting the taste and in satisfying the likings of their contemporaries, although of course their permanent fame could be assured only by their major merits, by their power of creating characters which transcend the demands of the moment, which are deeper than the fancies of the day, which are eternally attractive because they are eternally veracious.

Molière did not hesitate to amuse his audiences with satire of passing fads and follies, with things strictly contemporary, with things absolutely up to date. Now, it is the disadvantage of the contemporary that it is four parts temporary; as it is disadvantage of the up to date that it is swiftly out of date. It is a striking testimony to Molière's genius that his satire of the whims and oddities of his own period has its lesson for us in another century and in another country. What was fleeting and momentary is on the surface only, and beneath it we can discover a veracity as abiding as human folly is perennial. The fashion has altered and not a little, but the stuff is the same, since it is woven from the unfailing absurdity of human nature.

The affectations that Molière held up to scorn in the "Précieuses Ridicules" in France are not unlike those which we laugh at to-day in America—in the "Culture Club of Keokuk, Indiana," for example, and in other clubs not so far from Manhattan Island. The Learned Ladies, the Femmes Savantes, of Manhattan Island are not now devoting their time to Greek roots, they are digging up the roots of society; they are

(Continued on page 39)



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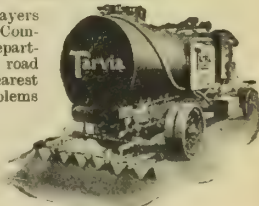
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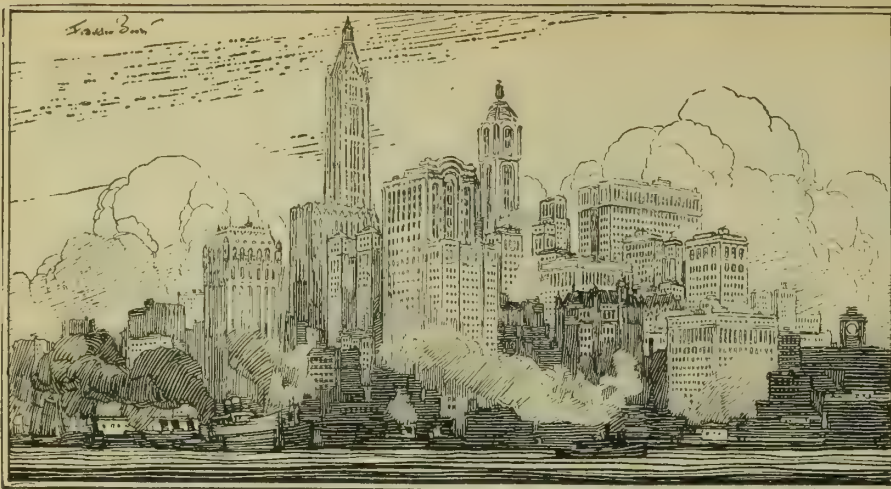
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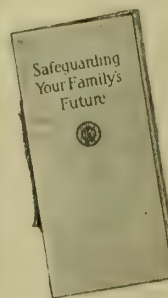
... "My wife is a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, but she knows practically nothing of business and doesn't know a stock from a bond. I have been too busy to reach her. And I have been too engrossed in my business affairs to think of making a will. . . . Would you advise me to name a trust company executor and trustee of my estate? Would such an arrangement effectually prevent the beneficiary of my estate from squandering her inheritance, especially in worthless promotion stocks?"

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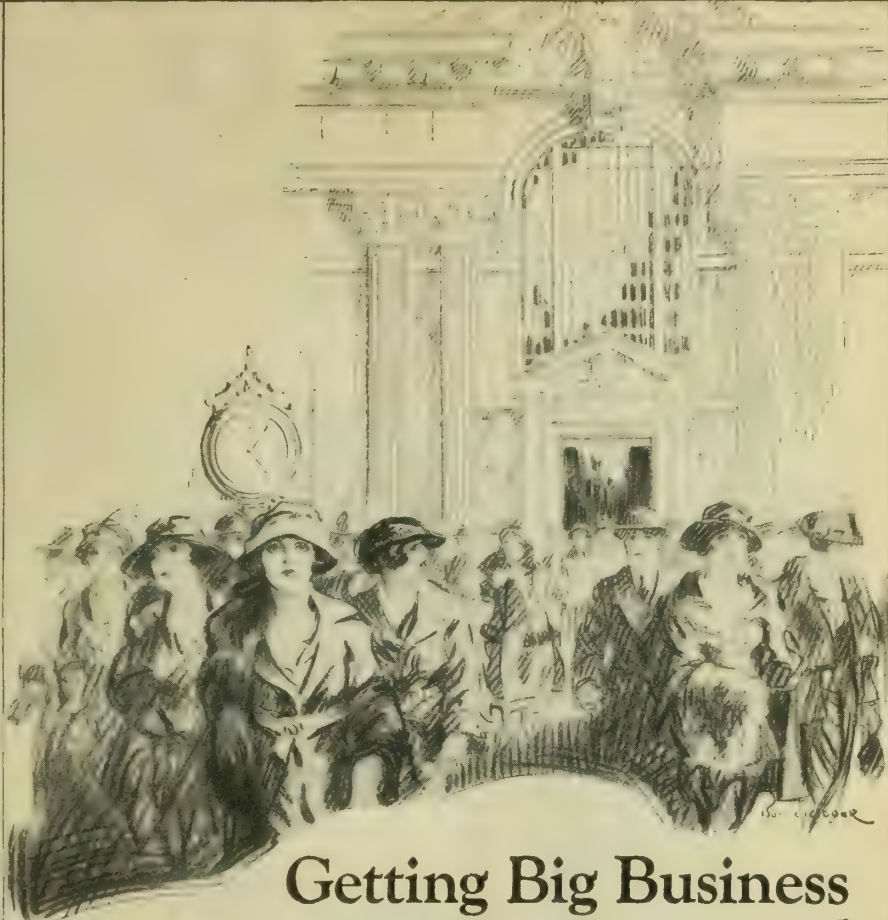
TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION
FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

THE BOOK TABLE (Continued)

parlor Socialists; they are Little Groups of Serious Thinkers, who pride themselves on being open-minded, not having discovered the inconvenience of having minds open at both ends. The Imaginary Invalid to-day is a morbid student of psychoanalysis making a Freudulent collection of his own complexes. And Tartuffe? Well, our Tartuffes do not masquerade as religious bigots; rather are they moral reformers, damning the sins they have no mind to, reformers for revenue only, as dangerous to the public welfare to-day as was Tartuffe in his time. What is Scapin but a "proof before letters" of the chief figure in our crook plays? What is the unscrupulous valet who befools Monsieur de Pourceaugnac but the first edition of our confidence operator, our bunco-steerer—if I may venture to employ these unsavory neologisms? My sole excuse for this lapse from linguistic propriety is that I want to emphasize the fact that Molière is our contemporary, after all—that he is quite up to date two centuries and a half after his death.

Molière is important to us here in America, not only because of the pleasure and the profit we can find in the performance of his plays and in their perusal if we are denied the benefit of seeing them acted, he is important to us not only because he is the master of modern comedy, but also because he is the chief figure in French literature, because he united in himself certain of the chief characteristics of that literature, its dramatic ingenuity and its abhorrence of affectation, its relish for the concrete and its social instinct. It is good for us to see these characteristics in action; and the lesson Molière has for us transcends the limitations of literature. While there may be a more soaring imagination, a more easily released energy, in English literature in both its branches, British and American, than there is in French literature, there is a far less persistent application of the reasoning powers, a less free play of the intelligence, less sobriety and less sanity, more extravagance and more exuberance. The French inherited from the classics a sense of form, a desire for unity of tone, for harmony of color, for logic in structure, and for lucidity in style. If Carlyle and Ruskin and Whitman had sat at the feet of the masters of French literature, they would have been less impatient of authority, less flagrantly individualistic, less rhetorically riotous. Though they might have lost a little, they would have gained much. Nisard knew his countrymen when he asserted that in France "reason, which is the common bond of all men, is more highly esteemed than imagination, which disperses them and isolates them."

Here in America we are not likely ever to forget the indebtedness we are under to France for coming to our rescue in our hour of need nearly a century and a half ago; that debt is a debt of honor, and it is not outlawed by time. Nor can we fail to remember that it



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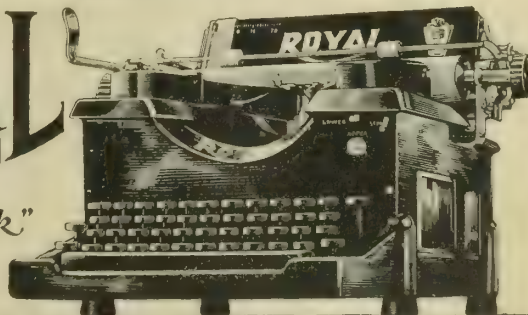
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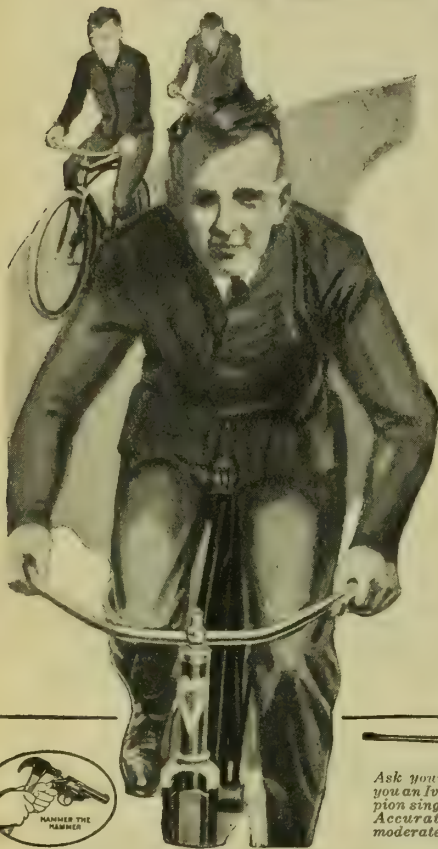
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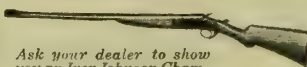
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(THE BOOK TABLE—Continued)

was a Frenchman, Rousseau, who inspired the superb eloquence of the Declaration of Independence, and that it was another Frenchman, Montesquieu, whose political sagacity guided the makers of our Constitution. The tie that binds us to France is twisted of many strands of many colors, but we have reason to believe that it is strong enough to withstand any strain that may be put upon it.

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TIDE RIPS. By James B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

"What Price for Fish?" ought to have a special prize as the best tale of Gloucester fishermen since Kipling wrote "Captains Courageous." Others of these sea tales are almost as good. Mr. Connolly leads among living American writers about seas, ships, and sailors.

YOLLOP. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.

A more amusing bit of burlesque writing has not appeared for a long time. If we are to take it as a protest against humane prison methods, it has no force, because the author does not know the facts. We prefer to take it as a piece of fun pure and simple, and as such it is irrepressible and constantly mirth-provoking.

POETRY

DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI (THE). A Line-for-line Translation. By Melville Best Anderson. The World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y. \$20.

This sumptuous volume is printed on hand-made paper and bound in Italian boards with vellum back. The translation is in the *terza rima*, the meter of the original. Marginal notes accompany the translation.

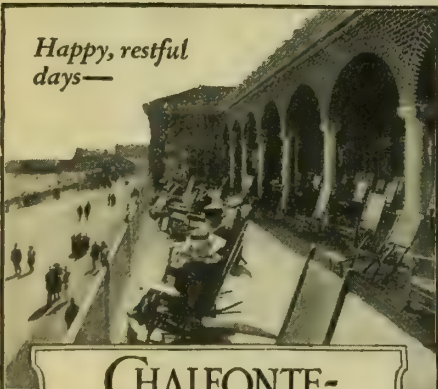
WAR BOOKS

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Albert Rhys Williams. Illustrated. Bont & Liveright, New York. \$2.

The cover-jacket of this book is from a Soviet poster. It shows the Czar, Kornilov, Kolchak, Denikin—all those who tried to prevent or crush the Revolution—impaled on the long lance of a Red Army horseman. The jacket appropriately covers a lurid book, for the lurid story is illustrated by lurid poster reproductions in color as well as by many photographs. The author went "through the Russian Revolution" as correspondent and participant. We see the vivid drama through his wide-open eyes, though we are totally unable to agree with his pro-Soviet prejudices. It is nevertheless interesting and instructive to note his summary of the results of the Revolution; among them are the following:

"It has destroyed the apparatus of Czarism. [The author omits to state

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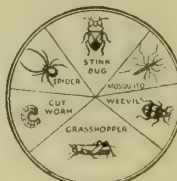
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that it has but replaced one Czarism by another and more terrible kind.]

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"It has fenced off Russia from the unlimited exploitation of freebooting capitalists.

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"It has taught forty million peasants to read and write."

WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY. By Major-General Sir Alfred Knox. Illustrated. In two vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$15.

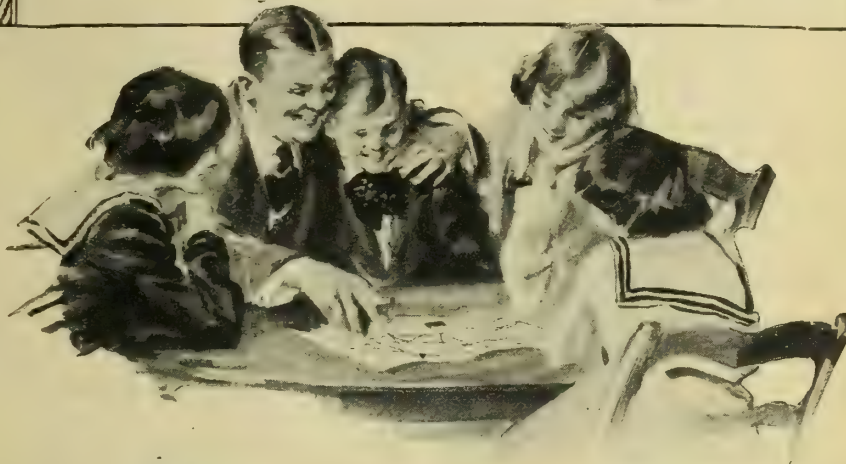
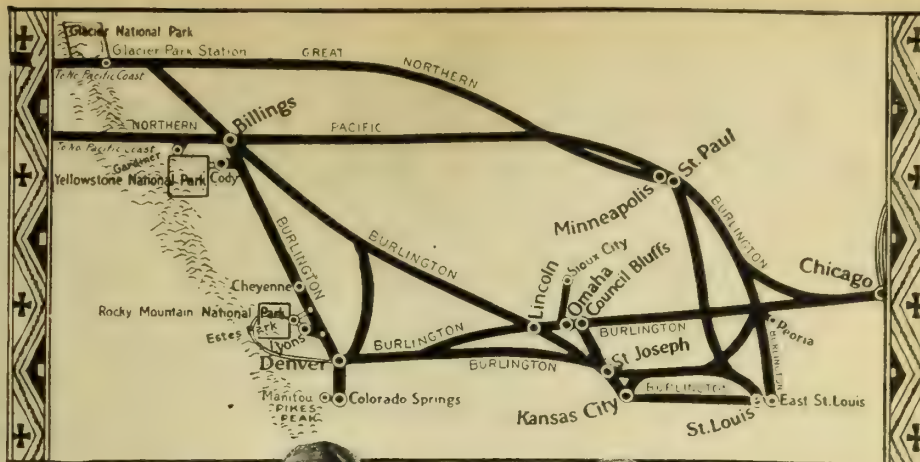
These volumes are valuable to those who wish to read in detail of the recent war on the Russian front. Certainly the author enjoyed large opportunity for observation. Previous to the war he was military attaché at Petrograd, and was at the front for three and a half years. Especial interest attaches to his description of the fighting in 1916, the text containing many hitherto unpublished details of Brusilov's offensive. The author also describes the political unrest preceding the Revolution, and gives an eye-witness's account of the Revolution itself.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY CIVILIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES. An Inquiry by Thirty Americans. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$5.

Tested by quantitative analysis, this is a great book. It is two inches thick; it contains five hundred and seventy-seven pages; and it is written, not by one, but by thirty authors.

Qualitative analysis leaves a trifling residuum. These thirty writers, mostly of what Don Marquis happily calls the younger group of serious thinkers, are no doubt sincere and earnest in their opinion—that American Art, Music, Literature, Law, Education, Economics, etc., etc., etc., are hopelessly vulgar and that civilization in this country is "grotesque, starved, and spiritually poverty-stricken;" but is American civilization greatly in need of new opinions just now? Henry Ford is chock-full of opinions, so is Edison, so is Senator Borah, so is William Jennings Bryan. Our own notion is that what American civilization needs most to-day is, not opinions, but coal and coats, potatoes and housing.

We venture to add this economic thought to the symposium of these thirty young American thinkers. Let them stop—at least temporarily—thinking up opinions to write about, and turn their attention to producing food and clothing. It will do them good to work with their hands, and will give their anxious minds a rest. Moreover, they may produce something that the public will buy. It is not likely to buy their



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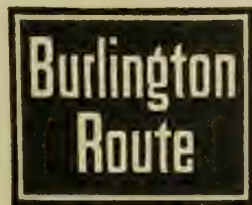
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LETTING GEORGE DO IT

THUS I read in The Outlook: "One energetic worker will stimulate a whole gang to a greater effort." And I then indulged in retrospection, looking backward to events which are still fresh in my memory. It has not been long since I was among that blessed fraternity of workers whose praise is dwelt upon so often by writers and ministers. As they tell me, I did not appreciate my noble position, and when slack times threw me out of employment I really did wish I had my job back. Still, from my lowly and humble sphere of life, I feel that I am justified in doubting that quotation. I do not mean to call it insincere or reckless, but I wondered that workers in the writer's day of hard labor were so radically different from those whom I have worked with.

I worked several years in the open-hearth department of a steel mill, and I had a wonderful opportunity to observe the habits of my fellow-workers. I did observe them, and I felt when the mill ceased operations that I was very well acquainted with their eccentricities and customs.

I worked in the pouring pits, where the hot steel is poured into molds. There were six of us on that gang—as fine a gang of fellows as I would ever want to meet. There was seldom any friction between us; we all understood what we were to do, and if one of us found himself behind with his work, he always could depend on the ready aid of the other five to help him out. Perhaps the danger brought us closer together, for molten steel is a touchy and vindictive thing to work with and we were always running chances of being severely burned if not permanently disabled or killed. All of us could show scars where flying chunks of steel had burned us.

What I wish to make clear is that we were a typical gang of workers and that we held a certain regard and respect for one another which was never expressed in mere words. It was there and we knew it, and that was all that was necessary.

Among us was a worker who was a little more energetic than the rest of us. He often would finish his prescribed amount of work and hustle around and help some laggard out. Never was he at rest. If he could find nothing more to do, he would not, like the rest of us, find a hiding-place and loaf until the next heat tapped, but would go to his locker and wash and mend his clothes. We wore out many clothes, for they were continually catching afire, and, while the rest of us threw our ragged clothes away, he mended and patched his until they were nothing else but patches. We never ridiculed him or laughed at him for it; we envied him and wished we ourselves had the ambition to do likewise.

So I believe we were a typical gang—none of us real loafers, but all of us intensely human. This most energetic one must have seen that he was spoiling the rest of us, but still he continued

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shouldering more than his share of the work. We all worked together at cleaning scrap—steel that has spilled and frozen—from the tracks. Our energetic one would always buckle into it, and how he would work! Sledge, bar, and fork, he wielded them all arduously. The rest of us languidly worked along, and unconsciously lessened our efforts, for we knew that the energetic one would do it all if we only permitted him to, for, as I said, we were merely human and not natural-born loafers. If some one had accused us of shoving the work on the energetic one, we would have been indignant and would have quickly denied it, but still it was so. His vigorous efforts far from stimulated us to follow his example; rather, we eased up and contentedly watched the work progressing without our aid.

But this habit was not confined to our gang. It was a characteristic of every gang. In the open hearth. The electricians, the millwrights, the ladlemen, the pitmen, and the riggers all exhibited the same characteristic. Each gang had its energetic worker too. I have never yet seen a gang of workers that did not boast an energetic member, and never yet have I seen that energetic worker "stimulate the whole gang to a greater effort." It was always the same: if he chose to exert himself, he might do so, but the rest never emulated him; if he was too energetic, he would make drones of the rest of the gang, and all unconsciously.

I noticed one day a dozen electricians on top of a ladle crane. They were changing an armature, and but two were working. The rest were smoking, talking, laughing, and keenly enjoying themselves. So were the two who were working enjoying themselves.

It is just a case of what a man enjoys doing. This man enjoys working hard and he is the energetic one, and he cares little if the work is shoved on his shoulders. It rather pleases him. Now this man takes little pleasure in hard work and it don't make a bit of difference how strenuously the energetic one applies himself to his work, the man who doesn't like to work hard is not going to do so if he can get out of it, and what better way has he in getting out of it than permitting the energetic one to do it all?

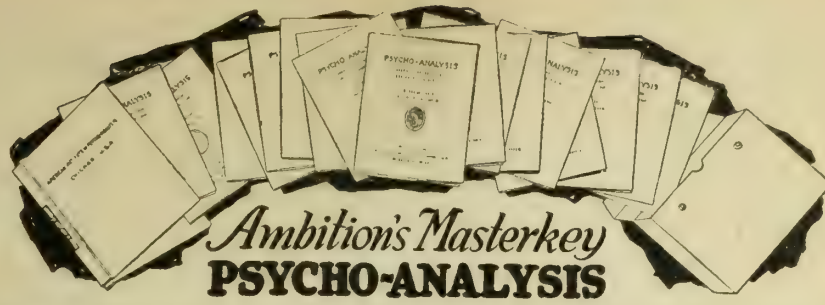
I do not mean to be so presumptuous as to criticise Mr. Lewis Edwin Theiss, or, apart from that one statement, I enjoyed his article, "What Life in the Country Has Taught Me About Religion," very much.

What I would like to know is: Have workers changed so greatly, or were they just different where I worked?

JOHN COLE.

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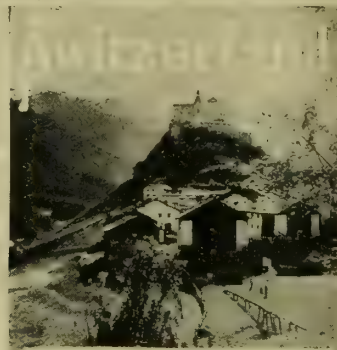
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Adirondacks. Write for booklet and reference. Cottages in connection with the camp. R. BENNETT, Prop., Raquette Lake, N. Y.

HURRICANE LODGE and Cottages

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y. Comfortable, homelike. Altitude 1,800 feet. Extensive verandas overlooking Keene Valley. Trout fishing. Camping. Swimming pool. Golf links; mile course of well-kept greens. Tennis and croquet. Fresh vegetables. Fine dairy. Furnished cottages, all improvements. Separate suites and single rooms. Open from June 10th to October 1st. Address until May 1st K. BELKNAP, 613 Clarendon St., Syracuse, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS.

THE CRATER CLUB

Of the Burnham Cottage Settlement, Essex-on-Lake Champlain, offers to families of refinement at very moderate rates the attractions of a beautiful lake shore in a locality with a remarkable record for healthfulness. The club affords an excellent plain table and accommodation. The boating is safe, there are attractive walks and drives, and the points of interest in the Adirondacks are easily accessible. Ref. required. For information relative to board and lodging address Miss MARGARET FULLER, Club Mgr., 170 E. 72d St., New York.

For particulars regarding cottage rentals write John B. Burnham, 233 B'way, New York.

KEENE VALLEY INN, Keene Valley, N. Y. Altitude 1,200 ft. Mtn. climbing, tennis, fishing. Capacity 150. \$18 week up. Illus. booklet. W. W. Black, Prop.

FOR RENT

Summer Home at Glenburnie Club

Glenburnie-on-Lake George, N. Y. "Mosswood" nearly new, imposing colonial style of architecture, completely furnished home. Overlooks golf course, lake and mountains. Contains 12 rooms, 3 baths, in addition to furnished sleeping-porches and balconies. Has large garage with chauffeur's room above; also large enclosed lawn with shade trees, fruit and flowers. Gets prevailing breezes. Congenial clientele. Most conveniently located for GOLF, bathing and the club activities. Planted garden on conditions. Price for season \$1,000. For particulars write W. M. B. FORNEY, Manager, Hawthorne Ave., Port Chester, N. Y.

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ORIENT, LONG ISLAND

Quiet, Refined, Homelike Best location on the Island. Famous for good food and cleanliness. Water sports. Tennis. Illustrated booklet. E. J. McDONNELL, Prop.

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Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

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A beautiful and thoroughly modern rest resort offering the advantages of simple, natural living combined with best food, pure air, and quiet. Attractive bungalows for outdoor sleeping. Own farm produce. Rates moderate. Booklet. A. A. ACKLAND, Prop.

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HOW would you like to live for 2 or 3 weeks or months, in cottage or hotel, on a strip of land VIRTUALLY SIX MILES AT SEA?

Where there are congenial neighbors and all of the conveniences of home. Where the breeze seldom stops blowing; where boating, bathing and fishing are daily pastimes and where the cost is reasonable. Do you know that

POINT O' WOODS, L. I.

only 50 miles from New York, is such a place? Direct inquiries to C. W. NASH, Supt., Point O' Woods, L. I.

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The Playground of The Great North Country.

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ALEXANDRIA BAY, NEW YORK

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The Crestmont Inn

Eagles Mere, Pa.

The Hotel with the incomparable situation On the crest of the Alleghenies in the primeval forest, 2,200 feet above the sea. Eighteen holes of wonderful golf; bathing, boating, canoeing, tennis, etc. Beautiful booklet. WILLIAM WOODS, Manager.

The Wiscasset Bungalows

and Central Dining Hall The comforts of a home without the cares of housekeeping. M. C. Lockwood, Mt. Pocono, Pa.

VERMONT

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SARGEANT.

Health Resorts

The Bethesda White Plains, N. Y.

A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

The Beeches, Paris Hill, Me.

Rest Home for semi-invalids and those needing rest and change of scene. 22 miles from Poland. Same White Mt. scenery. 900 feet altitude. Good food, care, massage, hydro and electro-therapy. Children with their nurses made welcome at separate cottage. Booklet. ANNA SHEPARD, R. N.

Apartments

NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS

Furnished new 3-room apartment near river; canoe, tennis court. Apply 7,241, Outlook.

To let for summer months, 3-room-and-bath furnished apartment with board. Suitable for couple. Apply Prop. Hotel Chateaufort, Bedford Ave. and Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FURNISHED APARTMENT to rent, June 15 to Sept. 15. 5 rooms. 2 baths, door and elevator service, beautiful gardens, playground, tennis courts, roof solarium. Garage on premises. 35 mins. from New York. References exchanged. M. V., 7,137, Outlook.

Board Wanted

Wanted July 1st, by family of four, board and rooms in private family or home where few other boarders are kept. Location moderately near Orange Memorial Hospital, Orange, N. J., and especially accessible to good schools, public or private. References exchanged. Box 348, University, Va.

Real Estate

CANADA

FOR SALE

MOOSE DEER BEAR

The best location for a

HUNTING LODGE in Western Ontario

½ mile and beach. White pine, balsam, Norway. Excellent springs.

Good fishing. 100 acres if desired.

R. F. SUTTON, Ft. Frances, Ont.

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To Rent for Season Attractive, well-furnished country home in Berkshire Hills. 9 rooms and bath; garden, fruit and ice; near golf links. Address Box 182, Canaan, Conn.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

BERKSHIRE HILLS

If you are looking for a summer home either in a small well-regulated village or on a beautiful lake, correspond with BELL & WAGNER, Lakeville, Conn.

MAINE

Camden, Me. For rent, fully furnished, several high-class seashore cottages. Best selections now. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

FOR RENT, Summer Cottage, Christmas Cove, Me. Living-room, 6 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, and bathroom. Electric lights. Wide porches facing ocean. Address Mrs. F. R. Colwell, Cooperstown, N. Y.

FOR RENT AT ISLE au HAUT

on island, Penobscot Bay, eight-room cottage with bath; shore front, extensive view sea and neighboring islands, artesian-well water; cottage newly decorated and furnished. H. F. STONE, Columbia University, New York City.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE For sale, furnished cottage, situated on the "Marginal Way," nearly 300 feet frontage on the sea. Living and dining rooms, two kitchens, five bedrooms and bathroom. Apply to Miss Minnie MacInnes, 219½ East North Ave., Baltimore, Md.

FOR QUICK SALE 80-acre

10-room house, Penobscot Bay view, borders lake, electric, low price if sold now, 2 miles Rockland, R. F. D., Maine, J. F. Rich.

SALE OR RENT

RANGELEY LAKE, MAINE

Completely furnished housekeeping cottage, 6 master bedrooms, 2 maids' living, dining rooms, 2 baths, also smaller cottage. Bargain if immediate. Particulars M. E. ALLEN, 107 Forest Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

To let, 7-room furnished cottage, 1 mile south of Rockland, on shore. City water, electric lights, open fire, screened piazza. Electric cars near. June, August and September. \$125 month. Address N. B. COBB, Rockland, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR RENT, modern bungalow, Ashfield, Mass. Exceptional hilltop view, simple conveniences, 1,700 ft. alt., cultured community, suitable for college professor, artist, school-teacher. \$300 for season. Address John Dickinson, 912 Security Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

For Rent, Truro CAPE COD, A

good sized, old-fashioned furnished cottage, 8 rooms, with fireplace, on ocean front. \$270 for summer. JANE E. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn.

Wanted—To Sublet SHORE

COTTAGE at Edgartown, Mass., on Martha's Vineyard, for half season—from June 15th to Aug. 1st. Six bedrooms, living-room with fireplace, dining-room, bath and kitchen; electricity. Apply P. O. Box 39, Sheffield, Mass.

Overlooking CRYSTAL LAKE. BOSTON CENTER, near Boston. Modern furnished house, 10 rooms, 3 baths. 3 summer months \$500. 7,019, Outlook.

BERKSHIRE HILLS Furnished

homes for the summer. \$500 and up. R. C. Robertson, Pittsfield, Mass.

Williamstown, Mass.

TO RENT—Simple Country House

on Large Farm. Six master's rooms, two baths. Servants' rooms and bath. Garage. Milk, cream, eggs, vegetables, direct from the farm. On State road, 1½ miles from village. Address Sam P. Blagden, Williamstown, Mass.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS. To

Rent for summer season. Fraternity house in fine repair, fully furnished. Very moderate terms. All conveniences. Address Sam P. Blagden, Williamstown, Mass.

MICHIGAN

RENT or SALE

Two Furnished Cottages on Lake

Huron, Hessel P. O., Mich.

Write Mrs. N. C. Buchanan, 1362 2d St., Louisville, Ky.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

FOR SALE IN BEDFORD, N. H.

Beautiful Summer Home, 10 acres, pine grove, pond, beautiful trees. House 12 rooms, bath, hall, big pantry, ice, fireplace. Price \$7,500. Address George F. Shepard.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages furnished for rent and for sale. Write to booklets. SARGENT & CO., New London, N. H. Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

Real Estate

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CAMP on LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N. H.

Completely furnished. Beautiful lake and mountain view. State road. Enclosed sleeping porch, bath, two toilets, five bedrooms, big porches. Two-car garage. Boat house, new motor boat, rowboats, canoes. Ice house filled. 30 acres pine trees. Farm connected, poultry, fresh eggs and vegetables. Golf near by. Inquire of LOUIS DUSENBURY, 229 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Lake Winnepesaukee Twin Camps. furnished, with boat. Rent entire season \$150 (motor boat if desired). Box 144, Boston.

Picture Postpaid Late home prominent furnished, large cabin boat, big lot land, extensive lake front. See page 15 big resort catalog. 100 Lake Winnepesaukee farms - cottages; sell-rent. CHAPIN FARM AGENCY, Boston.

For Sale-Cross Road Farm, Jenness Pond, Northwood Narrows, N. H. Five-room house with barn, carriage in good condition. Partly furnished. Price \$1,200. Excellent summer or permanent home. 7,229, Outlook.

SUGAR HILL NEW HAMPSHIRE COTTAGES TO RENT OR SELL. For particulars address Wm. E. SATCHEL, Owner, 162 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Many Beautiful Cottages for Rent White Mountains, New Hampshire

Address KARL P. ABBOTT, Bethlehem, N. H.

Squam Lake, N. H. For rent, August and September, wonderful camp. 10 bedrooms, servants' and chauffeur's quarters. 5 baths, fully equipped. Mrs. H. P. Alexander, Montgomery Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

NEW JERSEY

Owner's House on Broad Acres Farm, For Rent. furnished. 5 bedrooms, bath, telephone, electric lights, shade. 45 miles from New York. Season \$300. K. W. CASE, Flemington, N. J.

FOR RENT, FURNISHED

May 15 to October 15, 1922, country estate, "Greystone," Highbridge, N. J. Woodland, spring water, vegetable and rose garden, garage and barn; trusted employee in charge. Apply L. V. LADLE, Secretary, High Bridge, N. J. Telephone Washington, N. J., 140.

TO RENT in MONTCLAIR, N. J. from June 15 to Sept. 15, well-appointed house of ten rooms and two baths, in quiet, shady street, convenient to train and trolley. 7,101, Outlook.

NEW YORK

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW

FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS located directly on Trout Lake, three miles by good road from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and cow-bait included. For full particulars address 6,479 Outlook.

For Rent for the Summer. Exceptionally fine furnished home in foothills of Adirondacks. Write for particulars and photographs. E. Van Orman, Essex-on-Lake Champlain.

COTTAGES ON LAKE GEORGE FOR RENT In Adirondack Mts. Golf, tennis, boating, bathing. Meals at club desired. GLENBURNIE CO., Glenburnie, N. Y.

FOR RENT, Furnished, Artistic BUNGALOW. 6 rooms, modern conveniences, electric house and garden. Yearly rate \$50 month. H. Child, Brookhaven, L. I.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Shore front camp in the pines, furnished. Sand beach for children. \$300 for season. Photos and floor plans on request. C. H. EASTON, 1 Broadway, New York.

Eastern Long Island Peconic Bay & Sound Front Properties for sale or rent, summer houses a specialty. Illustrated booklet mailed upon receipt 25c. **Real Estate** **Milkworth MATTHEW, L. I.**

to Rent Near Plattsburg Training Camp furnished cottages with bath, fireplace, telephone, garage, and beach, on Lake Champlain. New York-Montreal highway, 2 miles from Catholic Summer School, 1 mile from hotel Champlain and golf course. D & H station and trolley. Address BOOTH & BOOTH, Plattsburg, N. Y., or J. P. BOOTH, 6 Broadway, N. Y. City.

TO RENT, Yonkers, N. Y. Small house, all improvements, choice location \$150 month. June to Oct. The Valentine Getty, Inc., 45 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Real Estate

VERMONT

COTTAGES for rent, furnished. All conveniences. Elevation 1,900 ft., near woods. Absolutely quiet. Meals at near-by inn. By season only. Very select. References. A. F. WRIGHT, 542 W. 124th St., New York.

TO RENT Cottage house in small Vt. village. Beautiful scenery, walks, and drives. Terms reasonable. Inquire L. S. 15 Harrison St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE owners, garagemen, mechanics, repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 140 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy to-day. Automobile Digest, 527 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

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NEW YORK City-Professional women and ladies visiting the city July 4 to Aug. 16. Transient or permanent. Address Secretary, 17 East 86th St.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIETITIANS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I., Box 3 East Side, Boston. Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

TEACHERS WANTED for public and private schools, colleges, and universities. Education Service, 1254 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

FOR THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE correspondence courses. Good positions and home efficiency. Am. School Home Economics, 821 East 58th St., Chicago.

FINEST pure Vermont maple syrup direct from producer. \$2.50 per gallon prepaid. B. R., Gleason, Jericho, Vt.

DELICIOUS home-made candies. 2 lbs. assorted. \$1 prepaid. Marjorie Sutton, Dundee, N. Y.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

THIRSTY blotters sent free on request, also samples of excellent stationery for personal and professional use. Franklin Printery, Warner, New Hampshire.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

PRINCIPAL desired for long established residential school of national reputation situated in New England. 175 students from 5 to 18 years, both sexes. A woman is preferred who has been principal or assistant with sound educational background and general knowledge of affairs of administration and household management. Applicants state age, previous experience in detail, reason for leaving present or last position, and salary in last two. 1,405, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED, in Richmond, Va., a trained social worker as matron home for girls (ages 5 to 18). Good salary and comfortable home. Apply for further information with references to Mrs. Frederick W. Scott, 909 West Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerks, \$133 to \$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, B-4, Columbus, O.

TRAINED librarian wanted for resident position at Bloomingdale Hospital, White Plains, New York. In writing kindly state age, training, experience, and references.

CLERGYMEN WITH INADEQUATE INCOMES-Why not sell high class bonds? All or part time. We will teach you how. One of our representatives, former clergyman, has made in excess of \$200 week selling safe securities for us. Room 825, Fisk Building, Broadway at 57th St., New York.

WANTED-A PROOF READER of mechanical exactitude PLUS the liberal education, knowledge of history and current affairs, and the judgment that will enable him to appreciate and work in conformity with "Atlantic" standards of the best usage. Apply by letter only. The Atlantic Monthly Company, 8 Arlington St., Boston 17, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED-Tutor for three children, two boys aged 9 and 10 and girl 12, for July, August, and September to go to Dublin, N. H. Good French necessary. Tutor may be either man or woman. Answer 1,333, Outlook.

WANTED-Governess, Protestant, about thirty years old. Children seven and four. Good physical care. Permanent position. No school teacher need apply. Situation opened May 10. Connecticut summers, Florida winters. 1,437, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANT-Working housekeeper in refined family; efficient service amply rewarded. Write Box 467, Cedarhurst, L. I.

WANTED-Young woman, perfect health, between twenty-five and thirty-five, as companion to healthy, active girl eleven years old. Must be willing to follow directions. Position in suburbs of Philadelphia. State salary. Reply by letter. 1,445, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse desires position in boarding school or college. Credentials. 1,329, Outlook.

REGISTERED nurse desires charge of invalid or child traveling to England before July. Excellent references. Miss Bruce, Grace Hospital, Detroit.

GRADUATE nurse, experienced, wishes position in camp. References. 1,390, Outlook.

R. N. (Presbyterian Hospital), experienced traveler, with highest references, desires position to travel with semi-invalid to Pacific coast or Europe. 1,442, Outlook.

Business Situations

STENOGRAPHER, experienced school, office work, desires position. Normal school graduate. 1,417, Outlook.

CAMP COUNSELOR for girls' camp will be recommended by Episcopal rector. Experienced worker. Winning personality. 1,428, Outlook.

WOMAN of experience is desirous of making connection as manager of moderate size, high-class summer inn, or as assistant in inn of larger size. Excellent references. 1,400, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as private secretary, preferably with professional man. Vicinity Boston, Mass. Experienced. Best references. 1,434, Outlook.

REFINED American woman desires position of responsibility in hotel or institution. 1,448, Outlook.

YOUNG man, educated, healthy, strong, desires summer position boys' camp or other wholesome surroundings. 1,444, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG Swiss lady, speaking French, German, and English fluently, eight years' experience as governess, secretarial training, wishes position as governess or companion with family traveling abroad. 1,375, Outlook.

POSITION as housemother and hostess wanted by PROTESTANT lady. Excellent references. 1,381, Outlook.

GERMAN born American woman, graduate of French university, experienced traveler, linguist, and teacher, wishes summer position traveling or tutoring. Salary not chief consideration. 1,385, Outlook.

COMPANION will travel, care for semi-invalid, chaperon, social secretary, position of trust, desired by woman highly recommended. Callender, 5 Larch Pl., Summit, N. J.

MATURE kindergarten with homemaking experience desires summer position. 1,402, Outlook.

VERMONT college girl with experience wants summer position caring for children; will tutor if desired. 1,403, Outlook.

CULTURED young man desires summer position as traveling companion or tutor. Two years' travel in Europe. Speaks French. 1,392, Outlook.

SOCIAL secretary, disengaged in May. Experience as companion, chaperon, etc. 1,395, Outlook.

TEACHER of refinement and culture desires position as companion, summer months. 1,415, Outlook.

CAPABLE, well-bred college woman, with literary and executive ability, desires congenial summer employment. 1,414, Outlook.

TEACHER, woman of refinement, acquainted with art and architecture, would go abroad as guide or companion for summer. References exchanged. 1,413, Outlook.

YOUNG physician desires position camp counselor or traveling companion. Box 31, Charlottesville, Va.

TWO competent college girls desire any summer situations together. Ruth Baldwin, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

SUMMER SERVICE-Companion or music tutor; willing to sew or supervise sports. 1,408, Outlook.

WESTERN college woman desires position as traveling companion for the summer. 1,419, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman desires position as secretary and traveling companion for the summer. 1,420, Outlook.

WANTED-Position as traveling companion either in this country or abroad, the latter preferred, by young lady of refinement, graduate nurse of prominent hospital in Baltimore. 1,426, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, 3 years' teaching experience, desires position as traveling companion for summer or longer. Cheerful disposition; enjoys reading; can sew. 1,433, Outlook.

WOMAN of education and refinement desires position as companion-secretary or supervising housekeeper. Any position of trust in household. Highest references. 1,429, Outlook.

COMPANION Refined young woman wishes position; no housework. References. 1,441, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by woman of experience and executive ability as organizer, buyer, household administrator, or manager. 1,450, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SECRETARY, household manager-Lady experienced, with college education, desires position in private establishment. 1,438, Outlook.

CULTURED young lady, Protestant, desires resident position as secretary or governess. Refined, cheerful. References. 1,440, Outlook.

TEMPORARY summer position desired by a lady who has had long experience as chaperon to older girls. Fine musician-accompanied to voice or violin; good reader, accustomed to travel. Can undertake any position of trust. 1,439, Outlook.

NURSE, refined American, wishes position caring for baby or children. Capable of taking charge of home. Excellent references. 1,447, Outlook.

WANTED, by young student, position of responsibility looking after boys from 10 to 16 years of age in private homes, seashore or mountain. Will help with studies, teach golf, tennis, swimming, and dancing. 1,427, Outlook.

SUMMER position wanted as chaperon or companion by cheerful, executive woman. Traveling preferred. 1,449, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER desires position for summer as tutor or companion. Elementary English, French. 1,331, Outlook.

WANTED-Position in private family by physical education director interested in hygienic measures. Experienced with children in home and school. Capable entire direction of children and household. 1,361, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl preparing to teach wants summer position as tutor. Address Box 53, Wells College, Aurora, New York.

COLLEGE student experienced in the care of boys desires position as tutor (preferably traveling) for one or two boys. Address 1,416, Outlook.

A lady highly recommends governess for position of trust. Family or institution. Primary, kindergarten, nature study, physical care in light nursing, diet, sewing. American, Episcopalian. R., 541 Lexington Ave., New York.

YOUNG Harvard graduate, two years' instructor leading university, wants summer position. Experienced tutor, counselor. Likes travel. 1,412, Outlook.

COLLEGE senior, experienced with children, desires position as nursery governess for the summer months. 1,410, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED native French woman, college trained, wishes to make engagement for coming year in college preparatory school. Would give interview. 1,423, Outlook.

COLLEGE man, experienced tutor, desires position as tutor and traveling companion to boy of preparatory school age. 1,424, Outlook.

CLASSICAL teacher, gentleman, 34 years of age, 10 years' teaching, 7 as professor of Latin in Western State university, master's degree Michigan University, Ph.D. work nearly completed, desires Latin or Greek position in Eastern or Middle West college. Best of references. 1,421, Outlook.

GOVERNESS tutor. Thoroughly experienced English Protestant wishes position, boys or girls over seven years. Music and French. Physical care. References 6 years 2 years. Miss Perry, 73 Cooke St., Providence, R. I.

TWO teachers desire summer employment as tutors. Private family or school. Excellent references. 1,431, Outlook.

YOUNG man, student in Eastern college, desires position as tutor during summer. 1,435, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan. Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 351 Fourth Ave., New York City.

WANTED-Defective people to board. Address W., Fawing, N. Y.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

LADY, home near Philadelphia, will give mother's care to infant, young child, or young family. 1,336, Outlook.

FOR adoption-Attractive, fair-haired baby girl of eleven months. Catholic home of refinement desired. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption-Bright, attractive, dark-eyed girl of ten years, excellent health, exceptional mentality, fully orphaned. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption-Attractive, fair-haired girl of ten years, sturdy and strong, normal mentality, fully orphaned. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

PROFESSIONAL NURSE with good home in Ohio college town will care for one or more young children during summer. \$25 per week. 1,394, Outlook.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send to-day for Free copy America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

CHILDREN-Childless couple, home in private grounds, ninety acres Connecticut shore, will care for two children for summer, girls preferred. 1,443, Outlook.

Whose Birthday
comes this month?



You

Can't Forget

UNLESS you want to. Your calendar is a constant reminder of the days on which your friends expect to hear from you with a message of love and good wishes.

Say it with Flowers

this month for the birthday greetings, the wedding anniversaries and other anniversaries of those dear to you, and endear yourself to them.

Remember that in a few hours' time flowers may be delivered by telegraph to any address in the United States and Canada by the Florists' Telegraphic Delivery Service.

BY THE WAY

"BALLADS are beloved wherever they can be kept alive," says the editor of "Notes from the Pine Mountain Settlement School" of Harlan County, Kentucky. "They disappear in crowds and floating populations. Their habitat is the countryside where people are not bewildered by new tunes. Here at the School we do not let in popular airs, in order that the children may not forget their own songs. A new boy may bring us in a different version of a familiar ballad, as when some one sang the well-known 'Madam, will you walk and talk with me,' with this addition, learned at home:

"I will give you a little pacin' horse,
That paced these hills from cross to cross."

"The subjects of our ballads," continues the editor of "Notes," "hold the mirror up to nature. Love, jealousy, murder, faithfulness—we sing of all these themes. Sometimes they are faithful pictures, too, of aspects of life found only in the Cumberlands. Let some one start the lively strains of the Ground Hog Song:

"Whet up your knife and whistle up
your dog,
We're off to the hills to hunt a
ground-hog,
Whack fal doodle all the day!

and we Kentucky mountain folk remember our own struggles 'over the hills and through the bresh,' where once we 'struck that hog-sign fresh.'"

Another song has a Mother Goose flavor, but may antedate that children's favorite:

When I was a little boy I lived by
myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I
laid upon the shelf,
Wing wong waddle to my Jack straw
straddle,
To my John fare faddle
To my long ways home.

As an example of mixed metaphor, "S. R. O." contributes the following from the "Daily Enterprise" of Burlington, New Jersey:

Despite the attitude of the taxpayers, however, despite the thin ice on which they were skating at the time, the members of the board have come forward with still another shovelful to throw on the load and it is not surprising that the embers of protest have again been fanned into flame.

The spirit of indomitable youth still persists in a New York City employee who has just lost his job because he had arrived at the age of compulsory retirement. "They needn't think they can keep me from working with their old retirement laws," said the veteran, as reported in a daily paper. "I'll get me a job and do something, I don't care how often they say I'm too old to work. I'm not old at all. I'm only eighty-one, and I'll live a good many years yet. I never felt better, and I don't need any vacation or any rest. Monday morning



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The chosen refrigerator for \$10,000 per year apartments is just as available for the most humble home. You can enjoy these quality features at ordinary refrigerator cost:

- 1 HERRICK Cold Dry Air Circulation keeps interior dry and clean. Keeps food fresh.
- 2 HERRICK Five Point Insulation maintains lowest temperature at least ice cost.
- 3 HERRICK Removable Drainage System makes cleaning easy. Insures perfect sanitation.
- 4 HERRICK Outside Icing—when specified—makes botherless icing in summer and iceless refrigeration in cool weather. Water cooler attachment if desired.

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"Food Safety" tells proper way to arrange food in any refrigerator and describes specific advantages of the HERRICK. Send now or clip this memo as reminder to write soon.

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Our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores **YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.**

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



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President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
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BY THE WAY—(Continued)

I'm going out to look for a job, and I'll bet I find one."

Speaking of the canniness of the Scotch, the "Ocean Times" says that one fine morning a small boy sat on the curb and cried his heart out. He had lost his weekly penny, and searched for it in vain. Presently an old Scot came along and offered comfort. "Dinna cry, lad-die," he said. "If ye dinna find it afore dark, here's a match!"

An ode on transportation is wanted by the Clark Equipment Company of Buchanan, Michigan, according to the "Railway Age," and the successful poet will receive a thousand dollars for his effort to idealize the mechanics of movement. Last year the same company which deals in automobile parts, gathered twelve paintings by well-known artists depicting "The Spirit of Transportation." It is now proposed to publish reproductions of these pictures, accompanied by the successful ode.

It is noted that four of the six judges of the contest are editors of strictly trade journals. Why not make Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsey, and E. A. Robinson judges of a contest for the best designed carbureter?

The chiropractic practitioner comes in for several digs at the hands of the humorist of the "Journal" of the American Medical Association. This one in prose, from a letter received by a physicians' supply house:

Gentlemen: I cannot say for the present for you to keep me on your list or not in account of the new laws that is going to be ineffective in may. might or might not that we had to quit the proficiency of Chiropractic I will write to you later. Yours very truly.

This one in verse:

If your heart goes pitter-patter,
Do you know what is the matter?
Why your spine
Is out of line!
If you have a hob-nail liver;
If the ague makes you shiver—
Your poor spine
Is out of line!
.....
It's your spine—
Fatal spine!
But why pine?
That's the knack!
Hear it crack?
Now it's back—
Right in line!
Ain't it fine?

Overheard on a Thirty-fourth Street cross-town car in New York City: Passenger—"Conductor, this transfer to a Broadway car you have given me may get me into trouble. It reads—'On surrender of this ticket properly punched southbound Broadway conductors will issue you a retransfer,' and so on. Now I don't want to have to punch any Broadway conductor, properly or improperly." Conductor (an Irishman and ready to follow up a joke)—"Ah well, thim Broadway conductors is good-natured guys and maybe they'll let ye ride without takin' a b'atin'."

To Summer Resort Proprietors

The Outlook will devote a special section in its spring and early summer issues to advertising of summer resorts, tours and travel. This will appear every week during May, June, and July. The issue of May 24 will be the Annual Out-of-Doors Number containing articles on vacation subjects and illustrations especially selected. The corresponding issue of 1921 carried 198 advertisements of hotels and resorts.

Write us early and we will be
glad to give you copy suggestions

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8

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1922

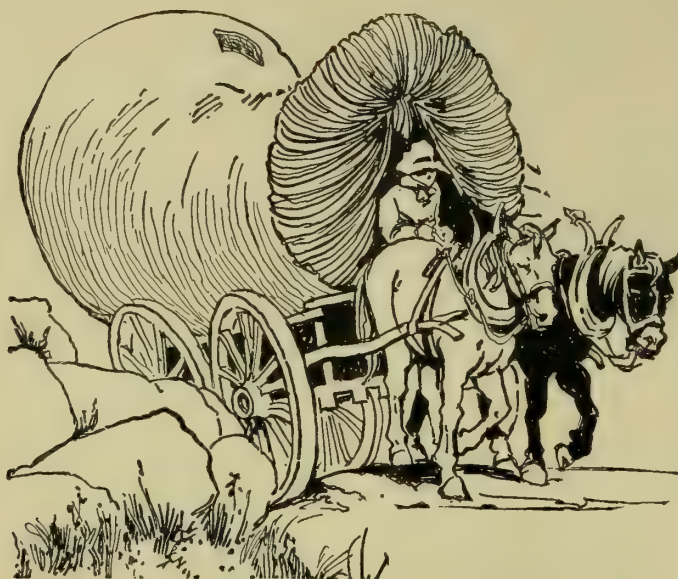


FITTING SOLDIERS TO FARMS IN CANADA

BY D. M. LE BOURDAIS

PHOTO BY THE CANADIAN SOLDIER SETTLEMENT BOARD

SOLDIER SETTLER'S DAIRY FARM IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



"A nation on wheels, an empire in the commotion and pangs of birth"

"Vandemark's Folly" in combination with The Outlook for six months only \$3.50.

This Tremendous American Romance Has Captured the Country

HERBERT QUICK's great historical romance, "Vandemark's Folly," has stirred the whole country as few American novels ever have.

It is conceded to be an even truer and more moving story than "Richard Carvel."

It is the authentic epic of the Middle West, revealing with thrilling effect both the quaint glamour and the bitter, brutal realities that attended man's conquest of the soil—a marvelous revelation of the heart of America and the battling of its pioneers.

R. D. Townsend says in The Outlook: "It does for the open Iowa prairie country in the early settlement days, say from 1855 on, exactly what 'Main Street' didn't do for the small town. It gives a fair picture of men, women, and things."

You will need The Outlook more than ever during your summer vacationing. Due to a highly efficient change-of-address department, we can guar-

antee immediate action on all change-of-address orders received by us. Other periodicals often require from two to six weeks to make similar orders effective. But wherever you go vacationing, The Outlook will be there each week to keep you reliably informed as to the world's most important events. Many subscribers can dispense with newspapers during their vacations, but cannot get along without The Outlook.

The regular yearly price of The Outlook is \$5 (\$2.50 for six months); the book retails for \$2. This special offer saves you \$1. If more convenient, in accepting this offer you may make a first payment of \$1.50, and may send us \$1 per month for two months. Please mail coupon at once.

"Vandemark's Folly" contains more than 400 pages of thrilling and informing reading—wholesome and bracing reading for the entire family. It is brilliantly illustrated by Wyeth.

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

I accept your offer of The Outlook for six months and "Vandemark's Folly."

1. I enclose ☐ \$3.50. 2. I enclose \$1.50, and will send ☐ you \$1 per month for two months. ☐

Please check the offer you select.

Name _____

Address _____

The Outlook

MAY 10, 1922

THE INEVITABLE AT GENOA

THE Genoa Conference was supposed to be economic; it has been, in fact, so far mainly political. This has occasioned no surprise. Every one who thought about the matter realized when the Conference was called that questions of currency, and finance, and business credit, and international trade must wait upon decisions affecting the stability and solvency of governments, and in some cases even the boundaries of nations. So it has happened that the discussion at Genoa has proceeded from one political question to another, including recognition of the Bolshevik Government of Russia, the negotiation of a rudimentary alliance between Russia and Germany, the proposal of a treaty to establish a ten-year peace among the nations of Europe, and now the urgent desire of Lloyd George that the Conference settle the still unsettled frontiers in Europe.

With these political questions it is fortunate that the United States is not involved. The foresight of the Administration in declining the invitation to Genoa has been vindicated. America is interested in the political as well as the economic problems of Europe as never before; but she did not prove herself very well fitted for the task of settling them at Paris, and she has learned her lesson of hands off.

Though political questions have been in the foreground, there has been nevertheless a continual and not unprofitable debate over problems that are chiefly economic. Out of this debate there have arisen some tentative conclusions. One of these is the proposal to establish a European consortium for financing the commercial and industrial recovery of Russia. To the proposal of the Russian delegates that the Bolshevik Government be favored with a huge loan the other delegates were not enthusiastically responsive. As the sub-commission on Russian affairs declared in the draft of a preamble to proposals to Russia, which was adopted by the sub-commission on April 29, "Capital will flow into Russia as soon as confidence returns." But, as this sub-commission intimated, though privation in Russia is a menace to her neighbors, the rest of Europe can get along without Russia better than Russia can get along without the rest of Europe. In order to revive trade, this sub-commission reports that several European



Wide World Photos

LAWLESSNESS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

An attempt on the life of Michael Collins was recently made when rails from this track were removed in order to wreck a train on which it was believed Mr. Collins was traveling to Wexford. He had, however, reached Wexford the night before, and so the plot was foiled. The train and passengers waiting to proceed are seen in the background while the track is being repaired.

countries have decided to institute an international consortium with an initial capital of twenty million pounds. Behind this capital, which would be raised by the "national corporations of each country," would be each country's whole financial resources. Of course all this plan is subject to conditions which would require a Russian Government that will keep its promises, protect property rights, stop undermining other governments, and in general abandon the present practices of Bolshevism. As to the payment of Russia's pre-war debts, the proposal has been made that the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court appoint an arbitrator to sit as chairman of a mixed commission to decide questions that affect foreign bondholders and Russia's ability to meet her obligations.

There has been a cloud of pessimism overhanging the Conference from the beginning. Repeatedly there have been reports of the imminent dissolution of the Conference. This seems to be what one must expect of international conferences nowadays. The Peace Conference at Paris was supposed by many observers to be on the point of explosion repeatedly. And the Armament Conference at Washington, according to some correspondents, was more than once on the rocks. Lloyd George has done something to confirm the feeling of pessimism

at Genoa, as he has warned Europe of the probability of war if the Conference does not do what he thinks it ought to do; and a message from the Pope has also brought to mind the fear of war as a probable alternative. What people need to-day, however, is not the stimulus of fear. They need rather a renewal of the passion for justice. Men who are governed by fear of war may do the very things that will bring on war; but men who are determined to do justly are likely to prevent war, and if war nevertheless comes they will face it fearlessly.

TROUBLE BREEDERS IN IRELAND

THERE are indications of willingness on the part of the irregular section of the so-called Irish Republican Army to cease the guerrilla warfare now carried on here and there spasmodically in Southern Ireland and to admit that the majority of the people of Ireland are willing to accept the Peace Treaty and the Irish Free State set up under it. But Mr. De Valera still rages obstinately against the acceptance of any Government which has not been indorsed by all of Ireland, including Ulster. He also demands that the general vote of the Irish people to send delegates to a constitutional convention should be postponed for six months. It is ardently to

be hoped that Mr. De Valera will find himself helpless to drag the minority of the Sinn Fein following into agreement with him on these points.

Such squabbling (for it deserves no better name) is the very food on which agitation and crime flourish in Ireland. Both sections of the Sinn Fein have to their credit, be it said, united in denouncing some of the most atrocious of the lawless acts which have recently taken place. The murder of General Adamson and the destruction of helpless people in Dunmanway are denounced by partisans of both sides as outrageous and terrible crimes. Yet it is certain that the many crimes of which these are typical will continue so long as an irresponsible body of men claim to act as an "army."

The crux of the whole situation in Southern Ireland is the coming election which will give the present Provisional Free State Government power and authority. The sooner it takes place, the better. After a majority of the people of Ireland have spoken, we may be relieved from constantly hearing of murders, burning of farmhouses, and such assaults as that which was recently made on Michael Collins, the actual head of the present Free State Government. A small body of irreconcilables can and will make a large amount of trouble and bring discredit on Ireland until the new Government is clothed with proper power to enforce peace. An indication that the people at large really want peace and progress was seen in the recent so-called "one-day strike" in Southern Ireland, which was really a popular protest against disorder and crime.

UNCHINAFYING CHINA

MANY things besides their proper names are hard to understand about the Chinese. The way the Chinese fight is one of them. Just at present there is in China a state of what, for the lack of a better term, we would call civil war.

As a matter of fact, there has been a state of civil war there for many months—that is, the Chinese form of civil war. It has not prevented business going on much as usual; it has not prevented the whole of China from being represented by a common set of delegates at the Armament Conference at Washington; and it has not prevented Chinese on opposite sides, even opposing leaders, from interchanging views on topics of common interest, or from being, in fact, personally quite friendly. All this is very different from our conception of civil war.

So also is the Chinese method of carrying on the military operations of such

a war. When two masters of chess engage in a game, they rarely fight it out to the final checkmate. When one of them finds himself in a hopeless position, he resigns. It is much the same when military chieftains engage in a contest in China. One of them maneuvers himself into a position which is to the other's disadvantage, and then the other resigns and much bloodshed and loss of property are avoided—theoretically. Practically, if the soldiers knew that they were going to be pushed to the point where they would have to fight the way that men fought in Flanders and in France, they would not fight at all. Their chief object in fighting is their pay; and whichever general pays the best wages not merely in promises but in fact has at the outset a great advantage. Of course there is some fighting, and there is bound to be a casualty here and there; but soldiers who are used to winning battles by maneuvering with the object of receiving a decent living are not going to fight the way soldiers do who are willing to face death for what they count a sacred cause.

Just now, however, the struggle seems to have become more acute, and the resulting loss in dead and wounded is reported to have resembled that of what we of the Western World know as warfare.

The objects for which the two military chieftains, Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, are now contesting are, nevertheless, not such as to fire Chinese hearts.

There are some Chinese who look upon China with the same patriotic feeling that the great majority of Americans have for America, or Englishmen for England, or Frenchmen for France. The number of such Chinese has increased greatly in the last ten years and is increasing. Still that number is comparatively small. The mass of Chinese love their native soil, but they do not love China as China. There has been no China for which they have been willing to die. Fighting and killing on a large scale never characterized any war by Chinese "for China;" and yet never in history has there been such fighting and such killing as in China. It is estimated that the Tai-ping Rebellion cost in human life ten times as much as the World War. Chinese are willing to die when necessary. They are probably more fearless of death than many peoples who are willing to sacrifice life in a national cause. The pacifism of China is due to a lack of what we call patriotism, and it is perfectly consistent with a most tyrannous and corrupt form of militarism.

This is why China is what President Roosevelt called "Chinafied." It was not

because he was militaristic, but because he was anti-militaristic and at the same time patriotic that he warned his countrymen against Chinafying America. It is because there are Chinese that deplore both the militarism of China and the lack of patriotism of the Chinese that they are working to un-Chinify China.

Ahead of these truly patriotic Chinese there is a long task. With such Chinese all in America should be sympathetic. As between the two military chieftains who have their armies arrayed against each other now for the purpose of controlling Peking, the seat of the only generally recognized Chinese Government, there seems to be not very much to choose from the point of view of those who are looking for the creation of a real Chinese republic. Some Americans, recalling that Chang Tso-lin has a record as a bandit and a reputation as a tool of the Japanese, are hoping for a victory by Wu Pei-fu. Other Americans, knowing that Sun Yat-sen, the best-known leader of popular self-government in China, has formed a sort of partnership with Chang against Wu, are hoping that Chang will win.

Whichever wins, there is likely to emerge a more unified China and a more widely spread national consciousness.

SUN YAT-SEN'S NUTCRACKER

WHEN the Manchu Empire was overthrown in 1911, the succeeding Republic, so called, was hailed throughout the world, but the Republic failed to function. The old vested interests of the Manchu rule, unrivaled for corruption and incompetence, have never been ousted successfully by the new order. The old officialdom still practices its sabotage in the machinery of popular government. These standpatters of the old Middle Kingdom have formed the sinews and brains of all the reactionary moves on China's political chessboard. When Sun Yat-sen was made Provisional President, they maneuvered him into retirement and they brought about the elevation of Yuan Shi-kai to the Presidency and egged him on to declare himself Emperor. Then, with the re-establishment of the Presidency instead of the new and meaningless imperial office, there grew up the authority of the provincial military governors called Tuchuns. In the intervening years these Tuchuns have been brought under the domination of super-Tuchuns. One of these super-Tuchuns appeared, not in China proper, but in that northern dominion which China claims but has never controlled—Manchuria. This man, Chang Tso-lin, uneducated but brilliant, established a military power which the Japanese were very glad to make use of

WHAT COMPANY DISCOVER YOU ABROAD?

(Cymbeline, Act IV, Scene 2)

Routier in Le Journal (Paris)



THERE ARE NO AMERICAN DELEGATES AT GENOA
 "Why, where is Christopher Columbus off to?"
 "He's no longer sure that America exists, so he is going away again to discover it."

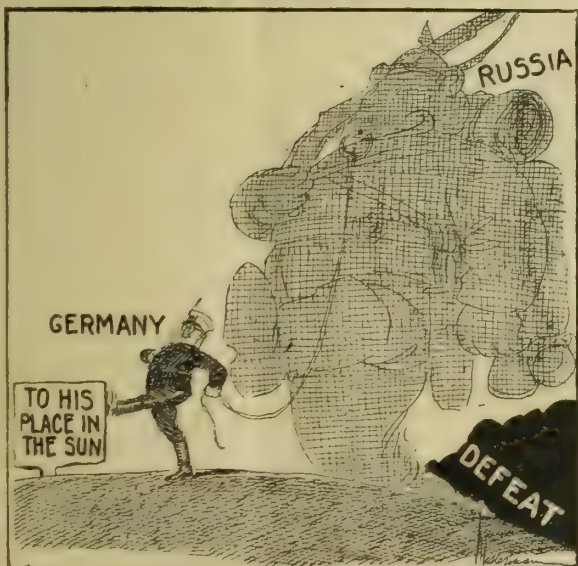
From Georges Benoit-Lévy, Paris, France

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



THE SAME OLD GAME!

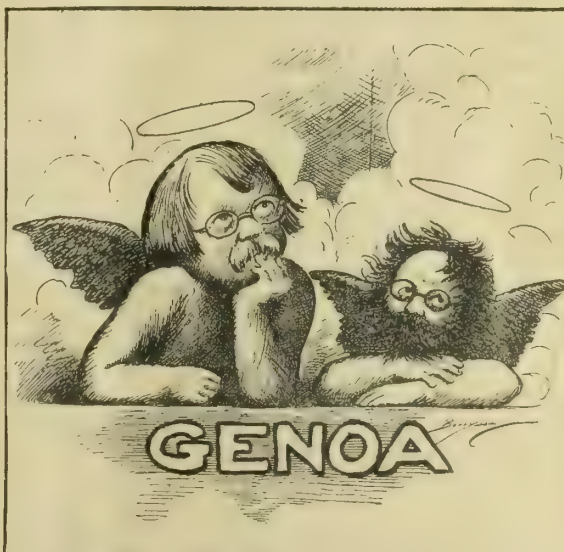
Westerman in the Ohio State Journal



THE COME-BACK?

From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, Ohio

Berryman in the Washington Evening Star



THE RUSSO-GERMAN CHERUBS

From Martha E. Hoyt, Washington, D. C.

but nevertheless feared. It has been the common report for many months that this super-Tuchun has dominated the Chinese Government at Peking. Meanwhile Sun Yat-sen and his supporters, among them the old experienced Wu Ting-fang, had established the Southern Chinese Republic. These southerners, raising the battle-cry of constitutionalism, have championed Chinese unification, and behind them is whatever may exist in the way of Chinese democracy.

Between this Republic of the south and the military dictatorship of Chang in Manchuria there has been a military power under the control of a super-Tuchun by the name of Wu Pei-fu. What this Wu wants is what all Tuchuns want—command of the wealth of the country. He has practically that in the region along the Yangtse River. Against Wu Pei-fu the Government at Canton has been helpless because of its lack of military power. Now, however, Sun Yat-sen has apparently made a bargain with the Manchurian military chieftain, Chang Tso-lin, and is undertaking to crush Wu Pei-fu by a simultaneous movement against him from the south and north.

The nominal President of China, Hsu Shih-chang, a futile old mandarin who issues edicts from Peking to which no one need pay any attention, has declared his Government neutral in this civil war. Could anything seem to be more ridiculous? That alone is enough to show how far China is from being a nation.

If Chang Tso-lin outguesses Wu Pei-fu, the question will then arise whether he will carry out his alliance with Sun Yat-sen. If he does, his victory will place the men of the south in a position to control affairs at Peking, and become, therefore, dominant in the political affairs of China as a whole. If Wu Pei-fu shows that he can outguess Chang, it may be that Sun Yat-sen will then make a bargain with him, and in that case the men of the south will get influence at Peking. In either case, will the liberal and democratic movement that has its center at Canton really be able to control the successful militarists? Undoubtedly a sense of nationality, patriotism, love of liberty, and an understanding of the privilege and responsibilities of self-government are growing in China; but they will not grow up in a night, or in a year, or in a decade. So far as we can see, there is nothing involved in the issue between these two super-Tuchuns who are fighting their game of military chess which will be likely either to retard or to stimulate to any great degree the development of China toward unity and freedom.

BLOW FOR BLOW

SOME of our readers who are not interested particularly in church organizations, who may be, in fact, rather bored by the discussion of subjects which church devotees find absorbing, may pass by as out of the field of their interest the statement printed on another page from a Commission of Christian Chinese. They may find it more to their liking than they think. It is a protest against the denominationalism which repels many Americans from the churches; it is a plea for genuineness in religious faith and life which many Americans, as well as these Chinese, fail to find because of the crust of tradition and cant phraseology; it is an affirmation of freedom to subject religious tradition and doctrine to the scrutiny of science, a freedom which many Americans believe is restricted by custom in this country and in other countries where Christianity has become crystallized into institutions; and it is a demand that religious faith express itself in insistence upon justice and mercy in both social and international relations. For generations America has been sending missionaries to China to strike at evils there. In this document Chinese have returned the blow and have struck at evils in this country. The blow is not aimed at America; but American sanctimoniousness and traditionalism, being in its way, cannot escape it. For the benefits which American missionaries have brought to China these Chinese are grateful; we have reason to be grateful in turn for the benefits which these Chinese Christians may produce in America.

AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE

SO much has been said in the press about the attitude of the churches, their lack of adaptation to the needs of the times and their emphasis on forms and externalities, that it is a great pleasure to record the experience of a church which under wise leadership has proved that these criticisms are at least sometimes unjust and that there is power in an old and wealthy church to adapt its ministry to changed conditions. The Church of the Holy Trinity, on Brooklyn Heights, has just celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. To this church, originally a beautiful Gothic building ministering to the needs of a wealthy congregation, came in 1904 John Howard Melish as rector. Conditions have greatly changed since the church was built. Many wealthy families have moved away from Brooklyn Heights, where Trinity Church was erected. Scarcely had Mr. Melish entered on his duties when the church was confronted

by a building problem. The beautiful spire was found badly disintegrated, and it became necessary to take down the whole spire above the belfry and much of the other exterior carving. The money was raised, but if the work of restoration was done the benevolent work of the church could not be provided for. The church counted humanity as of more value than the building, and the church was left without a spire. A guild house was erected. Special provisions were made for its use as a club-house. A superintendent was put in charge to direct athletics, and for seventeen years this club has held the interest of succeeding groups of men and boys numbering several thousand. A Girls' Friendly Society was added to the boys' club and other provisions were made for neighborhood work. The church, remaining true to its traditions, also remained true to that catholic spirit which often is, and always ought to be, characteristic of the Church of Christ, so that when, a few years ago, the ministers of different denominations in Brooklyn sought to obtain a general observance of Lent by a series of noon-day Community Lenten Services, Holy Trinity lent the use of its building for that purpose, and these services have been held since that time, generally attended by large congregations. We are sure that, measured by Christ's standards, the spiritual beauty of the work more than compensates for the loss of the physical beauty of the demolished spire.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, at Brunswick, Maine, is one of the latest educational institutions to carry on a "drive" for funds. The authorities and alumni of that institution are endeavoring to raise about half a million dollars by July 1 next in order to obtain from the General Education Board an additional \$150,000.

Bowdoin deserves in a peculiar fashion the attachment and interest, not only of its graduates, but of the American people, because it was the Alma Mater of two of the most distinguished figures in American literature—Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry W. Longfellow. The College was established in 1794 by an act of the General Court of Massachusetts, and Hawthorne and Longfellow were graduated in 1825. One of the Presidents of the United States, Franklin Pierce, was a graduate of Bowdoin, and Robert E. Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole, was educated at Bowdoin in the class of 1877, before he went into the United States Navy. In government Bowdoin produced Thomas B. Reed and Chief Justice Fuller. We

doubt if any college of its size in the United States has so large a percentage of internationally distinguished graduates.

Bowdoin has been in the past a distinctively literary institution, and we hope it will continue to be so. After all, literature, the record of human life on this planet, which enables men to know, as Matthew Arnold puts it, "the best that has been thought and said in the world"—we should add to this that literature is also the record of the best that has been done in the world—is the basis of true education. No amount of laboratories and machine shops, desirable as they are, can take the place of a literary atmosphere and influence in a scheme of broad general education.

Bowdoin is situated in a beautiful old New England town and has a delightful campus in which the influences of old traditions and of excellent examples of the modern architectural art are mingled. Atmosphere and tradition in education are two things that cannot be created by money alone. They require time and personality for their development. Bowdoin, fortunately, has a long and honorable history both in time and personality, and she can therefore contribute to the cause of education in this country some influences which newer and richer and bigger institutions can neither possess nor give. Scientific and industrial and vocational education, in which the United States is now the leader of the world, are eminently desirable; but the country ought not to forget those quiet oases in the hurly-burly of modern life which somehow or other do produce the type of men that Bowdoin has contributed to American civilization.

THE WAR POSTAGE ON SECOND-CLASS MAIL

It is not as well known as it should be that the present oppressive system of zone postage on second-class mail matter was adopted as an emergency war measure in 1917. There was a tacit agreement that the rates should be revised when the war pressure relaxed, but this understanding has never resulted in action. Under the law of 1917, passed without adequate hearing or investigation, the postage on newspapers and periodicals has increased year by year until it has reached the maximum fixed by the law, and is now continuing at that maximum.

For the first time in the history of the opposition to this special tax on intelligence, all classes of publishers who suffer from it have now united in a common attempt to procure justice. Newspapers and periodicals are getting together in urging upon Congress legislation which should repeal the last two

increases in the zone rates—that is, the two increases which went into effect in the years 1920 and 1921. This would cut in two the increases which have taken place during and since the war, and the result would be that the Government would even then receive 175 per cent more than the pre-war rates.

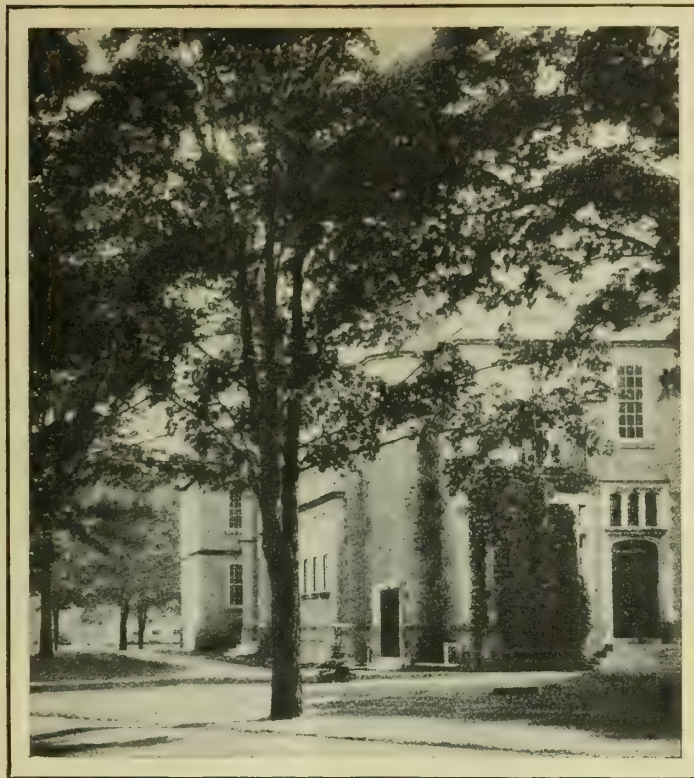
Other industries have received relief; common justice indicates that similar action should be taken in respect to an industry which is not carried on solely for the purpose of making money, but also for the purpose of disseminating knowledge, encouraging reading, and diffusing general education and interest in public affairs. It is because of this special character attached to the sending out of newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals that second-class postage rates was originally adopted. As the American Publishers' Conference states: "It is generally admitted that publications have become an inseparable part of our National life. There is nothing to supply the place of the home paper or favorite periodical, and nothing can compensate their influence. A vast majority of American citizens are dependent upon the press for intellectual companionship, because reading is the foundation of knowledge. The repressive policy of the Government as manifested in continuing war taxes is essentially uneconomical and demoralizing to the publishing industry and the reading public."

An address lately made by the First Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. John

H. Bartlett, to advocate a "Postal Improvement Week," congratulates the Department and the people on the immense expansion of the Postal Service and its value to the country. Incidentally, Mr. Bartlett states that there are thirty-three million copies of daily newspapers printed every day in this country, a large portion of which are handled by the Department, and that the greatest efforts are being made to see that the people get their newspapers promptly and regularly. This applies, of course, also to other periodicals, and it is an indication of the value and importance of periodical publication to the country. The total business turnover of the Department is about three billion dollars. This enormous business is carried on at a slight loss—about three per cent of the turnover; but Mr. Bartlett remarks that "we have done better during the past year than for many years previous" in making the business pay. This, then, would seem to be an auspicious time for reducing measurably a tax which, as it now stands, encumbers and injures vitally the very purpose for which the special and lower rate was originally and wisely determined upon to aid the circulation of newspapers and periodicals.

BOSS CROKER

THE death of Richard Croker, perhaps the most famous of Tammany bosses, took place on his Irish estate, Glencairn Castle, to which he retired at the end of his political career with a



A CORNER OF THE BOWDOIN CAMPUS

fortune of at least \$2,000,000, probably a good deal more. Croker's rule over New York City was not of the rawly predatory character that marked the Tweed régime. We do not know that he was ever proved definitely guilty of personal bribery and corruption. But he was a power, and there was little done in the way of large contracts or improvements or special privileges without the boss and his Tammany associates having early knowledge and chances for profit. So the whilom boss finally lived in a castle and managed his race horses and his country estate in the land he had left as the emigrant child of a village blacksmith.

Mr. Croker's early career was typical of that of the gangster of New York City in the period after the Civil War; he lived in a squatter's shanty at first, became a machinist, then a volunteer fireman (one of the surest old-time methods to get political "influence"), then leader of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang, then a political henchman, and so on through various minor political offices, until John Kelly's death gave him a chance to seize the reins of Tammany Hall. Once he was accused of killing a man in a brawl, but there was little or no evidence, and the case was dismissed.

It may be said of Richard Croker that he was no hypocrite; he held firmly that the spoils belonged to the victor, and he played the game fairly according to its rules as he understood them. His power over men was largely due to the fact that his word was good and that he would stand by his friends through thick and thin.

The day of the old-type individual boss in the great cities has largely passed away; the power of political influence and dictation is still there, but it has been put into commission, so to speak; a coterie or combination with a plausible and nominally respectable man at the head takes nowadays the place of the Boss Kelly or Boss Croker of forty years ago. Perhaps the danger to a city's welfare is more insidious, but it is not quite so bold or brutal.

A PLEDGE TO BE FULFILLED

WE suspect that a reference to the "Selective Service Act" will cause some of our readers to think twice before they are able to define exactly this epoch-making measure. The center of our attention has shifted greatly since 1917.

There are some, however, who have not forgotten this measure or what it meant to them. They are the officers and enlisted men who, under its provisions, entered the armies of the United States when we took up the gage of battle in the World War. Some of those



(C) Keystone

MARSHAL JOFFRE WELCOMED IN NEW YORK CITY

The famous French Marshal is here seen with Gaston Liebert, French Consul-General at New York, on the Marshal's arrival from the West

who have particular reason to remember this measure are still in hospitals or are still suffering from the poison gas and shells which shattered their lives. Those disabled men who are also officers are pointing at the clause in the Selective Service Act which reads: "All officers and enlisted men of the forces herein provided for other than the Regular Army shall be in all respects on the same footing as to pay, allowances, and pensions as officers and enlisted men of corresponding grades and length of service in the Regular Army." As the Commander of the Association of Disabled Emergency Officers of the World War has pointed out: "The only pension allowed officers of the Regular Army for disability is retirement pay—and Congress told the emergency officer, by this act, that he, too, was to be pensioned in like manner—by being retired." Emergency officers in the Navy and the Marine Corps are already cared for on a basis on all fours with this provision. So also are those men who accepted provisional commissions in the Regular Army, although in training and experience they differed little, if any, from the men classed as emergency officers. It seems only fair that the emergency officers should be similarly taken care of.

There is a bill known as the Senate Bill 1565, which extends the right of retirement to emergency officers who suffer from at least thirty per cent permanent disability. It provides that their retirement money shall come from the Veterans' Bureau, and not from the retirement funds of the Regular Army—a provision designed to obviate opposition

from the War Department. The bill has already passed the Senate. It seems right that it should pass the House and receive the President's signature.

Something of the experiences and mental attitude of our soldiers is shown in an article, written by a wounded officer who has spent more than two years in Governmental hospitals, which we hope to publish in an early issue. It is a plea for understanding which will move many.

JOFFRE

EVEN the title *Maréchal*, which denotes the highest military grade in the French army, seems not quite worthy of the man whom America greeted for a few days on his second visit to this continent and then bade farewell to as he sailed on April 29 for his home. There are some men whose simple greatness makes titles seem shabby. Joffre is one of these.

What proved Joffre's greatness was not a long career, but virtually a single and supreme act. And that act was not merely the product of military genius. It was the natural fruit of a moral character.

When the Germans began their assault upon France, there was but one thing for the French to do. They mobilized their armies according to the plan which had been prepared by the French Staff for such an exigency. Relying upon the neutralized territory of Belgium as a barrier against attack, the French had arranged to place their armies at the exposed frontier to the south of Verdun. When the orders for mobilization went forth, they could not

be revised. Meantime, while the German armies swept up through Belgium unopposed except by the few troops that could be thrown in their way by the French, the Belgians, and the British, Joffre swung his troops around on Verdun as a pivot until the line stretched east and west between Verdun and Paris. There was time then for an advance from that point to meet the Germans. If the Germans could be encountered near the Belgian frontier and driven back, northern France would be saved. What pressure was brought upon Joffre to do this no evidence is needed to make clear; it can be imagined. Why leave this beautiful and rich portion of France to be ravaged by the Boche? It is easy enough for a man to sacrifice himself in order to attain a great object; but it requires simplicity, singleness of mind and heart, and great courage to sacrifice for a great object what Joffre was called upon to sacrifice—a great area of his beloved country. There between Verdun and Paris he waited. The Germans, counting on the volatile and impulsive character they attributed to the French, expected to find the French armies coming out to meet them, and so they sought the French flank somewhere between Paris and the coast; but they sought it in vain, for it was resting securely on the Fortress of Paris. Compelled, therefore, to attack in the center, they met their defeat; for there the resilient and impulsive character of the French soldier, which Joffre knew how to use when the time came to use it, showed itself in the rush upon the Germans even after the French lines were broken, and turned a seeming rout into the victory which four and a half years before the armistice won the war.

In this moral quality there is a resemblance between the French marshal, Joffre, and the American general, Grant, whose character as a military leader is the subject of an editorial on another page. It was exceptionally fitting that, just before his departure, Joffre should have been the chief figure at the unveiling of Grant's bust in the Hall of Fame, at New York University.

To Joffre, the great soldier and greater man, America owes the security which enabled her to prepare for her part in the final victory. The tribute which this country paid to him on his recent visit was one which may have fatigued him, but one which we hope he recognized as genuine and as fresh as that tribute which America paid him on his visit during the war. And it was a tribute to him, not only as a soldier and a man, but as a Frenchman. It was a recognition on the part of Americans of what they owe to the genius and spirit of France.

ON TRIAL FOR TREASON

IN the ancient court-house of Charles Town, West Virginia, in which John Brown was tried and convicted for treason against the United States, there have been arraigned for trial a number of labor leaders, officers of the United Mine Workers, on charges of treason against the State of West Virginia; with many others they are charged with murder also. We recall no other prosecution for treason against a State since 1787, when the leaders of Shays's Rebellion were convicted in Massachusetts, but not executed. The inciters of the Whisky Insurrection, Aaron Burr, John Brown, and Jefferson Davis were indicted for treason against the United States.

The nature of the treason charges, the events that led to the indictments, and the fact that those events were the culmination of a bitter struggle between the unions, striving to organize the West Virginia coal fields, and the operators, striving to keep the unions out, make the trials of National interest and of industrial significance.

Apportion blame and sympathy as one chooses, it is beyond dispute that we have had nothing since 1865 so closely resembling civil war as the march of the union miners and their sympathizers, last August and September. This invasion by several thousand men was met by forces of deputy sheriffs, State police, and armed citizens; machine guns as well as rifles were used; for nearly a week skirmishes took place; there was at least one pitched battle; only by the intervention of Federal troops was the trouble stopped and the miners disarmed and sent home. So strong is the hostile feeling to-day in Logan County, at which the invasion was directed, that when indictments were found it was necessary to ask for a change of venue to Charles Town, two hundred and fifty miles away. Nine of the prisoners, press accounts state, were brought to court handcuffed and chained, with a deputy sheriff holding the end of the long chain like a driver.

Treason against a State is defined much as is treason against the United States. It is alleged that these labor leaders raised forces and waged war against the State, that they defied the martial law that had been proclaimed in Mingo County (adjoining Logan), and that they counseled, aided, and abetted (constructively at least) in the killing of a certain deputy sheriff. Insurrection, robbery, and conspiracy are also charged. One young man, William Blizzard, the head of a sub-district of the United Mine

Workers, has already been put on actual trial.

The prosecuting attorney declared his intention "to show that the purpose of levying this war on the part of the defendant and his co-conspirators was to destroy the sovereignty of West Virginia in the counties of Logan and Mingo." On the other hand, the defense's attorney declared that the coal counties of the State were notoriously ruled as an industrial autocracy through a vicious company-armed-guard system. He added: "The individual turmoil which has so long disgraced this section is a direct result of this system. It is a tribute to the sterling Americanism of the hardy mountaineers that they do not tamely submit to a forcible deprivation of their civil rights by an army of company guards. Governor Morgan was elected on a platform pledging the abolition of this system."

What kind of civilization, what kind of individual initiative, is there in a West Virginia mining "camp"?—they don't call it a town. One of the editors of the "Survey" in that paper's recent "Coal Graphic" number made a striking picture of things as he found them:

No one owns his own house; he cannot acquire so much as title to property. No one runs a store, operates a garage, or sells groceries or haberdashery to his fellow-townsmen. No one amuses them in a movie theater. . . .

It is not quite accurate to say that no one does these things. The coal company does them all. It owns all the houses and rents them to the miners. It owns the store, the pool-room, the movie theater, and often helps to build the school and the church. It often owns the Y. M. C. A. building, if there is one. The company employs the physician and collects a small sum monthly from each miner to help pay him. Sometimes it supplements the salary of the teacher and assists the minister in making both ends meet.

The company owns all the land and everything upon it. It therefore controls the life and activities of the little community. It is responsible for the sanitation; if sewage disposal is adequate, the credit belongs to the employer.

The company's ownership sometimes extends to the roads, so that it can control ingress and egress. In some counties the company is the employer of the deputy sheriffs, and is therefore responsible for police supervision. In Logan County the operators paid out \$61,000 last year, as the president of the Logan Coal Operators' Association testified before the Kenyon Committee, in salaries for deputy sheriffs.

The defense contends that the miners' march was not against the State or its sovereignty, but against "repression of free speech and free assemblage and the other intolerable conditions maintained

by the operators in the mining districts." The prosecution avers that the mine-owners were entitled to protection from the State, and that the march was an attempt to unionize the miners by force.

It would be improper and unfair to comment on the issues and evidence of a criminal trial before they go to the jury. One thing, however, is just plain Americanism: Order must be preserved and disorder punished. But it must be done by the responsible officers of State or Nation. There has been an overbearing attitude among both unions and capitalists. Associations of both kinds have been laying down the law and enforcing their own behests. The public will not endure too much of this. Mr. Gompers has lately made the greatest error of his life in saying that organized labor has no use for the courts. On the other hand, we want no private armies, generated and paid by employers. The right of free speech and free peaceable meeting and discussion is not worth much if the decision as to what those rights mean is to be left to privately paid armed guards or if one party to an individual dispute is allowed to pay deputy sheriffs. The New York "Tribune" asserts editorially: "It was the purpose of the leaders of the Mingo marchers to organize Logan and Mingo Counties by force, but the coal operators of those two counties had previously, and since then have, resisted by force even a discussion of unionization."

The courts and the Legislatures still function; to them and to public sentiment must be left the task of deciding what should be done to lessen the tyranny and obstinacy of unions of labor and associations of capital whenever and wherever injury to the community's interest exists.

A MATTER OF NAVAL MORALE AND NATIONAL SELF-RESPECT

AN adequate navy may be defined as consisting of the right number of ships with the right sized crew, with the right kind of spirit. The Armament Conference provided for the right number of ships. Congress seems to have set its heart upon destroying the two other factors in our definition.

Some of the possible danger to the spirit of the Navy may be glimpsed in a letter which came to us not long ago from a naval officer's wife. She writes:

We have no vote, we have no political power, therefore we are the only direction in which economies can be made. We do not feel at all that

our end is due to the wholly admirable Hughes or the Conference, you see. But, if we must be eliminated for politics, can't it be done with dignity? It seems incredible that, as we have heard, we are to be cut and cut in pay until we have to resign to exist. My husband, with many others, was demoted in January, losing the rank he won in the war and \$70 a month. Now we are all to have another cut in June. Here is our personal dilemma (and I know of many others much more serious): Our boy's teeth-straightening must stop, our application for a good school for him in 1923 must be withdrawn, he must be taken now from an excellent school here (giving the first adequate instruction of our roving lives) and placed in a particularly poor public school, we must give up some or all of our precious life insurance, we must go in debt for uniforms (bha!), and we must sell at a great sacrifice our home in New York State, which we inherited and which has been in my husband's family for many generations. For the lack of enough to pay the upkeep, we must lose all we had to depend upon for old age. Through all the years of deprivation, separation, and striving to keep out of debt, Service people have cherished the idea that theirs was a very honorable calling and that eventually they would be given enough to pay the expenses of their difficult, expensive, transient life. The war seemed to bring this consummation nearer—and now!

In replying to this naval officer's wife, we suggested that we might wish to publish some of her letter in The Outlook. She has written us again:

It occurs to me that some one may say to The Outlook, as is frequently said to us: "But look at Captain and Mrs. Blank and the So-and-So's. Don't tell me Navy people are poor!" This is a most unfortunate feature of our plight and a difficult one to speak of. More and more are our officers marrying rich wives. And that is the Prussian system, isn't it? More and more of them are going in debt, and the younger ones marry with the idea that children are out of the question.

One of the saddest features is the long separation of families, for the wives are no longer able to follow the ships or to meet their husbands in any port that the ships may be in for weeks or months. They have not money for traveling expenses, nor for the cheapest boarding-places.

An item which those in civil life never think of is the constantly recurring expense of moving, which normal housekeepers know only once or twice in a lifetime. Each time a family moves and resettles there is both the big initial expense and the cost of stocking a house. Innumerable times I've given or thrown away remaining groceries and standard provisions only to duplicate them in a new place in a few days, weeks, or months.

And now the income tax, from which we were exempt during the war, is again visited upon us. And the very best Senator Wadsworth (our

true friend) can hope to get for us—the best, mind, and they doubt being able to get that much—is less than we have had these last two years.

Ah, well!

Accidental financial reverses and disaster come to people in all walks of life. But such a change in the standard of living as is portrayed in the extracts from the letters which we have published here are changes which are products of a real and controllable injustice. Officers of the Army and Navy have never been paid in accordance with their responsibilities. In a partial exchange for this low standard of pay they have had permanent employment, assurance of retirement pay, and last, but not least, the satisfaction of performing a public service. The dangerous cut in the naval personnel and the reduction in pay will do much towards the elimination of this intangible but powerful benefit. According to an estimate upon which we think we can rely, the maintenance of a Navy with a personnel in accordance with the treaty ratio would cost each person in the United States less than one dollar a year. Even if Congress in its wisdom decides to ignore the ratio established by the treaty, it should at least do what it can to keep faith with the naval personnel which remains.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

WISE men learn from the experience of others, fools learn only from their own," is an old proverb. There is one lesson which we may all wisely learn from the life of General Grant, which began a hundred years ago—he never assumed a responsibility which did not belong to him, and he never evaded a responsibility which did belong to him.

It is difficult for the men of this generation to comprehend the perplexity of the problem which confronted the people of this country at the outbreak of the Civil War. The issue seems simple to us now, but not so then. There were Union men in the South and secessionists in the North, men who did not believe in slavery fighting to extend it and men who were indifferent to slavery fighting to overthrow it, men who were passionately determined to retain the seceding States and men who wished to let the erring sisters go, men to whom compromise was more abhorrent than war and men to whom war was more abhorrent than compromise, and men who were dazed by the sudden catastrophe and wondered what it all meant. "What are you-uns coming down here to fight we-uns for?" asked a captured mountaineer of his Northern captor.

The Union army shared this per-

plexity. Some Union generals returned fugitive slaves to their masters and promised to put down slave insurrection with an iron hand; others accepted fugitive slaves and set them to work digging earthworks; and two generals issued emancipation proclamations. The proposal to arm the slaves and enlist them in the Northern armies aroused in Northern circles great enthusiasm and equally great indignation. General Butler's ingenious solution of the problem was largely accepted; he said fugitive slaves were contraband of war, and the term "contraband" remained a popular title of free Negroes throughout the war. Some men entered the war furious at the leaders who had endeavored to destroy the Union, some with a sincere and patriotic desire to fight as little and as gently as possible, so as not to increase the sectional hostility. Seward's device to provoke a war with England so as to unite North and South in a common defense furnishes a curious illustration of the futile hope entertained by some in the North that the Civil War might somehow be made inconclusive and short-lived.

When the Union was threatened by Civil War and the guns of the revolutionists were turned on Sumter, Captain Grant tendered his services in defense of the country which had given him his education, and from that time to the end he was animated by a single desire—the desire of a soldier to win the war. All political questions he left to the political authorities. He promised neither to return fugitive slaves nor to emancipate them. What his views were about slavery were not, I think, given to the public.

These views certainly did not enter into or in any way affect his campaigning. He was a soldier; the soldier's

responsibility he took, and he took no others.

In a letter to his father from Corinth, Mississippi, August 3, 1862, he wrote:

I am sure that I have but one desire in this war, and that is to put down the Rebellion. I have no hobby of my own with regard to the Negro, either to effect his freedom or to continue his bondage. If Congress passes any law and the President approves, I am willing to execute it. Laws are certainly as binding on the minority as the majority. I do not believe even in the discussion of the propriety of laws and official orders by the army. One enemy at a time is enough, and when he is subdued it will be time enough to settle present differences.

At first he had no soldiers under him, only the material out of which soldiers are made. His first engagement was the capture of Belmont. It could be only temporarily held, however. The raw troops were disorganized by their victory. Instead of pursuing the enemy they set about plundering, while their colonels shouted and made stump speeches for the Union. Before they could be reformed they were surrounded by Confederate troops reinforced from the river. The intelligence was brought to Grant, whose reply was: "If that is so, we must cut our way out as we cut our way in." They did so, and he was the last to land on a transport protected by a Federal gunboat. I was at that time living in Indiana, and well remember the enthusiasm with which we greeted the report of his response to a suggestion of surrender: "We have whipped them once, and I think we can do it again." It gave courage not only to his troops but to the people of the Northwest, who were impatient with the slow progress of the pick-and-shovel campaign conducted by more conservative generals, and who instinctively

felt, what General Grant subsequently affirmed, that when neither party is well disciplined nothing is gained by delay. The one party can take advantage of delay as well as the other. The same eager and adventurous spirit accomplished, without orders or, I believe, even permission from the cautious Halleck, the unconditional surrender of Forts Henry and Donelson in the Cumberland River, which gave to General Grant throughout the West the sobriquet of "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

A year and a half later came the surrender of the Confederate forces to General Grant of what had been supposed by friend and foe to be an impregnable fortress. The Vicksburg campaign has always seemed to me the most romantic feat of the Civil War. I refer to it here, however, not to emphasize the generalship which planned and accomplished this result, but because it illustrates in a remarkable manner the type of courage which from start to finish characterized General Grant. To run a fleet of gunboats and transports past the batteries at Vicksburg when "only two of the steamboat masters were willing to encounter the danger," to undertake this hazard only with volunteers (and only such were taken), then to cross the Mississippi below Vicksburg and put the Federal army between two Confederate armies, one in Vicksburg, the other coming to its relief, to whip the one and then capture the other, required the kind of courage which takes responsibilities and invites risks of disastrous failure, risks to others as well as to one's self, in order to achieve success. This seems to me, when accompanied by good judgment and wise supervision of details, to be perhaps the highest form of courage known to history.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

FIVE MEN THAT EUROPE WATCHES

THE OPENING HOURS OF THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM GENOA

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

WE are in the Palazzo San Giorgio, a picturesque building dating from 1200 and the century-old seat of the Genoese merchant princes. There were doubtless enough seats in the hall for the princes; but there are not near enough seats up here for the hundreds of journalists now in Genoa. Doubtless the Genoese did not expect so many.

Below is spread out an enormous green-covered table, parallel with the

sides of the room. The table is very much larger than the one I saw at the Washington Conference—indeed, at the sides are double rows of seats for the delegates to this International Economic Conference, in addition to the seats at the top and bottom. Back of all these are the seats for the attachés and experts and other notabilities; here, again, the seats are very many more in number than at Washington.

The people are assembling. At the

middle of the table opposite me at the other end of the hall is the Italian delegation; to its right the French, and to its left the British. Beginning right and left down each side of the great square are the Japanese and the Belgians, respectively. Now the Germans are coming in; they are being shown places quite down the side—rather a change from their expected position in the world when they began the late war. And now, most curiously awaited of all

come the Russians and appropriately find their seats at the bottom table, as becomes the humblest. To the general surprise, among their subordinates they introduce two women, and these women, like most of the other Russians here, vaguely recall Tartar and Mongol types.

Just under where I sit are two nobler figures. Monsignore Signori, Archbishop of Genoa, in his crimson robe and red beretta, is speaking with General Gonzaga. Heroic in size, a blaze of decorations covering his breast, the General wears more proudly an empty sleeve. In this vast room, with place for a thousand persons, these are the most striking figures. But, if I do not miss my guess, they will seemingly decrease in apparent size and importance and the figures of certain civilians will become proportionately great.

One of those civilians, a man hitherto unknown in America, now rises in the middle of the row opposite me. He is calling the Conference to order. He is the Prime Minister of Italy and the head of the Italian delegation. His name is Facta. With his long white mustache in a grand military sweep, he looks like a cavalry officer who has left his uniform at home. But he speaks like a hard-headed Wall Street man. That is the kind of business person they raise in this business town of Genoa and in the adjoining province of Piedmont, from which Facta comes. Giolitti, also a Piedmontese, and many times Premier, is such a person too. It may be held that he is really Prime Minister now, for Facta has long been his lieutenant. That does not mean, however, that Facta, sixty-one years old, has not made his own mark. He has. He was hardly over the prescribed age when he became Consigliere Comunale, or city father of

his home town of Pinerolo, and was not yet in the thirties when he was made Pro-Sindaco, or Vice-Mayor. For nine terms he has been a Representative in Parliament. A lawyer and jurist of distinction, he has been valuable there, as also in various Cabinet positions, especially as Minister of Justice and Minister of Finance. A Radical Liberal, he enjoys the confidence of all parliamentary groups, and now he is making a further favorable impression by his short address of welcome (immediately translated into English and French); and by his longer inaugural address as President he will doubtless deepen that impression.

David Lloyd George, British Prime Minister and head of the British delegation, now rises to propose Facta as permanent President of the Conference. Lloyd George is no sooner on his feet than he receives the compliment of dead silence and intense attention, as, indeed, is due to the dominating figure here; for to him more than to all others put together is the credit for calling this Conference—perhaps he wants it to cloak his hitherto very questionable Russian policy. His is an ungraceful figure; a massive man, he seems like a chunk from an oak-tree trunk. His face is softened by his yellowish hair and mustache, by the merry twinkle in his eye, and by his ready smile. From that massive frame you rather expect a bass voice, and are surprised at hearing a tenor instead. As its Welsh owner uses it without the usual English hesitation—the guttural hemming and hawing—the voice has a grateful sound. It produces just the tone needed for the ingratiating and persuasive effect desired.

And now there rises the appropriate seconder of the motion, a virile figure,

the energetic ex-Premier Barthou, head of the French delegation. His is the most resonant and sonorous voice so far.

Of course Facta is chosen, and of course he makes an admirable inaugural address.

Now Lloyd George rises again. In his hand he holds a lot of notes on little slips of paper and whips on his glasses to consult them. Then he whips off his glasses and speaks directly to his audience for a moment, only to repeat the process. His gestures are not remarkable, the favorite one being to slap one hand upon the other. He speaks with great clearness and lucidity.

Then Barthou. He made a ringing speech. Then Ishii, the head of the Japanese delegation, whose speech was read for him in French by one of his subordinates, and in such amazing French that a near neighbor of mine sighed: "*Mon Dieu, comme c'est difficile de comprendre le japonais!*" Then a terse speech from Theunis, head of the Belgian delegation, received with much applause, in which it was easy to see a persistence of the special sympathy for his outraged country.

When the president announced that the German delegation had the floor, particular interest was manifested. The worthy Wirth, Chancellor of Germany, arose, but speedily wore out the patience of the audience as soon as it had satisfied itself with a good look at his solid and portly person. Perhaps the memory of the tragic treachery at Gleiwitz a day or two before, where twenty French soldiers had been slaughtered—a foretaste of the war of revenge—made him keep his voice low in a speech about three times too long. As to the length, one of my companions whispered: "Wirth is trying to make up for the international conferences from which the Germans have been excluded." As to the conciliatory matter of the speech, however, a neighbor on the other side muttered contemptuously: "*Ces ne sont que des phrases*"—they are only phrases; meaning that the big Württemberger's generalizations had nothing to do with the particular things he wanted to "put over." The long address was then read by a German "expert" in indifferent French and English. People were getting impatient. Popular interest here has not concerned itself very much with the Germans in general, anyhow. They have been discounted in advance. The man in the street felt that he knew thus about what the Germans would say. But he did not know what the Russians would say. Hence the greater interest in them. Anyway, what a difference between lively Lloyd George and ponderous Wirth!

And now comes the Russians' turn. Tchitcherin rises. He is Bolshevik Minister of Foreign Affairs and vice-head of the Russian delegation, Lenine reserving the headship for himself, should he decide to come. Tchitcherin has a rather tall, somewhat stooped



P. A. Photos

THE CENTRAL FIGURE AT THE CONFERENCE—LLOYD GEORGE GETTING SNAPPED BY A GROUP OF CAMERA MEN



Kadel & Herbert

LLOYD GEORGE (CENTER) AND SIGNOR SCHANZER
OF THE ITALIAN DELEGATION (LEFT
FOREGROUND)



(C) Underwood

A GROUP OF RUSSIAN SOVIET DELEGATES TO THE CONFER-
ENCE, PHOTOGRAPHED AT RAPALLO

Left to right—Litvinoff, Verowsky, Joffe, General Vachowsky,
Nowiosky and (standing) Sliwkin

figure, inexpressive eyes, and monotonous voice, and yet we, who had expected to find a typical Bolshevik, are surprised to see revealed rather the more aristocratic person once in the Czar's service. There is also another surprise: Facta, Lloyd George, Barthou, Wirth, have spoken in their native tongues. Thus Tchitcherin? Not he! He knows that it would not get him anywhere. He speaks—or rather in-ones—without hesitation, but also without haste, in beautiful French. Now that he finishes, he immediately begins again and delivers the speech once more in beautiful, if somewhat labored, English! The speech is a generalization as to economic Russia and her importance in the world. But Tchitcherin (the Italians pronounce it as we do, but they spell it "Cicerin," which looks simpler) also proposes the consideration of a subject which he must very well have known had been excluded from the agenda—the official list of subjects to be considered at the Conference.

This brought instant thunder from Barthou. Evidently he plays with all his cards on the table and face up! A member of the French Academy, he knows precisely how to describe what those cards mean. He is speaking with sharpness and severity. Perhaps he might be less categorical and peremptory; perhaps it is not necessary to hammer out each syllable, as a meticulous schoolmaster would do. But what would you? There are the Boches and the Bolsheviks right in front of Barthou, and Tchitcherin's proposal shows how ready they are to trip up the order of the Conference to the discomfiture of the French.

Now comes again the Lloyd George sonor voice. Oil is being poured on the troubled waters. How would the Welshman's far-famed opportunism now show itself? We are apparently listening to a paternal address. It now becomes a friendly conversation, and now an after-

dinner speech. Lloyd George is humorous, ironical, jovial, serious. In his earlier "set speech" he has already shown the combination of these qualities, saying that a citizen of Genoa was the discoverer of America and, "as Genoa discovered America to Europe, I am hopeful that Genoa once more will render another immortal service by rediscovering Europe to America."

Amid the startled and angry countenances all about him, Lloyd George now remarks that "there is nothing more explosive than a Peace Conference." Somehow, this seems all of a sudden to warm the austere hall of the ancient merchant princes, whose colossal statues have been coldly looking down upon us from their niches. The Welshman supports the Frenchman but appeases the Russian by gentle banter. Finally, Lloyd

George lets down Tchitcherin with a dull thud. Still in apparently tender tones, but now with menace in them, he warns: "The European ship is too heavily laden. Do not add to the weight, Mr. Tchitcherin. It might sink the ship and perhaps you would be one of the drowned. Finish this voyage without trying to put your hand on the rudder. We will welcome you on another voyage when we know what kind of a passenger you are."

The Conference will need Lloyd George's nimble brain and lambent wit to steer straight through its complexities of subjects, but especially to steer straight through its varying and variable human makeup. Lloyd George can help it do both, because he is both politician and statesman. A politician knows men, and he knows men. A statesman knows about things, and so does he. But a man who really knows men through and through, as Roosevelt did and as Lloyd George does, a man who does not know men only half-way, as do most so-called politicians, is perhaps harder to find than is a statesman. So Lloyd George may not be far wrong when he says that he has known many statesmen but few real politicians.

The Conference will need even more, I believe, the backbone of a Barthou, who cannot forget the scorn of another ex-Premier's words, those of Clemenceau, "We do not treat with criminals." Yet if France is now represented at Genoa and America not, it is because the position of France is very different from ours, no matter how great the basic feeling of friendship between the two Republics.

At all events, on the opening day of a great international Conference like this, could you get together as chief representatives five more differing men—the shrewd Briton, the incisive Frenchman, the very up-to-date Italian, the solid Teuton, the mystic Slav?

Genoa, April 10, 1922.



International

DR. WIRTH, GERMAN CHANCELLOR (LEFT),
CONVERSING WITH TCHITCHERIN, RUSSIAN
FOREIGN MINISTER

THE TRAGEDY OF INDUSTRIAL WAR



THE
JEFFERSON
COUNTY
COURT HOUSE,
CHARLES
TOWN,
WHERE
MINERS ARE
ON TRIAL FOR
TREASON

In this historic town John Brown was tried and sentenced to death for treason in 1859. Twenty-three miners have been placed on trial here on the same charge

(C) Underwood



A TYPICAL
MINING
SETTLEMENT
IN HARRISON
COUNTY,
WEST VIRGINIA

This is one of the largest coal-producing sections in the State. Striking miners are said still to reside here in houses erected and owned by the operators

International

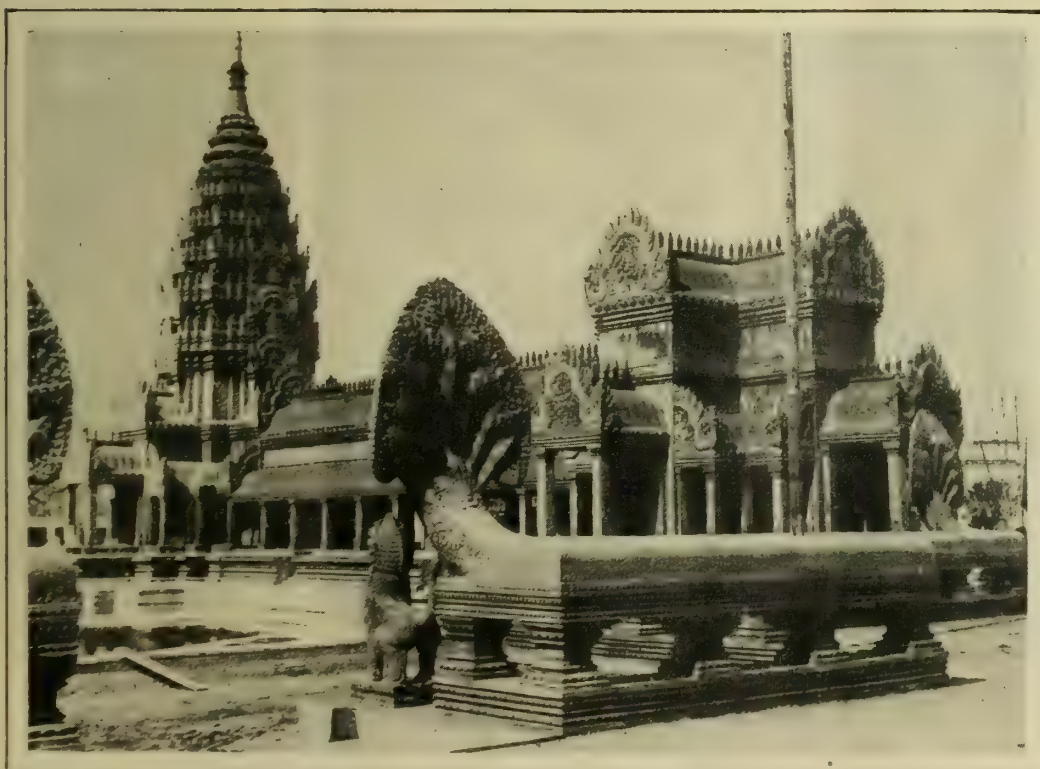
EXPOSITIONS EAST AND WEST

THE PEACE COMMEMORATIVE EXHIBITION IN TOKYO, JAPAN

Permanent buildings costing millions have been erected for this exhibition, which is one of the greatest of its kind ever held in Japan



Kadel & Herbert



Kadel & Herbert

FRENCH COLONIAL EXPOSITION AT MARSEILLES, FRANCE

The French Government has erected many handsome buildings for this Exposition, which are restorations of the ruined temples and palaces of Angkor made known to the West by the vivid writing of Pierre Loti. The Emperor of Annam has, it is reported, opened the Exposition in person

MOTHER THOUGHTS

BY MARTHA M. F. HUBBELL

I WOULD go proudly
And bow my head no more.

How can I walk humbly
Before High God,
Bearing on my shoulders
This immeasurable load?

My burden of the loss of him,
So great it is, and sore,
I must go proudly,
And bow my head no more.

FITTING SOLDIERS TO FARMS IN CANADA

BY D. M. LE BOURDAIS

IN the autumn of 1917, like many another Canadian soldier's wife in those war-weary months, Bertha Stauffer, of Leduc, Alberta, received the dread intelligence that her husband had made the supreme sacrifice; and she realized that she was left alone to face the future, with her two boys, six and seven years of age, to support and educate.

While the pensions which Canada pays the dependents of soldiers who died as a result of service overseas compare very favorably with those paid by any other country that participated in the war, and in most cases are more generous, they are at best only a guaranty against actual want; they are not capable of supplying the little luxuries which by most people are nowadays considered necessities. And, be that as it may, Mrs. Stauffer was a true mate for a warrior; she was not content to sit quietly and live upon the proceeds of a pension.

As it happened, early in that same year Parliament had passed an act with the double object of re-establishing re-

turned soldiers into civil life and increasing the supply of agricultural products. Food-rationing was at its height, and a concerted effort was being made to place every available acre under cultivation. Many men were being discharged from the army unfit for further fighting who had had previous experience on the land and whose disabilities were not sufficiently serious to interfere very greatly with farming operations. But two or three years' absence from Canada and the financial sacrifice usually entailed thereby rendered it practically impossible for the great majority of these men to acquire the necessary equipment. Therefore provision had been made whereby duly qualified returned soldiers could receive loans from the Government for the purpose of purchasing raw or improved land, providing live stock and implements, and making permanent improvements.

Originally this financial assistance was designed only to enable those soldiers who had filed on the free homesteads of the northwest to secure equipment and make improvements; but, the

free lands proving less extensive than was at first taken for granted, the scheme was made applicable for the purchase and improvement of raw or improved lands in any part of Canada. To administer the act a board of three commissioners was created and local advisory committees were appointed in the principal centers throughout the Dominion.

The Soldiers' Settlement Act being applicable to women, either the dependents of soldiers or those who had themselves taken an active part in the war (such, for instance, as nurses), and having been reared on a farm, Mrs. Stauffer decided to take advantage of the provisions of the act. She looked around for a suitable piece of land, and near Sexsmith, Alberta, in the far-famed Peace River District, finally succeeded in locating a nice half-section—one quarter-section as a homestead, and the other by virtue of her being a war widow. It was good land, but much of it was covered with brush and would require clearing.

By this time the season of 1918 had



ALBERTA SOLDIER SETTLERS' WIVES IN CONVENTION. SEVENTY WOMEN AND TWENTY-EIGHT BABIES CAME TO RED DEER FOR THIS CONVENTION. MANY OF THE WOMEN HAVE RECENTLY COME FROM OVERSEAS TO MAKE A HOME IN THIS COUNTRY

Instruction on subjects of interest to women on a farm home was given and entertainment was provided by the people of Red Deer. Transportation was paid by the local branch of the Red Cross at Red Deer

practically passed, and not a great deal could be done in the nature of agricultural operations that year; but the Government advanced a preliminary loan of \$300 in order that a start might be made in clearing and breaking the land and assembling some of the materials to be used in the construction of the farm buildings.

To the city dweller there can be nothing more desolate than the picture of one of these new homesteads in the Canadian northwest. It is probably a considerable distance from the nearest railway and the nearest village—or it would not be open for homestead purposes. Generally speaking, the homesteader must be a real pioneer and must expect to go beyond the thin fringe of civilization. When he first arrives upon his location with his initial supply of building materials and his inadequate farming equipment and sits down beside the small heap which they make upon the face of the countryside, and looks forward to all the hardship and toil that are entailed in his proposed attempt to carve out a home for himself and his family, his makeup must indeed contain no small element of the heroic if he is not to waver in his determination.

Early the next spring Mrs. Stauffer was back at the homestead. The Board had granted a further loan of \$1,500 for the purchase of live stock, farm implements, fencing, and building materials. Before the end of April the little dwelling was sufficiently near completion for her to move in. Up to this time the work had been done under the supervision of the field staff of the Soldiers' Settlement Board, but now Mrs. Stauffer took personal charge of her homestead and hired a capable man to do the heavy work. Of course she still had the benefit of the advice of the Board's supervisor, whose duty it was to make periodical visits.

It was not possible that first season of actual farming to get much land under crop, as there was so much unproductive work to be done, but six acres were seeded to oats. And during the summer the clearing and breaking continued. The last loan having been expended, and, in the opinion of the Board, wisely expended, an additional loan of \$1,000 was granted in July to enable her to buy horses and cattle and to complete the buildings. By October fifty-six acres had been broken, a mile and a half of fencing had been erected, and forty tons of hay had been cut and stacked.

Needless to say, the revenue from the farm that first year was not very great; but Mrs. Stauffer had raised sufficient feed to maintain her stock throughout the winter, and from the sale of cream, butter, and eggs was able to support herself and her boys.

The homesteader's life, however, is beset by many anxieties. Mrs. Stauffer was looking forward to the winter with a certain feeling of security in the possession of a few good cattle and sufficient hay to feed them, when six head



DEMONSTRATION IN BUTTER-MAKING AT THE SHORT COURSE FOR SOLDIER SETTLERS' WIVES AT RED DEER, ALBERTA. SEVENTY WOMEN ATTENDED THIS DEMONSTRATION, WATCHING EVERY STEP IN THE MAKING OF GOOD BUTTER

died from eating poisonous weeds. But these things must be faced! The long winter passed somehow, and spring found Mrs. Stauffer still with her face to the future.

Money was required, however, for seed and to pay for further fencing and land clearing. The Board advanced \$200 more. Sixty acres were placed in crop this year and a good garden was planted. Then, while the crop grew day by day, additional land was cleared and broken. The prospects of an excellent harvest were bright, for the year 1920 was exceptionally favorable in the Peace River District. The wheat was turning nicely in the hazy days of early autumn and Mrs. Stauffer was looking forward to the time when the golden grain would be on its way to the markets of the world and its equivalent placed to her credit in the bank, when there arose one of those sudden storms which are the dread of every prairie dweller; and when it was over and the sun had burst forth again in all its former splendor nothing remained of that beautiful crop but a mass of tangled and broken stalks, half covered with hail.

It was a cruel blow. But Mrs. Stauffer was still undismayed. She concluded that her best plan would be to move in to Sexsmith for the winter, where she would be able to get work, leaving a reliable man in charge of the farm. Early the next spring, however, she was back on the farm superintending the seeding of seventy acres. This time fortune deigned to smile; and, according to the latest reports, Mrs. Stauffer was looked upon by the Soldiers' Settlement Board as one whose success was assured. But they have had to change her name on their office files, for she has

recently taken unto herself a husband; and in this new-found happiness we shall leave her.

Mrs. Stauffer's experiences have been given somewhat in detail, as they exhibit both extremes of fortune. Out of the twenty-six odd thousand soldier settlers who have been placed on the land through the agency of the Soldiers' Settlement Board it is possible to select a great many cases having particular interest; but in the majority of cases the story is one of hard work, careful management, and steady development. In a surprisingly small percentage of cases—about four per cent—have failures been recorded up to date. This is probably due to the careful manner in which the applicants have been selected.

The applicant for a loan under the Soldiers' Settlement Act must be able to show a good record as regards character, must have had farming experience, and must otherwise satisfy a board composed of responsible persons in his own neighborhood that he or she has a reasonable chance of making a success on the land. The applicant must also make an initial payment equivalent to ten per cent of the value of the property to be bought. Loans are granted up to a maximum of \$7,500, which includes a maximum of \$4,500 for the purchase of land; \$2,000 for live stock, implements, and other equipment; and \$1,000 for buildings and permanent improvements. Loans for the purchase of land are repayable in twenty-five annual installments, amortized with interest at 5 per cent. Stock and equipment loans are payable in six annual installments, amortized at the same rate. Interest is not charged, however, and installments of principal and interest do not become



WILLIAM JOHN, SON OF SERGT. A. LAGIMODIERE (GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN IN WESTERN CANADA) AMONG THE BIG PUMPKINS ON DADDY'S FARM NEAR LORETTE



HERE ARE TWO SOLDIER SETTLERS BUILDING THEIR PRAIRIE HOME IN MANITOBA. NOTE THAT THE HOUSE IS BEING OCCUPIED BY THE HOME-MAKERS WHILE STILL UNDER CONSTRUCTION

due until the settler has had an opportunity of producing a crop. In cases where crop failures occur, or where for other reasons beyond the settler's control he fails to meet his payments, the arrears are reamortized.

Many soldiers have preferred to engage in mixed farming rather than incur the risks which the prairie grain-grower has to encounter. One of these is John Hare, of Belmont, Colchester County, Nova Scotia, who secured 175 acres of improved land in October, 1919. His loans total \$4,700. The first year he marketed the following: Potatoes, \$625; oats, \$375; roots, \$120; hay, \$875; garden crops, \$525; while \$360 was received from the sale of butter. These items are all such as require a considerable amount of work, and the experience of the Board goes to prove that the settler who possesses the inclination to work very rarely fails.

Here is another instance of mixed farming: John A. Brown bought a farm of 55 acres in the Hemingford District, Quebec, in April, 1919. His receipts for the first year were: Maple sugar, \$200; hay, \$360; potatoes, \$50; apples, \$75; sale of stock, \$100; oats, \$175; and \$800 from milk. This was also improved land in an old settled community.

A. Lagimodiere, of Lorette, Manitoba, likewise bought improved land. In spite of partial incapacitation by reason of wounds, the Board decided that he was a good risk, and in August, 1919, advanced him funds for the purchase of 240 acres of excellent Manitoba land. His total advances to cover land, equipment, and improvements amounted to \$7,030, but he was able to earn \$3,890 the first year, even though much of his work was necessarily unproductive.

Charles Hemeyer emigrated to Alberta from the United States a few years before the outbreak of the war, served in France with the Twenty-seventh Battalion, C. E. F., and was demobilized in the spring of 1919. Later on in the same year the Government threw open a number of Indian Reserves for pur-

chase by returned soldiers, among them the Bob Tail Reserve, near Ponoka, Alberta. The Bob Tail Reserve was subdivided into thirty-two homesteads. Situated as it was in the midst of a prosperous and well-settled locality, this land was eagerly sought and the number of applicants was many times greater than the supply of homesteads. As one way out of the dilemma, the Soldiers' Settlement Board decided to offer the farm sites by lot. Among the fortunate applicants was Charles Hemeyer. He secured additional loans with which to provide the necessary live stock, implements, and permanent improvements, and in the interval has developed his holdings into a very valuable farm. He is unmarried and only thirty-five years of age; therefore it is not anticipated that his position of splendid isolation will long continue.

Not all the farmers in the prairie provinces are confirmed grain-growers. J. W. Hosford is a case in point. After being demobilized at the end of his two and a half years' service in the C. E. F., he decided to buy a farm near Edmonton, Alberta, and secured for the purpose a loan of \$6,000. He has specialized in dairying, and has now a fine herd of dairy cattle. His cows average among the highest in the province in milk production, one producing as much as 15,200 pounds of milk in 1920, while two cows alone returned him a profit of \$700. In that year his income from all sources was over \$3,000, including the following items: Milk, \$1,600; sale of hogs, \$330; wheat, \$760; and \$384 from oats. Hosford is an Irishman, keen, intelligent, energetic, and has the assistance of a capable wife. He is of the type that makes good wherever you find it; but the Soldiers' Settlement Scheme has given him a start such as otherwise it would have been hard for him to attain.

Literally, thousands of similar cases from every part of the Dominion could be cited. These men have materially added to the total agricultural production of Canada, and, besides providing

homes for themselves and their families free from the attentions of the rent collector, many of them have been able to earn really attractive incomes.

After being placed in his future home the soldier is not turned adrift to face the uncertain lot of the farmer without further consideration. The local supervisor makes periodical calls on him and is ever ready with advice and assistance when required. Perhaps of greatest aid to the settler is the department known as the Home Branch, whose function is to co-operate more particularly with the farm wives. Thousands of returned soldiers brought brides with them from overseas, the majority of whom were totally inexperienced in farm work. The Home Branch provides educational correspondence courses suited to the farm and household; it sends out regular bulletins dealing with timely subjects; and arranges at frequent intervals and at convenient centers free courses of lectures by experts on various phases of farm and household economics, supplemented by practical demonstrations.

The Soldiers' Settlement Scheme has probably not been sufficiently long in operation for its experience to date to be taken as a fair indication of the future. The present period of depression, in which the prices for all kinds of agricultural products have declined most tragically (from the standpoint of the farmer); is submitting the Scheme to a very severe test, and doubtless one or two seasons more will be necessary before any definite verdict can be reached. But the general impression among those best qualified to express an opinion on the subject is that it has fully succeeded in serving the ends for which it was created—to help towards re-establishing the soldier in civil life and at the same time stimulate the back-to-the-land movement.

One complaint that is somewhat general, and which seems to have a reasonable foundation, is that a large percentage of the lands bought under the

Soldiers' Settlement Scheme were purchased at a time when prices had about reached their highest, and, as a result, in a great many instances, the soldier settler's property now shows a very serious depreciation in value. Moreover, in each case the purchase price

was approved by the Board, and in most cases the soldier was entirely dependent upon the judgment of the Board and its agents, and therefore he feels that he should not be required to assume the whole loss.

At any rate, the demand is coming

insistently from the returned men's organizations that a revaluation be made, and it is possible that the Government will do something towards transferring to the shoulders of the taxpayer the burden which now rests upon the ex-service man.

THE CHILD, THE SCALES, AND THE TAPE-MEASURE

I—THE GREAT UNDER-WEIGHT ENLIGHTENMENT

BY MRS. ERNEST R. GRANT

DIRECTOR, CHILDREN'S HEALTH CRUSADE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE weight of a child is a practical index of his physical condition.

If he is habitually seven per cent or more under-weight for height, he is considered by many prominent pediatricians to be a child seriously in need of attention. When given a thorough examination, he will show marked signs of malnutrition. The symptoms most commonly recognized, depending upon the degree of malnutrition, are under-weight, poor color, dark circles beneath the eyes, protruding shoulder blades, flat chest, fatigue posture, flat feet, protruding abdomen, carious teeth, and naso-pharyngeal obstructions as indicated by mouth breathing, etc.

"Clinical experience has led us to the conclusion that children who are chronically seven per cent or more under-weight may be considered ill children," says Dr. David Mitchell, of the New York Bureau of Educational Experiments.

"Records based on a study of 22,000,000 school-children during 1918 showed twenty per cent of the American school-children are malnourished," says Dr. Thomas B. Wood, of Columbia University, Chairman of the Committee on Health Problems of the National Council of Education.

"Extended studies have shown conclusively that children seven per cent or more underweight for height require treatment," to quote Dr. William R. P. Emerson, Director of the Nutrition Clinics for Delicate Children, Boston, Massachusetts.

"As stated by Norsworthy and Whitney, 'Malnutrition affects height and weight of children, interferes with general development, delays puberty, lowers vitality, and makes the child susceptible to infections.' It is likely to precede tuberculosis, to produce rickets, and it retards mental development."

"Of the first thousand under-weight children examined at the Health Clinic at Montreal, Canada, a total of 6,404 defects were found, or an average of 6.4 defects per child," to quote H. R. Y. Reid, Director of the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Referring to "The Great Under-Weight Delusion," in the March 15 issue of The Outlook, the article gives as illustration the hypothetical case of a "slender, wiry

boy" 12½ per cent under weight. The cause of under-weight is assigned solely to heredity. Because the "hypothetical boy" is "noisy and obstreperous" his hypothetical father considers him in good physical condition. To be noisy and obstreperous is apparently regarded as valid evidence of sound health, as no report is given of the result of a careful physical examination for detecting the underlying physical defects or faulty food and health habits which ordinarily produce under-weight in all but "hypothetical children."

The assertion is made that "whole races are typically slender, with weight below the general average." However, no statistics are given to prove this assertion nor to specify that such races are under-weight for height.

A study of the height and weight by various nationalities made in the Detroit public schools during 1921 gives the following information from the Detroit "Education Bulletin:"

For the purpose underlying this study was the securing of comprehensive data from which to develop standards of nutrition and growth for the children in the Detroit public schools. At the beginning of the second semester, January, 1921, the height, weight, age, grade, and nationality were secured for every child in the elementary grades. This data, together with the ratio of weight to height, were tabulated and analyzed. A division on the basis of nationality gave the following results:

TABLE 1—NATIONALITY AND NUMBER OF CHILDREN

	Boys.	Girls.
United States white.....	17,853	17,116
United States colored..	1,592	1,602
Anglo-Saxon	4,517	4,386
Teutonic	3,099	2,978
Latin	2,946	2,644
Slavic	4,499	4,223
Russian	3,300	3,272
Miscellaneous	5,671	4,691
Total	43,477	40,912
Grand total—84,389.		

The weight-height ratios were developed for boys and girls by dividing the weight by the height for each individual and finding the average ratio for each age-height group, which gave the following results for boys, which are

compared with the Emerson weight and height table for boys of nearest corresponding heights.

Detroit Height and Weight Tables ¹ for Boys.		Emerson Height and Weight Tables for Boys.	
Height.	Weight.	Height.	Weight.
42	41	41.7	41.2
43	44	43.2	43.8
44	45	43.9	45.2
45	48	45.3	48
46	50	46.5	50.3
47	53	47.9	52.8
48	54	48	53
49	56	49	55.4
50	58	50	59.6
51	61	51	62.5
52	64	52	65.8
53	71	53.6	70.7
54	74	54.5	73.8
55	78	55.8	78.2
56	82	56.8	82.1
57	85	57.5	84.8

For a comparison with this Detroit table the Emerson table is used because the standard requirements are the highest. The variations of the two tables, however, are comparatively insignificant when one considers that seven per cent below the average normal is the point of departure in classifying the under-weight child. This figure, then, would fall far below any of the standard requirements of any of the recognized weight and height tables now in use. To quote Dr. Joseph A. Murphy, Chief Medical Inspector of the Public Schools, Washington, D. C.: "It has been my experience that children who are seven per cent or more under-weight for height when given a thorough examination are found to be in poor physical condition. That they improve in health, strength, and vigor when their physical defects, health and food habits are corrected, and that this improvement is accompanied by increase in weight."

The article further states: "Folks with the weighing delusion" demonstrated that one-third of the children of a New Jersey town were under-weight and that the same condition existed in "private academies patronized by the well-to-do." While the writer character-

¹These tables apparently represent a composite average for many races, not for one separate race. Even if the separate figures were given for each class in Table I, an anthropologist would not recognize them as having any great bearing on the question of racial types. The classifications are much too loosely drawn.

—The Editors.

ized this as a "frightful delusion," he made no attempt to show that these under-weight children were not suffering from physical defects, faulty food or health habits, or some other reason needing correction; nor does he seem to take cognizance of the fact that the figures of this little New Jersey town curiously enough coincide with the percentage of the physically unfit as revealed by the draft statistics of 1918.

Another statement is that the "essence of the delusion" is that "there is only one normal healthy type of build . . . the worshipful average." Averages and measurements are very necessary factors in the scientific study of any problem. Individuals are measured mentally, and the rating obtained has much

significance when compared with the average. The temperature, pulse rate, blood pressure, respiratory rate, hæmoglobin percentage, blood count, basal metabolism, quantity and chemical composition of urine, and innumerable other measurements may be taken, all of which are of significance when compared with the average. If there occurs a variation from the accepted average, the cause is carefully studied and the significance of the variation from the average depends in each case upon the cause. The average is the basis for estimating the degree of variations from normal in all of these measurements. Therefore, in studying the health and nutrition of children variations from the average normal weight for height is an

important factor in the discovery of cases needing correction. For it is the consensus of opinion of all of these "deluded people" who are working with the under-weight children that a child seven per cent or more under-weight for height is in serious need of attention, and when given a thorough examination he will be found to have a much higher percentage of physical defects than children of an average normal weight for height, and, furthermore, when these under-weight children have had their physical defects corrected and are brought up to normal weight for height they are in much better physical condition, more alert mentally, and make much better progress in their school work.

II—MORE ENLIGHTENMENT WANTED

BY C. K. TAYLOR

MRS. GRANT, in her criticisms concerning my article on the "Under-Weight Delusion," has said so many things that are seriously true and so much that should be known to many who are careless concerning child welfare that it seems almost ungrateful to make any adverse comments at all, and yet one or two points must be touched upon, for the fact is that in depending so much upon mere weight comparisons many child welfare workers do not go nearly as far as they should. Noticing the weight of children was a first step. It has served a great purpose. It has drawn the attention of thousands of school folk and parents to many formerly unnoticed factors affecting the health of children. But it does not go nearly as far as it should, as we have said. It cannot be depended upon. It is not accurate.

First of all, when children more than seven per cent below average weight are treated for malnutrition, or some other ill, real or supposed (real in far too many cases), the fact is neglected that children within the limits of the average, or even children having weight

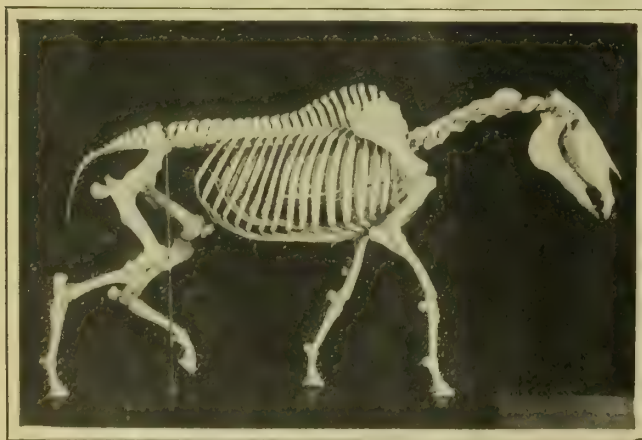
over the average, may also have malnutrition or some other ill. The writer has seen too many children in clinic and elsewhere not to have observed many cases of this kind. And so it is that by emphasizing attention to slender children almost exclusively we are neglecting the great mass of children who may be heavier—more heavily framed, for instance—and who in many cases need special care and diet just as much as do those who weigh less. For this reason alone we are right in demanding a medical examination for every school-child, whatever the weight, and a subsequent treatment of each child according to the findings of that medical examination. In brief, we utterly refuse to accept anything so unreliable as a weight comparison in lieu of a medical examination.

And this brings us to the term "under-weight" itself. What does it really mean? Well, many would have us believe that it means a certain percentage below the general average weight for the same age and height. Many physicians have agreed with the writer that this cannot be real under-

weight, for it does not allow for individual differences of build. We believe that under-weight exists when an individual is below the weight that individual should have, and that this cannot be told by comparing that individual's weight with general averages, but specifically and solely by a medical examination. When the medical examination shows that a child has malnutrition or other serious ill, one can well believe that the child's weight is below what it should be. And this is a very serious matter, needing all the fine care and attention the thousands of devoted child welfare workers and medical examiners can give.

The writer is the last one to deny the existence of real under-weight. It is frightfully prevalent. But the writer insists that it is not strictly confined to children who are below the general average in weight, and that therefore every child should be given a medical examination, and this and other similar ills be given proper care and treatment.

Now of course this brings us face to face with the central point of the whole argument. Those who pin their faith on



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, New York

SKELETON OF DRAUGHT HORSE



SKELETON OF RACE HORSE

Mr. Taylor wishes to know if the race horse suffered from malnutrition

the general average necessarily claim, as does Mrs. Grant, that there is but one normal healthy type of build—the general average type. I wonder if Mrs. Grant, or even Dr. Emerson himself, would carry the same idea to other creatures besides man. For instance, in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, is the skeleton of a famous race horse, and near it one of a heavily boned dray horse. The bones of the race horse are slender and show the wiry strength of their possessor. Indeed, that race horse must have had a weight markedly below that of the thick-boned and clumsy dray horse. Yet can you imagine Dr. Emerson and Dr. Wood standing before the slight remains of that race horse, shaking their heads, and saying, sadly: "Alas, poor horse! He had malnutrition!" No, I can't imagine that at all. That horse represented a type of build handed down by heredity.

Levity aside—and, in fact, it is no matter for levity—the writer has examined far too many children not to be aware of the wide variation of normal types of build, from slender to stocky. The writer, however, does not pretend

to be an authority on anthropology, but a very considerable authority, Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, of the University of Pennsylvania, has confirmed the writer's findings. Now, if it is true—and it surely is—that the general average of all types of build is *not* the only healthy type, if it is true that there is a wide variation of normal types, ranging from slender to thickset, then most certainly the weight of a child cannot be used as a safe and sure indication of malnutrition or anything else, and we come back to the writer's main plea—that there should be a medical examination for every child, and that when children are found to be in good health then we can accept their weight as satisfactory, but see to it that there is a physical development proportional to the type of build. We have been concentrating on weight to the exclusion, almost, of physical development, and yet muscular development has a correlation with health and mental efficiency, if not character stamina.

Now, if you are going to consider all children whose weight is more than seven per cent below average as being malnourished, or the like, then of

course, as Mrs. Grant quotes from Dr. Wood, you will find millions of children coming under that category. If, however, there is a universal medical examination and this is relied upon for judgment as to malnutrition and other ills, then we will not find nearly so many slender children judged unhealthy, but we will find many more children of average weight and over who are equally in need of attention.

In a nutshell, then, the writer insists on going much further with such work than the Child Welfare Associations and medical examiners have gone thus far. The writer wishes for every child, whatever his weight, the same examination and attention now being given largely to slender children only. And, finally, the writer hopes that there will arise an interest in the physical development of children. If the devoted folk who are carrying on the fine work of the various movements toward child betterment would extend their care to children of all types of build, and then insist upon a first-class muscular development for each child, as well as good health, then their work, already of inestimable value, would become really magnificent.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO CHINA

A STATEMENT OF THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTIANITY TO CHINA AS INTERPRETED BY CHINESE

THE UNITED CHURCH

WE Chinese Christians who represent the various leading denominations express our regret that we are divided by the denominationalism which comes from the West.

We are not unaware of the diverse gifts through the denominations that have been used by God for the enrichment of the Church.

Yet we recognize fully that denominationalism is based upon differences the historical significance of which, however real and vital to the missionaries from the West, are not shared by us Chinese. Therefore denominationalism, instead of being a source of inspiration, has been and is a source of confusion, bewilderment, and inefficiency.

We recognize also most vividly the crying need of the Christian salvation for China to-day, and we firmly believe that it is only the united Church that can save China, for our task is great and enough strength can only be attained through solid unity.

Therefore, in the name of the Lord, who prayed that all may be one, we appeal to all those who love the same Lord to follow his command and be united into one Church, catholic and indivisible, for the salvation of China.

We believe that there is an essential unity among all the Chinese Christians,

IN connection with the Chinese National Christian Conference at Shanghai, May 2 to 10, a number of commissions have prepared reports. Commission No. 3, on "Christianity's Message to China," is composed entirely of Chinese and represents the best thinking of the thoroughly trained Chinese Christians now living in China. There are two sections to the report of this Commission, one to be addressed to the native Christians and the other to the non-Christians. That to the native Christians was prepared by Professor T. T. Lew, Acting Dean of the Theological Seminary of Peking University, and Professor T. C. Chao, of Soochow, who has accepted a call to the same Seminary.

This report, which is here printed, in the English version prepared by Professors Lew and Chao, has the unanimous indorsement of the entire Commission for presentation at the Conference as herewith. An advance copy was brought to America by President J. Leighton Stuart, of Peking University, who has been attending the annual meetings of the University. The Commission regard this part of their report, it may be inferred from its concluding paragraph, as not only an address to Chinese Christians, but as also the basis of their address to Chinese not of the Christian faith.

and that we are voicing the sentiment of the whole Chinese Christian body in claiming that we have the desire and the possibility to effect a speedy realization of corporate unity, and in calling upon missionaries and representatives of the churches in the West, through self-sacrificial devotion to our Lord, to remove all the obstacles in order that Christ's prayer for unity may be fulfilled in China.

We confidently hope that the Church of China, thus united, will be able to remain an impetus to the speedy healing of the broken bodies of Christ in the West.

THE INDIGENOUS CHURCH

WE Chinese Christians do hereby acknowledge that the Church is the spiritual home of Christians where we receive a spiritual nurture which should not be alien to the racial inheritance and spiritual experience of our people.

We register our appreciation and gratitude for the devoted and self-sacrificial service of the missionaries who have helped to build up the Christian Church in China, and for the Churches in the West which have made the service of these missionaries possible.

But we wish to voice the sentiment of our people that the wholesale, uncritical acceptance of the traditions, forms, and



Miss Zee Rev. Peter Ching Professor T. C. Chao
Professor T. T. Lew Rev. Cheng Ching-yi Mr. Leung Siao-chin

MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION ON THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTIANITY TO CHINA

organizations of the West and the slavish imitation of these are not conducive to the building of a permanent, genuine Christian Church in China.

We notice, moreover, that the Chinese Church is becoming conscious of her own unique mission and duty to-day.

The history of China, the characteristics of the people, the nature of the work, the results of our past experience, and the rapidly changing conditions of the country all demand an indigenous Church which will present an indigenous Christianity—a Christianity which does not sever its continuity with the historical Churches but at the same time takes cognizance of the spiritual inheritance of the Chinese race.

Therefore we appeal to all the followers of Jesus Christ in China, with united effort, through systematic giving, to reach the goal of self-support; through persistent practice, fearless of experiment and failures, to reach the goal of self-government; and through religious education, an adequately trained leadership, and devoted personal work to attain the goal of self-propagation.

We declare further that the time has come when Chinese Christians should make a careful study and with courageous experimentation find out what should be the forms and organizations and method that are the most practicable and helpful for the establishment of an indigenous Church.

We call upon the missionary leaders

of the Church to assist the Chinese in carrying out this great task by their useful advice and by giving unfettered freedom to the Chinese Christians in these experiments.

We confidently hope that the time will soon come when the Church of China will repay in part of that of which she has bountifully received from her mother Churches in the West, the loving tribute of the daughter—contributions in thought, life, and achievement for the enrichment of the Church Catholic.

THE DEEPER CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH

WE recognize that the personal conduct of individual Christians and the behavior of the Church as a body is the living testimony to the Gospel of Christ.

We recognize that China is now passing through a critical stage of transition and in every walk of life there is a crying need of moral character.

We thank God for his creation of opportunities which have changed the indifferent attitude of the Chinese nation to Christianity to an attitude of close scrutiny. This demands an even more genuine Christian life on the part of every Christian and on the part of the Church as a body.

We confess with humiliation the failure of the Church to live up to the opportunity God has given her. The personal conduct of some Christians and

the life of the Church as a body have left much to be desired.

We recognize that the task of evangelization cannot be efficiently done without a genuine Christlike life.

Therefore we appeal to all those who call themselves Christians to rededicate and reconsecrate their lives and pray that the living power of the Holy Spirit may help us to glorify the name of Christ.

MORE DILIGENT STUDY OF THE WORD OF GOD

WE accept the Bible as the inspired Word of God and the supreme guide of faith and practice.

We do hereby express our appreciation of the patient, persistent, and diligent work of those servants of God who made the Bible known unto our people.

We are fully conscious of the fact that the Chinese Church as a Church is yearning for a Bible for the Chinese which is the work of the Chinese. Just as the English Bible is the work of English scholars and the German Bible is the result of the labor of German men of God, so the Chinese need a version of the Scriptures which is a product of the reverent scholarship of the Chinese race.

From the experience of our work and the rapid advancement of learning, and in view of the future task of the Church, we have come to the conclusion that we must have an indigenous version of the Holy Scriptures, just as we need an indigenous Church.

We therefore call upon all Christians in China to study more diligently the Word of God, first of all individually in an ever-increasing devotion for one's own spiritual life, for comfort, for hope, for faith, and to gain strength for Christian service.

And, secondly, we call upon the students in schools and colleges to see the glory of Biblical scholarship and to offer their lives to its thorough study, preparing themselves by the grace of God to be adequate interpreters and expositors of the Word of God in our noble Chinese tongue, so that the people of China shall share in full measure with the people of the West the splendor and joy of the truth.

We believe that, since the Bible is the Word of God, the truth of God fears no test. It can stand any investigation of a reverent heart. We wish to make known that we fear no application of any genuine scientific method to the study of the Holy Scriptures.

But we wish to make it clear that the study of the Holy Scriptures should not merely be for its literary or intellectual interest, but should mainly and primarily be for the guidance of actual living. We as a Church hereby renew the pledge to follow the light of Holy Scriptures in our social and national living.

We hereby lay emphasis upon the value of the *whole* Bible and call upon all Christians in their religious educa-

tion in the home, in schools and colleges, in the Church and its seminaries, to make the Bible and the *whole* Bible central in their teaching.

We firmly believe that the Bible is God's message to every individual, irrespective of educational attainments. So it is our aim that the Holy Scriptures should be read by every citizen of the Republic. The high percentage of illiteracy among our people should be faithfully dealt with by the united effort of the whole Church in order to hasten the day when the Holy Scriptures can be opened up to all who have eyes to read.

SOCIAL REGENERATION

WE take this occasion to state in most emphatic terms our realization of the tragic reality of sin, its hideousness, and its all pervasiveness and to testify to the saving grace of Jesus Christ, through whose death we are reconciled to the holy and righteous God.

We also believe that sin is fundamentally an individual problem, but it is also social. We believe that an unjust economic order, an unrighteous political régime, unfair treatment of any human being or of any group, is unacceptable to the righteous and loving God.

We take this occasion to express our appreciation of the various forms of social service which have been rendered to our people through the earnest efforts of the servants of God and sustained by the generous support of the faithful in the West.

We confess our failure to meet adequately the social needs of the Chinese people thus far.

We are further conscious of the ever-increasing and crying need of the social regeneration in China to-day. We recognize that a thoroughgoing application of Christian social teachings is of primary importance.

We hereby call upon the whole Church to proclaim the justice as well as the love of God, and to apply Christ's teaching of justice as well as that of love in our social life.

We hereby call upon the Church to mobilize all her forces to work for the regeneration of the home, of economic conditions, of political standards, of educational, industrial, and commercial life, in thought and in practice, through the spiritualizing power of Christ, and to accomplish it at any cost and at whatever sacrifice the Church may suffer, so that we may hasten the speedy coming of God's kingdom and the full realization of His will on earth as it is in heaven.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD

WE of the Chinese Church believe that God has made of one blood all nations that may dwell on the face of the earth and that he is no respecter of persons or of nations, but the loving Father of all.

We express our appreciation of the

manifestation of international brotherhood through the missionary effort of the last century in China, but we at the same time express our deepest regret for the unfortunate circumstances through which Christian work has been introduced into China and that the history of the Church of China has been darkened by the association with the repeated incidents of national humiliation which have been one of the greatest obstacles to the speedy evangelization of our race.

We, as a Church, confess her failure to stay the hands of the so-called Christian governments of the West in their unchristian exploitation and aggression upon the sovereignty of China.

We firmly believe that the teaching and the life of Christ have taught us beyond any doubt the possibility and the necessity of international world brotherhood. With Him nothing is impossible.

We hereby call upon every one who serves in the Christian Church in China to seize every opportunity of promoting national friendship and to fight together against any international injustice.

We further believe that the starting-point for genuine internationalism is afforded by the providence of God within the Church of China, in the development of which different nations have heretofore had a share.

We express our appreciation of the good examples of international comity and co-operation among the missionaries of different nationalities, and especially to the increasing effort for union work in educational and medical service. We confess at the same time that the relationship between foreign missionaries and the Christian workers, partly due to almost unavoidable circumstances, and partly due to human weakness, has left much to be desired. We are voicing the sentiment of the loyal and devoted servants of the Church in all parts of China to ask for a more vigorous effort on the part of missionaries to improve the conditions, to emphasize Chinese leadership, to sacrifice individual preferences and such national and racial prejudices as have in many instances retarded the speedy formation of an indigenous Church in China. We also call upon Chinese Christian workers to study the problem of co-operation and to be persistent and patient as to their faith in its practicability, for only through co-operation can the great task of the evangelization of China be accomplished.

We as a Church believe that God has a special mission for each nation on this earth, that each nation has a definite contribution to make to the progress and enrichment of humanity; that China, which has been preserved by him throughout these ages as an independent and sovereign nation, has her distinct destiny and contribution to make to the world; that in the present world conflict and restlessness and under the yoke of accumulated national humiliation, we Chinese Christians feel as one with our fellow-citizens that we must turn to

somewhere for genuine love as the only solution for the present international situation. Therefore we call upon the whole Church to exert her influence to demand from time to time adequate hearings from the nations of the world for our claim to the inalienable right of our nation to her sovereignty and to her unfettered opportunity for development and growth, and that the Church should work with untiring zeal through some definite programme to promote such international service as will attain the end we seek.

Furthermore, we call upon all Chinese Christian pastors and other teachers to Christianize the rapidly developing national consciousness, that we as a nation may be a witness to the whole world of the wonderful gift of the peace-loving nature with which God has endowed our race.

EVANGELISM

WE, the Chinese Church, declare that we have the commission from the Head of the Church, Jesus Christ, to proclaim the Gospel to every creature.

We express our appreciation for the work of the missionaries who through untold difficulties have blazed the way and laid down the foundation of a great structure for national evangelization and for the Christian Churches in the West through whose faithful support the missionary work has been developed and attained its present growth.

We confess with humiliation that we Chinese Christians have fallen short in thoroughgoing efforts to carry on the noble task which is ours.

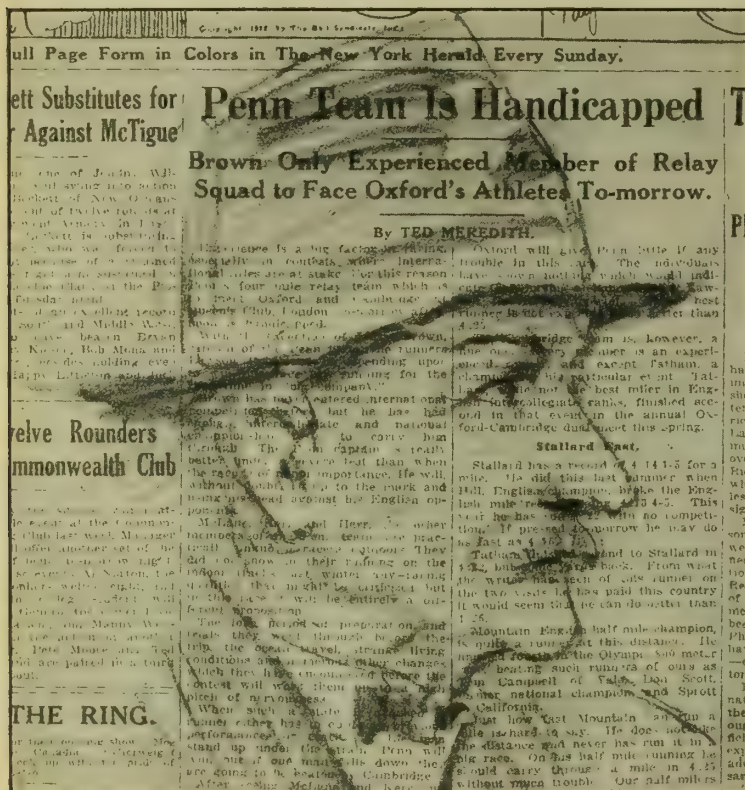
In view of the small percentage of Christians in proportion to the population, the vast extent of territory where darkness still prevails, and the lack of indigenous and vigorous presentation of the Gospel to the various classes of society, we sense the appalling need of a thoroughgoing evangelism.

We hereby call upon all the followers of Jesus Christ to go forth with renewed zeal and consecrated hearts, with persistent efforts, and through united and definite programmes, to evangelize every part of China.

We hereby declare that in our evangelistic efforts we stand solidly on the evangelical faith of the Christian Church, the faith which has given us our genuine religious experience and which has led us into intimate relationship with God our Father through Jesus Christ our Lord. We also emphasize that the evangelical faith which we proclaim is also the faith of an abundant life which actually manifests God's love as revealed through Jesus Christ and which is being continually revealed and witnessed in our hearts by the Holy Spirit.

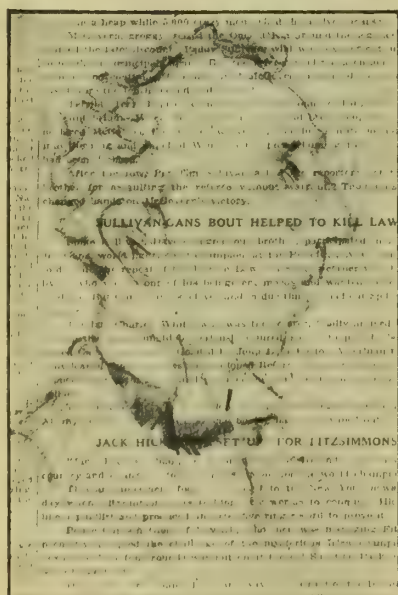
We take this opportunity to state our religious experience in our own tongue and in our own way as a summons to this evangelical faith from the Chinese Church to its non-Christian fellow-citizens.

A NEW YORK BANKER FINDS RELAXATION UNSUSPECTING



IN fiction the life of the big business man is generally presented as a procession of dollar marks and decimal points. But occasionally the fiction writer has something to learn from life. The artistic impulse is too strong to be smothered by Wall Street. These anonymous sketches of New York commuters were drawn by one of the very busy men of that much berated thoroughfare. He has made hundreds of such sketches on his journeys to and from his home. His evening paper becomes an unnoticed sketch book, and his fellow travelers rarely detect this bit of droll diversion. The girls knitting or the men reading their papers, or even a twosome in a rear seat, may be hurriedly jotted down as the train rushes its load of Manhattan's suburbanites back to their flower-gardens, tree-frogs, and servant problems.

The shrewd, benevolent features of this veteran commuter were drawn on Ted Meredith's story, but neither Ted nor the commuter knew anything about it



Professor? Floor-walker? Who knows? We suspect that this gentleman has a painful amount of certainty concerning the accuracy of his own opinions. But the reader is free to suspect anything he pleases

Possibly a trial lawyer, ruminating on how to save his man from Sing Sing. Or possibly he is merely pondering upon an underdone chop. Thoughts on food and philosophy frequently produce the same outward manifestation

A typical example of the substantial, established citizens who sit on boards of directors and live in suburban Tudor mansions. He has the austere dignity of one who is quite sure that he has arrived

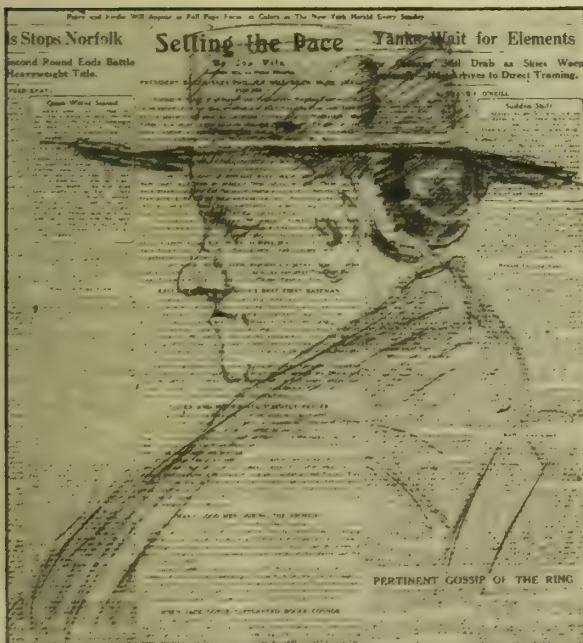
IN SKETCHING SURREPTITIOUSLY THE COMMUTERS



This gentleman's jaw suggests that he might have raised a violent objection had he known that he was the subject of this sketch



Nowadays it isn't always safe to jump to conclusions concerning the thoughts behind such a face as this. Would you, for instance, if you were about to engage this lady in conversation ask her opinion of Bernard Shaw or of Harold Bell Wright?



Sometimes commuters, as the story has it, sit and think. Sometimes they just sit. We think this one is just sittin'. Perhaps she is part of the stream which fluctuates between intelligence offices and suburban homes. Her days, we fear, are not long on any particular piece of land



He ought to make a friendly seat-mate, though we suspect that he might be a bit close in a business deal. But, never having taken a correspondent's course in the school which professes to measure a man's soul by the length of his nose, we are not at all dogmatic when it comes to character analysis

THE BOOK TABLE

A GROUP OF SOME NOVELISTS

THERE is little in the fiction of the last few weeks that is of the large and lasting kind, with one notable exception—Mr. Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga,"¹ which is only new in its collective form. This is a *magnum opus* in both senses, physical magnitude and breadth of artistic achievement. It includes three of the author's best-known and best novels, "The Man of Property," "In Chancery," and "To Let," and, linking them together, two new and charming short stories, "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte" and "Awakening."

Whatever may have been Mr. Galsworthy's intention when he wrote the first one of these stories, they do in their present connected form present the good and bad, wise and foolish, romantic and stolid aspects of one English family's life and doings for three generations. One smiles at the genealogical chart, yet only wishes he had had it when reading "In Chancery" and "To Let." Once fairly entered upon, this "saga" is constantly more and more engrossing. That is because it deals with fundamental things—the longings, passions, aversions, foibles, fatal misconceptions of men and women. Two comments, one from an English, the other from an American critic, tell the secret of the book's importance: The English writer calls it "A study of English middle-class life which will live, because he has made it to live, and by general verdict it is a masterpiece of ironic insight, great-heartedness, and an austere style." The American writer, Mr. Carl Van Doren, says: "It is beautiful literature; it absorbs the troubled lives of men into the serenity of art."

But I started to speak of strictly new novels. One thing rather noticeable this

¹The Forsyte Saga. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.



MARY JOHNSTON

spring has been the sincere, thorough work of some novelists. I have already spoken of "Maria Chapdelaine," a true bit of setting and drama without sensationalism or blowing of horns to attract the crowd. Equally entitled to that praise is Selma Lagerlöf's new story, "The Outcast."²

Miss Lagerlöf is the only woman who ever received the Nobel Prize for literature. She is as much beloved by Scandinavian readers as was Hans Christian Andersen, from whom in the literary character of most of her work she differs as far as is conceivable. Why should a writer be so popular when her stories are not stirring, thrilling, or humorous? It is because Miss Lagerlöf has a sensitive imagination, a delicate perception of her environment, a deep sympathy with the struggle and tragedy and mutual helpfulness of common life. When she wrote of Swedish life for Swedes, she touched their hearts and won their praise. But the more she understood Swedish life, the more she understood life everywhere, and that is why she is so widely read in English translation. When, long ago, she was asked to write a "reader" for public schools, she wrote "The Wonderful Adventure of Nils," one of her best stories—full of talk about animals, plants, play, and old customs. One critic said of it: "This book was not patched together by a dilettante or by a committee. It was written by a highly gifted, warm-hearted seer, to whom the nature of children is not a murky pool in which to fish at random, but a clear, reflecting mirror." Not long after the publication of "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" an orphan boy who bore the name of the hero wrote to the author and told her of the desolate little world in which he lived, whereupon the novelist sought him out and adopted him.

"The Outcast" has a theme that is horrible, yet is treated so tenderly as not to seem ghoulish. A sailor, returning to his village, is believed to have been guilty of cannibalism when shipwrecked; he is not even certain of his own innocence, for he was delirious under starvation. But this outcast finds relief from the loathing heaped on him through humble services to the poor, the ill, the unhappy. Long his help is rejected; even the children turn their backs on the schoolhouse he builds with his own hands; his own parents will not take his money. The war breaks out and, mystically, its horror swallows up lesser horrors. The story is essentially a plea for peace through sacrifice. When the time comes that removes Swen's imaginary stigma, he has become the savior and helper of his village. The story is infinitely touching; its art value lies in the author's restraint from

²The Outcast. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by W. Worsster, M.A. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.90.

stressing the agony of this situation; instead, she always softens it with the sweetness of Swen's Christlike devotion and patience.

Miss Johnston's "Silver Cross"³ is a sixteenth-century tale of friary against abbey, of miracle workers rivaling fakers in fraud, of a credulous and fickle populace, of the true love of a light-of-love, of jealousy and hatred among the great and holy, and of devotion to honor and truth in one who is sinful and despised. The author's method of bringing out the mediæval setting and pageantry of her romance is peculiar but effective; the diction is so odd that one begins by wondering whether the author has invented it and ends by guessing that she may have studied the common speech of the epoch closer than those who have built up a conventional and artificial sixteenth-century parlance for literary use. The narrative is abrupt, but purposely so; the movement is rapid, sometimes elliptical, but always fervid and vital. It reminds one of Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay" and other pseudo-antique romances. It will not appeal to so large an audience as Miss Johnston's "Prisoners of Hope," but it will be recognized by a choice class of readers and critics as a delicately wrought tale with a passion of soul showing itself beneath the curt sentences.

It is a far cry from mediæval romance to modern realism. Mrs. Watts deals, here as always, with people as they are, and does so pleasantly, fairly, with kindly humor, with admiration for sincerity and contempt for those who temporize with false standards. The main theme in "The House of Rimmon"⁴ is the temptation of a young literary genius, Cleve, originally a dishwasher,

³Silver Cross. By Mary Johnston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

⁴The House of Rimmon. By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.



MARY S. WATTS

Barrett Specification Roofs

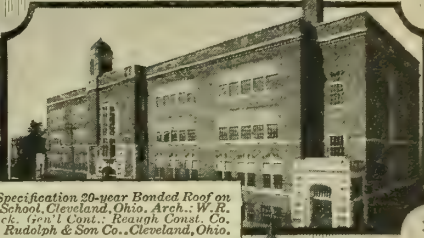
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Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Corbett School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCormack. Gen'l. Cont.: C. N. Griffin Co. Rfr.: The Rudolph & Son Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



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Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Hazelden School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCormack. Gen'l. Cont.: Rough Const. Co. Rfr.: The Rudolph & Son Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



Left: Addison School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCormack. Gen'l. Cont.: C. N. Griffin Co. Rfr.: The Rudolph & Son Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Right: Miles Standish School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCormack. Gen'l. Cont.: The Drummond-Miller Co. Rfr.: The Dalsell Bros. Co., Youngstown, Ohio.



Cleveland's New School Buildings

TO house its army of 122,000 public school pupils, the City of Cleveland has provided many splendid new buildings. Architecturally, they are masterpieces—models of convenience, comfort, safety. And in line with standard practice the country over, most of these schools are covered with Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs.

One reason for the popularity of these roofs is, of course, their unequalled economy—moderate cost, long service, and no upkeep. But another reason, and a very important one, is their high fire-resisting qualities.

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strength to support itself over a large area, thus effectively blanketing the fire.

The degree of fire protection afforded by a roof is not determined by the character of any one ingredient of the roofing material, but by the ability of the completed roof to resist fires that attack it, whether from the inside or the outside of the building. Barrett Specification Roofs are given base rating by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

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Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCormack. Gen'l. Cont.: C. N. Griffin Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Empire School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCormack. Gen'l. Cont.: Alexander Bros. Rfr.: The Rudolph & Son Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



SELMA LAGERLÖF

to prove false to his ideals of art and to make his plays meretricious, cheap, and vulgar in order to get them on the stage. He yields, "follows after false gods," or, as the title suggests, in Scripture phrase, enters into "The House of Rimmon." His wife, a pathetic little ignoramus, is matched against a fascinating woman of culture. There are agreeable pictures of New York literary and dramatic circles and two or three possible suggestions of real personages. Many readers will be pleased to take the excursion to Bermuda in such pleasant company. The novel is thoroughly readable, but it is something more than entertaining, for it makes a fine protest against vulgar and sensual incursions into drama and fiction.

Notable among other quite recent novels by women that have something to lift them above ephemeral fiction is Mrs. E. M. Delafield's "Humbug,"² which is remarkably searching and vigorous in driving home its point—the mischief done by parents and teachers who fail to look facts in the face, who dodge responsibility, and let supersensitiveness and sentimentality rule them. I should be decidedly surprised, judging from past performances, if also in this same category does not belong Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Adrienne Toner" (Houghton Mifflin Company), which reaches me just as this is written.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

² Humbug. By E. M. Delafield. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

MANON PHILIPON ROLAND (Early Years). By Evangeline Wilbour Blasfield. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

This is the first volume of what was intended to be a two-volume life of "the true heroine of the French Revolution." The author died before she was able to complete her work; her son tells us that "she left a large quantity of notes but they are mainly memoranda and useless without her own interpretation and elaboration." This first volume is admirably written. It is evident that Mrs. Blasfield was familiar with her subject, that she wrote *con amore*, that to her familiarity she added very careful study, and she has produced a wholly admirable picture of Madame Roland's early life and an artistic portrait of her character. But the most important part of the life is of course left untouched, and the volume will be valuable chiefly to students of the French Revolution who from other sources have some information.

as we sincerely hope may be the case, some one may be found able to complete the work so well begun.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON. By Theodore Stanton and Harriot Stanton Blatch. Illustrated. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$6.

The forceful and eloquent pioneer of the woman's rights movement in this country is interestingly revealed in this work through her written reminiscences, her letters, and her diary. The story of the movement of which she was an acknowledged champion, at first discredited and at last triumphant, is a stirring one, full of incident, personal detail, and outspoken characterizations of her contemporaries. Mrs. Stanton was a woman of abounding vitality, physical and intellectual, and these volumes are permeated with her virile spirit. The work unaccountably lacks an index, but is otherwise highly creditable to the editors, Mrs. Stanton's children, Theodore Stanton and Harriot Stanton Blatch.

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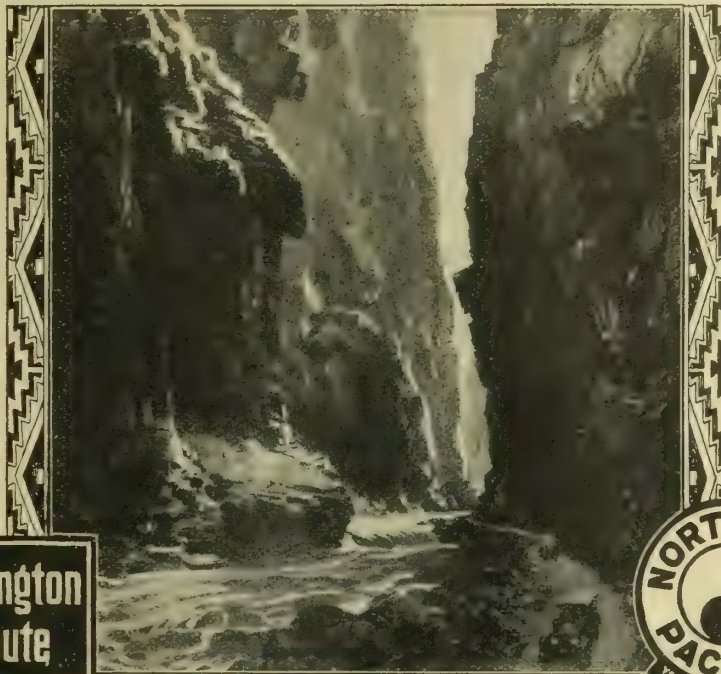
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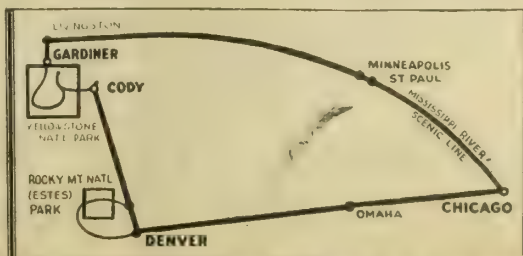
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THE INSCRUTABLE FUTURE

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

THE credence given to what is printed and the omniscience attributed to writers and editors are amazing.

Because I happen to own and edit a weekly newspaper called "Commerce and Finance," and contribute an occasional article to some other publications, I receive a great many letters from all over the world which seem to presuppose that I

know everything and can foretell the future months and years ahead.

Now of course every one who knows an editor realizes that he is an extremely ignorant person trading largely on a small intellectual capital. His success in seeming well informed is chiefly due to the books of reference with which he is provided,



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his ability to restate platitudes as if they were novelties, and his willingness to appropriate the ideas of others.

Of the future he is just as ignorant as every one else, for

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, the present state.

Were it otherwise, life would be unendurable. Some one has said that "we live under a sentence of death with an indefinite reprieve," and if we knew what would be our condition to-morrow or a year hence we would be utterly miserable.

Our misery would probably be increased if we had the power to arrange the future as we saw fit, for we would be forever rearranging it, and those affected by our change of plans would curse us bitterly.

Those who write letters to editors must realize this, and yet there are thousands of people who not only attach importance to prophecies of the future but are willing to pay large fees to financial soothsayers (note the word) who claim a "soothing" gift of scientific foresight. This claim they often try to vindicate by elaborate historical studies and charts or diagrams which it is the present fashion to call "graphs."

Some of these self-constituted seers have really deceived themselves, for of all the fallacies by which men are deluded the greatest is probably the one that is expressed in the statement that "history repeats itself."

History cannot repeat itself, for it is a kaleidoscope in which the bits of colored glass that make up human experience are never identically arranged, and it is manifestly illogical to assume that present conditions will produce the effect formerly caused by those which were different.

To argue, for instance, that certain financial conditions will now have the same result that they produced before the Federal Reserve Banks were established is manifestly absurd; but gallons of ink have been wasted and hundreds of "graphs" have been prepared in an effort to support such conclusions.

There is not the remotest analogy between the fiscal condition in which the more important governments find themselves to-day and their pre-war position, but many people are nevertheless busy studying the financial history of Napoleon's time in an effort to determine what may now be expected. That such studies are fascinating is admitted, for it is easy to generalize with regard to human nature and to deduce half-truths that seem to be new discoveries from our generalizations. But hundreds of philosophers and thousands of speculators (who are, in a sense, would-be philosophers) have been wrecked upon the rock of a half-truth, and the Latin phrase *post hoc propter hoc* describes a seemingly truthful fallacy that is responsible for the errors of many scientists, the mistakes of many physicians, and the bankruptcies of many merchants.

If from the numerous letters that have



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(Continued)

come to me recently I may construct a cross-section of the public mind, I should say that men are especially curious now—

First, As to the future of the American stock market.

Second, As to the probability of a general business revival in the United States.

Third, As to whether the foreign trade that we enjoyed during the war and until recently is permanently lost to us.

Fourth, As to whether the foreign securities now being offered in the United States will be permanently safe investments for American capital; and

Fifth, last, and generally, As to whether the revival of speculative activity now discernible presages the return of an enduring prosperity. The questions asked are generally more specific, but most of them will fit in one of these categories.

I have grouped them accordingly that I may reply to them, but there is a difference between an answer and a reply, and I shall not stultify myself by attempting the former.

First, As to the stock market, I will reply, as always, by pointing out that there are in the United States over 320,000 private corporations and thousands of political communities, States, cities, counties, school districts, road districts, irrigation districts, etc., all of which issue stocks or bonds or both. To express an opinion that is worth anything about any one of these securities or any particular group or class of stocks and bonds presupposes a special study that can be expected only of a specialist, and to him those who seek reliable information in regard to intrinsic values should repair. No one can say whether the stock market as a whole is going up or down. As a rule, it reflects the condition of the money market and the psychological state of the public mind. Money is generally cheap when and because business is dull and people are depressed.

If it is ever safe to buy the speculative counters that go up and down on the Stock Exchange, that is the time, for when interest rates are low stocks can be carried cheaply, and because hope springs eternal in the human breast elation has never yet failed to follow depression. There are, however, but very few who can detach themselves from the crowd or resist its psychological contagion.

This is why most speculators go broke or quit losers. It is emotionally impossible for them to buy when most people are selling or sell when the crowd is buying.

The exceptional superman can do this, but the average man will be better off and happier if he confines himself to the investments which an honest and experienced banker recommends. Both he and the banker will make mistakes, but they won't be ruinous.

Second, As to a general business revival, all that can be said is that we

have 110,000,000 people in the United States, but few of whom are working at anything like capacity. Most of them can produce more, and thereby increase their purchasing power. Business means the distribution of goods, and it is increased by an enlargement of production at low prices rather than by reduced production at high prices. The continuous introduction of labor-saving machinery to some extent offsets the present unwillingness of most Americans to work up to capacity, but, while the volume of money changing hands may be increased by advancing prices, the volume of goods produced and consumed—or business—will be increased only by harder work. A real revival of business is not, therefore, to be expected unless men become willing to work harder. Many are loafing now because by working part of the time they can make enough to live all the time, and a reduction in wages would seem to be the only cure for the present laziness and frivolity.

Third. As to our foreign trade, the indications are that we shall lose much of it. In a previous article I have already pointed out that we could prosper if we had no foreign trade at all, and, while we may suffer temporary distress in adjusting ourselves to a self-imposed commercial isolation, the probability is that the adjustment will be necessary.

Commerce is an exchange of goods for money, credit, or other goods. Europe has no money to pay us for what we have to sell.

We grant her credit grudgingly and are preparing to insist upon the repayment of the loans made to the Allied Governments during the war.

Our foreign commerce, therefore, depends upon our ability to exchange goods for goods, and this is seemingly to be made almost impossible by the erection of a tariff wall so high that it will exclude most European products.

It is a great adventure in protection, but it remains to be seen whether it will not destroy more than it will protect.

Fourth. As to the permanent value and ultimate repayment of the foreign obligations now being offered to American investors I am confused. There is no precedent upon which to base an opinion. In an address I delivered recently I said that we were in the "fourth dimension" of credit. The mathematicians can prove that matter has a fourth or "nth" dimension in addition to the three admitted and comprehensible dimensions of length, breadth, and height. But neither they nor any one else can as yet visualize this fourth dimension as a concrete thing. So it is with the outstanding public debt and paper money of the world's various governments.

They reach a total that is utterly beyond human comprehension. Certainly they cannot be paid off during the present generation. Whether they will ever be paid is a question which cannot be answered without considering the possibility of war in the future and the ability of the debtor governments to collect taxes far higher than have ever previously been borne.

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of Business

Edited by

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and

Alan H. Temple
M'Cready Sykes

Stephen Bell
E. L. Barnes

It came out, April 19, 1922

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

sold would seem to be good, measured by pre-war standards of a safe relation between national debts and national wealth, but it is impossible to say whether they would continue to be good if the oppressed taxpayers of the more heavily burdened nations should organize a general strike against excessive taxation. The question is beyond my ken, and it is to be doubted whether the most prescient statesmen or the most profound students of history can answer it definitely and finally.

Fifth and Last. As to the return of an enduring prosperity, I can only reply as I did to the third group of questions. Real prosperity is the result of increased production and consumption at low prices. No two authorities have as yet agreed upon a definition of inflation.

I submit that "it is the extravagant expenditure of easily borrowed capital," and I think that the revival of speculation now discernible is due to what might be called an artificially produced abundance of credit rather than to an increase of the real wealth, which consists of the things that are created by agricultural and industrial labor.

In respect of many things our agricultural and industrial production is now smaller than it was before the war, but we have a credit system that is peddled on a gold reserve and we have attracted thither nearly half the world's gold supply. The result is that we have now an abundance of credit. It is therefore easy for us to borrow, and we are spending extravagantly. These are conditions which inflame speculation, but they do not increase wealth, and it is to be doubted whether we are much better off than we were before the war in so far as productive property and consumable things are concerned.

For this reason it is questionable whether the revival of speculation presages the enduring prosperity that is, and always will be, the result of work and cannot be secured in any other way.

If America is to be really prosperous and happy, we must work harder, take fewer holidays, and play less.

Nearly every salaried wage-earner in this country now expects at least two weeks' vacation with pay. In most States there are twelve legal holidays. Saturday is generally a half-holiday, upon which not more than four hours' work is done.

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There are 8,760 hours in a year of 365 days, and these figures mean that we are trying to subsist and be prosperous upon the labor of 40 per cent of the population working 24 per cent of the time. Is it possible? If not, the only remedy is more work. This is platitudinous, but, as I pointed out, the platitudinous is an editor's chief reliance.

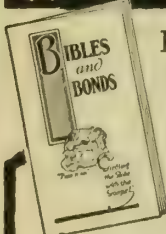
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Ideal summer tour through EUROPE. Two vacancies in small private party. Moderate cost. Send for itinerary. Reser Tours, 171 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

8 Capitals Tour See Europe comprehensively with experienced university conductor. Passion Play, Geo. B. Watts, 400 Oak St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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To Europe, June 21 to Sept. 10. Inspirational leadership to famous literary shrines. Unique motor tour of England.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS

65A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.



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BOARDERS WANTED

Homelike. Beautiful and healthful surroundings. Mrs. Carrie Van Benschoten, Fishkill, N. Y.

Invalid with attendant offered pleasant home spring, summer months. Country, all conveniences. Connecticut, hour's drive Hartford, Springfield, 7.111, Outlook.

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TO SUBLET—Furnished apartment. 2 master's bedrooms, bath, drawing-room, dining-room, hall, kitchen, maid's room, bath, room. W. 59th St. near 5th Ave. 7,345, Outlook.

Attractively Furnished Apartment

Near ocean for rent for summer season, in Ventnor, Atlantic City, N. J. 7,305, Outlook.

Brookline, Mass. To sublet from June 1

Hotels and Resorts

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LOUR LODGE
Digby, Nova Scotia
FURNISHED COTTAGES
Golf, tennis, fishing, boating, bathing.
Write for booklet to
AUBREY BROWN, DIGBY

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The Wayside Inn
NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet.
Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor

Delightful Boarding House Norfolk, Conn.
Open all year. Annex and Cottages open summer. Meals at main house. Near golf links, library, church. Home comforts, excellent food. Apply C. E. Brown, Crissey Place.

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ASCOT—The Berrystede. The country home hotel patronized by the elite of Europe and America. Lock-up garage. Saddle horses and motor cars on premises. Phone 154 Ascot. Telegrams, Berrystede, Ascot. Fairfield, Dorland, 244 Madison Avenue, New York.

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LONDON (Hyde Park). **STUART HOUSE**, Leinster Gardens, W. 2. American visitors offered excellent table from \$15 weekly en pension or daily \$3.

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Bailey Island, Maine
June 15 to October 1. Beautifully located overlooking ocean. Mrs. N. C. STONE.

The HOMESTEAD Bailey Island, Maine
Eighteenth season opens June 19th. Address M. F. HAZELL, 416 W. 123d St., N. Y. City.

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Mount Pisgah French School
Boothbay Harbor, Me. French life in beautiful and restful surroundings. French spoken in the house. For particulars address Prof. Ruérat, 66 Pitman St., Providence, R. I.

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Famous Rangeley region heart of mountains facing lake. Log cabins, baths, open fires, central dining-room. Garage, golf near by, boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, milk. Booklet.

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Boating, bathing excellent. Cottages. Ideal place for summer. Own garden. C. D. Crawford.

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Beautifully situated on Nantucket Sound; unexcelled boating and bathing; tennis courts and golf links. House modern and cuisine first class. Write for booklet to F. WARREN BLISS, P. O. Box 186, East Providence, R. I., until June 1, thereafter Aberdeen Hall, Hyannis, Mass.

HOTEL ASPINWALL
LENOX, MASS.
High and Cool in the Berkshires
A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION
Opens June 17. Elevation 1,400 feet.
Golf, Tennis, Saddle Riding, Orchestra
Desirable Cottages with hotel service.
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Winter Resort, Princess Hotel, Bermuda

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The Leslie
A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Opens June 15th. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 15th season.

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Fine location. Hot and cold running water in

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Granliden Hotel
Lake Sunapee, N. H.
Catering to a discriminating clientele.
Season June 24th to Sept. 15th or later
SEVERAL HANDSOME COTTAGES FOR RENT BY SEASON
Both housekeeping and non-housekeeping
Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing, aquaplaning, saddle-horses, dancing.
Write for illustrated booklet.
J. THOMAS RUSSELL, Prop.
Hotel Weylin
Madison Ave. at 54th St.
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Also Hotel Russell, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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Hotel Hargrave
West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

While in New York

For a quiet, comfortable, homelike place in which to stay—
Single rooms, use of bath, \$1.50 & \$2
Suite, parlor, bedroom and bath, for 2, \$4 & \$5 daily
Parlor, 2 bedrooms and bath, 4 or 5 persons, \$6 & \$7 daily
SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR AUTOMOBILE PARTIES
HOTEL GLENDENING
202 WEST 103d STREET
Few steps only from Broadway Subway Sta.

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(Near 5th Avenue)
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NEW YORK
Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.
Rates and map gladly sent upon request.
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NEW YORK

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Interbrook Lodge and Cottages
Keene Valley, N. Y. In pines and spruces, heart of mts., beautiful location, 400-acre farm in connection with house. Send for illustrated booklet. \$18 and \$20. M. E. LUCK, Prop.

ADIRONDACKS, The CRATER CLUB. Essex-on-Lake Champlain. Cottages with central club house where meals are served. References required. For circular or information address JOHN B. BURNHAM, 233 Broadway, New York.

Come to Camp Sacandaga On Lake Sacandaga
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KEENE VALLEY INN. Keene Valley, N. Y. Altitude 1,200 ft. Mt. Mansfield. Tennis, fishing. Capacity 150. \$18

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK

HURRICANE LODGE and Cottages
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.
Comfortable, homelike. Altitude 1,800 feet. Extensive verandas overlooking Keene Valley. Trout fishing. Camping. Swimming pool. Golf links; mile course 9 well-kept greens. Tennis and croquet. Fresh milk, all improvements. Separate suites and single rooms. Open from June 10th to October 1st. Address until May 1st K. BELKNAP, 613 Clarendon St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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ORIENT, LONG ISLAND
Quiet, Refined, Homelike
Best location on the island. Famous for good food and cleanliness. Water sports. Tennis. Illustrated booklet. E. J. McDONNELL, Prop.

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Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y.
FOR REST OR RECREATION
A beautiful and thoroughly modern rest resort offering the advantages of simple, natural living combined with best food, pure air, and quiet. Attractive bungalows for outdoor sleeping. Own farm produce. Rates moderate. Booklet. A. A. ACKLAND, Prop.

HOW would you like to live for 2 or 3 weeks or months, in cottage or hotel, on a strip of land VIRTUALLY SIX MILES AT SEA? Where there are congenial neighbors and all of the conveniences of home. Where the breeze seldom stops blowing; where boating, bathing and fishing are daily pastimes and where the cost is reasonable. Do you know that **POINT O' WOODS, L. I.** only 50 miles from New York, is such a place? Direct inquiries to C. W. NASH, Supt., Point O' Woods, L. I.

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The Crestmont Inn
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The Hotel with the incomparable situation On the crest of the Alleghenies in the primeval forest, 2,200 feet above the sea. Eighteen holes of wonderful golf; bathing, boating, canoeing, tennis, etc. Beautiful booklet.
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CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SARGEANT.

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Private Hospital

For Mental and Nervous Diseases
Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. Write for booklet.
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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 25 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Fred W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Sanatorium in the Berkshires. De-lightfully located, spacious grounds, rooms large and airy. Modern improvements; ideal for rest and relaxation; particular attention paid to diet. The Terraces, Hinsdale, Mass.

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Among beautiful Westchester Hills.
One hour from New York. Ideal for rest and recuperation. Outdoor sleeping, if desired. Tennis, dancing, boating and fishing. Milk, eggs and vegetables from own farm. Special diets. Medical attention, electric bath and massage. Special rates for season. New York

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WANTED TO RENT an established and well equipped **SUBURBAN TEA ROOM** for summer business. Reply to 7,115, Outlook.

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Wanted July 1st, by family of four, board and rooms in private family or home where few other boarders are kept. Location moderately near Orange Memorial Hospital, Orange, N. J., and especially accessible to good schools, public or private. References exchanged. Box 348, University, Va.

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MOOSE DEER BEAR
The best location for a
HUNTING LODGE
in Western Ontario
1/2 mile sand beach. White pine, balsam, Norway. Excellent springs. Good fishing. 100 acres if desired.
R. F. SUTTON, Ft. Frances, Ont.

FOR RENT OR SALE

Summer Cottage at Deep Brook near Digby, Nova Scotia. Well furnished. Tennis court, sea bathing
FOR RENT

June, July, August. A furnished 10-room house in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, near "Evangeline Beach" and Grand Pre. For information write to W. L. Archibald, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

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To Let, Black Point, East Lyme, Conn.
Furnished cottage. 9 rooms and 2 bathroom hot, cold water; pure water supply; perfect drainage; modern plumbing; piazzas 4 sides; fine breezy location. 3 acres, 400 ft. sloping front; garden; private bathing beach; breakwater. \$650 summer, \$750 to November. References. Apply W. T. CLANCY, Age Room 1515, 111 Broadway, New York City.

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If you are looking for a summer home either in a small well-regulated village or a beautiful lake, correspond with **BELL & WAGNER, Lakeville, Conn.**

Westport, Conn. Ten-Room Farmhouse, miles from station on high ground. Extensive sound view. House newly decorated and completely furnished. Fair with children preferred. Rent \$400 for season. Mrs. H. G. Thomson, 810 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

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Canaan, Me. For rent, fully furnished several high-class seashore cottages. Selections now. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

Ripley Point, Harrington, Q. Resort on Maine Coast. 12-room furnished cottage, with stable. Close to shore. For season, Grace P. Nash, Harrington.

MacMahan Island, Me. For season, fully furnished, homelike cottage 6 bedrooms, 2 baths. On picturesque island near Boothbay Harbor. Rent \$400. Add D. M. Bates, 611 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE HIGH ROCK
Ogunquit, Me. Near bathing beach pine woods. Modern improvements. Booklet.

PEMAQUID, ME.
FOR SALE OR RENT
Fincast estate on Maine Coast. Large Colonial house. Ocean view, fine harbor and drive. W. G. TIBBETTS, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

SALE OR RENT
RANGELEY LAKE, MAINE
Completely furnished housekeeping cottage. 6 master bedrooms, 2 maids', living dining rooms, 2 baths, also smaller cottages. Bargain if immediate. Particulars M. ALLEN, 107 Forest Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

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FOR RENT, modern bungalow. A field, Mass. Exceptional hilltop with simple conveniences, 1,700 ft. alt., cultivated community, suitable for college professor, artist, school-teacher. \$500 for season. Add John Dickinson, 912 Security Bldg., Los Angeles.

Real Estate

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An Attractive Summer Residence in
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OR SALE. With garage for two cars.
Established garden, apple orchard, flower gar-
den, unexcelled artesian well water. House
has chalet architecture, 11 rooms, 3 bath-
rooms, screened dining-porch and sleeping-
porches. Only a few minutes from village
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way from Pittsfield, Lenox, and Springfield.
Elevation 1,400 ft. Beautiful view of surround-
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For rent at Pontoosuc Lake, Berkshires
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5-room cottages, one 8-room. Fireplaces,
range. Rates \$140-\$180, 2 months. Address
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ROOKLINE, MASS. Completely
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apartment to sublet June 1 or sooner.
One bath. Convenient to North and South
shore and Cape Cod resorts. 7,331, Outlook.

Wanted—To Sublet SHORE
Edgartown, Mass., on Martha's
vineyard, for last season—from June 15th
to Aug. 1st. Six bedrooms, living-room with
hearth, dining-room, bath and kitchen; elec-
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Overlooking CRYSTAL LAKE,
NEWTON CENTER, near Bos-
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baths. 3 summer months \$500, 7,019, Outlook.

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Set in extensive view from beautifully
located Cottages For Sale or To Let
GOLE, L. THURSTON
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Two Furnished Cottages on Lake
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Mrs. N. C. Bochman, 1362 2d St., Louisville, Ky.

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FOR RENT FURNISHED
house in foot-
hills of the White Mountains,
on Lake. Boat house and barn, 50 acres of land.
O. Center Conway, New Hampshire. 1st
week to October, \$600. Address Mrs. William J.
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COTTAGES TO RENT OR SELL.
For particulars address Wm. E. SATCHEL,
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UGAR HILL, N. H.

"Edgewood Camp"

OR RENT—FURNISHED COTTAGE
with 2 acres of land. Large living-room with
hearth, kitchen, 4 double, 2 single bedrooms,
sleeping-porches, 2 baths, lavatory. Large
veranda, portion conveniently screened for
outdoor dining-room. Beautiful view of
Monksie Range. Within convenient distance
met Hill House. For plans and terms
apply to 460 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn.

any Beautiful Cottages for Rent
White Mountains, New Hampshire
Address KARL P. ABBOTT, Bethlehem, N. H.

Quam Lake, N. H. For rent, August and
September, wonderful
trip. 10 bedrooms, servants' and chauffeur's
quarters. 5 baths, fully equipped. Mrs. H. P.
Alexander, Montgomery Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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cottages. 8
rooms, 2 bathrooms, open fires, ice, wood. Cool
climate. No hay fever. At foot of trails of Sand-
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FOR RENT

On Metedeconk River, near Bayhead;
w. furnished 5-room house; 2-car garage;
hot and cold water. Address 6,933, Outlook.

or Rent Hackensack, N. J.—Fur-
nished house. eight rooms, large
veranda, good yard, desirable location, fair
rent for July and August. 7,333, Outlook.

FOR RENT, FURNISHED

May 15 to October 15, 1922, country estate,
"Greystone," Highbridge, N. J. Woodland,
ring water, vegetable and rose garden,
barn and garage; trusted employee in charge.
Apply L. Y. LADLE, Secretary, High Bridge,
N. J. Telephone Washington, N. J., 140.

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For Rent for the Summer. Exceptionally
fine furnished home in foothills of Adirondacks.
Write for particulars and photographs.
E. Van Orman, Essex-on-Lake Champlain.

Real Estate

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18 rooms, 20 acres, 4 miles from Paul Smith's,
on Upper St. Regis Lake, Railroad Station
Lake Clear Junction, post-office, telegraph
and express office conveniences. Day and
night trains from New York. Furnished,
including linen. Icehouse, barn, 3 platform
tents, woodshed full of wood, boathouse
with large upper porch. Rent reasonable.
For particulars address JUDSON F. STONE,
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If you are in-
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camp anywhere in the Adirondacks, write for
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have some very fine camps at Paul Smith's,
Lake Placid, Saranac Lake, Keene Valley, also
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For Rent for Summer Months Adiron-
dack
cottage on Long Lake. Sleeping-porch, bath,
running water in kitchen; ice and firewood
included. Price \$150 month. Apply by letter,
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FOR RENT. Beautifully located in
wood. Very modern, furnished throughout.
From \$400 to \$1,200. W. H. OTIS.

Adirondack Bungalow Camps, furnished

For Gentiles only. 4 to 6 rooms and bath. Run-
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rounded by mountains. Fine center for tour-
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accepted. ALMON WARD, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y.

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FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS
Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles
by good road from Bolton Landing, Lake
George. Entirely new. Built by present
owner, who will rent for the entire season at
moderate rental. Completely furnished
throughout. Five rooms (three
bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with
running water. Ice, wood, and
rowboat included.
For full particulars address 6,479 Outlook.

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FOR RENT In Adirondack Mts.
Golf, tennis, boating, bathing. Meals at club
if desired. GLENBURNIE CO., Glenburnie, N. Y.

Essex-on-Lake Champlain

Camp to rent, season, nine rooms, six bed-
rooms, two baths, electric light, telephone,
fully furnished, housekeeping. Fine view,
shore front, near Crater Club. P. R. NEWBY,
7 West 92d Street, City. Tel. Riverside 1184.

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Shore front camp in the pines, furnished.
Sand beach for children. \$300 for season.
Photos and floor plans on request.
C. H. EASTON, 1 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE Cottage at

Glenburnie Club,
Lake George, built 1915. 8 rooms and bath,
ceiled throughout, slate roof, 90 ft. front with
stone wall, only view of Profile Rock. Com-
fortably furnished, with piano. References
required. \$4,500. C. S. SKILTON, Lawrence, Kans.

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12-room farm-
house, bath, etc. Beautiful lawn, splen-
did shade, garden, hen houses, garage. For
summer or all year rental. Cow and chickens
may be kept if desired. E. B. TRUSCOTT.

Hillsdale, Columbia Co., N. Y. 7-room cottage,
furnace, fireplace, water. 2-room bungal-
ow, sleeping-porch. 2 acres. 10 miles from
Great Barrington. \$3,200. Mrs. L. E. Perkins.

Eastern Long Island Peconic Bay & Sound
sale or rent, summer homes a specialty. Il-
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Silkworth MATTITUCK, L. I.

To Rent at Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Large comfortable furnished house. To a
private family only. 20 rooms, wide verandas;
8 acres; orchard, garden planted, large cov-
ered veranda off second floor; all modern
conveniences; complete carriage house;
gardener's cottage; icehouse filled with ice;
residence adjoins golf links and commands
beautiful view; fine drives in surrounding
country about a mile from lake. Apply to
Judson F. Stone, Agt., 30 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Summer Bungalows Fur-

nished
4 to 8 rooms, \$250 to \$600. Restricted
colony, with an Inn. Community service.
E. B. MILLER, Agent, Woodland, N. Y.
(Southern Catskills). References exchanged.

TO RENT, Yonkers, N. Y.

Small
house; all improvements; choice location, \$150
per month—June to Oct. The Valentine-Getty
Co., Inc., 45 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Real Estate

RHODE ISLAND

ATTRACTIVE COTTAGE

Pleasantly Situated, Furnished,
For Summer Rental
AT WEEKAPAG, R. I., where one finds high
ground, bracing air, good water, electric
lights, picturesque drives, fishing, boating,
surf and still water bathing; golf links, tennis
courts, country clubs, etc., not far distant.
CHAPMAN, Weekapaug, Rhode Island

VERMONT

FOR SALE

Finest Residence in CITY OF BURLINGTON

Over three acres. Large garage with nine-
room apartment. Commanding extended
view of Lake Champlain and Adirondacks. An
unusual opportunity. For particulars address
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ladies visiting the city July 4 to Aug. 16.
Transient or permanent. Address Secretary,
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COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome
income; home cooked food, catering, tea
room, etc. Correspondence course. Am.
School Home Economics, Chicago.

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WANTED—Competent teachers for public
and private schools. Calls coming every day.
Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency,
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DIETITIANS, secretaries, cafeteria man-
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social workers, superintendents. Miss
Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side.
Boston, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fri-
days 11 to 1. Address Providence.

TEACHERS WANTED for public and
private schools, colleges, and universities.
Education Service, Southern Building, Wash-
ington.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good
vacancies in schools and colleges. Interna-
tional Musical and Educational Agency, Car-
negie Hall, N. Y.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any
type of correspondence. 200 sheets high
grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed
with your name and address postpaid \$1.50.
Samples on request. Lewis, 284 Second Ave.,
Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

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PRINCIPAL desired for long established
residential school of national reputation sit-
uated in New England. 175 students from 5
to 18 years, both sexes. A woman is pre-
ferred who has been principal or assistant
with sound educational background and gen-
eral knowledge of affairs of administration
and household management. Applicants state
age, previous experience in detail, reason for
leaving present or last position, and salary in
last two. 1,405, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED—Experienced headworker for
well established settlement occupying strate-
gic educational position in large Eastern
city. Open September 1. 1,463, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—An intelligent young woman
not over 35, must be amiable, active, fond of
outdoors, quiet in her manner, willing to
follow directions, as companion to a vigorous,
thoughtfully trained girl of eleven. 1,473,
Outlook.

WANTED, in Plantsville, Conn., refined
young woman as companion and household
helper for widow. Opportunity for the right
person of securing good home with attractive
surroundings. 1,493, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Tutor for three children, two
boys aged 9 and 10 and girl 12, for July,
August, and September, to go to Dublin,
N. H. Good French necessary. Tutor may be
either man or woman. Answer 1,333, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess, preferably widow
between 28 and 35, to have entire responsibility
of little girl. Should be healthy, fond of
out-of-doors, well educated, college graduate
preferred. Winter home in California, sum-
mer home in the East. References. Kindly
address reply to 1,485, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

ASSOCIATE for child or woman (Pro-
testant) whose case requires individual care
and study. Especially interested in correct-
ing mental mal-adjustments. 1,469, Outlook.

GRADUATE, registered nurse, experienced
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camp. 1,503, Outlook.

MEDICAL student, University of Pennsylv-
ania, desires position as camp physician.
References. 1,504, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY—tutor. College girl, 24, two
years' secretarial experience. Address 1,452,
Outlook.

LADY wishes position as hostess in some
hotel for this summer. Pianist. Can also
drive car. 1,453, Outlook.

CAMP leader—Nine years' experience; di-
rector of all athletics; law student. Write
S. M. L., 771 Dawson St., New York City.

CONFIDENTIAL secretary or assistant to
business man or woman traveling abroad in
connection desired by woman of experience,
ability. 1,494, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement and ability desires
position as resident manager of suburban
tea room. 1,497, Outlook.

WANTED, by young man, position in
summer camp. Expenses only. Six years'
experience. Second class Scout. Can tutor
Latin, algebra. Box 46, Pawtucket, R. I.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GERMAN born American woman, graduate
of French university, experienced traveler,
linguist, and teacher, wishes summer position
traveling or tutoring. Salary not chief con-
sideration. 1,385, Outlook.

MATURE kindergartner with homemaking
experience desires summer position. 1,402,
Outlook.

TEACHER of refinement and culture de-
sires position as companion, summer months.
1,415, Outlook.

CAPABLE, well-bred college woman, with
literary and executive ability, desires con-
genial summer employment. 1,414, Outlook.

TEACHER, woman of refinement, ac-
quainted with art and architecture, would go
abroad as guide or companion for summer.
References exchanged. 1,413, Outlook.

FRENCH woman, hospital undergraduate,
desires care invalid, infant. Light house-
work, sewing. 1,451, Outlook.

TEACHER desires position as companion.
1,455, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged maiden lady, cultured,
former teacher, business training, Christian
character, 100% dependable, speaks and writes
English and German, highest references,
seeks position as traveling companion or se-
cretary. For further information through
Rev. Geo. Schutes, Trinity Church, Logan, O.

YOUNG woman of refinement, having had
three years' successful experience, wishes
position as secretary and traveling com-
panion. 1,463, Outlook.

RADCLIFFE graduate, aged 35, would like
position as traveling companion and secretary
to one or more ladies going abroad. Accom-
plished and entertaining. References ex-
changed. 1,462, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, American, Protestant,
widow, experienced housekeeper, mother,
desires position in country July and August;
hostess, housekeeper, companion, governess.
1,465, Outlook.

FREE June 16—Refined American gentle-
man, 26. Business and secretarial experience,
high school instructor. Anything considered
for summer season. Box 283, Franklin, N. H.

LADY, experienced, wants position as
chaperon or companion. Understands trav-
eling. Best references. 1,459, Outlook.

TEACHER desires position for summer
as tutor or companion. Prefer small children.
1,470, Outlook.

COLLEGE instructor, Harvard graduate,
desires summer employment. Box 503, State
College, Pa.

WANTED—Position as household assistant
or governess. Address 1,477, Outlook.

YOUNG graduate student desires summer
position as tutor, companion, or valet with
private party. 1,471, Outlook.

WOMAN, capable, refined, practical nurse,
desires position; matron institution, care of
invalid, any position of trust. 1,474, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, teacher, desires home
with family during July and August at sum-
mer resort, to help with children. 1,468,
Outlook.

MISS Crump, of the Crumperie, 55 Christo-
pher St., New York City, disengaged for
summer; undergraduate nurse, secretary;
traveled England and France. 1,480, Outlook.

GRADE teacher wishes position as com-
panion for traveling, July and August. Speaks
some Scandinavian. 1,491, Outlook.

HOME wanted for young French girl,
healthy, bright, 1 year high school, Pro-
testant. Companion or tutor in French.
Moreau, 445 Monmouth Blvd., Galesburg, Ill.

EDUCATED young woman would care for
your home during your absence abroad. 1,484,
Outlook.

WANTED, by Belgian, strictly refined wo-
man, English education, position companion,
chaperon, secretary. 1,487, Outlook.

EDUCATED, refined Parisian lady would
like to spend summer, or part of it, with
American family wishing to speak or study
French. Would make herself agreeable and
companionable. Best references. Money no
object. 1,485, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, with experience, pleas-
ing personality, Protestant, Scotch descent,
wishes position as traveling companion. 1,482,
Outlook.

REFINED, cultured mother and daughter
desire position as caretakers either city or
country. 1,498, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires position as com-
ppanion to lady during summer. References.
1,499, Outlook.

COMPANION—nurse to invalid or elderly
party. Good needlewoman. Speaks French
and German. Would travel. Choivet, Dumont.
N. J. Telephone 123-K.

WANTED, by refined Protestant lady (40),
position as housekeeper in gentleman's home
(June). No objection to small child. Country
preferred. Best of references required. 1,485,
Outlook.



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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers
TEACHER, eight years' experience, desires summer position. Companion, governess, supervision children (camp). Country or shore. 1,502, Outlook.

YOUNG lady speaking French, English, Spanish would like position as lady's companion or governess in family. Nine years' experience teaching. Good musician. Excellent references. 1,501, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER desires position for summer as tutor or companion. Elementary English, French. 1,331, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl preparing to teach wants summer position as tutor. Address Box 53, Wells College, Aurora, New York.

COLLEGE senior, experienced with children, desires position as nursery governess for the summer months. 1,410, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED native French woman, college trained, wishes to make engagement for coming year in college preparatory school. Would give interview. 1,423, Outlook.

ENGLISH instructor in Eastern university desires position as tutor or private secretary for the summer months. 1,461, Outlook.

PARISIENNE, well educated, desires summer position; tutor, companion, governess. Fond of children. Best references. State salary. 1,472, Outlook.

INSTRUCTOR wants position in private school for next year. Can handle athletics; experienced. References. No reasonable offer rejected. Address 1,473, Outlook.

TEACHER holding position in one of the Bryn Mawr preparatory schools will tutor or take charge of children during summer months. 1,475, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—Cultured woman, experienced in care of children, wishes position for summer. University graduate; artistic, musical, athletic. Capable entire care. 1,481, Outlook.

WANTED, by Belgian lady (Brussels), teacher, summer position tutor or companion in American family. Would travel. 1,492, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, teacher, desires position as traveling tutor, companion, or chaperon for summer. 1,496, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

PROFESSIONAL NURSE with good home in Ohio college town will care for one or more young children during summer. \$25 per week. 1,394, Outlook.

CHILDREN—Childless couple, home in private grounds, ninety acres Connecticut shore, will care for two children for summer, girls preferred. 1,443, Outlook.

COLLEGE—bred woman, experienced traveler abroad, wishes party of 4. 1,458, Outlook.

TWO patients can be received in select private home in suburbs of New York. Fine grounds. Automobile. Registered nurse in charge. 1,457, Outlook.

WIDOW will take one or two children to board, mother's care, every advantage, at her home in Ventnor, Atlantic City, N. J. 1,466, Outlook.

WORD picture puzzle contestants receive valuable help from our word lists. They contain the master lists of dozens of B. C. P. or E. word contests, complete definitions, and information on the frequency with which words have been allowed. Word lists are one dollar each. Specify letter wanted. Users find our lists wonderful time savers. Word Publishing Company, Dept. O, Crosby, Minn.

COLLEGE professor wishes to hear from parents of boy who could be benefited by help and inspiration. Correspondence confidential. 1,475, Outlook.

FOR sale—Fine 4-foot roll top rosewood desk. 1,486, Outlook.

IF you desire expert Montessori teaching with real mothering for your child in a cheery Connecticut home this summer write A. E. T., 1,342, Outlook.

M. W. Wichtman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

MRS. Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BY THE WAY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT during his lifetime was no doubt the most widely known American. His fame as a representative citizen of his country has traveled the news of his death, judged from a letter recently received at Outlook office. It is addressed:

Th. Roosevelt Esq.
The Outlook
New York City
U. S. A.

The envelope contained a catalogue of Dutch bulbs and plants and was labeled "Overveen, near Haarlem, Holland." The sender doubtless knew that Mr. Roosevelt loved flowers, but there is no knowledge seems to have stopped.

The pessimists who bewail the low standards of daily journalism of the present time may take heart on reading a story about Horace Greeley and William Cullen Bryant told in a recent issue of the New York "Evening Post." 1849 Greeley, editor of the "Tribune," began a reply to an editorial that had been published in the "Evening Post" of which Bryant was then editor, with the words: "You lie, villain! wilfully, wickedly, basely lie!" Bryant had a long memory, for it was in 1864 that he was invited to a breakfast at which, among other guests, Greeley appeared. The host at the moment when Greeley came in was talking with Bryant before an open fire, and noticed that Bryant ignored his fellow-editor. "Don't you know Mr. Greeley?" the host inquired in an audible whisper. Bryant's whisper came back more audibly still: "No, don't; he's a blackguard—he's a blackguard!" The editors of our time, with all their faults, do not bludgeon one another after this fashion.

A Boston teacher thinks we are slightly invidious in going to the West for "howlers." She sends a selection garnered from her experience in teaching history in a high school in "Greater Boston."

Solomon is said to have been the wisest man in the world; he had about 300 wives.

Draco had things discussed by the archipelago.

It was in the reign of Diocletian that the Christians were annihilated so much.

The results of the Crusades were intellectually, politically and navigably.

James I was son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Margaret, cousin of Henry VIII.

Charles I's reign was ended with the severing of all relations between his head and body.

Cornwallis was like a needle floating on the water. Green dropped some water on it and it soon sank.

Mr. Depew, who still goes to his desk in the New York Central Railway offices regularly, said on his eighty-eighth birthday that he stopped eating red meat twenty-five years ago and hasn't had a twinge of rheumatism since, that



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Attend to a break in the skin at once. Keep out the germs that may cause infection.

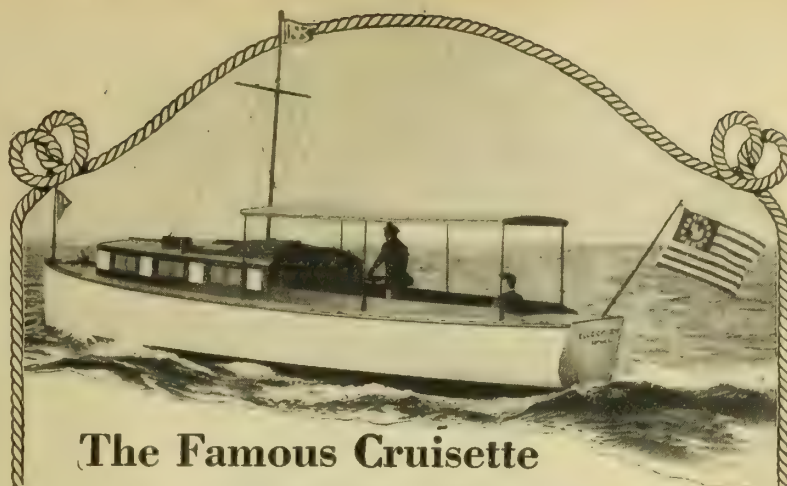
New-Skin will protect the wound. It forms an antiseptic dressing under which nature can do her healing undisturbed.

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he quit smoking thirty years ago and now sleeps like a baby, and that long before prohibition was enacted he ceased to drink champagne "for his stomach's sake." Furthermore, he says that he is alive to-day because fate bilked him out of a large fortune when in 1876 he had a chance to acquire an interest in the Bell Telephone Company, then organizing, and kept out of it because he was advised that "it would never be anything but a toy."

To the father of Zuloaga, the Spanish painter, the world is indebted for the revival of the Moorish art of damascening, according to an article in "Conquest," a British magazine of popular science. Señor Zuloaga himself made many fine pieces and inspired other workers in this beautiful craft. "Toledo damascening," as it is often called, is a process of incrusting gold upon steel. Fine lines are cut upon a blackened steel plate, and into these lines thin gold wire is beaten with pointed tools. The shining gold produces a brilliant effect against the background of dark steel, and when skillfully wrought into the flowers, beasts, birds, and scrolls in

which the Spanish artist delights, the result is said to be extremely beautiful, and examples of the ware are highly prized by collectors.

The "Nebraska Farmer," which was established in 1859, republishes in a current issue some prices from one of its numbers that appeared in 1862. Apparently "war prices" had not yet come to prevail in Nebraska at that time, judging from these quotations: "Wheat still sells here at 30 to 50 cents per bushel; flour at from \$2 to \$2.25 [a barrel]; corn at from 10 to 10½ cents cash—in trade sometimes as high as 20 cents; butter 8 to 10 cents [a pound]." Potatoes were 35 cents a bushel. The only item quoted that was higher in Nebraska in 1862 than at present is sugar, the price of which is given as being then from 10 to 12½ cents a pound.

A subscriber writes from Soochow, China, to say that the automobile is not at all likely to displace the ricksha in China, as prophesied lately in a paragraph from "Japan" quoted in this column. Few streets in the cities of in-

land China, he says, are wider than eight or nine feet, and even the ricksha finds it hard going on these narrow lanes when there are many pedestrians abroad. Such is the conservatism of China, our correspondent adds, that until very recently the ricksha itself was tabooed in Soochow as an undesirable foreign novelty. Only since 1921 have the city authorities of Soochow allowed the ricksha to compete with the traditional sedan chair and the patient donkey as a means of transportation.

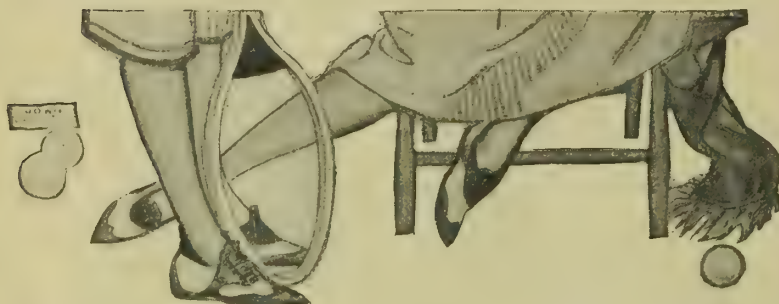
When the king of the movies and a prince of the blood royal are to meet, who shall have precedence? This question of etiquette appears to have prevented Charlie Chaplin and Prince Mohammed Ali Ibrahim, nephew of the newly created King of Egypt, from knowing each other personally. A despatch says: "The only celebrity the Prince did not see when he visited Hollywood was Charlie Chaplin. The Prince wanted Charlie to visit him and Charlie wanted the Prince to come to see him. A deadlock ensued." Will the Genoa Conference find time to take up this international incident?



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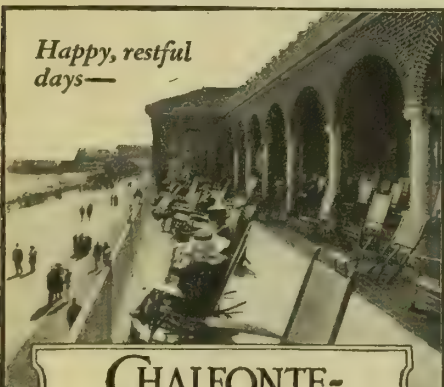
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EDWARD EVERETT HALE ELICITS AN ANECDOTE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

DR. ABBOTT's recent article on Edward Everett Hale brings to mind a little incident which may be of some interest.

He had a lecture on Washington in his home life in which were many interesting intimate stories which would not be considered of enough consequence to print in a formal history, but which gave glimpses of that great man when he was not on dress parade. Thinking he might make use of it, I sent him the following, told to me by an old lady in 1848:

Colonel David Schomp was one of Washington's scouts, living in a little hamlet in central New Jersey. One day it was announced that Washington was coming to see Colonel Schomp, and that he would stay over night. To the children this was much like saying that a circus was coming, for they had heard so many wonderful stories about him that it seemed he must be something more than a man. While he was at supper a little girl of the hamlet pushed her way into the dining-room and, looking at Washington, said: "Humph! he's only a man, after all."

This she said in a *patois* which the General did not understand. He felt sure the remark was concerning him, and insisted upon knowing what she said. When told, he turned toward her and said, "Yes, my child, only a man, and a feeble one at that."

Next morning, while waiting for his horse, he was pacing up and down the porch, his scabbard dragging on the floor. A little child of the household picked it up and began to cluck to the General, desiring to play horse with him. The members of the household were greatly scandalized, and came to take the child away. But he forbade it, and, looking over his shoulder with a broad smile, continued the amusement with his little companion until his horse arrived.

Dr. Hale sent the following letter in acknowledgment:

Matunuck, Rhode Island,
June 28, 1901.

My dear Mr. Vosseller:

I am more obliged to you than I can tell you for your anecdotes regarding Washington.

Hannibal Hamlin told me when he was first in Congress, he met a good many old Virginians who remembered George Washington personally. He said that all of them seemed to think of him and liked to talk of him as a good neighbor, a practical leader in the business and prosperity of that region, without referring to him as President or as a great military commander. Neither you nor I had the pleasure of visiting him or Lady Washington at Mount Vernon. But it is not long since I was lecturing on his home life at Philadelphia, and one of the audience asked me if I were personally acquainted with him. With thanks for your letter, I am truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

ELIAS VOSSSELLER,

Corresponding Secretary Hunterdon County (N. J.) Historical Society.

The Outlook

MAY 17, 1922

PERSONAL LIBERTY? YES—BUT THE SALOON? NEVER

PROHIBITION is a legitimate subject for argument. In a democracy no question of government is beyond the reach of debate. Although prohibition is established not only by statutes but by the Constitution, there is no reason why any citizen who thinks that it is worth his while may not do all he can to advocate the legalizing of the liquor trade. He has the same right to urge unrestricted trade in opiates and poisons. He may argue for the repeal of any law or any Constitutional provision.

In the exercise of this right, the New York branch of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment called a meeting at Madison Square Garden recently.

If the people of the metropolis are as discontented with prohibition as some of the anti-prohibitionists seem to think, if they are chafing under what they regard as a tyrannous outrage upon their freedom, they did not use this occasion to show it. Preparations had been made, not only to accommodate an audience to fill the big structure, but also to enable any crowd that might pack Madison Square itself to hear the speeches by means of amplifiers. The evening, however, was rainy, and, under that circumstance, New York's sense of outrage was not keen enough to send out an audience that would even quite fill the huge Garden.

What seemed to surprise the reporters from the press was apparently the decent character of the audience. It was not an assemblage of roughnecks. The speakers were James Speyer, former Congressman E. W. Gray, Hudson Maxim, Samuel Gompers, and James P. Holland, President of the New York State Federation of Labor.

Most of the arguments were those already made familiar by public discussion and innumerable private conversations. Prohibition was "put over" when the people were engrossed in the war and the boys were fighting overseas; it interferes with personal liberty; it is a sumptuary law, dictating to people what they shall drink; it is the product of hypocrisy, as proved by the fact that some men who voted for prohibition get drunk; it was passed because legislators are cowardly and are afraid of their constituents; it was put through by the bulldozing tactics of the Anti-Saloon League; it is the precursor of other laws

which fanatics and ascetics would foist upon the people, such as laws against drinking tea and smoking tobacco; it makes it impossible for the workingman to get his beer, but leaves it possible for a rich man, either by bribery or by a provident accumulation of liquor, to continue his habit of drinking spirits; it fosters corruption by putting a premium upon liquor so that it is worth while for men to take chances in violating the law; it has brought into existence an army of "bung smellers and cellar weasels" as the agents of the "priesthood of prohibition;" it is costing the Nation an enormous amount in loss of revenue and in enforcement; it has diverted men from legal employment to the illegal business of bootlegging; it has turned thousands of homes into miniature distilleries and breweries; it has infected the people with a spirit of lawlessness by bringing all law into contempt; it has actually increased drunkenness; it has already been repealed by the people through their refusal to obey the law; it has introduced into the Constitution, which ought to be a charter embodying general principles, specific legislation which is the province of statute law. First on the list of objectives which these anti-prohibitionists desire to reach is the repeal or radical modification of the Volstead Law. In their opinion, this law is far more restrictive than even the Federal amendment warrants. Ultimately they hope, or say they hope, to secure the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment itself. Almost unanimously (at least as far as the open public argument would indicate) they disavow any intent of bringing back into existence the saloon. No one seems ready to befriend this discredited, disgraced, disreputable, ostracized institution.

SOME GRAINS OF SALT FOR THE WET ARGUMENT

THOSE who think that they can secure a Congress that will pass an amendment repealing the Eighteenth Amendment by a two-thirds vote of each House and that they can then persuade three-quarters of the States of the Union to approve by legislative enactment this repealing amendment are welcome to try. If they succeed, we do not imagine that there will be many who will seriously complain that the repeal was put over while the people were thinking about something else—baseball, for in-

stance, in which, as everybody knows, the people can become much engrossed. The fact is that hypocrisy is not a monopoly of the virtuous or the puritanical. Many of the arguments of those who are against prohibition are quite as disingenuous as anything to be heard on the other side.

When the prohibition amendment was before Congress, we expressed our disapproval of its form. We were not in favor of an amendment making prohibition mandatory; we were in favor of an amendment placing prohibitory legislation within the powers delegated to Congress. We are not at all satisfied that the Volstead Law, designed to enforce the provisions of the amendment, is in all respects wise or practicable. We should have liked to see a different form of amendment in the Constitution and a different law on the statute-books. We think the time may come before long when the law may be modified, but we see no prospect of ever changing the amendment. Whether people like the law and the amendment or not, however, has nothing whatever to do with the question whether they shall obey it or not. They are bound to obey it or else be willing to take the consequence that comes to rebels.

To object to a law because there are some people who break it is to object to all law. Laws are meant for those who but for the penalties in the laws would do what they forbid. Minorities who do not conform to the public will as expressed in law, and excuse themselves merely because they do not like to be forbidden to do what they want to do, have the psychology of the criminal.

To hear some of the anti-prohibitionists argue that they want prohibition repealed, but protest that they do not want the saloon back, is a temptation to cynicism. Was it they that banished the saloon? Is it anything but prohibition that keeps the saloon out of business to-day? Until the anti-prohibitionists who are against the saloon have some practical proposal for doing with the saloon what prohibition has done their protestations will not carry much weight. As a matter of fact, we are much inclined to believe that nine-tenths of those who want to do away with prohibition would welcome the return of the saloon, and they ought to have the courage to say so. Of course the argument about tea and tobacco can hardly be accepted as anything but a

hoax or a joke. Neither tea nor tobacco has been a partner of prostitution, and political corruption, and insanity, and other evils which undermine society, as alcoholism has been. The arguments about personal liberty may also be taken with many grains of salt. Every such argument is as valid against the legal restriction of the use of narcotic drugs and habit-forming poisons. The sort of personal liberty idealized in these anti-prohibition meetings is possible only on a desert island.

When the critics of the present prohibition law abandon the arguments that repeat the familiar defenses of the habitual criminal, and when they confine their arguments to the real weaknesses of the law as it stands, they will get a hearing that they fail to get now.

SNOOK'S CORNERS SETS AN EXAMPLE

WE do not know where Snook's Corners is, but it is somewhere in New York State; it is a real place, and it is apparently a small village. Its name deserves to be known everywhere because its boys and girls, and men also, have set a noteworthy example in the matter of local reforestation, and have also given their reasons for doing this in one of the best statements on the subject we have ever seen. It is sent to us by a friend as it appears in an Amsterdam paper.

The thing started with the movement to stimulate interest in the rural school. The result was that the scholars were excused from their studies and assisted in planting two thousand white-pine trees across the road from the school. The purposes of the work are thus stated:

- (1) To provide a permanent wind-break for the school; (2) to do away eventually with the enormous snow-drift which accumulates nearly every year in the road and yard by the school; (3) to add potential value to the district; (4) to set an example of reforestation and to place before other communities the desirability of such local betterments.

This kind of thing is being done in many places, but Snook's Corners, so far as we know, is the first to suggest that every rural school should start a community forest. The need in New York State is evident when we remember that it has seven million acres of waste and unprofitable land which needs reforestation.

Remarkable things have been done by larger communities in the same direction. Nebraska has a fine record in this respect. An especially interesting and ambitious plan is to be carried out by the State of Massachusetts in the town of Carver, where the State owns an

eight-thousand-acre tract suitable for woodland. It is called the Myles Standish Reservation. Here it is proposed to plant the enormous number of eight million pine trees.

Such systematic efforts by States, towns, schools, and individuals afford a promising indication of what all who have studied the subject know is a prime necessity for this country. It is to be hoped that not only planting of forests, but that the planting of trees in cities and towns in places where they will grow, will be urged, so that the beauty of our residence streets shall increase and not, as is now too often the case, deteriorate.

A FEDERAL HUNTING LICENSE

THE wise conservationist seeks both to utilize and preserve. The principle of utilization, as well as preservation, underlies a bill now before Congress which provides for public shooting grounds and game refuges.

The bill begins by requiring a Federal license for all those who shall at any time hunt migratory birds. It provides that such licenses shall be issued and the fees collected through the several postmasters in the United States. It provides that the money collected for these licenses shall be covered into a special fund, not less than forty-five per cent of which shall be used for the purchase or rental of public shooting grounds and migratory bird refuges. An additional forty-five per cent is to be used for enforcing the provisions of the migratory bird treaty with Canada, for scientific investigations of bird life and administration purposes. Ten per cent of the license money is to be used to repay the initial \$50,000 which the bill would appropriate for starting the work.

There are many admirable provisions in the bill (doubtless a copy of it can be secured by any one who writes to the American Game Protective Association, 233 Broadway, New York City) which we shall not go into here.

The right of the Federal Government to control the killing of migratory birds has already been established. This bill (Senate 1452, H. R. 5823) would enable the Federal Government to carry out a constructive programme within the bounds of this right which would be of far-reaching advantage to all those interested in the preservation of game.

States, such as Pennsylvania, have demonstrated clearly the value of game refuges. States, such as New Jersey, have already demonstrated how much can be done by the application of license fees to the improvement of shooting and fishing conditions. This bill would carry into the National field principles and plans the value of which has al-

ready been thoroughly demonstrated. It is heartily to be commended.

THE MOUNTAIN WHITES

IN the mountain counties of eight Southern States live some three million people. They remain nine-tenths Anglo-Saxon pioneer stock, perhaps the purest blood in America to-day. From this stock sprang Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln.

But the population has been strangely illiterate, though now, as improved educational facilities are made available, the percentage of illiteracy is being gratifyingly lessened. The improved facilities are seen in the better-trained teachers, longer scholastic terms, and especially in the larger and more suitable school and college buildings.

Prominent educational institutions in this region are Berea College, at Berea, Kentucky, and Lincoln Memorial University, at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee.

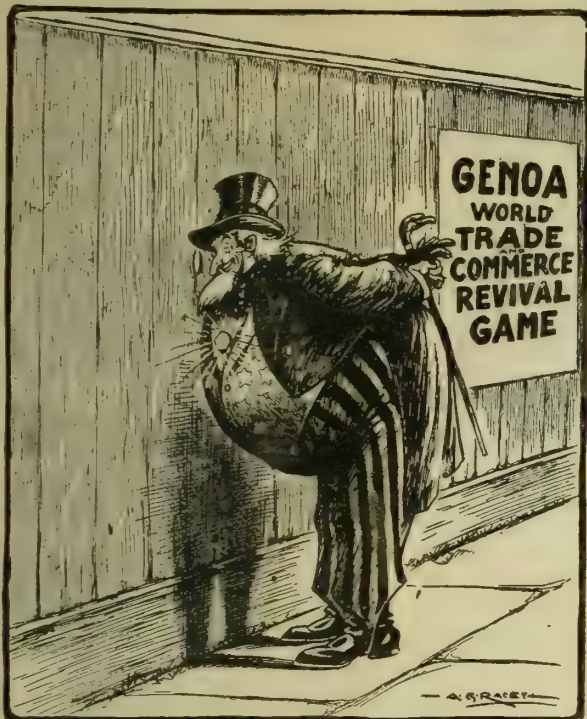
The Outlook has often called attention to the noble work at Berea. Sixty-six years old, the College now owns some six thousand acres of campus, farm, and forest land, on which are located over forty buildings. A staff of 143 workers instructs its 2,700 students. Berea gives practically free tuition to its students, furnishes rooms with light and heat at 60 cents a week, and board at 11 cents a meal, but it costs \$114 more a year to educate each student than the student pays into the treasury. Every student does some manual labor and is paid according to its value. Whether the boys or girls of the mountains desire to study agriculture, carpentry, sanitation, domestic science, nursing, home-making, typewriting, stenography, or whether they want a direct college course, the chance is theirs, as is also the chance for grown men and women to learn the "Three Rs," in a region where the illiteracy percentage has broken all records.

Turning southward, we find at Cumberland Gap a smaller but similar institution, chartered twenty-five years ago, in response to Lincoln's expressed hope to have an educational institution in the region from which he came. Cumberland Gap is located where Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia come together. The University bearing Lincoln's name has now nearly 750 students; its Faculty exceeds 30 members; it has a large number of college buildings, and a campus, farm, and forest aggregating almost three thousand acres. Lincoln has three units: first, the Opportunity School, devoted to elementary education (age is no bar to entrance in this department, many over thirty years old having matriculated to make up the work they should have had at thirteen); second, that of high school and preparatory

USE CAREFUL WATCH, CHOOSE TRUSTY SENTINELS

(King Richard III, Act V, Scene 3)

Racey in the Montreal Daily Star



THE RICH MAN AND THE KNOTHOLE

The Only Nation Outside—"Why pay to go in when I shall reap all the benefit of their hard work outside here without stirring a finger?"

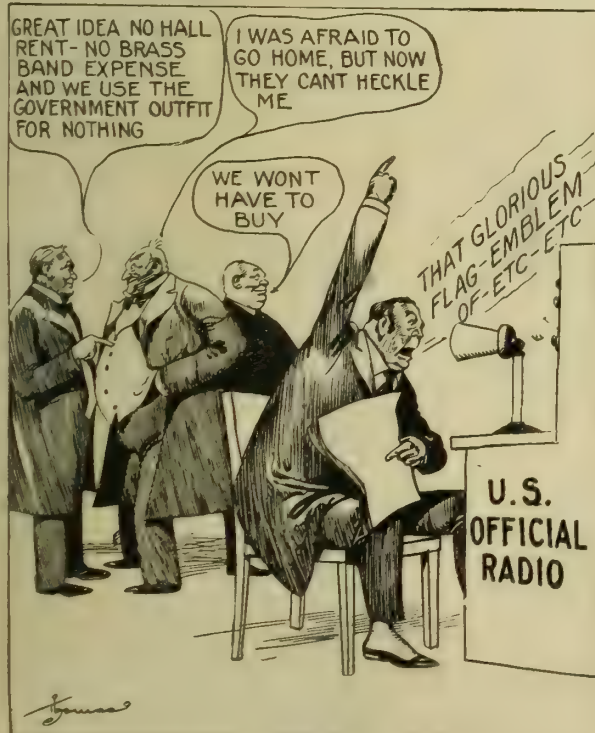
From Clarence W. Culver, Chicago, Ill.

Bushnell for the Central Press Association



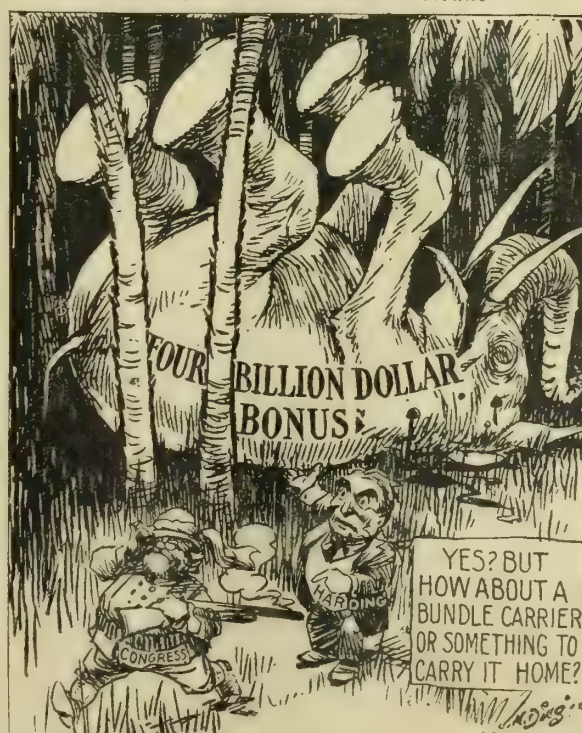
THE "BUFFER" STATE

Thomas in the Detroit News



MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE ARE CAMPAIGNING BY RADIO--Washington Despatch

Darling in the New York Tribune



Copyright, 1922, New York Tribune, Inc.
ANYBODY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HIT AN ELEPHANT, BUT IT'S GETTING IT HOME AFTERWARD THAT COUNTS
From Ella Pier, Upper Red Hook, N. Y.



A DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS AT BEREA

To promote home-making is one of the efforts of the institution

courses; and, third, that of the college department. In addition there are practical courses in agriculture, forestry, animal husbandry, and industry. Most of the Lincoln students earn all or a substantial part of their education by working on the University farms, in its forests, its dairy, its shops, or about its buildings and grounds.

Both Berea and Lincoln lack dormitory room. With it Lincoln would easily be a school of at least a thousand students and Berea one of at least thirty-two hundred. The opportunity to the intelligent benefactor is evident.

A NOTABLE AMERICAN

PROBABLY John Henry Patterson, who died suddenly on a train on May 7, secured the approval and respect of his countrymen far more by his humane and efficient efforts to organize relief at the time of the Dayton floods than by his remarkable success and ability in founding a business of vast magnitude. At the time of the Dayton floods of 1913 a special correspondent, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, sent out by The Outlook to report the facts, said: "What Dayton might have done without John H. Patterson and the highly trained and flexible organization, the keen, taut, loyal force which surrounds him, can only be a matter of speculation, inasmuch as 'The Cash,' as they familiarly speak of it in Dayton, was for days the stricken city's brain, nerves, almost its food and drink."

Another human and social side of Mr. Patterson's work is seen in the measures he took to bring about in his great plant right working conditions and human relationships. What he did in this direction was described in The Outlook by its industrial correspondent, Mr. Sherman Rogers (issue of August 25, 1920), in an illustrated article entitled "Putting Heart Into Work."

Mr. Patterson did not invent the cash register which made him famous, but with his brother purchased existing patent rights. He then organized the National Cash Register Company, bought still other patents, and from that time (1884) up to his retirement last year, this new industry, as it practically was, grew rapidly to enormous proportions.

The National Cash Register Company and its officers some years ago were indicted on charges of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and evidence much to the discredit of the company as to selling methods and attempts to injure rivals was brought forward. On appeal to the United States Supreme Court the conviction of the company's officials was not sustained, largely because of the Court's interpretation of the criminal clauses of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and its view that evidence was admitted that should have been excluded. The comment of The Outlook at the time was that "if bad practices are to be curbed, it ought not to be by straining the word monopoly in criminal proceedings, but by giving power and effectiveness to the Federal Trade Commission for the prevention of unfairness in business."

HENRY P. DAVISON

THE romance of American business has rarely been more strikingly illustrated than in the career of Henry P. Davison, whose death ten days ago followed an operation for a tumor on the brain.

A little more than thirty years ago he came to New York City an unknown young bank clerk from a country town and on the strength of his unusual personality and his persistence got a position as a teller in the Astor Place Bank, a newly organized State institution which some years afterwards was ab-

sorbed by the Corn Exchange Bank. He was so elated by the honorable possibilities of his new position that—he used to tell the story himself—he went to the theater before returning to his home in a small Connecticut city and, turning to the man sitting beside him, said, "Do you know who I am?" "No," said the astonished stranger. "I am the paying teller of a New York bank!" exclaimed Davison. It happened that the bank of which he was first receiving and then paying teller was the bank in which the account of The Outlook was kept, and there are several members of its staff who recall with pleasure the imperturbable but friendly courtesy and confidence-inspiring efficiency of the young teller. He made his mark and attracted the notice of leaders in his profession. He was repeatedly promoted; became the cashier and then the president of one of the smaller but important downtown banks; was then called to the First National Bank, and from there was invited by J. Pierpont Morgan to become one of his junior partners. His genius for organization and administration was early recognized, and this gift combined with high integrity and with a desire to serve society gave him a very wide and varied influence.

When the war broke out, he threw himself into the work of organization both on the financial and on the human side. He became Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, and in that capacity had to deal with the greatest humanitarian problem that civilized society has probably ever had to solve. He left his business, went to Washington and established his quarters, and made more than one trip to Europe. Some of the time he visited



(C) HARRIS & EMMER

HENRY P. DAVISON

the fighting front, where on one occasion his life was endangered. His distinguished service as the chief administrative officer of the Red Cross brought him honors and decorations from all the Allied Governments.

We do not recall the death of any private American citizen during the last decade which has elicited more genuine tributes of both sorrow and admiration from so wide a circle of friends and associates. Not only do these tributes come from his fellow-financiers but from men of science and letters. For example, Dr. William Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, said: "I rejoice in the pride in having engaged the association and friendship of Mr. Davison, in the memory of his fine qualities, and in his benefactions and achievements." Dr. John H. Finley, formerly the Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, who was associated with Mr. Davison in the Red Cross work during the war, said: "No words can tell you my sorrow over the loss of my beloved comrade in the greatest of crusades."

Henry Fairfield Osborn, the head of the American Museum of Natural History, said: "The American Museum is deeply indebted to his intelligence and devoted service of many years as its treasurer."

Mr. Osborn made a very handsome fortune during his short and active life—short because he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. But he made much more than a fortune. He impressed himself upon the constructive financial and industrial life of the country in a way which confirms the judgment of Henri Bergson, the distinguished French philosopher, who said after a visit to this country that he found that the Americans did not worship the almighty dollar, as they are sometimes said to, but that they regard the dollar as the unit of measure of achievement and service.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE

CANADA and the United States are about to be connected by the longest and largest single-span suspension bridge in the world. It will cross the Detroit River at Detroit.

Construction work has been started by C. E. Fowler, chief engineer of the project. A joint Canadian-American company, authorized by the Dominion Parliament and by Congress, has been organized to build the bridge.

The bridge's span is to be 1,803 feet, 203 feet longer than that of the Williamsburg Bridge. The weight of the bridge and approaches will be 107,000 tons. Six of the enormous cables are to be twenty-one inches in diameter. The lower deck will contain four electrified



DETROIT RIVER BRIDGE AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

railway tracks. The upper, or highway, deck will be 97 feet wide, with two roadways carrying six lanes of traffic, two sidewalks, and two trolley tracks. The clearance above the river level will be 110 feet. The steel arched portals will give a towering architectural effect as impressive as that of the Woolworth Building.

Railway trains, which are now ferried laboriously across the river, will go over the bridge under their own power.

THE TURN OF THE BALANCE AT GENOA

RECENT despatches from Genoa are not such as to enable us to judge the merits of the issue which has ranged France and Belgium on one side, and Britain and Italy on the other. Evidently France and Belgium want more safeguards placed about the property rights of foreigners in Russia than are demanded in the note which other Powers have presented to the Russian Bolsheviki. It is reported that these demands were drafted by three experts—one French, one Belgian, and one British—and that they have been presented in the name of most of the Powers gathered in Genoa. Britain evidently is apparently willing to make some concessions to the Communists which France, and particularly Belgium, believe to be dangerous for the future stability of international commerce, and even the institution of private property. Britain needs trade as a reviving force for her own prosperity so much that she is willing to take some chances. Belgium, on the other hand, needs for her own prosperity the thorough safeguard-

ing of property rights, and France is supporting Belgium.

As the Chairman of the Belgian delegation pointed out, Belgians have invested several hundred millions of dollars in Russian industries, and in consequence have owned many factories, producing a vast proportion of the foundry output, the steel rails, the chemical products, the glass-ware, and the window glass of Russia. What Belgium wants is to have Russia acknowledge that these industries belong to Belgians. Apparently Britain is willing to recognize the right of the Russian Government to seize these properties without the consent of the owners, but asks Russia to pay the Belgians (and other foreigners) that have claims to such properties. The Bolshevik attitude seems to be summed up in the phrase, "Heads I win, tails you lose." The Bolsheviks argue that since the Bolshevik Government recognizes no right of private property, Russia owes the foreigners nothing, while since other governments recognize the right of private property, they owe the claims made by Russians upon them. According to one report, the French are ready to concede the right of Russia to seize property for the use of the Government but not for the purpose of selling it to the highest bidder. As we go to press the Conference was awaiting the Bolshevik's answer to the demands presented to them.

It is conceivable that the Russian answer may be such as to leave this issue acute as between France and Britain; but it is expected in some quarters that Russia's answer will be satisfactory neither to Britain nor to France. Of

course it is to the interest of Russia as well as Germany to drive as many wedges as possible between the Allies, and the Russians are acute enough to know that the interest of the Bolshevik Government lies in playing upon England's need for international trade.

Everything that has happened has given Americans reasons for gratification that they are not represented at Genoa. It is, for example, obvious that the very discussion which has been going on would not have been possible if the Powers were sticking closely to the conditions which they laid down when the Genoa Conference was called; for all this discussion is really a debate as to how far they shall depart from those conditions. If the American Government were represented at Genoa, it would either have to abandon its policy with regard to Russia, which is hardly conceivable, as it has been followed by both the Wilson and the Harding Administrations and is based on fundamental American ideas of what constitutes honor and credit in business, as well as good faith in government, or else it would have to take the side of France and Belgium in a question which is essentially European, and involves European international politics.

As to threats or warnings of the break-up of the Entente, there seems little reasonable ground for fear. It is inconceivable that Lloyd George would consent to any arrangement that would lead Britain to abandon France for the sake of establishing relations with the Bolshevik Government of Russia. Even some of the Germans, as indicated by the comments of a German financial paper, realize that Russia in her present condition has no source of strength for any other nation, for by her Bolshevik Government she has, as the Bourse "Courier" says, been reduced to a "scrap-heap."

WU WINS

IN the game played between the Manchurian general, Chang, and the general of certain northern Chinese provinces, Wu, for the control of what they both call Chinese unification, General Wu has turned out to be the victor.

Some attribute Chang's defeat to the failure of Sun Yat-sen, the leader of the so-called liberals of the south, to fulfill his promise of attacking Wu from the south while Chang was attacking from the north.

Such military assistance on the part of Sun seemed to us to be very problematical because of the difficulties of railway transportation. Chang could scarcely have relied on such aid. He evidently believed himself to be strong enough alone to secure the upper hand.

Whether, however, he counted on Sun's help and was disappointed, or relied on his own resources and was overconfident, in either case he failed. His troops were put to rout. Most of them are reported as wandering about, harrying the land and committing murder and devastation.

According to information we have received, the victorious general, or super-Tuchun, Wu Pei-fu, had the sympathy of the Christian missionaries in China. This sympathy is attributed in part to the fact that one of the generals under Wu is himself a Christian and is known as the "Christian General."

If there was any real issue, vital to the development of China or of concern to the outside world, between these two super-Tuchuns, it has not been made clear to us. In fact, so long as all Chinese government except local or village government is dominated by Chinese military governors, these Tuchuns and super-Tuchuns, it is hard to see how any great progress can be made toward the establishment of that kind of order in the Far East which will enable other nations to treat China on terms of equality.

MR. BEVERIDGE'S VICTORY

IF Senator Reed, of Missouri, is re-nominated in the Democratic primaries as candidate for re-election to the Senatorship, the result will be obviously a defeat for ex-President Wilson. There can be no question about this, because Mr. Wilson has written open letters advocating Mr. Reed's defeat, calling him a "marplot," and making it plain that if the Democrats of Missouri wish to stand by him they must keep Mr. Reed out of the Senate. In this case the issue is drawn clearly and is unmistakable.

No such issue was evident in the Republican Senatorial primaries in Indiana. Naturally, Democratic leaders and organs would like to think that the failure of Senator H. S. New to secure the nomination at the hands of the Republican voters of his State is a sign of a revolt against the Administration of President Harding. They have so interpreted it. The New York "World," for example, declares without qualification that "the Republican voters of Indiana have repudiated the Harding Administration." It is true that Senator New is a personal friend of the President and has proved to be one of his most loyal political supporters. It is true that in many respects Mr. Harding and Mr. New have long belonged in the same group within their party,

that neither of them has ever seemed restive under restraints of party authority, that they have had congenial interests as newspaper men and as Senators, and that President Harding has made no secret of his confidence in Senator New. That the President desired Mr. New's renomination is, however, purely a matter of inference. There is no evidence, and no claim on the part of any one that there is evidence, that Mr. Harding either as an individual or as President undertook to exert the slightest influence in the primaries in Indiana. Whatever lesson the Indiana primaries have for the Administration, it is not the lesson of an open defeat.

There is nevertheless a lesson there for the Administration and for all party leaders.

That lesson consists, not so much in the fact that votes were cast against New, as that they were cast for Beveridge.

Albert Jeremiah Beveridge was born almost sixty years ago on an Ohio farm. From there his family moved to Illinois. His boyhood was full of hard work. He followed the plow; worked on the railway; labored as logger and teamster. To an American with a mind and a character such a boyhood is not without promise. It did not prevent young Beveridge from going to high school and to college. He was graduated at De Pauw University, from which he later received the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws. He became a lawyer and gained more than a local reputation for oratory. He was soon in demand as a campaign speaker. By the age of thirty-seven he was elected from Indiana to the United States Senate, where he served with conspicuous ability for twelve years.

Before his second term was completed his party, under President Taft, fell into the hands of the reactionaries. The progressive policies for which he had done good service during and immediately after President Roosevelt's Administration were made the object of attack from within the party which had been promoting them. As a consequence the Republican party began to disintegrate, and Indiana, always a doubtful State politically, chose as a successor to Beveridge a Bryan Democrat. The succeeding year was the crucial year of 1912, the birth year of the Progressive party. Like the vast majority of Republicans, Mr. Beveridge joined that party and became one of its leaders. In making his choice he was not swept off his feet by the emotional wave of the time, as were many; he made his choice deliberately and with full knowledge of what it meant. Since that time ten years it has been—he has been

devoting himself largely to the study of great forces in American history. During his Senatorship he showed on more than one occasion his mastery of American Constitutional law and principles, particularly in his speech in defense of the Child Labor Bill, which embodies one of the most cogent of modern legislative arguments. During the campaign of 1912 he made a speech as Chairman of the Progressive Convention which set forth the principles of the Progressive party as summed up in his telling phrase, "Pass prosperity around." He gave currency, if he did not invent it at that time, to the phrase "the invisible government," which characterized that partnership between crooked business and crooked politics which the Progressive Movement assailed. He approached, therefore, his studies of these forces by no means as a novice; but he has used these ten years with profit both to his own mental growth and to the instruction of his fellow-countrymen; for he has produced during these years his monumental work, "The Life of John Marshall." He has not only been living in mental companionship with the man who more than any other made our written Constitution a thing of life and growth, but he has also by his book given an understanding of our Constitution to Americans who otherwise would have understood but darkly.

From these labors Beveridge went back to Indiana. There he went up and down the State delivering lectures and addresses on those principles of American government which he had been studying and which are essential to the permanence of our institutions. Until he opened his primary campaign he made no political appeals, but he established himself in the minds of the people of his State as a leader of thought, as he has been a leader in action. He preached no new or strange doctrines; he rather gave the old ideas embedded in the American Commonwealth new vitality.

Thus Mr. Beveridge has, by no mere chance, but by continuous labor for principles in which he believed, and even by the sacrifice of public office to scholarship, yet without loss of contact with the lives of his neighbors, identified himself as neither radical nor reactionary, but as what we have come to know in America as a Progressive.

In the reaction against the Wilson Administration, which the voters believed carried internationalism to a point destructive of National independence, and carried progressivism to a point of danger to social and economic stability, the managers of the Republican party may have thought that they saw a reaction against progressivism.

If so, they should take warning from what has happened in Indiana. There are signs that the Republicans who are in power have not fully learned the lesson of the last twelve years; that they think that public impatience with red tape in the Civil Service means public approval of the restoration of the spoils system; that public impatience with impractical doctrinaires means public approval of favoritism to special interests; that public repudiation of the political bungler means public approval of the political boss. If the Republican managers are wise, they will rid themselves of such illusions.

Opponents of the bonus have seen in the defeat of Senator New a repudiation of the bonus itself; critics of Senator Newberry have seen in the defeat of Senator New a vindication of their views about funds for election purposes; advocates of this and that find in the defeat of Senator New an indication that their own pet theories are on the crest of the wave. Perhaps there will be some to interpret it as a mandate concerning daylight saving. Elections do not turn on such specific matters as that, except when some great issue is presented on which the minds of all the people are centered. In this case there was no such issue. The conflict was between two types of political thought. The lesson to the Administration and all Republican leaders is that, in a State experienced in politics, victory went to the practical, scholarly Progressive.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE OR INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE?

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, of Kansas, makes a defense of the Kansas Industrial Court in an article lately published in the periodical called "The Nation's Business," which represents the National Chamber of Commerce. What interests us particularly in this article is his assertion that leaders of labor and capital who oppose the act (for the State Federation of Labor and the State Employers' Association denounce it with equal bitterness) misunderstand it in the same way—that is, both suppose its end is to make peace. Mr. White maintains, rightly we think, that all courts are set up to do justice, and to establish peace only as a by-product of justice. Amplifying this thesis as applied to industrial matters, he argues:

In the labor conflict, as it has progressed during the last two centuries, each settlement has been a truce. The conflict has been constant and irrepressible. The truce or armistice

has represented only the degree of fear which one side was able to impress upon the other side to stop the active fighting. Upon the whole, labor has been the winner; but while labor has won much, capital has kept much more, and no principle has been established upon which to reckon what is the right or the wrong in the basic contentions of the war.

Get a plenty while you are getting is the only maxim adduced after two hundred years of strife, with perhaps a codicil; then get ready to get more.

And, by reason of the long tradition and established habit, neither combatant wants the war to end. Neither asks for justice. Each is after peace, enforced peace if necessary, but peace if it can get the best of it; and in times of peace each side prepares for war.

The courts, and especially industrial courts such as that in Kansas, must not, therefore, act merely as arbitrators of quarrels or bargainings, but must establish and define principles of justice as between workers and capitalists in their relations of partnership in production. Essential rights, Mr. White holds, would be based on recognition of such truths as that labor is not a commodity, that wages must be fixed on the basis of decent living for citizens, that the State is entitled to have good citizens fully as much as investors are entitled to good profits. Justice first, peace afterwards, is the contention; or, as Mr. White puts it, "The right to peace depends upon the establishment of justice."

That labor leaders and capitalists are opposed to this view is not surprising; they are captains who want to win. Against their combative instincts stands the right of America to maintain one hundred per cent American standards of living, and the right of the State to an intelligent and contented voter. "The whole miserable business of the armed truce or the open conflict in industry is a tax upon living, a tax which non-combatants must pay."

This view affords an interesting contrast with recent utterances of the leader of American organized labor, Mr. Gompers. The more his recent remarks about the courts and the Constitution are analyzed, the more is it evident that he is out neither for peace nor for justice, but for partisan victory. He might argue that the courts *ought* not to have the right to interpret the Constitution, or that the framers of the Constitution did not so ordain; but that they actually have the right to-day is simply an established fact. We have quoted his exclamation, "God save labor from the courts!" which is morally revolutionary and a totally unjust attack on the integrity of the bench. In a later hearing before the Lockwood Committee, he is quoted as saying that he believed in collective bargaining for employees but not

always for employers. Faced with flagrant instances of corrupt conduct by labor unions and of the breaking of contracts made by them, he flatly refused to see any help in legislation or courts and declared that the remedy lay in gradual reform evolved within the unions. He favored legislation that would give protection to labor, but he would be "afraid for his country" if legislation regulatory of labor was adopted, and believes that wealth controls courts and legislation.

This is straight Bolshevism, philosophically speaking, although Mr. Gompers honestly believes that he is opposed to Russian Bolshevism root and branch. Whatever new forms the industrial question may take and however expansion in the direction of industrial courts may stand the test of constitutionality, it is certain that justice to all and resulting peace to all must be the object in view. That object is far removed from blind insistence by either contending element to have its own way first, last, and all the time.

READING FOR WORKERS

OUR excellent contemporary the "Literary Review of the New York Evening Post" recently published a list of fifty books which have been chosen by the Literary Committee of the "Workers' Education Bureau"—whatever that may be—from two hundred and fifty titles submitted by a group of teachers and professors of literature. The "Literary Review," in presenting this list to its readers, says of it: "Primarily intended to fill the needs of a special group—that of the workers—its general character gives it a range as broad as the interest in good literature."

We turned to this list with great enthusiasm, but turn from it with disappointment. It contains some classics and some excellent examples of modern writing both English and European. Its extraordinary variety—perhaps we may say the extraordinary mixture which it contains—is indicated by the fact that the Book of Matthew and the Book of Job from the English Bible constitute the fifth item on the list and "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser, is the eleventh item. We can understand why workers should read Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," but we do not quite appreciate the value of "Main Street" from the workers' point of view. Workers, whether they be hand workers or brain workers, need not merely facts about life but the inspiration and comfort that come from the ideals of life, and so the Workers' Education Bureau

has very wisely put in its list the "Oxford Book of English Verse," Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and John Masefield's poems. But why "Spoon River Anthology" should be recommended to workers tired out and often disheartened by their own problems we fail to understand, for the "Spoon River Anthology," in spite of its occasional power and touches of genius, is one of the most laborious and depressing books of modern times.

The prime object of a list of books for a worker is not, we conceive, to give him a survey of literature, but to help him to understand how other men have lived and how other men have dealt with and solved, or partly solved, the problems of life which he is facing. Being disappointed, from this point of view, with the Workers' Education Bureau's list of fifty books, we took a pencil and paper and jotted down a list of our own without any consideration regarding the relation of the titles to one another. It is a jumpy lot, perhaps; it has no co-ordinated, chronological, synthetic, analytic, nor any other kind of pedagogic merit. But at least it constitutes a list of books which have entertained, interested, and encouraged one worker. So to our list:

"Oxford Lectures on the Civil War," by James Rhodes, a masterpiece in cameo form of American political, military, economic, and social history.

The famous third chapter of Macaulay's "History of England," which gives a vivid and picturesque survey of the conditions of the workers in the period of the great English Revolution of 1688, out of which the United States has got much of its own freedom.

"The Biography of Benvenuto Cellini," which tells how artisans lived in the old days of the Italian republics—a glorified and absorbing dime novel if ever there was one. If the reader wants "sex stuff," he will get it here related with utter candor.

"Mémoires et Récits," by Frédéric Mistral, the great Provençal poet of France, full of delightful stories of French folk lore and French farm life.

"The Poems of Theocritus," translated by Calverley, which will give the worker some idea of the way the husbandman lived in ancient Greece. This little book deserves to be included for one thing alone—a dialogue between two Syracusan women who go out to see a great military parade in Alexandria and talk exactly like a couple of flat dwellers in New York on their way to Fifth Avenue to see Joffre and his escort regiments pass by. Nothing in classical literature that we know produces so vivid an impression of the solidarity, in time as well as in class, of the human race.

"Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison, as complete in their detail of ordinary people as Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," and far more cheering and inspiring.

"Memoirs," by General Grant, which should be read, not because it is military history, but because it is the self-revelation of a plain American who, without suspecting it, had a touch—even more than a touch—of literary genius.

"The Bible in Spain," by George Borrow. Borrow has written one of the best pictures of Spanish life of the so-called lower orders in both city and country that can be found in English literature. The book is not half as pious as its title sounds, but it is intensely human.

"My Prison" (Le Mie Prigioni), by Silvio Pellico. If anybody thinks that the Reds and Anarchists in this country have suffered injustice in prison, he ought to read this record of a patriotic Italian revolutionary.

"Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." Modern literature does not contain a more beautiful picture of family and child life than these letters, which we venture to say will prove to be an American classic.

"The Country of the Pointed Firs," by Sarah Orne Jewett, a too often forgotten literary artist of New England. Her book is a series of detached stories of New England farm and village life, sometimes somber, sometimes cheerful, which, we are inclined to think, will have a place in literature when "Main Street" is forgotten.

The poems of Emily Dickinson—another New England genius of an extraordinary type, as pure a product of America as Walt Whitman.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Perhaps the greatest book ever written by an English-speaking workingman—a tinker.

"The Life of Pasteur," "The Life of Dr. Trudeau," and "The Autobiography of Dr. Grenfell," three physicians who gave themselves to the cause of helping their fellow-workingmen meet the most agonizing problem of life—the problem of sickness and death.

"The Siberian Exile System," by George Kennan. Why more people do not read at this time this very extraordinary account of the despotism which was the direct progenitor of Bolshevism we do not understand.

"The Adventures of François," by Weir Mitchell, and "Scaramouche," by Sabatini. Two rattling good stories of the French Revolution—the first written from the point of view of the aristocrats and the second from the point of view of the proletariat.

"Two Years Before the Mast," by

Richard H. Dana. We suppose that the Workers' Education Bureau will admit that seamen work. Any reader of this great American classic certainly will admit it.

"Seven Great Statesmen," by Andrew D. White. The worker needs to know something about political history. Dr. White's seven portraits are penned by a scholar, but in the most engaging human colors. Among the portraits in this volume is one of Cavour, who liberated Italy, and therefore liberated the Italian worker.

Thoreau's "Walden." This is not only a master work of English diction, but shows that happiness consists, not in things, but in attitude of mind.

The story of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Either Lord Charnwood's "Life" or Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men," the first by an Englishman and the second by an American Jew, gives the best one-volume account we know of the great patron saint of workers.

"Pan and the Twins," by Eden Phillpotts, a slight but agreeable story of the Roman countryside in the very early days of Christianity. The worker who wants to get a little glimpse into the

classic life and the classic spirit can get it here.

"Roman Farm Management," by Cato and Varro, translated by A Virginia Farmer. The husbandman is the oldest type of workingman, as this delightful book so clearly reveals. It combines the flavor of Roman cured hams and Virginia cured hams in an appetizing fashion.

If not Senator Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall," at least Magruder's one-volume Life of that statesman, who literally gave to the United States permanency as a nation and without whose courage and determination as Chief Justice of the United States, in spite of Mr. Samuel Gompers's distrust of the courts, there would be no American labor unions to-day, because there would be no American Republic.

Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Put Yourself in His Place." The first is a stirring story of the life and adventures, the dangers and joys, of the worker in Europe in mediæval times. The second describes the vices and the justifications of the labor unions when they were first founded in England seventy-five years ago. No "best seller" is more of a

thriller than these two novels, and yet they have a profound historical value.

Possibly Tom Watson's "Story of France," which contains a very colorful and on the whole accurate picture of the French Revolution written in what H. L. Mencken would call "the American language." No Englishman could ever have written such a book, and therefore it can fairly be called a product of American literature, and it is a good product too.

Lord Bryce's "Modern Democracies"—or, if not the whole of it, at any rate, Chapters XXVIII to LVII inclusive, which describe social and democratic progress in the United States, Australia, and New Zealand from the worker's point of view.

The foregoing books have been put down at haphazard, and none of them, we believe, appears in the list of the Workers' Education Bureau. We are quite certain that the reader of the books on our list will have a good time, and we are inclined to think he will get a fairly comprehensive grasp of the problems of the worker from mediæval times to the present.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

THE DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES OF GENOA

I—IS GENOA GOING OR COMING?

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM WILLIAM C. GREGG

THE Genoa Conference is composed of thirty-four nations with as many policies and one thousand delegates with as many interests. The common aim is to get more than is given. Unless they can rise to the plane of constructive statesmanship, the end will be worse than the beginning. Can they rise? It doesn't seem possible, yet the urge is very great; stranger things have happened.

But what do they desire so profoundly? *To improve the value of their money.*

The value has fallen for two reasons:

First, because they spent more than their income in running their governments.

Second, they bought more imports than they had exports to ship.

An ordinary man would suppose that the remedy lay in reversing these two faults. True; but that will cause unemployment and more self-denial by a good many people than those good many people want to suffer.

There is another remedy, temporary, but effective for a while. Loans (credits). Can one nation that is running behind lend to another that is worse off?

Why not? Ah, here is the solution: Why not have all the thirty-four nations

join in one general loan, one bond issue to be used to bolster up the weaker sisters, they repaying the loans as soon as possible?

If there is strength in numbers, this is a capital suggestion.

But there may be weakness in numbers when unity of action is required; there may be favoritism in loans, friction in administration, and weakness in enforcement of agreements.

The plan is coupled with war prevention, but it carries the seeds of more wars through jealousies, factions, and defalcations.

The majority of the nations are now living alone and living as best they can. Suppose there are thirty-four farmers in the same State, but badly scattered; a half-dozen of them are broke, the rest just getting along. These farmers don't use the same methods nor speak the same language; some Non-Partisan Leaguer proposes that they form a company, each taking so much stock, the company issuing bonds for the benefit of all, but in proportion as they are hard up. Would it work? It never has.

Could thirty-four nations in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, each hard up, work a similar scheme?

Many are thrilled at the announce-

ments: "These new times require new men and new ideas." "The world has outgrown old financial methods."

You and I want to see the new heaven and the new earth too, but we don't want too much new earth on top of us!

Let us try and imagine how this international underwriting syndicate would work. The prospectus might say: "Each nation will agree to subscribe its proportion of, say, five billion dollars of capital. The funds will be in the hands of a managing committee, composed of a member from each nation but voting in proportion to the capital owned."

In order to see how this little enterprise would work let us assess ten per cent on the subscriptions.

Austria comes first on the list; she has "subscribed," although she is interested only in absorption; but to be regular she must pay something. In what? Her paper krone? No, it is worthless. In gold? She hasn't any. In lumber? There isn't a lumber department organized yet, so Austria will please step out of the line for a while.

Belgium is next. Belgium looks prosperous; she hasn't asked help for quite a while. How will she pay her subscriptions? "Not in paper; gold, if you please." But Belgium has only 4½ per

cent of gold against her outstanding paper money; she can't reduce it; she could furnish manufactured goods if some one supplied the raw materials. No, that has not yet been worked out. It is very complicated. Could Belgium pay her subscription out of her revenues, her receipts from taxes or something? Belgium looks embarrassed, for her total income is only a little over half her expenditures, according to recent statistics.

"Belgium, will you please step out of the line for a little while?"

Britain is reached. Now we have clear sailing. "Mr. Lloyd George, you haven't yet determined the amount of your subscription."

"No, not yet, but it will be very large. It will depend on how we get along in paying what we owe Uncle Sam; and the amount must be approved, anyway, by Parliament."

"You don't say so! When did you make that rule?"

"It was put into the resolution permitting me to meet you all at Genoa."

"Well, but, Mr. George, we are expecting great things from England; we might say, she is the keystone in this financial arch. Perhaps you could do something for us out of your revenues? You had a surplus, we believe, last year of nearly \$200,000,000."

"Well, some of us called it a surplus, but others thought we should not include sales of war supplies with revenues. They go so far as to claim that, leaving out such items and placing regular income against expenditure, we show a deficit in the year just closed of perhaps \$500,000,000."

We can take a recess at this point, for we seem to be getting nowhere with our world credit corporation.

Another plan, said to be suggested by Mr. Lloyd George, is for Germany to issue bonds and give them to France in payment for reparations, France indorsing them and giving them to Eng-

NEXT WEEK'S OUTLOOK

is our annual

RECREATION NUMBER

It will contain an eight-page illustrated section of America's playgrounds from coast to coast. Travel and sport will share the issue with scenic beauty.

land in payment of her war debt, England in turn indorsing them and handing them to the United States in payment for what England owes Uncle Sam.

At first blush this looks clever and feasible. America gets double indorsements, which ought to make the German bonds good. If Germany fails to pay, both France and England agree to pay.

Let us see how it bears analysis:

First, what would America do with such bonds? It is proposed that they run for a long time, longer than the terms America expects to give England, for the plan is based on Germany paying. Can America sell these German bonds on the open market? And if so, at what price? Their value would be highly speculative, dependent on all European complications instead of the conditions behind purely British bonds.

Second, would the indorsements of France and England place the proposed German bonds ahead of or behind the present obligations of France and England?

Third, this plan would pay England's debt to America, but not France's debt to America. You remember, France pays England when she indorses these German bonds in favor of England, but she still owes America. There is no suggestion in this plan by which France discharges her obligation to us.

Whenever we are free to deal *alone with France*, America knows exactly what to do. The debt of France to us will be canceled with the utmost satisfaction.

France is to-day the least spoiled of all of Europe.

Suffering much, she does not whimper.

With the hardest financial problems involving her, she is farthest on the road to courageous economies.

The greatest objection to this German bond scheme to me is that Germany will not expect to pay and will not pay.

She now refuses to tax her people as the people of the Allies are war-taxed. She stalls and stalls, and much of the world seems to like it. The prospect of the United States ultimately canceling these bonds "in order to stabilize Europe" is so good that many a Hun is smiling about it to-day.

And with good reason, because in less than three years, and before they have paid much more than the expenses of the Rhine armies, they have seen the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations ignored, if not flouted, by England and Italy. They have seen the United States withdraw safely across the Atlantic—safely for America and safely for Germany.

To-day there looms at Genoa a combination of Germany and Soviet Russia with infinite possibilities of evil, with undisguised hatred of France and all that she represents, with determination to divide and a hope to destroy the other former Allies, certainly to destroy further alliance, and to recover as much as possible of what yesterday they seemed to have lost.

II—A BOMB UNDER THE BRIDGE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

WAR has ruined Europe. It has killed millions of men. It has mutilated other millions. It has sunk millions of tons of shipping. It has destroyed mines, forests, orchards, buildings of all kinds, even entire towns and cities.

Worst of all, it has destroyed confidence.

How can confidence, reciprocal respect, security, credit, be restored? If these things were restored, Europe would not now be groaning under the weight of onerous armaments, tariffs, exchanges, debts. In particular, there would not be so many men out of work.

To change all this was the great problem before the recent Conference of the

principal Powers at Cannes. They decided that they would have to invite to a general Conference at Genoa the nations which would agree to certain elementary principles of civilized international intercourse. Among these principles were:

The reciprocal respect of national systems of ownership, internal economy and government, and non-interference with the same.

Respect for the property and rights of foreign capital.

Recognition of debts which have been or may be undertaken or guaranteed by the state.

Obligation to restore or compensate all foreign interests for losses by confiscation.

Maintenance of a legal and juridical system which sanctions and enforces commercial and other contracts with impartiality.

Financial and currency conditions which offer sufficient security for trade.

An undertaking to refrain from propaganda subversive of order and established political systems.

An undertaking to refrain from aggression against other nations.

The invitation was accepted by the nations of Europe—especially by Germany and Russia.

They came to Genoa. For the first time all the European victors and vanquished and neutrals in the late war

met together in an attempt to reunite the European family.

They are nations of diverse political and social organization. They are represented here at Genoa by men of every class and party.

All of them feel the necessity of deliverance from national isolation and the necessity at least of neighborliness, if not of brotherhood. At all events, their common object is to seek a common economic salvation.

For a week the Conference has been in session. All its members have met on a plane of perfect equality. All apparently have been pursuing a common end, no matter how certain individual and national ambitions may have been hidden.

One of these aims has been Germany's ambition to rule Russia. Commercially and economically before the war Germany made great progress in this direction. Her clever, expert, hard-working industrialists and financiers were everywhere to be found in Russia.

Politically Germany's chance came with the Russian Revolution and destruction of legitimate government five years ago. She sent Lenine—a Communist and propagandist who hated all civilized government—into Russia with the deliberate intention of producing anarchy there, and then, at the proper time, she would reap the advantage.

Day before yesterday Germany proclaimed to the world the outward sign of that advantage. She had concluded a treaty some time ago in Berlin with the Bolsheviks. But neither side had signed it there, for each wanted to come to Genoa with free hands, hoping thereby the easier to strike at a divided Europe, especially at a divided England and France. Perhaps Germany and Russia could divide Europe still further before starting to play their strongest trump card.

To their disappointment, despite certain differences and tendencies, France and England were much more a solidarity than had been supposed. The same was true of the rest of Europe. Hence, after waiting a week to look the ground over, the Germans and Russians decided that there was really nothing to do but to play their trump card. So, without informing the other delegates and behind their backs, the Germans and Russians suddenly signed and published the hitherto secret treaty. They signed it *here*, though they are guests of the Italian Government and members of an international Conference envisaging a whole continent, and not one or two nations only. The Germans and Russians cannot, apparently, play a straight game.

To-day, in talking to some of us, Mr. Lloyd George, British Prime Minister, said:

This is no informal act. We all agreed to be on a plane of equality in every respect and we have been. We have been in apparent accord

that we should discuss matters together and not in separate paths.

What happened? Behind the backs of the commission which had the subject of Russia in charge another and a diverse work is done. It gives us a sudden blow which no one expected.

Such an act seems to me an attempt, absolutely, of sabotage. I do not mean the shipwreck of the Conference. The act might have led to shipwreck, however, but I do not believe that it was introduced with that intention.

This final sentence may have comforted the Germans and Russians a little after their castigation.

The subjects comprised in the Russo-German treaty are precisely those which have been forming the object of negotiations between the Russian representatives and those of the other Powers, Germany included. Last week I heard the German Chancellor proclaim that his delegation would loyally co-operate with the other delegations in the solution of these questions. Of course the separate treaty with Russia violates that loyalty. It also violates some of the conditions of the Cannes invitation. Finally, it violates the treaty of Versailles.

As a result, by the sentence of the Allies, Germany, as signatory of the Versailles Treaty, must annul the Russo-German Treaty or have no voice in the negotiations between the other Powers and Russia. Naturally, Germany has chosen the latter course.

The Russo-German Treaty is apparently economic in character. The German and Russian Governments mutually renounce repayment of war expenses and war damages. They declare that all questions of public or private law will be settled according to reciprocity. They agree to resume diplomatic relations. They declare for a mutual trade based on the principle of the most favored nation and undertake to aid each other in attenuating their economic difficulties. Germany, in particular, renounces all claims resulting from Bolshevik measures which have affected German citizens, on condition that the Bolshevik Government does not grant reparation for similar claims from other Powers; the implication from this of course is that if the Bolshevik Government does grant reparation to other Powers, it must also to Germany. This annulment of the rights of private persons and the most favored nation clause have put both Russia and Germany in good humor.

What secret clauses there may be is naturally not disclosed. But the treaty is too one-sided, as favoring Russia, not to have such.

The treaty stiffens the backs of both Germany and Russia.

It stiffens Germany's back because at last she has been actually displaying to the world a will of her own; she is no longer the plaything of the Entente! In

the second place, and chiefly, it gives Germany the satisfaction of feeling that, no matter what Russia does, henceforth she (Germany) is going to win. She will stop Russia, if she can, from making reparations; she will encourage Russia to resist Allied requests, although she knows that the United States Government, for one, is not likely to cancel the Russian debt to it or assent to the cancellation of the claims of our citizens against the Soviets. If Russia should yield, Germany has still the upper hand; if Russia resists, Germany is "the whole show" and Russia becomes an entirely free field for German exploitation—indeed, in such an event, Russia would be but a vast German colony.

The treaty stiffens Russia's back because she can now defy the rest of the world, as she never could by treaties made with the Baltic States, or Turkey, or Persia, for instance. She has now made a treaty with the one Power able and ready and willing thoroughly to rehabilitate her. Hence she defies the other nations by practically declaring to them that if they do not accept the conditions accepted by Germany then Germany will have the sole charge of remaking Russia.

If all this seems purely economic, between the lines of the treaty one may breathe a political atmosphere.

The treaty stands directly in the way of the Entente countries in their necessity and effort to get reparation payments. Suppose Germany finally refuses to pay any more, and suppose Russia refuses to pay at all. What then? The Entente may ultimately have to take up arms to get payments. The 800,000 soldiers of France and the much smaller armies of Italy, Belgium, and England could now be confronted, first, by the 100,000 German regulars, plus the hundreds of thousands of trained men who have belonged to the various "security" organizations (but who would be quickly solidified with the German army), and, second, with the 1,500,000 soldiers in the present Russian army.

The treaty is meaningful not to Germany and Russia alone. When the present Poland was created, men prophesied that if Germany and Russia ever came together in close alliance they would crush Poland between them. Neither Germany nor Russia wants Poland to be a separate state. Neither Germany nor Russia is satisfied with present frontiers. The treaty, therefore, doubtless signifies their own expected territorial expansion at a not too distant day, and the fourth and final partition of Poland.

Will the world stand idly by?

The German and Russian journalists here in this "Casa della Stampa," as I write, are boasting that their treaty will consolidate peace. Instead, it may ultimately mean war.

Such is its potentiality. As to the present Conference, however, while the treaty has endangered it, it need not prevent its success. The duty of the

delegates remains the same, no matter what the present defection or the distant menace. It is to make out of the debates and decisions in this Conference

a bridge over which the ruined nations of Europe may walk from shifting sands to the firm ground of an assured prosperity. But I, for one, deem the Russo-

German treaty a bomb placed under the bridge.

Let us hope it won't explode!

Genoa, April 20, 1922.

SEATTLE ELECTS A MAYOR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY WILLIAM CHAPLIN COLLINS

SEATTLE has had another municipal election.

The selection of Dr. Edwin J. Brown, dentist-lawyer, sometime Socialist, for Mayor, Tuesday, May 2, is well in accord with the often-observed fact that political disturbances of the Northwestern metropolis are never dull. The city that recalled its chief executive in 1911, that was the scene of America's first general strike in 1919, has, by its recent Mayoralty campaign, abandoned its old political leaders for new. And it has done so in a way nothing short of extraordinary.

A fusion of the votes of labor, banking, business, and professional groups is believed to be the explanation of Dr. Brown's election.

The new Mayor was bitterly fought by half the newspapers of the city and supported by none.

He has a record of political misadventures as Bryanesque in number as in variety.

Yet, in spite of all, he was chosen by 40,000 votes to his opponent's 28,000.

Dr. Brown presents a peculiar figure in municipal politics, virtually unique. He is both a lawyer and a dentist by profession. His first taste of city politics was in Kansas City, Missouri, where he was graduated from a dental college, and from the Kansas City School of Law in 1899. For a time he was a barber. His real interest was in reform, and was centered in the fight led by William Rockhill Nelson, of the Kansas City "Star," against the city bosses. He shared in the campaign that elected Herbert Hadley to a city office—Hadley, who later became Governor of Missouri and who was mentioned for the Presidency in 1912.

During his twenty-one years of residence in Seattle he has been looked upon by business men as a harmless radical of a rather freak type. He is most widely known as a dentist whose advertisements in the newspapers consisted of political and economic sermons and of occasional tirades against rival dentists who sought to reap the benefit of his publicity by establishing their offices in the vicinity of his, with the announcement that they were the "right Dr. Brown."

Periodically he ran for office, and periodically he was defeated. His political career includes campaigns for Governor, the bench, Mayor, corporation counsel, city councilman, and prosecut-

ing attorney. In earlier campaigns he ran as a Socialist, later as a Non-Partisan, and still later as a Democrat.

His difficulties with the name of Brown were not confined to disputes with rival dentists. In 1918 he lost the race for county prosecuting attorney by a mere handful of votes to another Brown. "Counted out by the gang," declared Dr. Brown.

Admitting he was a "bright fellow," few took him seriously. He supplied political amusement.

That the Bryan of Seattle, an advertising dentist, with a record of radical utterances, should be chosen Mayor of Seattle would not have been credited by astute politicians a month ago. Apparently, indeed, the shift to Brown was astoundingly swift, almost unparalleled. Yet it has its roots in a State-wide distrust of the old political leaders and old political line-ups, distrust that has made many willing to turn almost to any quarter for relief and change.

Interest in Seattle's municipal affairs was aroused in 1911 when the city, in the throes of setting its house in order, recalled its Mayor, the famous Hi Gill. Brown, incidentally, was one of the reform candidates—defeated, of course. But when Gill was later elected again, students of municipal government realized that Seattle offers much that is instructive in the ways of city politics and policies.

Shortly after the armistice attention was focused on Seattle again by the threatened general strike, when Ole Hanson, then Mayor, came into prominence by his determined stand against the strikers.

After the strike failed, Seattle was confronted with the issue of ownership of its street railways. Mayor Hanson strongly advocated the purchase of the system by the city, which was accomplished.

Ugly rumors soon were passing from mouth to mouth concerning the street-car purchase. It was openly charged that the city had been grossly held up, that an antiquated, run-down white elephant was in its keeping.

The result of the Hanson administration was twofold: the street railway became a chief issue in municipal politics, and the breach between labor and business was wider than before.

The street-car purchase became the subject for grand jury investigation, lawsuits, and much agitation, while the

very next Mayoralty campaign was contested between a conservative and a radical candidate. The conservative candidate won by a large majority, in spite of the fact that most of the newspapers, outside the labor press, gave active support to another conservative man.

But the moderates, victorious as they were, saw that, while the labor votes were concentrated on one candidate, the conservative votes were scattered over the field. As a result these men organized this winter the Washington Union League Club, an out-and-out political organization which in the primaries preceding the recent election gave its support to Walter F. Meier, Corporation Counsel.

The internal condition in Seattle was complicated by a condition obtaining throughout the State—disgust with the rings, old line-ups, old leaders, that had been in control of politics many years. Whether dishonesty and crookedness existed, and exists, or not, is difficult to attempt to prove, but the belief that they did exist was not confined to radicals and reformers. The people generally were in the mood for change.

This was a fact overlooked by the Washington Union League Club. The personnel of the founders was peculiarly unfortunate: Richard A. Ballinger, of Ballinger-Pinchot fame, was temporary President, and others who might fairly be judged reactionaries rather than conservatives were associated with him.

Meier was defeated in the primaries, the victim of the unpopularity of his supporters.

Another conservative, State Senator Dan Landon, and, to the amusement of many, Dr. Brown, were the nominees, the latter nosing out Mr. Meier by 32 votes.

The day following the primaries Dan Landon's election was confidently predicted.

Then came the extraordinary and unexpected shift. Seattle, quietly and without explanation, went Brown.

Five days before the final election the impossible began to become possible, nay, probable. Seattle's business men, bankers, professional men, those who had laughed at Brown, were deserting Landon. They deserted a Republican for one whom they never had considered other than a freak, politically speaking. The "grafting plunderbund of business profiteers" and the "red radi-

cals," as extremists in the two groups term each other, were agreeing on a candidate for Mayor.

The "Union Record," labor organ, took alarm, and did not express any opinion. The opponents of Brown became frantic. He was accused of being a radical Socialist: he was denounced as a tool of reactionary business. He was charged as a champion of bootleggers, drug peddlers, gamblers, grafters, big business. "Senator Landon concedes me everything," remarked Brown.

But it was not love for Brown so much as dislike for Landon, or for the things his name was associated with, that elected the doctor. Landon belonged with the old-line politicians. He had long been in State politics. Chief among his supporters were men who, in the public mind at least, were regarded as of the "ring," both in City Hall and State Capitol. And the electorate rebelled.

Another factor, seemingly ridiculous, had much to do with the votes. Landon has been called the "homeliest man in town." With the increase in Seattle's importance as a commercial center, the social aspects of the Mayor's office have broadened, and many sensitive citizens could not bring themselves to support Landon for that very reason. At least, so it is believed.

They looked at Brown; many modified their former opinion. The dentist-lawyer had not been letting grass grow. He is said to have done a business well over the million-dollar mark since he came to Seattle; he owns a ranch estimated to be worth in the neighborhood of \$200,000. Although Brown was waging his usual fight to "clean up the city," the moderates said to themselves that perhaps they had done him an injustice. He might have peculiar ideas, but he was a highly successful man of affairs.

Seattle, emphatically, had determined upon change.

Interest in Dr. Brown will not cease with his election. He has promised lower street-car fares, and his solution of the problem will have great bearing on the whole subject of municipal ownership. Then, too, he is an advocate of a mammoth hydroelectric development project. This, if carried to completion, will, as Dr. Brown says, be "one of the greatest single-handed assets owned by any city in the United States" and "will produce more power than Muscle Shoals."

Meanwhile Seattle is rubbing its eyes, surprised at itself. The "Times" remarks philosophically that Seattle has survived a Hanson and can survive a Brown; others believe the cause of honest government has triumphed over questionable political forces; and the Nation is edified by another example of the idiosyncrasies of municipal politics.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

AN AGE OF SERVICE

THIS age is rightly called a commercial age, and commerce is an interchange of services. There are very few businesses, there is no honest business, in which a man can engage without serving the community. The farmer raises a crop of corn and wheat; he sends it to the mill, which grinds it into meal and flour; the mill sends it to the railway, which transports it to the city; and the railways deliver it to the grocers, who in turn distribute it to the homes. Farmer, mill, railway, and grocer are co-operating in a mutual service on which the community depends for food. It is because this commercial machinery of interchange is interfered with that thousands of Russians are starving, and, although charity, carefully organized, is attempting to supply them with food and is working very efficiently, it cannot, with its utmost effort, take the place and do the work done with comparative ease by commerce.

Precisely because this age is one in which mutuality of service is so fully developed, I call it not only a commercial age, but also of all ages in history the most Christian.

For it is service that distinguishes Christianity from paganism. This is made clear by the only passage, I think, in which Jesus defined the fundamental difference between paganism and Christianity. He said:

Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you, but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your

minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.

The difference between pagans and Christians is not that the pagans call God Jove and the Christians call him Jehovah; nor that the pagans worship him in temples with prayers and sacrifices and the Christians worship him in churches with prayers and music. As I have recently written in one of these "Knoll Papers," a community in which the rich make the poor serve them, and the strong make the weak serve them, and the wise make the ignorant serve them, is pagan; a community in which the rich serve the poor, and the strong serve the weak, and the wise serve the ignorant, is a Christian community.

The difference is theological as well as sociological. The Christian religion is the only one which worships love, not power. The whole of Christian duty is summed up in "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." The whole of Christian theology is summed up in the declaration, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

We do not need a new organization of industry. The present organization is admirably adapted to carry on a commerce which is a mutual service. What we need is more of the spirit of service and less of the spirit of acquisition. Co-operation is no cure for selfishness. A well-organized gang of railway robbers is the more dangerous to a community the more efficiently it is organized. A corporation is essentially a co-operative enterprise. A thousand men contribute their money to a fund and

trust the fund to the control of a few supposedly wise directors. The directors serve the stockholders; the stockholders serve the community. Such a corporation may be animated by the spirit of service; but it may be animated purely by the spirit of selfishness. It may have no soul. Soviet Russia has taught one lesson to the world; it has taught us that changing the form of industry and leaving it controlled by the spirit of selfishness is no remedy for industrial ills. Communism is not curative.

It is impossible to estimate the service which has been rendered and is being rendered to the world by the men who have produced—some by their muscles and some by their brain—corn, wheat, wool, coal, iron, steel, copper, lumber, oil, for the world's use. The difference between the America of to-day and the America of five hundred years ago is largely due to the work of these men. Some of them have been overpaid, some of them underpaid. But the quiet assumption of certain reformers that the captains of industry have been actuated only by the ambition of acquisition has no foundation in fact. It can be pardoned only on the ground that ignorance is the mother of uncharitableness. In America the ambition to do a great service is at least as common as the ambition to acquire a great fortune. Oftenest, perhaps, the two go hand in hand.

In America Christianity is paganized, paganism is Christianized. Neither dominates the other; but gradually, very gradually, the spirit of service is taking the lead; Christianity is gaining the mastery.

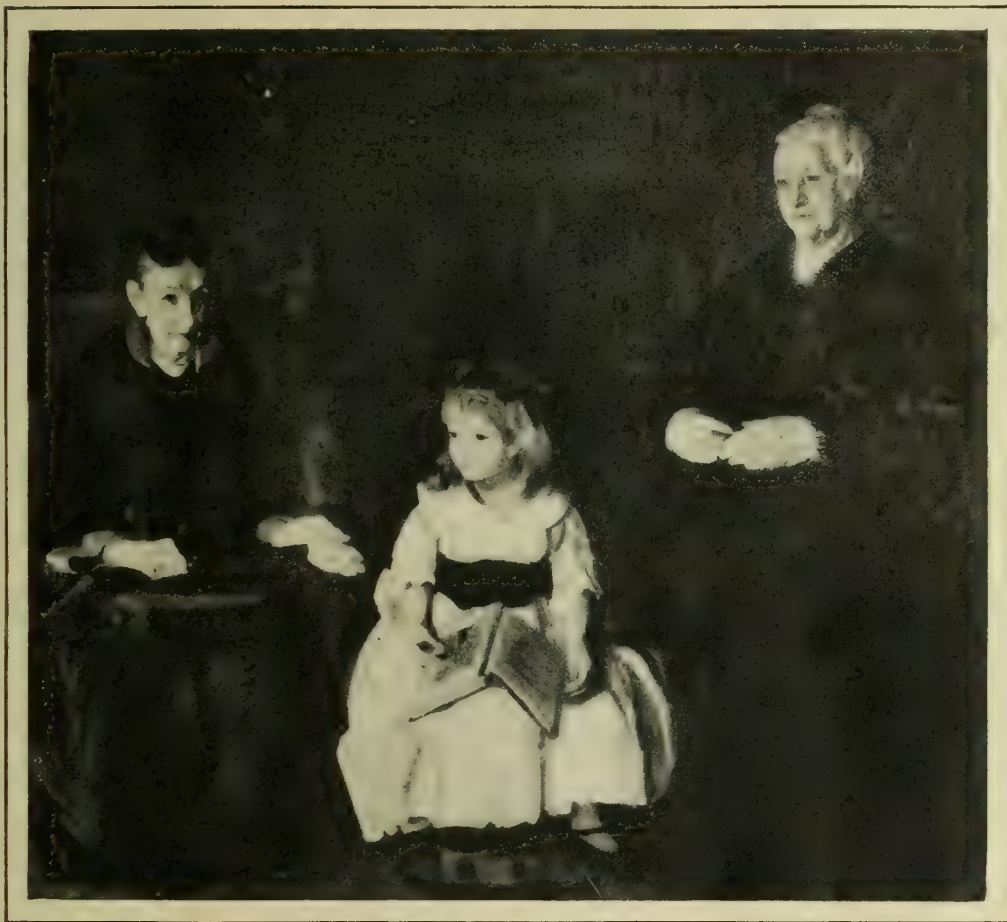
IN THE FIELD



FREDERICK
MAC MONNIES'S
STATUE OF
"CIVIC VIRTUE"
IN THE
NEW YORK
CITY HALL
PARK

Because Mr. MacMonnies has presented "Civic Virtue" as a male figure trampling on temptation in the form of sirens, the superfeminists have raised a violent protest against the placing of this statue in City Hall Park. This heroic figure has already been given a nickname—for New Yorkers have irreverently dubbed it "The Rough Guy"

OF AMERICAN ART



LOFT NEWS SERVICE

PAINTING BY
GEORGE W. BELLOWES
AT THE SPRING
EXHIBITION OF THE
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
IN PITTSBURGH,
PENNSYLVANIA

This picture, "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna," was awarded a medal of the first class

"BENEDICTION,"
DESIGNED BY
DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH,
SCULPTOR, AND
HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT

This bronze winged figure, which will tower sixteen feet high and forty feet above the roadway at St. Mihiel, France, is here shown as photographed from a model, recently completed. It will form part of the memorial to 3,500 soldiers of Massachusetts who fell in the Great War



Photograph by De Witt Ward

BEHIND THE SILVER BUTTON

A LETTER TO AN EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK FROM A CAPTAIN IN THE A. E. F.

DEAR ABBOTT:

You ask me what a magazine like *The Outlook* can do to benefit the disabled service man now in the care of the Government. This is a difficult question to answer—there are so many sides to the problem, and all the human materials with which we have to deal are rather refractory. You must keep in mind that the whole matter is one of the interplay of people with conflicting aims and interests.

Take the ex-soldier himself. I've been through the mill from the bottom. When I enlisted fourteen years ago in a crack Boston outfit, I was so green that it struck me as a good stunt to go and rough-house the officers' tents. Fortunately, an older soldier dissuaded me. From those depths I climbed to the dizzy elevation of a very temporary battalion commander. I took a company of infantry into action in the Argonne Forest, and have had two and a half years in army hospitals to think it over. I'm lame now and a pensioner. While no seer, I know something of the workings of the disabled service man's mind. It's apt to appear to the normal citizen as a warped mind. It is.

To begin with, the disabled soldier is either sick or wounded; by this time he's been sick or wounded about four years; he's a chronic invalid; he's had from one to twenty operations under anæsthetics; he's been shipped from hospital to hospital, examined, quizzed, jawed at, pawed over, by some scores of doctors, most of whom he guesses—and he's not far wrong—aren't capable of properly chloroforming a sick kitten. He accepts the kindly ministrations of the Red Cross and the cockroaches that come on his breakfast tray with the same weary philosophy, as the good and bad elements of the same game. Pain and pus are old and too familiar details of his life.

Naturally, a sick body makes a sick mind. He lost all ambition years ago; he is more or less content to accept his lot, to weave baskets, string beads, shoot craps, and get tanked on bootleg gin after pay day, without much thought of the future. Physical weakness and dependence upon others sap his mental vitality. He is suspicious and grouchy; he is hard boiled. One gets used to a certain amount of pain—it's part of the day's work. Aside from that, the life isn't hard; bed and chow are furnished, and the ghost walks once a month.

Pitchforked out of this life into a strenuous world that forgot about the war by January 1, 1919, the ex-soldier is out o' luck. You know the old story: job gone, nothing offered except at starvation wages, no ambition, and a pain in the old wound when the weather is

damp. Hospital wasn't so bad, after all. Every one he meets is only too glad to do anything for a wounded soldier to get him out of the way. He accumulates recommendations as he is passed from one office to the next. He is asked over and over again what he thinks of the bonus. Then the Veterans' Bureau notifies him that his case has been re-rated and his compensation cut in half. He drifts. If lucky, he lands a job, gathers himself together, and holds it down, but he is always uncertain as to what the Veterans' Bureau will do to him next, and whether or not that old gas cough that comes back on rainy days really is T.B. He is apt to be sore on the Administration, to consider that the wise guy, after all, was the slacker, and to vote the Democratic ticket next election.

Don't judge these little weaknesses too harshly. Remember that four swift years ago that shabby chap with the silver button in his coat was your hero who waded through the poison gas and shell-fire, struggled in the barbed wire, shot or clubbed the gunners at their Maxims, and turned the crackling muzzles back upon the Hun. Remember Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne. To you they are names and dates recalling weary days and anxious nights; to him they are flaming and terrific realities—memories of slaughter and peril, the dead face of his buddy white and red in the mud, of his own sacrifice and his own blood soaking into the pleasant land of France.

Turn now from the soldier to his guardian enemy, the doctor. The doctor, like his victim, is a very human man. He's not the best doctor in town, and he knows it. Your own physician and the fellows you know who went through Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and P. and S., who have a good practice and do clever operations in clinics for charity, aren't his kind. He never went to a big college; he learned medicine in a struggling, second-rate school. He's looking after soldiers, to tell the truth, because he needs the money. He finds them an obstinate, irritable, dissatisfied lot, ever clamoring for the impossible, always packing a grievance. With these men he does the best he can till he gets tired out, then finishes off the job in a hurry so as to get in a little tennis on the hospital clay court before it rains. He becomes indifferent to pain—it's part of his day's work; he gets indifferent to Croton bugs and dirt. Every army hospital he has been in has an abundance of both. It doesn't matter much; there are always clean bandages and the eternal Dakin solution. Forever there are reports to be made out and record cards to be filed; if he misses out on these, he catches hell from the adju-

tant; if he makes a mistake on a patient, it isn't so easy to stick the blame on him. Red tape and routine treatment of men who won't get well are the bane of his existence. It is difficult to keep up any enthusiasm; he draws his not over-liberal pay check as long as he satisfies his immediate superiors. He has small variety in his practice—the same old dressings on the same old wounds day after day; he may feel himself going stale; like the soldier, he is apt to drift.

Now take the angle of the Veterans' Bureau employee. He—or she—probably landed the job through politics. Times are hard, and if this job is lost it will be next to impossible to get another. The immediate concern is to keep that job. There will always be a roomful of restless, poorly dressed men with canes and crutches, moving about, turning over tattered magazines on the table, smoking cigarettes, and inquiring about lost records. Tell him to come back in a week—the papers are in Washington. Next. By and by the soldier gets tired of being stalled off and goes to his Congressman with a tale of delay, suffering, and mistreatment that is all true but which loses nothing in the telling. The Congressman writes a letter to the Bureau or gets some one on the 'phone. Things happen fast. The employee, with the late dismissals in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing fresh in his mind, digs frantically for the records and X-ray plates; cannot locate them because the office has been moved twice since the soldier's case was first opened, and in despair goes to the politician who landed him the job for his help in keeping it. Ultimately the soldier gets attention. If he were wise, he would have gone to his Congressman in the beginning. As it is, he is convinced that the Veterans' Bureau is full of Bolsheviks who are out to do the soldier. You can't blame him much, either.

Finally, there is the public, and you know more about the public than I.

What can *The Outlook* do to help the disabled soldier? There is need for a large sanity, reasonable kindness, justice, humanity, efficiency. The Government has spent enormous sums of money; it has run away like water spilled on the ground, and the disabled soldier is still discontented. He feels that the United States Government has not lived up to its promises. Mulling over its records, and fearful of its jobs, the Veterans' Bureau cares no more for the men it is supposed to serve than does the mill for the grain it grinds. The soldier finds the vocational training more or less of a sham, but he accepts it for the living wage it carries. Promised retirement on a parity with Regu-



W. B. MAXWELL

It will not be long before
THE OUTLOOK
publishes two of the best stories which
it has secured in recent years

"THE ROMANCE OF IT"

By W. B. Maxwell,

whom English critics rank
with Galsworthy and Wells;

"THE GOD IN THE MACHINE"

By Elsie Singmaster,

for many years a welcome
contributor to The Outlook.



ELSIE SINGMASTER

lar officers, the disabled emergency Army officers have fought the General Staff for three years to get the protection granted emergency Navy and Marine officers, but denied those who led the soldiers in battle.

Consequently we organize. The disabled emergency officers seem to be on the point of winning a grudging and partial fulfillment of the promise made in the Selective Service Act by the passage of the Bursum Bill; the Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars have jammed through the House a Bonus Bill that is

bitterly fought in the press and in Washington by the people who will be taxed to pay it. What a pity the burden cannot be placed on the men of military age who did not join the Army! The soldier is out to get what he considers his rights; angered by the opposition of those whom he feels sat back and made money while he sweated in cantonment or shivered in the mud of France, he may be inclined to press his claim to the limit.

You see the difficulty of your question—What can The Outlook do for the dis-

abled service man? Attack each problem as it comes up; give us the benefit of your cool, sane, well-balanced, kindly thought. We need it. Help the disabled officer get his retirement; clean the dirt and bugs out of the hospitals; help the patient, the doctor, and the employee in the Veterans' Bureau to a better understanding of each other; fight the exploitation of the crippled soldier; speed up and humanize the system.

I thank you.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD DOUGLAS.

THE LOGGER AND THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"WE are industrial experts. We can revolutionize your plant. We make profitable factories out of losing ones. We show you where your men are wasting time. We eliminate waste and install modern methods of increased efficiency. That is our job. Give us a trial."

The busy manager of a large logging concern in the Pacific Northwest received the above mimeographed circular from a brand-new Eastern firm of industrial engineers. The grizzled old logger understood the woods; he had been brought up in the tall timbers of the great Northwest. In his early days he had delivered railway ties to the Great Northern Railroad at twenty cents apiece. He didn't make much money, but still he enjoyed the experience. It at least kept him going. He finally purchased a "coffee" mill and delivered rough lumber to Puget Sound cities. He later purchased a Willamette "donkey" and started logging on a little larger scale. He enlarged his plant as years went by. He was an expert in every

branch of the logging business. He had been a "faller," a "bucker," and a "bull buckler." He went on the "rigging;" started in "choking," then "chasing," "decking," "second loading," and finally became a "head loader." He had fired the logging "loky" and later on became a "donkey puncher," graduating from his woods experience as a "hook tender" of the first quality. He had laid out his own railways, and they were the pride of the country.

Having worked up through every department of the logging game, he thought he understood the logging business to the 'steenth degree. There was no question but what he was familiar with the practical side of steam logging from the stump to the mill pond. However, here was a new angle. He thought it was worth a trial. He decided to give the industrial engineers a chance. To his intense surprise, after he had signed the contract an immaculately tailored young man appeared in the woods.

He had a short talk with the logger.

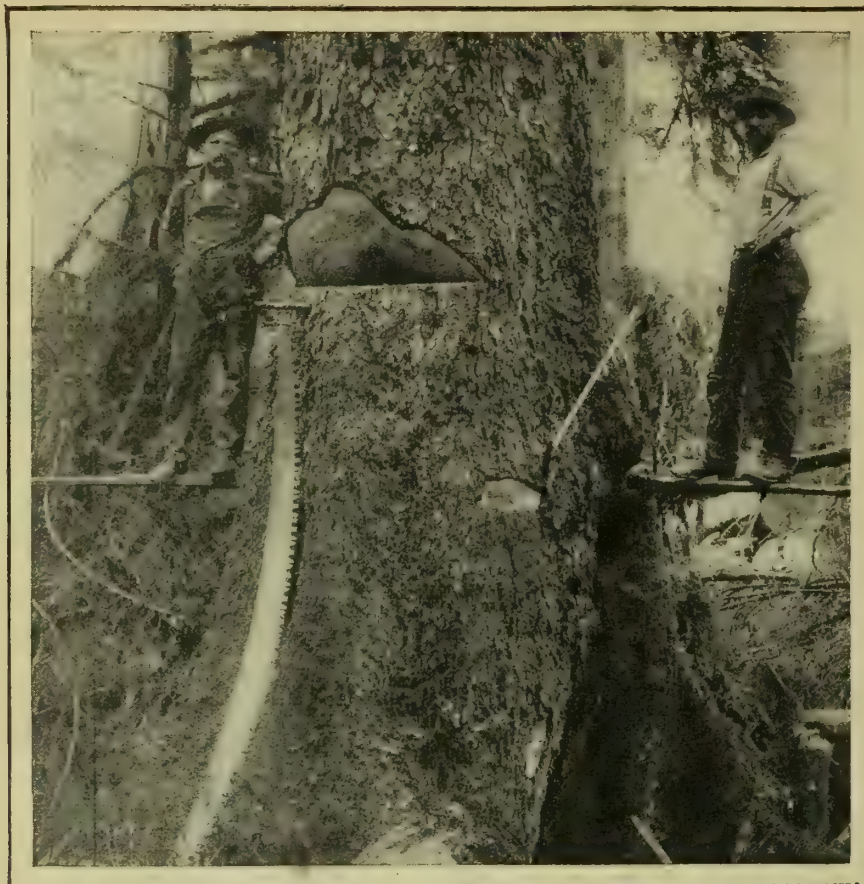
"I'll investigate for a few days," he finally told him, "and I will probably find out just what the trouble is. When I do, we will proceed to eliminate it."

"Was you ever in the woods before?" queried the logger.

"No," replied the student "expert," "I never have been—but then that makes no difference. We simply apply modern methods; eliminate unnecessary work; standardize production by pointing out the defects of your system. You see, that's our business. We have learned it."

The grizzled logger became dubious. Logging was his game; but, never having enjoyed the advantages of high school or college, he stood in awe when facing the college-developed brain. After a week of walking around the woods in a dignified manner, the engineer took the mill-owner into his confidence.

"Just as I thought," he started. "You're losing a lot of money with your falling crew. A terrible waste. You have twelve crews of 'fallers;' they are losing about one hundred minutes per



(C) Keystone

FELLING A GIANT TREE IN THE NORTHWEST

man per day. You have twenty-four men, which makes a total of twenty-four hundred minutes, or forty hours. Your wages are 50 cents an hour—or taking forty hours' loss of time makes \$20 a day. This makes a total of \$520 a month for a twenty-six-day month, or \$6,240 a year. In eight years you lose \$50,000; in sixteen years, \$100,000. So, you see, this is a terrible waste that can be very easily eliminated. This shows you the value of industrial efficiency. It will give you an insight into what our industrial engineers are doing for the country. This of course is only one department. I have only had an opportunity of studying the 'fallers' and 'buckers.' You have a train crew, a loading crew, and a landing crew, and I don't doubt but that I can find like deficiencies in these departments."

"This is wonderful!" exclaimed the logger. "Wonderful! I have been logging now for a great many years. I am considered to be worth about \$125,000. But here you find a saving in my falling crew alone that would amount to more in twenty years than I am worth. It is certainly marvelous!"

The young "expert" beamed with pride; he could be excused for that—he was only a boy with a long lead pencil, lots of paper, and plenty of time with which to figure.

"You're tired to-night," said the youth; "I won't go into this in detail until to-morrow morning, after the 'roll-out' has been called, when I will go over

the matter fully." Therefore the explanation was left for the morrow.

In the morning, after the crews had left on the logging train for the upper works, the "expert" stepped into the office.

"All right, now," he began; "I'll get down to business and show you what I have discovered. Here are my charts for the week. They tell the whole story. I won't have to talk much. You see, I have watched your 'fallers.' They are wonderful men, with perfect physiques. They go out and undercut the timber. They do a beautiful job—in fact, I have gazed with undisguised admiration at the perfect smoothness of an undercut that has from ten to twelve cubic feet of face. They are marvelous at pulling the saw. They work like Trojans. They drop the timber exactly where it should go. At that they are expert. There has not been a tree dropped across a stump the entire week where there was a possibility of avoiding it. It shows beyond all doubt that these men are doing their best to avoid unnecessary breakage. They do not lose a moment from the time they put in the large duck-bill wedge. They drop the tree with all despatch, and up to this point they are perfect. Now I come to the point where the loss of time takes place. When the tree is dropped, the 'fallers' sit down on the stump, gaze up and down the fallen timber, even smoke a pipe, and then walk leisurely over to the next tree. They sometimes spend several minutes

looking around before they put in their undercut. On a calculation based, as this chart indicates, on the entire week, the loss of time from the moment the tree dropped until they actually began swinging the ax on the new tree—the loss of time averaged ten minutes. You have very big timber here, and my chart indicates that the men have averaged ten trees a day. They have lost ten minutes a tree, which makes a total loss of one hundred minutes per man per day, or, as I explained to you last night, a monthly loss of \$520 on your tree 'fallers' alone. How about it?"

The tanned, weather-beaten-faced logger's hands twitched nervously. They were rough hands; they had big, deep cracks along the edges of the palm. The finger tips had deep cuts in them. The rough fingers slowly tapped the smooth surface of the desk that separated them. The logger's face began to grow red. Anger was plainly visible in his eyes. It could easily be seen that it was hard for him to control his emotions. He quickly arose to his feet and in a thunderous tone shouted: "You poor deluded 'tenderfoot'! What do you mean by coming up here and wasting a week of my time as well as your own? Where did you ever get the nerve to send me your big-worded circular? If you had ever done a real day's manual work in your life, you would know something about men; but that hasn't been part of your schooling.

"Now let me give you a lesson in efficiency. Those falling crews that you have been watching all week are the type of men you say they are—brawny, red-blooded, vigorous men. There is not a slacker in the crew; but they are not machines. You can't oil them up and walk off, like you can a 'donkey' engine. With all their strength, they are only human. That timber is the hardest cutting timber in the world; not because it is so hard; it isn't; but because it is so full of pitch. When these men spend, as you say they do, from thirty-five to forty-five minutes at constant sawing, standing on spring-boards, with every ounce of strength they've got on the saw, common sense ought to tell you that, when they get through with that forty-five minutes' work, which takes more exertion than ten rounds of a real prize-fight, relaxation of some kind is necessary. If these men did not take that ten minutes of rest which they do, they would be entirely played out by noon. The best man in the world would be all shot to pieces in less than a week. That rest they take, instead of making them less 'efficient,' is the thing that makes them so highly efficient. By taking that ten minutes in each hour for relaxation they are able to give me eight hours of solid work. If they did not take that rest, in less than three days I would not be able to get any work out of them at all. Instead of falling ten of these giant trees a day, their average would drop to six, and less. You may be a good theoretical industrial engi-

neer. You may know your business from a technical angle, but, lacking the practical personal contact with the actual laborer, your 'experting' makes your work absolutely valueless; yes, worse than valueless, because you have used up a lot of our valuable time and your report is not worth the snap of your finger.

"Now, son, let me give you some advice. You have a schooling in books and that is one of the greatest assets a young man can have. The trouble with you is you have only half finished your

schooling. Take my advice: If you are going to be a woods industrial engineer, just get on a pair of overalls, some spiked shoes, a wool shirt, and a pair of gloves; start in on the rigging and spend a year or two gaining actual knowledge of conditions. As you work study men, and then you will know something about them. You cannot study men—the hearts of men—from a picture or a story book. You have got to live with them and feel them. You have got to go hungry with them and perspire with them; pack blankets with

them, if it is necessary. Combine that experience with your knowledge gained through a college education, and then you will be worth a big fee. You will not only be a credit to yourself and the school from which you graduated, but you will be of tremendous value to the Nation.

You have made the first right step, young man—the best step a young man can take; but take my advice—complete your education by putting on a pair of overalls and study the greatest factor in industry to-day—the human factor."

BEHIND THE LEVEES

BY FREDERICK W. JONES

LIFE in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta with the waters of the rising Mississippi washing the top layer of the emergency sand-bags¹ on the levees brings many of the uncertainties and fears of defensive warfare. It suggests both the siege of Vicksburg and the early days of a constantly tightening blockade. Everybody thinks and almost everybody talks in terms of the one great "If." The schoolgirl will have her graduating dress "If." The ball team will play Greenville next Saturday "If." The housewife debates with her family and neighbors the grave question of the wisdom of setting out tomato plants. The planter tries to show his contempt of that "If" by tossing a coin to see whether all hands go fishing or plant a hundred acres of corn. But I notice that one of these planters has this standing order with the merchant he and I deal with: Such and such a number of bushels of corn and such and such a number of tons of hay "if the levee breaks." Every family in the country has equipped itself with at least one boat and has planned what to do with the stock. In the meantime the

churches and the Sunday schools are filling up. Like Noah in the days of the approaching flood, everybody is trying to "walk with God." One preacher in my town has cleverly expressed it all on a signboard: "If the levee of life breaks, have you a lifeboat for eternity?"

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the planters in this section, there has been an abundance of fighting on hand. At the first approach of the besieging enemy a weak sector on the battle-front was found. For a distance of six or seven miles in the region of Miller's Point, about twenty miles north of the rich and beautiful city of Greenville, the levee was regarded by the engineers as insecure. A break there would send the waters of the Mississippi down Deer Creek, which runs for scores of miles through one of the richest parts of the lower Delta. Many hundreds of thousands of acres of highly cultivated plantations would be overflowed; cities and towns would be threatened with disaster; human life would almost surely be lost. Meetings were held in many of the communities along the creek. Organizations were perfected for the purpose of sending labor to strengthen the impaired defenses. Many planters offered to send the last man they had.

They argued that if the levee broke no amount of labor would be worth anything to them.

At first the Negroes were every morning transported in cars and trucks, returning at night. Later special trains were run; camps were laid out, and at times as many as five thousand men put upon the first, which is also the last, line of defense. Wherever darkies are found loafing about a Deer Creek town they are given their choice of going to work on the levee or being arrested for vagrancy. They usually choose the levee work, though to those who live several miles away from the rising river the thought of fighting it is terrifying. After a few hours of association with the seemingly harmless body of water, however, they seem contented enough. Two professional gamblers the other day paid fines of \$100 each and accepted sentences of eight months on the county farm rather than risk their necks or their superior social standing as members of a promiscuous levee gang.

Fighting the Mississippi is not particularly hazardous for those who are on the battle-front. Most of the danger is for those who live away from the levees. Whenever a break occurs, everybody within reach of them runs toward these

¹ Dirt, instead of sand, is used. Sand sifts through the bags. However, the word "sand" is always used instead of "dirt."

UNDERGRADUATES from 125 universities and colleges scattered through thirty-nine States and the Dominion of Canada entered The Outlook's prize contest for the best letters on the problem of modern athletics. The task of selecting the victors was a formidable one, for the letters showed the highest average of merit of those which we have received in any of the Outlook contests conducted during the past year.

The winner of the first prize is at Princeton.

The winner of the second prize attends Ohio State University.

The winner of third prize claims as his Alma Mater Cornell.

The seven fourth prizes have been awarded to undergraduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Oberlin College, the University of Minnesota, the Iowa State College, the United States Military Academy, the Columbia School of

Journalism, and from a Pennsylvania institution, the name of which we may not disclose.

The names of all the prize winners who have permitted us to make their identity known, together with the first, second, and third prize letters, will be appropriately published in the Recreation Number of The Outlook—that of May 24.

The letters from winners of the fourth prize will appear in later issues of The Outlook.



Photo by J. E. France

BEHIND A THREATENED LEVEE

In the foreground are men engaged in putting sand in sacks. In the upper right, the small figures are men carrying sacks of sand up the levee to load on a barge for transportation to other weak points. About 3,000 men are working to save this point. Some 8,000 men in all have been working day and night on a strip seven miles long. The scene is at Stop's Landing, near Scott, Mississippi.

protecting dikes. When the water pours through the opening, the pressure elsewhere diminishes. The broken wall of earth will at least protect life and limb no matter how great the destruction of property.

The psychology involved in the thought of a break is disheartening, but, for all that, strangely interesting. It reveals one of the sad weaknesses of human nature. After men have fought the river day and night for weeks and it seems stronger than ever, a depression settles over many a desirable citizen that is relieved only by the thought that the fight is raging just as fiercely "on the Arkansas side," perhaps a little more fiercely, and if—Action, we are told in physics, is equaled by reaction. If terror strikes deep into the heart of the people of the Mississippi Delta when news of a break on their side reaches them, some feeling of an opposite nature, call it what you will, sets them singing—figuratively, of course—when the tidings of a breach on the Arkansas side are loudly proclaimed among them. One wide break and, as a rule, the campaign is over. The river and the other side win.

Every week we hear rumors of this order:

"A stick of dynamite was found at Avon."

"A bomb was thrown on the levee near Arkansas City. A guard extinguished it just in time. The man who threw it escaped in a boat, headed for the Mississippi side."

"If the river rises much higher, Greenville will blow up the levee ten or fifteen miles down the river."

I put no faith in any of these rumors, but they add greatly to a street-corner discussion of the river situation.

This year the planters on both sides, with the help of the Government and Levee Board engineers, have put up a magnificent fight. But the river has stayed at a record height so long that there can be no relaxing of mind or body. And the longer the battle rages, the greater the damage in case of defeat. It is getting so late in the season now that it is doubtful if the overflowed lands would be free of water in time to grow a crop. The way the Delta man puts it is: "If we must have a break, let it come right now."

And in case of a break all this vast

amount of emergency work will be a complete loss. Those sand-bags—millions in number—will have to be replaced by permanent additions to the inadequate earthworks.

The struggle between man and one of God's most terrifying forces—the Father of Waters—is grim, but it fascinates. In time of rising water guards patrol the levees day and night. They are ordered to keep off strangers, to shoot to kill, if necessary.

Upon their patrol they keep a sharp lookout for sand boils. These are spots close to the base of the levee that show cracks, out of which muddy water is beginning to boil. Whenever these are found a little levee of sand-bags is thrown round them. The water is allowed to rise to the height of the river and all pressure is removed.

Water is continually seeping through the levees. So long as it is clear there is no danger. The moment it becomes muddy, however, there is danger, and immediate treatment is required. Branches of trees are cut and laid over these weakened places. Sand-bags are then put upon the branches, and the resulting mat securely holds back the water if made in time.

Whenever boils are threatened, stakes marked by white rags are driven in the ground and the guards are constantly on the alert for the first signs of danger. Every now and then a part of a particularly weak levee will "slough off." Such a condition is critical. If it responds at once to treatment, the situation is saved. But if the levee continues to "slough off," the case is hopeless. The levee will break.

Fortunately, the engineers can usually hold back the water for twelve hours. In that time the people living close to the river can reach safety with their



Photo by J. E. France

A LEVEE THAT IS IN GREAT DANGER OF BEING BREACHED

The scene, near Scott, Mississippi, shows the face of the levee sloughing into the river and carrying the breakwater fence with it. The water is about twenty-five feet higher than the farms at the left which may be seen just over the line of men who are working to save the levee and their homes.



E. & A. Photos

THE "FATHER OF WATERS" AFTER HIS BONDS ARE BROKEN

The photograph shows the Mississippi at Poydras, eleven miles south of New Orleans, and records a victory for the river in the recent floods

stock and at least a part of their personal property. The surface of the river at the time of this writing is higher than the tops of the chimneys of the Negro cabins on the near-by plantations. And yet, in spite of this height and the volume of the escaping waters, their progress in any one direction after they have once broken clear of the levee is slow. They spread out in all directions, seeking the lowest places first. In 1913, when the levee broke three miles north of Mayersville, Issaquena County, Mississippi, it took twelve hours for the water to reach the town.

Many high mounds built by the Indians are scattered about the Delta. Dwellings and barns are built upon some. The others are crowded with neighboring stock in time of overflow.

When the breach is made, the river plows a lake, often one hundred feet in depth, filled with water of the deepest blue.

For several weeks transportation is conducted altogether by boats. In Mayersville and other levee towns every family has its skiff in good order in the back yard, all ready for any emergency.

Most of the larger cities and towns on or near the river have a system of protection levees. Greenville has a particularly efficient system. All that is required in case of need to make it watertight is to close with sand-bags the gaps made by the highways leading out of the

city. This the authorities had done at the time of this writing, except for a space on all such highways wide enough to allow one vehicle to pass through.

The people who dwell in the lower part of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta in time of high stage at Vicksburg care very little whether the levee breaks or not. Their lands are overflowed, anyway. The swollen Mississippi sends great volumes of its waters up through the mouth of the Yazoo. Then is seen the strange sight of that river and all its tributaries flowing up stream. That phenomenon is now in full operation. Hundreds of thousands of acres of land are under water—land that, for the most part, had been planted to cotton and corn. Trains running through this section from Vicksburg use tracks upon a high embankment, but each day they arrive later than on the day before. The water is now well up upon the steps of the coaches. When it reaches the fire-box of the locomotive, all communication with the outside world will cease except by boat.

The Red Cross and the Government are feeding sufferers in this region. This condition of destitution will be widespread if there should be a break in any part of the Delta sections of the lower Mississippi Valley. And the battle will be won by the side that has the greater endurance. If the river remains high on the levees for many more days,

it will surely make a breach. The water will soften the earth until resistance is no longer possible. But if the river soon returns to its normal position the siege will be raised. At best the Delta has only a fighting chance.

As one stands on the top of the levee at such an attractive city as Greenville, watches the terrific flow of the current in midstream, and then looks down upon the busy streets of the peaceful community twenty feet or more below, one cannot help being at least a bit ashamed of one's country. The frail protection against this fearful, sleepless enemy, the makeshift weapons of defense (such as sand-bags and willow branches), the constant danger along these extended levees from the dynamiter! Thoughts of all this come, and then with them the realization that that monster out there, so potential of disaster to a region still prostrate from the effects of the World War, was born hundreds of miles away and nourished and strengthened by nearly all parts of the United States except Mississippi and Louisiana. Surely a Government that can overcome a thousand miles from home the engineering problems of a world-serving canal—problems that baffled the genius of M. de Lesseps—can forever take away from its own people the dread, returning almost every spring, of a flood sent from nearly all the Nation's great watersheds.

SICK DAYS

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

WE come upon sick days:
The little room
That viewed your endless ways
Is like a tomb.

Lie still and do not move
And hold your breath
And be in life, poor love,
A hint of death.

CLIMBING THE BUSINESS LADDER

AN OPEN LETTER TO GIRLS CONTEMPLATING A BUSINESS CAREER

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

WHEN a writer has been a sufficient number of years before the public, he or she attracts correspondence as a magnet attracts iron-filings, so that the daily mail is always regarded with combined repugnance, hope, and suspicion on its appearance at the morning meal.

It may now and then contain tributes of one sort or another (though these are rare), it may proffer requests for autographs, books for bazaars, manuscripts for an immediate opinion, subscriptions for the needy in all the arts; but it is sure to hold appeals for advice on a bewildering variety of subjects, ranging from choice of diets to unhappy marriages.

So when two requests drifted in last week for a message to several hundreds of young men and women studying in business high schools and colleges of the country I read them with calmness, tinged with some surprise that I had been approached on this especial topic.

Speaking dispassionately, I think I am safe in saying that I have less business capacity than any other prose writer of my acquaintance. Still, the subject kept recurring to my mind, and I began thinking just what I should say and just how I should say it were I to agree to the artless proposal of one of these institutions, that I should come and talk to the students and that my railway fare would be paid if necessary.

Accordingly I gradually accumulated a few scattered ideas, based entirely upon the apparent lack of social experience or the manifest indifference to ordinary social usage that I daily encounter in shops, professional and business offices, with clerks, maids, telephone and telegraph operators, and others; and now that I have marshaled them into line it appears to me that they

may be of some service to the young persons who have so innocently counted on my superior knowledge.

Were I forced into a business career myself (I certainly should never be invited!), these, I think, would be the articles of my creed:

First, I would cultivate good English speech, at any or all hazards, as a subject of paramount importance. The needs of business are best met by a liberal education. If you have not had it, no one can prevent your getting it in off hours. There is something called, probably for the sake of convenience, "Commercial English." I may be making myself disliked as well as misunderstood, but I protest that there is only one sort of good English. I know that there are certain "forms" to be followed in business correspondence, and am thankful that one need not, at least, begin letters to husbands, lovers, and friends, "Yours of the 15th at hand and contents noted." But all forms are capable of slight differentiation, and you will find some time that the members of a firm say, for instance, "Miss X writes an uncommonly good letter." What does that mean? Something more, certainly, than that she always follows a stereotyped form, whatever the occasion. Miss X, in learning how to write, probably first learned how and what to read. Perhaps Miss X knew the difference between literature and "reading matter" before she thought of a business career. Miss X may have had a vision of "style," and when in some crisis she was given a free hand by her superior officer may have used it in transmitting his messages and wishes, his thanks, or even his downright anger in being asked to do, or agree to, something or other. Business men undoubtedly exist who think that any statement of facts or conditions, however ex-

pressed, phrased, spelled, or punctuated, will serve, but I beg those of you who may soon be in supernumerary positions or in those of considerable responsibility to remember that the command of language is always a source of efficiency and power. Know as much as possible of mathematics, physiology, history, geography, or what not, as your position demands or your desire for general information dictates, but know how to speak and write *delightfully* (I refuse to limit you to the word "correctly") and you will never be unemployed or poorly paid.

Second, I would cultivate good manners. They cost next to nothing and anybody can acquire them—at least almost anybody. It is unfortunately true that manners refuse to grow on some people. Not all plants bloom; some run to foliage. If I couldn't be a "blooming plant" (the word in this connection means to me grace and distinction), I would try for "foliage." That would emphasize many things; for example, proper deference to elders and superiors. I use the word advisedly—superiors do exist, and it is discreet to recognize them when you see them; I think we are all a little near-sighted in this matter in America. It would include also patience and teachableness, adopting a happy attitude towards work, and a tendency to smile when saying, "Certainly," instead of remarking, "All right," and banging the door.

I should not chew gum (pardon the unpleasant suggestion!), no matter how much it added to the joy of life or the relief of boredom. If any one chances to ask what relation exists between gum-chewing and good manners, I will answer at once, "None at all," and leave the questioner to reach his own conclusions as to my meaning.

All these highly informal suggestions

include, it is true, only the dullest of the virtues, to be cultivated by fasting and prayer; they count most decidedly, but, after all, they do not embrace the asset of assets, a certain something we call "charm."

I do not say that this can be acquired, for undoubtedly charmers are born, not made, and when one makes a heroic effort to be charming it results in miserable failure. Self-forgetfulness, rather than self-consciousness, begets charm. Do not make the mistake of believing that it is born wholly of physical beauty or magnetism. Positive ugliness is quite capable of revealing it. Good speech, sincerity, gracious manners (natural, not artificial), all these combined, are a fair substitute for that mysterious quality that the fairies sometimes bring to the cradle of the newborn child. I don't know why this particular Charm Fairy is so negligent in her attendance at birthday parties, but that she is both indolent and indifferent is a deplorable fact. She is unprejudiced, however, for the cradles of employers are not visited by her any more regularly than those of employees. I am inclined to think, when all is said on this subject, that the old Negro was right when he prayed, "Lord, let me so fib dat when I die I may hab manners!" and when in pessimistic mood I am disposed to the conviction that only death will bring manners to some people.

Third, we must add *tact* to good speech and good manners, and analyze it sufficiently to realize that it need not mean flattery, hypocrisy, or evasion of the truth. One can be upright, honorable, and sincere, as well as tactful, if one is sufficiently intelligent to manage the combination. There is never any need of calling attention, for instance,

to a person's lack of hair if he or she has nice eyes and a good nose. Telling the whole truth means to many people a desire to be particularly disagreeable. Too wide a reputation for "frankness" often calls up a picture of a man or woman heartily disliked and consistently avoided. I am speaking of social tact, but if it is exercised in one sphere of life it is likely to be exercised in all.

Fourth, I should be ambitious to achieve all possible knowledge in my especial line; but in conveying it to my customers, clients, or patrons, and, for that matter, to my friends, I should endeavor to avoid arrogance, vanity, and undue self-complacency. There is a very delicate point involved here, although no thick-skinned person ever feels it. There is an astonishing amount of (recently acquired) information delivered in a pedantic, platform sort of manner to persons who were instructed before you were born. Assume that your audience knows as much as you do until it eagerly cries for more light on the particular subject. Do not tell anybody when America was discovered, or the Civil War was fought, or when Shakespeare was born, but recall the dates to the memory very casually in passing. I find myself constantly referring to social usages and forgetting business; but are not the faculties we cultivate in one sphere quite as effective in another? In business we are dealing with human beings, after all.

There are people in the world who can convince you and win your confidence in three minutes by voice, speech, manner, and by putting a case simply, effectively, modestly, yet with an evidently complete knowledge of the subject. I allow that this is magnetism, or genius, or

something resembling both; but there is no use in aiming at a blackberry bush when there are the trees for a target, to say nothing of the stars.

Fifth, I should certainly strive for success, but success might not necessarily mean an enormous income.

It would mean saying quietly to yourself (not shouting it from the housetops): "I will not be a 'second' or 'third rater' in my own opinion or that of others, if I can help it. Perseverance and industry accompanied by a great desire will carry me somewhere near the top of the ladder, even if I never reach those last rounds which are mostly occupied by geniuses."

All the work of the world is not done by geniuses. Some of it is achieved by talent, persistence, courage, patience, fidelity, and endurance; and scarcely any of it can be traced to "luck." Very likely there is such a thing as luck, but it begins before one's birth, perhaps before the birth of one's grandfather. At any rate, we must not count upon it; indeed, we must discount it from the beginning. Believe from the very start that it will never be from the outside, but from within, that success, achievement, and happiness will come. Make the weak points strong, of course; try to find your real vocation in which you can work joyfully as well as usefully. Do not imitate anybody, however admirable. The world does not need "copies"—men and women covered with rubber stamps; it needs *you*, the real you, with all there is in you! If you go deep enough, you are always likely to find unsuspected "stuff" that belongs exclusively to you, modest as it may be. This is your birthright, and the best of it is that it grows, instead of diminishing, by use.

PALIMPSEST

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

Is it not strange to think that you alone
 Could clear the page—renew the luster—find
 Under the obvious, the long unknown
 And secret perfect writings of the mind?
 Thus in an idle hour you can erase
 All blacker words, set broadly to obscure
 What lies beneath, whose substance has no place
 Among new ways that will not long endure.

I wonder, when you read the script aright,
 Untwist the intricate and complex theme
 To make it clear before your inner sight,
 If you will stand inscrutably; and dream
 (Vaguely perhaps, the thought unformed, unsaid)
 How it were better if you had not read?

THE GREENHORN WITHIN OUR GATES

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

IN a small house that was identical with hundreds of other small houses in a New Jersey town there lived two Polish families, Zielinski and Dombrowski, the first of which boasted a fair regiment of small children. The other couple had not been married long.

There were two bedrooms upstairs; in one slept the Zielinski brood, in the other the Dombrowskis. The parlor and kitchen downstairs were shared. The only heat in the house came from a kitchen stove, and the only washing facility was the kitchen sink. And it was winter and very, very cold.

Into this nest of concentrated domesticity I arrived late one night, dressed in the garb of an immigrant, apparently straight from the "old country." This was the first stage in a white slave investigation that I had been asked to undertake by a committee of prominent citizens in this town. Two Polish girls had gone astray, and it was my mission to find out how that had happened. I was to seek employment in a local cigar factory, to which most immigrants drifted, and, as my best introduction would come from some local immigrant family, the address of the Zielinskis had been obtained.

A member of the committee made a discreet visit to the family to make certain that the living conditions would not be too intolerable, and then I acted on my knowledge of immigrant psychology. Passing through Ellis Island via the Commissioner's Office, I sent a telegram to the Zielinskis announcing my arrival, and, though they had never heard of me, Messrs. Zielinski and Dombrowski went to the station at midnight to meet me.

There was intense excitement in the little house at the arrival of a "greenhorn," and my rather weak "story" was never doubted: I was taken into the bosom of the families.

"Go to bed with us," said Mrs. Zielinski after I had repeated my carefully rehearsed life history for the third time; "to-morrow we'll fix you up."

Exhausted by the journey and the excitement, I was glad to lie down on the cot Mrs. Zielinski prepared for me in the family bedroom, and, since nobody undressed, propriety was duly observed. But the night was not a restful one. The four children snored in four different keys, since all had colds, and the parents also snored, and my body rebelled at the clothing I wore. And the stuffiness of that room! The air seemed too thick to enter my lungs, and I gasped through the night in a semi-wakeful condition, tired and yet anxious for morning.

It was still dark when Zielinski and Dombrowski *pères* went to work; the children were also despatched to school, and finally Mrs. Zielinski turned her critical eye on me.

"You're in America now," were her first words as she surveyed my pale-green dress with its three pathetic frills around the bottom; "you must be properly dressed. We'll get you a suit."

She wanted to be kind, and she stirred nervously a warm fluid christened "coffee" before breaking the whole truth to me.

"That coat of yours won't do," and she glanced at my good woolen coat with its thick cotton padding, "and we'll get you some nice American shoes."

Thus were my soft Russian shoes, good for either foot, with brass tips to the laces, condemned.

I was being Americanized, and meekly I followed Mrs. Zielinski. My coat was apparently so disgraceful that to prevent its being seen in the street again she lent me her big shawl. But as we walked to the store along the wind-swept street I shivered and secretly wished for the coat made as a protection against the Russian winter. It was my first step towards becoming an American.

We shopped in one of those stores that carry everything from wedding gowns to cosmetics and jewelry, where everything is expensive and worthless. Mrs. Zielinski bargained. A black-serge suit was finally bought for \$7. After a bitter struggle, which I won only by a plea of low funds, I retained my Russian shoes; there is a limit to Americanization, and mine was cheap American shoes. Finally my outfit was complete.

At lunch time the children rushed in from school, and I got my first English lesson.

"Patetos." Johnny repeated vigorously, pointing at the dish of boiled potatoes over which lard had been spread plentifully.

That was another source of discomfort to me—the food. I could not swallow the lard, which was apparently the American substitute for that most delectable titbit of the Slavs, salted pig fat. But what a difference!

That afternoon I slipped out, ostensibly for a walk, and kept my appointment with the committee woman, who was to act as liaison officer between me and the world.

"I'm starving!" were my first words. "Please bring me some sandwiches and fruit. I'll live on that until some better means of feeding can be devised."

That evening the families planned my fate. I was to go to work in the cigar factory, and cousin Annie, who worked there, was to take me. Without any effort on my part, the plan was working out as we wanted it.

"All greenhorns work there," Mr. Zielinski explained to me. "You're now in America; and must make money."

I was permitted to rest another day, during which I had a good meal of sand-

wiches and fruit in place of the indispensable "patetos," and on the third day after my arrival cousin Annie called for me at 6:30 A.M. on the way to the cigar factory.

I was entered automatically; I was not expected to know anything; no questions were asked. Within ten minutes I was put at a cigar machine and a Jewish foreman started teaching me to roll cigars, using a dozen Polish words he had learned for the occasion. There were five or six other greenhorns with me—great big, thick, apple-faced Slavs (Poles and Slovaks), all shiny in their new American clothes.

"Look at the other girls," said Annie to me at lunch; "they have ribbons in their hair. You must do the same."

So I bought some ribbon, and made two bunches of bows and pinned them on my head.

I was a full-fledged American.

My subsequent efforts during this investigation were directed towards the evasion of further Americanization; it was too uncomfortable. Fortunately, the attempts did not go beyond my clothes, food, and work.

In two weeks' time my nose started bleeding from the fine tobacco dust. The apple-faced country girls naturally stood the strain better than I did. But it was noticeable that those who had worked for any length of time were pale and pasty-faced. Annie used rouge plentifully on Sundays to overcome this; but, as she earned as much as \$15 a week, she was considered a success.

I do not know what America had to give beyond what I got. Judging by the girls at the factory, none received more than I had. It was cheap clothes and work from seven in the morning until six at night, congestion in the homes, and fearful food. And I was paid \$3.50 per week while learning. In three weeks I was put on piece-work and my wages dropped even lower, but, as I left about this time, I do not know how long it would have taken me to work up to a living wage. Incidentally, the investigation disclosed no organized evil; just a few girls transgressing against the accepted laws of society.

On Sundays there was church and an occasional ball, where most of the girls and boys lined up shyly along the walls, as far from each other as space permitted. Of course Americanization finally overcame this diffidence and "Americans" danced the shimmy without any formal introductions.

And my case was typical of thousands of others and in no way exceptional.

I can feel the rising anger of my readers at this picture of what America gives. I remember my own indignation, and also my attempt to change conditions. My efforts were directed toward organizing evening schools for the teach-

ing of English to "greenhorns;" Slavs received my special attention.

There was a colony of Russians living in New York, in the Fortieth Streets near Tenth Avenue; the girls worked in a neighboring candy factory, so their evenings were free. I induced half a dozen of them to attend school, made arrangements about a location, and, finally, on the opening night came around for the girls, who were to assemble in the home of one of the group. I had already discovered that girls would not go to school of their own accord, but had to be taken there until the habit formed.

"All ready," I announced, entering the tenement room, crowded with men and girls.

A spirit of hilarity reigned, and I sensed a change of spirit.

"Well—I'll go," hesitated Marussia, a brown-eyed immigrant.

"A grown-up girl go to school!" came the chorus from the assembled young men.

Marussia colored violently. These young men meant a great deal to her. It was public opinion, and she could not ignore it.

A discussion started, and it developed that those assembled saw no advantages in learning English, and especially in reading and writing.

"They'll learn what's necessary in the factory," announced the oldest "American" in the room.

My school never materialized.

With the Poles and Slovaks my difficulties were of another nature; they usually worked as servants, and could not get off evenings. Tackling the employers did not help much, so finally I built up some classes among girls who had been here long enough to be promoted into the dishwashing class—which meant free evenings.

An Italian friend had a different experience with her Italian charges; it was neither public opinion nor working conditions—it was mothers who opposed her efforts. Few Italian girls come to distant relatives, as do the Slavs; most of them come to their parents. The Italian mother is wise; she allows her daughter no freedom, permits her no evening pleasures unless she is also present as duenna, and watches her on the streets.

My friend had to win the confidence of the mothers and take her pupils to and from the school. Gradually the mothers became used to the idea and the girls were permitted to travel together.

And yet how glibly Americanization enthusiasts discuss that much over-worked term; they think it is sufficient to hang out the shingle, "Free Evening School, Come In," and the line will form around the block. It takes experience or a European background to realize that the peasant immigrant is happy in his ignorance. In fact, he despises education.

A friend of mine had idealistic dreams of educating his workers only it was



NATALIE DE BOGORY (RIGHT) WITH AN IMMIGRANT FRIEND

A tintype taken by a street photographer while Miss de Bogory was learning her American ropes

not called Americanization, because the mines he owned were in the Carpathian Mountains. The people were ignorant, and he decided that they ought to learn to read and write, and, being a man of advanced thought, he opened the school both for men and women.

He rented a room and heated it. He hired a teacher and sent enthusiasts to advertise the school.

The opening night a few women turned up with children. They sat around gossiping, unrestrainedly nursing their babies; it was an improvement to exchange the news of the day in this nice, warm room.

No lesson was possible. So my friend decided that he would have to make a special appeal to the men. Very little investigation disclosed the fact that the men spent their evenings in the inns, drinking.

Being a practical enthusiast, my friend bought a barrel of the favorite brand and had that delivered to the school. The attendance that evening was encouraging. The lesson started. But soon one man slipped out into the hall, where the barrel stood. Another followed, and before the hour had passed the entire class was exchanging

merry jests outside the schoolroom. Those crude peasants did not even have the politeness to pretend a love of learning.

The school was closed.

It is this lack of understanding of the European peasant which rouses my opposition to most Americanization schemes. If wearing store clothes and working in a factory is "Americanism," it would be an easy task. But to me "Americanization" is just a synonym for "civilization," and it takes more than a few evenings a week in evening school to inculcate the elements of humanness. Did the Zielinskis care anything about my welfare? No. They saw board money in me. That was all. For when I drifted away and disappeared they started no search. And yet they had been in America ten years and their children were "Americans."

It takes more than one generation to develop imagination and sensitiveness, and, without these, projection outside one's ego is impossible. And it takes more than just attendance at evening school to get the impetus towards something higher, towards that which, to me, is included in the word "Americanization."

ISRAEL—A WANDERER IN THE DESERT AND A STRANGER AT HOME

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Dr. W. T. Ellis, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

"THE MOUNTAIN OF THE FIRE," SINAI, AND THE TRADITIONAL PLAIN ON WHICH
THE ISRAELITES ENCAMPED WHILE MOSES WAS ON THE MOUNTAIN



From Rev. Amos I. Dushaw, Brooklyn, New York

THE NEW SET OF JEWISH BOYS IN JERUSALEM—THE CHILDREN OF RECENT IMMIGRANTS

THE BOOK TABLE

PADRAIC COLUM, POET AND PLAYWRIGHT

BY LLOYD R. MORRIS

SOME years ago, in writing about Padraic Colum's verse, I said that he is just as surely the poet of the future as Yeats is the poet of the past in Ireland. The suggested comparison is one which Mr. Colum, with characteristic modesty, would be the first to repudiate, yet the publication of each successive book from his pen lends additional force to the conclusion. He is primarily a poet, and poetry to him is so unconsciously an invariable and natural function of life that its special insight is what chiefly informs the whole range of his writing.

The range of his art is both extensive and various; verse, the drama, the retelling of Greek and Norse and Gaelic legend, prose fiction, and the criticism of literature are the forms in which his dedication to a passionate and sustained mood of beauty has been accomplished. In this procession of the spirit his new *Anthology of Irish poetry*¹ takes definite place. It is an exceptionally important book because it is the first to reveal the distinctively racial moods of the Irish spirit through the themes of racial life and tradition which Irish literature has illuminated. In doing this it offers us both a picture of racial experience and an interpretation of its quality and significance, and the value of such ministration to readers who have been moved by the unique magic that is in modern Irish literature can scarcely be overestimated. It is a book to be treasured and loved by readers familiar with Irish literature; but it should appeal even more profoundly to those whose acquaintance is less intimate. Not to have shared deeply in this poetic experience is to have ignored access to a rare and noble beauty.

"Irish poetry," says Mr. Colum in the introductory essay to his *Anthology*, "begins with a dedication—a dedication of the race to the land." He is thinking here of the myth of the Milesian invasion, and of the symbolic gesture of Amergin, the poet, who invoked the land before the first ship touched its shore. To many of us this gesture of invocation is more profoundly immanent in the verse of Padraic Colum than in that of any other contemporary Irish poet. I have spoken of his dedication to a mood of beauty; more exactly, it is a dedication to the land, and the beauty lies in its superb ecstasy, its passion, its lyric loveliness. When, in 1904, A. E. made his now famous anthology of verse by the younger generation of Irish writers, he chose as the opening poem in the volume a portrait of "A Poor Scholar of the 'Forties," by Mr. Colum, then a youth of twenty-three. It was a poem

which made literary history in Dublin; indeed, the latest chronicler of the memoirs of the renaissance has told in his book how W. B. Yeats went about enthusiastically quoting its lines. More importantly, it sounded the note of dedication which recurs in all of Mr. Colum's earlier poems, though with a peculiar wistfulness, as the reader may discover:

My eyelids red and heavy are
With bending o'er the smoldering
peat.

I know the Æneid now by heart,
My Virgil read in cold and heat,
In loneliness and hunger smart.

And I know Homer, too, I ween,
As Munster poets know Oisín.

And I must walk this road that winds
'Twixt bog and bog, while east there
lies

A city with its men and books,
With treasures open to the wise,
Heart-words from equals, comrade-
looks;

Down here they have but tale and
song,

They talk Repeal the whole night
long.

"You teach Greek verbs and Latin
nouns,"

The dreamer of Young Ireland said,
"You do not hear the muffled call,
The sword being forged, the far-off
tread

Of hosts to meet as Gael and Gall²—
What good to us your wisdom
store,

Your Latin verse, your Grecian
lore?"

And what to me is Gael or Gall?
Less than the Latin or the Greek—
I teach these by the dim rush-light
In smoky cabins night and week.

But what avail my teaching slight?
Years hence, in rustic speech, a
phrase,

As in wild earth a Grecian vase!

Mr. Colum continued writing verse, but it was not until 1907 that he collected some of his poems into a little volume which took its title, "Wild Earth," from the last line of the poem quoted above. It indicates his sensitive and fastidious self-criticism that the first edition of "Wild Earth" contains but twenty-five poems. But in those twenty-five poems are to be found the most exquisite beauty revealed by any Irish poet since the very early poems of W. B. Yeats.

"Wild Earth" sums up Mr. Colum's dedication; it deals with the land and with the life of the Irish peasantry, and it does so with an objective vision and a sense of reality unequaled by any other Irish writer of this generation. There is a curious suggestion in these

¹ *Anthology of Irish Verse*. Edited with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$3.

² "Gall," Mr. Colum tells us, is the equivalent of the Grecian *βάρβαροι*. It includes all who are not Gaels.—The Editors.

poems of the Gaelic way of thought and the color and cadence of Gaelic speech. There is the vivid, unsophisticated imagery, the vigorous delight in adventure, in nature, in physical beauty, which are so characteristic of Gaelic folk poetry. And in them one finds a caressing rhythm, a singing, lyrical magic natively Irish, to be sure, but quite unique with Mr. Colum's verse. Here, for example, is his poem about "A Drover:"

To Meath of the pastures
From wet hills by the sea
Through Leitrim and Longford
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing—
I name them the by-ways
They're to pass without heeding;

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

O! farmer, strong farmer!
You can spend at the fair;
But your face you must turn
To your crops and your care.

And soldiers—red soldiers!
You've seen many lands;
But you walk two by two
And by captain's commands.

O! the smell of the beasts,
The wet wind in the morn;
And the proud and hard earth
Never broken for corn;

And the crowds at the fair,
The herds loosened and blind,
Loud words and dark faces
And the wild blood behind.

(O! strong men, with your best
I would strive breast to breast,
I could quiet your herds
With my words, with my words.)

I will bring you, my kine,
Where there's grass to the knee;
But you'll think of scant croppings
Harsh with salt of the sea.

Mr. Colum's specific contribution to the poetry of the Irish renaissance is notable; he is the only poet who has written of the peasant by building his art from the inside. He has brought into literature the distinctively racial element in contemporary Irish experience, for it is the country people of whom he writes that are the inheritors and the continuators of the purely racial tradition. The memory dwells willingly on the simple, naïve, and natural beauty of his poems, on their sensitive perception, the romantic, passionate symbolization of the land that is in them, on their celebration of the magic and wonder and adventure of familiar daily life.

Before Mr. Colum's verse had become widely known he had already achieved a considerable reputation as a dramatist. By 1902 he had written and published two plays, one of which, "The Saxon Shillin'," was produced with

great success during the following year. That year likewise saw the production by the Irish National Theater Company, of which he was one of the founders, of his play "Broken Soil." It is a curious coincidence that three playwrights destined to establish what have subsequently proved to be the enduring traditions of the Irish drama—Padraic Colum, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge—should have received their initial productions within a few weeks of each other. Of the dozen plays which Mr. Colum wrote before coming to the United States eight years ago, only "The Land," "The Fiddler's House," "Thomas Muskerry," "The Miracle of the Corn" (an exquisitely poetic dream play in one act), and a vividly colored Eastern fable entitled in the Irish edition "The Desert," and in the American "Mogu the Wanderer," have been published in book form.

The tradition in contemporary Irish drama inaugurated by Padraic Colum's plays is that of the realistic study of peasant life. In fact, it is the example of his plays, rather than those of Synge, which has furnished a method and a technique to later playwrights like Lennox Robinson and St. John Ervine. "The Land," "The Fiddler's House," and "Thomas Muskerry" are powerful and veritable pictures of life in the Irish Midlands. At one time, Mr. Colum has told us, he contemplated writing a series of plays which together would form a *comédie humaine* of Irish life through all the social stages, and the triad of plays just mentioned partly fulfills that ambition. In them he has created three characters who stand as primary types: Murtagh Cosgar, the peasant; Conn Hourican, the artist; and Thomas Muskerry, the petty official. His first interest as a dramatist is, however, neither character nor atmosphere, but situation. "The dramatist," he tells us in the prefatory note to one of his plays, "is concerned not primarily with the creation of character, but with the creation of situations. For character conceived as a psychological synthesis he has only a secondary concern. His main effort is always towards the creation of situations that will produce a powerful impression on an audience, for it is situation that makes the strongest appeal to our sympathies." In the three plays of contemporary Irish life the central situation arises from the life of the family, into which the characters have put their spiritual and physical energy. But in the effort to regain an independent existence, to control individually their own experience, each of the characters is confronted by another with a conflicting purpose. In "Thomas Muskerry," an ironic tragedy that seems almost a "King Lear" of Irish village life, it is the happiness of the grandfather that is sacrificed to the selfishness of the younger generation; in "The Land" it is the vigorous and trained younger generation which deserts the bleak toil of the hardly won farm for the bright lure of America, leaving the soil to the witless and inefficient; in



PADRAIC COLUM

"The Fiddler's House" it is the father, with the artist's temperament and a deep-rooted impatience of domesticity, who destroys the home and happiness of his elder daughter. To that extent the plays have a common theme. But the life of the family, although it sets the terms of the situation, is not the sole motivating cause of action in the plays. Love of the land, love for the free life of a wanderer on the roads, the rebellion of youth against tradition and the grim dominion of hardship, love of woman, these are the factors which determine and modify the experience that Mr. Colum reveals in his plays. In these plays he has given us the first realistic drama in the contemporary English-speaking theater. It is not the adventurous realism of Pinero or the photographic realism of American play-

wrights. It is a realism which derives its power to move us from a profound faithfulness not only to the outward reality of circumstance but to the inward reality of the spirit. And in that quality are demonstrated the clarity and the depth of his poetic insight.

Since Mr. Colum's arrival in the United States some years ago he has written eight volumes in which he has retold the cycle of Odysseus and that of the Argonauts, the myths of the Children of Odin, the legend of Cinderella, a number of the most beautiful of the Gaelic legends and other charming folk tales. Ostensibly the eight books are written for children, but it is something other than the eternal child that is in all of us or the enduring, eager youth that is in Mr. Colum which explains the spell of these books upon the minds of adult readers. It is, I think, the poetry of his versions of these tales, the unsophisticated attitude of wonder, the joyous ecstasy in beauty, that are equally implicit in his verse.

What perhaps is most important in Mr. Colum's art, its essentially dynamic quality, is fundamentally characteristic of the man's spirit. His accomplished work, the early verse, the plays, the legends, and the critical writing represent a vital contribution to contemporary literature. But the promise of his future writing is even greater than what he has already accomplished; in power and significance his art is conquering new dominions. The volume of recent poems which is soon to be forthcoming and a volume of fiction will reveal the familiar magic and the grave beauty which he has taught us to expect, but they will bring us likewise a loveliness and a power that are new.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY INCOME IN THE UNITED STATES (THE).

By the Staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Incorporated: Wesley C. Mitchell, Willford I. King, Frederick R. Macaulay, Oswald W. Knauth. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.50.

This is a valuable volume, especially in this day of particular searchings of statistics by the average man. For the Government's new budget system has developed more interest than ever in such questions as these:

What is the size of our National income?

What is the size of our per capita income?

Is not our per capita income larger than that of any other country?

Was not most of the increase in our National income during the war due to the rise of prices?

Did not our participation in the war diminish somewhat the inequality in the distribution of American incomes?

The evident aim of the authors of this volume is to aid those who would determine the adequacy of our production to meet our living needs. The size of the surplus over the minimum amount necessary to support life is given particular attention in this book; it is from

this surplus that our taxes, investments, and higher standards of life are drawn.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

IN HIS IMAGE. By William Jennings Bryan. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.75.

This book is divided into two nearly equal parts: the first four lectures are controversial theology, the last five are lay sermons. Controversial theology at its best is not of much value; the controversialist is more anxious to win a victory than to expound the truth, and generally neither understands nor interprets his opponent correctly. Mr. Bryan lacks definition. He glorifies faith without telling us what he means by faith, insists that the Bible is "the very Word of God" without defining "Word of God," and urges the divinity of Christ in apparent ignorance of the widely different meanings which have been attached to that phrase. He treats evolution and Darwinism as synonyms; avers that "as a rule, however, the so-called higher critic is a man without spiritual vision," in ignorance of the fact that such men as Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, and George Adam Smith accepted and employed in their

ministry the results of the so-called "higher criticism;" and affirms that "the Bible is either the work of God or the work of man," while his Bible tells him in explicit language that it is the work of both. The other five lectures are not controversial. They are really directed to a ministry to "the Larger Life." These lay sermons exemplify his belief that one may have both a good heart and a trained mind, but, if compelled to choose between the two, the good heart should be the choice; and in them he makes good use of his power of popular expression in urging on his hearers the advantage of Christ's leadership in the "Larger Life," the "Value of the Soul," the importance of education, and some of the secrets of success in the use of "The Spoken Word"—that is, oratory.

RABBONI. By Anthony C. Deane. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

"Rabboni" is a clear and fairly comprehensive analysis of Christ's teaching. It is by a clergyman of the Church of England and in its main points conforms to the doctrinal views of that Church, but it is remarkably free from scholastic theology and wholly free from controversy. We do not think that such theological terms as Trinity, Atonement, Vicarious Sacrifice, Regeneration, Apostolic Succession, anywhere occur in its pages. It is the result of careful and intelligent first-hand study and contains some suggestive and illuminating hints. But it is not characterized by any remarkable freshness or originality of thought. It would be useful but not exceptionally appealing to the lay reader.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS
- LIVES OF POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.** By Sarah K. Bolton. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.
- SKIPPER OF THE CYNTHIA B. (THE).** By Charles Pendexter Durell. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass. \$1.50.
- WHEN POLLY WAS EIGHTEEN.** By Emma C. Dowd. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.90.
- POETRY
- POEMS AND PORTRAITS.** By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- EDUCATIONAL
- MORE BEETLES.** By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.
- MISCELLANEOUS
- ALPINE SKIING AT ALL HEIGHTS AND SEASONS.** By Arnold Lunn. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.
- AMATEUR'S BOOK OF THE DAHLIA (THE).** By Charles H. Stout. Introduction by Mrs. Francis King. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$3.
- ASSETS OF THE IDEAL CITY.** By Charles M. Russell. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.50.
- TRAINING OF A SECRETARY (THE).** By Arthur L. Church. (Lippincott's Training Series.) Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.75.
- WILLS, ESTATES, AND TRUSTS. A Manual of Law, Accounting, and Procedure, for Executors, Administrators, and Trustees.** By Thomas Conington, Harold C. Knapp, and Paul W. Pinkerton. 2 vols. The Ronald Press Company, New York. \$5.



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They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

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Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

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Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

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Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now

leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

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Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

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One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

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THE MAIL BAG

VERY NICE FOR HAROLD T. PULSIFER, THE EDITOR, BUT SORT OF HARD ON HAROLD T. PULSIFER, THE POET

I

DEAR MR. PULSIFER:
I have read your article on "Poets" in the April 26 Outlook.

I should think an editor would want to set the dog on a poet or throw him downstairs. Q.—Why do poets wear long hair? A.—Because they have not the price of a hair-cut. They live in a garret on account of a depleted purse; look thin and skinny because of a slim diet. Their average composition is worth about 30 cents.

C. G. ARNOLD.

1845 Lincoln Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

P. S.—I wish you would publish the above.

[Not every one who asks us to print a letter can be accommodated. But brevity helps, as in the present case.—THE EDITORS.]

II

AFTER reading Mr. Pulsifer's article on "How Not to Approach an Editor With a Poem," another poet attempted to dodge his vigilant eye by sending his work direct to Dr. Abbott. The verse, however, landed on Mr. Pulsifer's desk and suffered the sad fate of rejection. A postscript to the tragic adventure appeared in the form of an illuminated manuscript which we reproduce below. We regret that it cannot be presented in all the glory of the original color scheme:

I Swear!
"They shall not pass," said Pulsifer.
"Burn poems I forbid!"
"I quite enjoy this novel joy
Of sittin' on the lid??
Thought man of wild west bubblin' mind
I'll dodge him—sprize the kid.
Said Pulsifer:—too bad—"returned"
"It simply can't be did?"



Mr. Pulsifer acknowledges the likeness to be excellent, but declares that when he has to return a poem it hurts him more than it does the poet! Poets

are privileged to disagree. Undoubtedly they will.—THE EDITORS.

PLEASE SPARE PETER RABBIT!

RECENTLY there has been called to my attention an editorial entitled "When Do We Eat?" which appeared in The Outlook of March 1, and in which you make a plea for the abolition of useless sentimentality. You do me the honor of favorable mention of some of my stories for children, for which I am duly appreciative. At the same time you at least suggest that these animal stories are lacking in truth because my little characters always escape, and thus it is not apparent that their pursuers ever enjoy a square meal. The inference is that I and certain other writers are over-sentimental.

From the view-point of exact science, the criticism may be well founded. You have, however, missed a very vital point. If Reddy Fox should catch Peter Rabbit, tell me, pray, how Peter might be resurrected? The stories do not deal with the rabbit, the fox, the mink, the chuck, the squirrel, and other characters as species, but as individuals. Obviously there can be but one Peter Rabbit, one Reddy Fox, one Johnny Chuck, and so on. The death of any one of these would be a tragedy. Tragedy enters child life soon enough as it is. Moreover, consider the author. I have, or at least I hope I have, very many more stories of Peter Rabbit and his friends. To kill off any of them would be to end my career as an author of this type of story, and I fear that I, in my turn, would be forced to say, "When do I eat?"

In short, these little friends are individual characters. They are treated as such. In all my work I have endeavored to hold fast to fact and truth. The child understands this. He knows that all too often the rabbit does not escape from the fox or the mouse from the hawk. I endeavor to show this without having the actual tragedy, which is always a shock, bearing in mind that I am writing for little children, who are peculiarly susceptible to such shock as would be involved in the death of those whom they had come to love dearly. You will, I believe, appreciate why the escape is inevitable. If you could see the letters I have from little folk expressing their appreciation of this one fact—the lack of tragedy—and also the scores of letters from parents and teachers containing like expressions, you would understand why a fox and certain others must eat unobserved.

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

[We only meant to give Mr. Burgess a friendly dig or two. His numerous imitators were the targets at which we chiefly aimed.—THE EDITORS.]

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN was born of a prominent New England family in 1859. After graduating from Abbot Academy, in Andover, Massachusetts, she went with her family to California, where she established

the first free kindergartens for poor children on the Pacific coast. She assumed the directorship of the famous Silver Street Kindergartens of San Francisco, and to her inspiration and example were undoubtedly due the rapid and successful growth of Froebel's system of education in the West. Some of her most popular stories—though all are delightful—are "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," "Marm Lisa," "Mother Carey's Chickens," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

RICHARD DOUGLAS was a first lieutenant in the Reserve Corps when the United States entered the war. He was promoted to the rank of captain August 15, 1917, and was ordered to France the following May with the 328th Infantry, 82d Division. He was cited in regimental orders as follows:

This officer successfully commanded his company in the Toul and Pont-à-Mousson fronts, through the Saint Mihiel offensive, and until severely wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive he had crossed the shell-swept field east of La Forge, had crossed the Aire River, and was reorganizing an attack against Hill 223. This officer at all times showed great coolness in action and a disregard for his personal safety.

THE REV. FREDERICK W. JONES is in charge of St. Paul's Church, in Hollandale, Mississippi. Before entering the ministry he was a reporter on the New York "Tribune" and the "Evening World," and also an editor on the Providence "Journal."

NATALIE DE BOGORY is a Russian. Her father, Vladimir de Bogory-Morkievitch, was one of the first group of Russian revolutionists. Miss de Bogory came to America ten years ago and carried on extensive investigations among Slavonic immigrants, and has had charge of the Foreign Information Division of the United States Employment Bureau.

LOYD R. MORRIS is managing editor of the "American Exporter." He has a thorough knowledge of foreign trade, gained partly from his service in the United States Postal Censorship during the war as chief of the Trade Division. His real interests are, however, literary. He has written a volume on Irish literature entitled "The Celtic Dawn" and has contributed to various magazines.

AGRICULTURE AND THE PERIOD OF RECONSTRUCTION

(EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY W. I. DRUMMOND, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FARM CONGRESS, BEFORE THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE ILLINOIS AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION)

AGRICULTURAL organization activities fall naturally into two principal classes: First, the development of co-operative marketing and buying; second, education and participation in the consideration of economic policies in a general way.

Co-operative marketing is receiving major attention now. It is well that it should. These movements are inclined to follow separate crop or commodity lines. Allied crops, as of several varieties of fruits, seem to fall into workable groups, as may be the case with the grains. It is hardly conceivable that any one organization will successfully handle or attempt to market unrelated crops, as both fruit and grain, or grain and cotton, or competitive crops like oats and rice. The wisdom of confining the activities of this class of organizations strictly to the business of handling the particular crop involved is apparent.

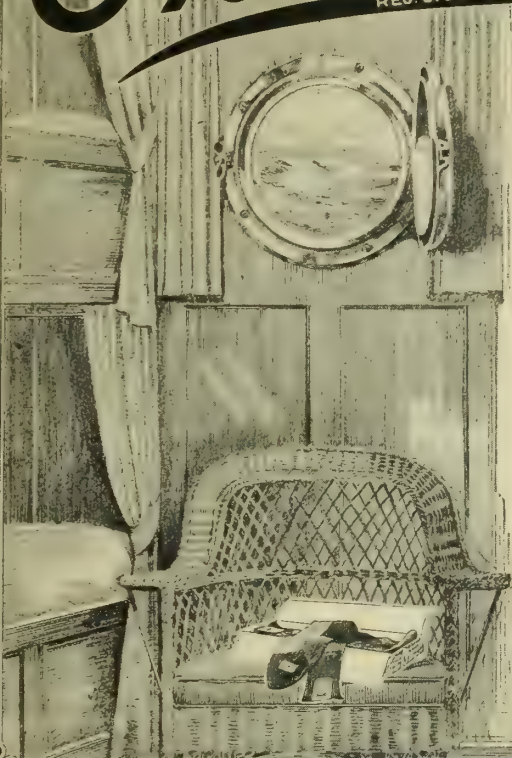
The formation during the past year of co-operative marketing agencies and farmers' business enterprises on a scale never before attempted brings the issue of their success or failure squarely to trial. It cannot be expected that all will succeed. There will be failures. There will be losses. But there is reason to hope and believe that the correct formula, the fundamentally sound plan that can be adopted generally without assuming proportions of monopoly or breaking down of its own weight, may be worked out. There is sustaining consolation in the fact that the public generally recognizes the necessity of co-operation by producers, and welcomes it.

LET'S STAY IN THE MAIN CHANNEL

There is a school of thought which leads toward drawing agriculture apart from the general flow of business and erecting a separate set of institutions for it. This seems dangerous and unwise. Although some of its requirements, as of credits, are in a manner different from those of other industries, there is no good reason for isolating agriculture. It would lose far more than it would gain from separation. Rather, it should be given a larger place in the general business scheme. Proportionate privileges, based on its needs, in financial and other institutions serving the general public will be worth far more to agriculture than to provide separate facilities for it which might have to rely upon a restricted field of resources in time of trouble. The isolation of the farmer would mean the creation of a gap between producer and consumer. It would promote suspicion and distrust. Organized labor has traveled the road of exclusiveness and class

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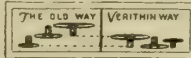
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AGRICULTURE AND THE PERIOD OF
RECONSTRUCTION (Continued)
consciousness far enough to reveal the fallacy of that course.

INTERINDUSTRIAL DEPENDENCY

While it is true that the impairment of the purchasing power of the farmer slows down all lines of business, it is no less a fact that the same misfortune to any other class of citizens has a similar effect. Unemployment in other industries, for instance, quickly affects farm markets and prices. Organized agriculture can never make common cause with organized labor as long as the latter continues its wasteful and restrictive practices and contends for inflated wage scales and the right to curtail productive effort. But unless labor is profitably and continuously employed, the market for farm products is narrowed and prices are depressed. This, in turn, reacts, and still other industries are hit. Disaster to any class or in any industry strikes and rebounds, and strikes again, like an echo in the hills. If for no reason other than self-interest, organized agriculture should do nothing that might work injury to labor, or to any other class or industry. An impoverished customer is of little value. To secure protection against the unrestricted importation of agricultural products, for instance, without at the same time helping to protect our workmen against the products of cheap labor, paid in depreciated currency, would be both unfair and futile. . . .

PRICE FIXING

The disposition to turn to the Government for immediate and complete relief from economic ills finds expression in many ways. One of these is that it should guarantee that prices will not fall below a fixed minimum. It seems inconceivable that men who are recognized leaders of thought and who have been successful in business would advocate such an impossible thing, but some of them are doing so. If any farmer is depending upon the Government to protect him against financial losses, he had better change his occupation. The same is true of any man engaged in any business not under public supervision. The Government will not and cannot do such a thing. Any government might establish minimum prices for farm products, but if such prices were higher than those prevailing in the world markets it could maintain them only as long as its resources enabled it to absorb all surpluses. That would not be very long, even in the case of our own Government, if the hazards of financial loss were removed from the business of production. Were governmental control of prices possible, it would now be in effect throughout the world. The idea is by no means new. It has been tried out in various stages of the world's history. It has always broken down, as it always must.

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need of the farmer has prevailed widely. The necessity for adequate credits cannot be denied. But we have learned two things, both to our surprise, as results of our efforts along this line: The securing of the credits from a sympathetic Government was easy; but even the enormous advance of a billion dollars has not measurably helped markets or prices, which any plan of assistance to be effective must do. Some farmers, and to a somewhat larger extent some stockmen, are being helped individually, but to many the Government credits merely offer a chance to get deeper into debt and postpone an evil day. This will be particularly true in case farm prices in general do not advance materially before the obligations fall due. We must not overlook the fact that credit, if used, means debt. Debt means interest. Interest means more debt. Pay-day always comes. Our present difficulties can nearly all be traced to the debts we contracted during the recent brief but dizzy era of prosperity. The mortgage indebtedness of our farmers has doubled in the past ten years. They are now up to their chins in personal obligations. Does it not seem advisable to try to stop the drift into debt, instead of encouraging it?

Any form of paternalism or Socialism would be destructive to our agriculture. Historians agree that most declining civilizations owed their decline to the neglect of their agriculture; but an agriculture propped up by paternalistic or class favors is only temporarily saved. Such a policy develops individual dependency and helplessness, whereas the only safe and lasting foundation for society or any of its branches lies in a self-sustaining and resourceful citizenship. It is not possible to do more for any man than to secure him against whatever might interfere with his efforts to help himself or deny him the just reward of his own efforts. . . .

CONFIDENCE IS NECESSARY

The action of the farmers in stopping buying was justified, and even necessary. But this is apparently being carried to an extreme that indicates a general lack of confidence in the ultimate restoration of agricultural prosperity. There is little reason and much danger in this. Hoarding is quite as unjustified as spending too freely. It is nearly as bad as going into debt unnecessarily. Without confidence in the future, in which the farmer must share, the general business machinery cannot again function properly. Neither fear nor resentment should be permitted to stand in the way of making needful purchases where additional debt is not incurred.

There is comfort and assurance in the fact that the most powerful and influential farm organizations in this country have so far not been misled by false economic teachings. They have shown remarkable patience and fortitude in a time of stress such as might cause a less able leadership or a less thoughtful or loyal membership to heed the voices of radicalism or follow irresponsible demagogues into the quagmires of politics.



The people shown in this picture were photographed on Fifth Avenue, New York, four years ago. How many were afraid? How many things that they feared would happen to them have happened?

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FEAR is the age-old enemy of the human race. It is just as powerful today as ever! All of us are its victims in some degree. Fear robs us of the happiness and success that should be ours. Fear destroys hope! Fear chills ambition! Fear is the blast that sears and withers souls! Fear is the partner of defeat.

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This inspiring book was written by a man who himself passed through the deep waters of despair and emerged triumphant. Out of his own experiences and experiences that are common to us all, he has created this extraordinary book that vivifies and analyzes that strange illusion we call fear. The good you can get from this book is well-nigh inestimable.

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A member of a well-known family in Boston wrote Mr. King, "The fact that you have told so much of your own experiences doubles and triples its value. . . . It is the first time that God has been explained to me as a working power in my life."

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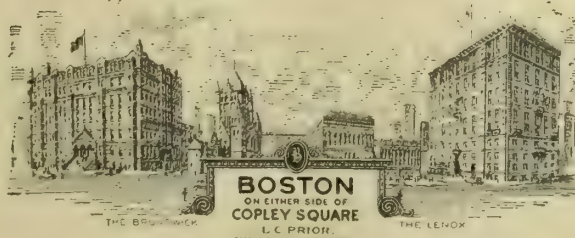
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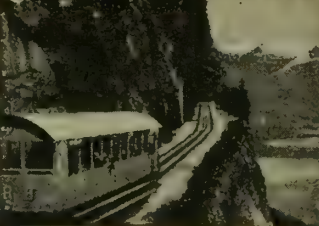
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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

FOR \$1 postpaid, 200 sheets bond notepaper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address. Good paper and first-class work. Samples stamp. M. C. Harp, Lansingburg, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DICTATORS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side, Boston, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Experienced headworker for well established settlement occupying strategic educational position in large Eastern city. Open September 1. 1,469, Outlook.

GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerks, \$133 to \$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, B-4, Columbus, O.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Competent woman to cook and serve meals for party in Adirondack camp. Would take mother with daughter old enough to help her. July to October. Write to Mrs. H. C. Geyer, Englewood, N. J.

UPSTAIRS maid and waitress. Private home. Mrs. W. O. Badger, 99 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED—Mother's helper. Desirable permanent position for capable young woman. Suburban home near Reading. State salary. Mohican Lodge, Sinking Spring, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

MEDICAL student, University of Pennsylvania, desires position as camp physician. References. 1,500, Outlook.

RESIDENT nurse. Miss Spence's School would relieve other nurses for vacations during summer. Free June 1. 1,533, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED, by young man, position in summer camp. Expenses only. Six years' experience. Second class Scout. Can tutor Latin, algebra. Box 46, Pawtucket, R. I.

EXPERIENCED physical educator and social worker, available June 1 for church, institutional, community, club, or social welfare work. 1,514, Outlook.

SECRETARY, stenographer. Educated, experienced woman wants position in school, institution, hotel, professional person, where home is included. 1,523, Outlook.

LADY of large experience and established character, who has qualifications which would enable her to undertake a business or personal mission to any part of the world, would like an engagement requiring tact, judgment, and confidential treatment. Personal interview. Reference. 1,540, Outlook.

MASSEUSE-SECRETARY. Swedish graduate, linguist, secretarial training, experienced traveler, seeks engagement. 1,547, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TEACHER, woman of refinement, acquainted with art and architecture, would go abroad as guide or companion for summer. References exchanged. 1,413, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, teacher, desires home with family during July and August at summer resort. To help with children. 1,463, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, college graduate, desires travel abroad with family as companion or tutor. References exchanged. 1,517, Outlook.

WOMAN having thirty years' experience in household matters wishes position as housekeeper in family where maids are kept or assistant housekeeper in institution. 1,513, Outlook.

WANTED by American Protestant widow, refined, educated, managing housekeeper private home where maid is employed. 1,515, Outlook.

COMPANION. French woman, highest American references. Willing to travel or tutor. 1,518, Outlook.

REFINED, educated, French young woman would act as companion here or abroad. Nice home and surroundings more essential than salary. 1,520, Outlook.

NURSE, 5 years' private and institutional experience, position for summer, companion or camp work preferred. College training, experienced traveler, young, no ties. References. 1,522, Outlook.

YOUNG man, college graduate and high school teacher, available June 26 as traveling companion for boys. 1,527, Outlook.

YOUNG, refined lady (Holland). Protestant, speaking French, German, English, and Italian, secretarial training, wishes position as companion to lady. 1,525, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, English, German, sunny disposition, useful companion, excellent traveler, desires position. Couple or gentleman. Quality references. 1,528, Outlook.

DRIVING for private family during summer by young man in college. Six years' experience. References. 1,508, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper or companion. Willing to travel, devoted to children. Capable of taking entire responsibility of servants, etc. Exceptional references. Miss MacCulley, 6940 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TEACHER, college woman, good personality, summer work; travel, companion. References. M. S. Thomas, 321 Rye Beach Ave., Rye, N. Y.

TEACHER making second trip to California end of June will act as chaperon or companion. 1,510, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires position as companion and tutor summer months. Refined surroundings considered above salary. 1,512, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN with experience desires position as assistant to mother with care of children over two. 1,536, Outlook.

LADY as practical nurse and companion; willing to travel. 1,534, Outlook.
TO supervise or manage household, preferably out of town. 1,535, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION or chaperon. Cultured, educated young woman, musician. Excellent references. Address 1,531, Outlook.

POSITION desired for September—College or school management. Training: Teacher College, Columbia University. Experience: manager halls, dining hall, in colleges and schools. 1,511, Outlook.

TWO young women, experienced teachers desire employment together for summer. Would travel with family, do vacation school work, or care for home in absence of family. 1,541, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as household assistant or governess. Address 1,477, Outlook.

POSITION as companion for summer—well qualified. References exchanged. 1,546, Outlook.

TWO refined women desire positions as chambermaids in first-class summer resort. Languages. 1,543, Outlook.

WANTED, by young woman college graduate, summer position as companion-tutor to one or more girls in their teens; preferably seashore or mountains. Address E. T. W. Box 182, Eldora, Iowa.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER of industrial work, wide experience, capable, desires position in school of institution by September or before. 1,550, Outlook.

GRADUATE student, in school forenoon at Columbia, trained in kindergarten and primary education, desires tutoring or care of one or more children during summer beginning July 16. 1,552, Outlook.

TEACHER desires position for summer as tutor or companion. Elementary English, French. 1,331, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl preparing to teach wants summer position as tutor. Address Box 53, Wells College, Aurora, New York.

COLLEGE senior, experienced with children, desires position as nursery governess for the summer months. 1,410, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED native French woman, college trained, wishes to make engagement for coming year in college preparatory school. Would give interview. 1,423, Outlook.

INSTRUCTOR wants position in private school for next year. Can handle athletics; experienced. References. No reasonable offer rejected. Address 1,479, Outlook.

YOUNG college woman with several years' experience in teaching college entrance work, tutor in family or travel. Speaks French and German fluently. 1,516, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, experienced with drawing and needlework, wants work in school or camp. 1,519, Outlook.

ENGLISH WOMAN wishes position for summer vacation. Good music and French. Highest references. 1,506, Outlook.

WANTED, position of trust—governess, mother's helper. American. Successful with delicate children. Personal reference, city. 1,544, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—Experienced teacher wishes position for summer. Handwork, physical education specialty. References exchanged. 1,545, Outlook.

HIGH school teacher desires position, July, August, as counselor (girls), companion, or tutor. French, history. 1,539, Outlook.

CLASSICAL teacher, gentleman, 34 years of age, 10 years' teaching, 7 as professor of Latin in Western State university, master's degree Michigan University, Ph.D. work nearly completed, desires Latin or Greek position in Eastern or Middle West college. Best of references. 1,421, Outlook.

YOUNG man, student in Eastern college, desires position as tutor during summer. 1,435, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

PROFESSIONAL NURSE with good home in Ohio college town will care for one or more young children during summer. \$25 per week. 1,394, Outlook.

MISS Gutman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. Reference. 309 West 99th St.

REFINED home school for slightly retarded children, age 7-15 years. Limited number. 70 Prospect St., Portchester, N. Y. Tel. 1556 M.

FOR sale, "Nouveau Larousse Illustré," 9 vols., \$40; "The Historians' History of the World," 25 vols., \$20; 40 ft. of hand-carved open bookcases, Italian walnut, \$500; Duncan Phyfe table, antique hall chairs, mirror, etc., at great sacrifice. Mrs. R. A. Lawrence, 60 West 68th St., New York City.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send to-day for Free copy America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan. Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SUMMER cottage camp for little girls. Unusually safe. Delightful. Terms moderate. Highest references. 1,551, Outlook.

COPYING done, stories prepared for press. 1,549, Outlook.

BY THE WAY

CHILDREN get fewer hours for sleep under the operation of the English Summer Time Act—a law similar to our daylight saving laws—according to a report of the British Board of Education, but “this is not the fault of the Act, but the fault of the fathers and mothers who allow their children to stay up till sunset. . . . In a well-regulated household parents fix an hour for the young people's going to bed and enforce it rigorously. It has become of increased importance that children be sent to bed by the clock and not by the sun.” But English children, like those of America, probably strongly object to going to bed while it is still broad daylight.

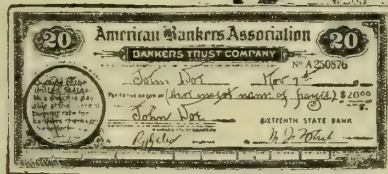
It is to be hoped, however, that few of the British children above mentioned have yet assumed the airs of a young girl described by a New York City school principal in an article in the “Evening Post.” He says: “I felt rather queer when I saw a fifteen-year-old girl taking her black coffee and cigarette with the family and the guests and giving a stately gray-haired gentleman her opinion about the modern girl and the new dances. I thought she might better have been in her own room minus coffee and cigarette and the opportunity to instruct her elders. There is always some way to protect children and save them from themselves if one takes the trouble to think about it.”

“I one day rode into the village of Jelameh, which stands off the Nazareth road, on the plain of Esdraelon,” says a writer in the London “Country Life.” “I saw a boy making coffee. In a light pan over an open fire he roasted the berries, taking them out only when they were done almost to the point of being burnt. He poured them into a carved wooden mortar and pounded them with a pestle, beating time with the latter to a song. He then put on the fire a copper pot of water and let it boil, then took the pot off and put in the coffee; the pot was then returned to the fire till there was such a fuss and ferment that it had again to be taken off. This was done three times, and by the end of it the water had got to the very vitals of the coffee. It was drunk without sugar—for what need had it of sugar? A cup of this coffee allays the nerves, clarifies the brain, and sweetens the temper.”

News photographers perform many daring feats in the pursuit of their profession, but they are seldom recorded as walking almost literally into the lion's mouth. Colonel J. C. B. Statham, in “Through Angola,” tells of a lion hunt in which the lion, badly wounded, fled to the bush. The hunters, among them a photographer, followed the bloody trail. “The photographer spotted the lion's head, looking out of a bush, and, appealing to the others not to spoil a good chance for a dramatic photograph, quietly walked towards the lion. The

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To Summer Resort Proprietors

The Outlook will devote a special section in its spring and early summer issues to advertising of summer resorts, tours and travel. This will appear every week during May, June, and July. The issue of May 24 will be the Annual Out-of-Doors Number containing articles on vacation subjects and illustrations especially selected. The corresponding issue of 1921 carried 198 advertisements of hotels and resorts.

Write us early and we will be glad to give you copy suggestions

Department of Classified Advertising

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Training for AuthorshipHow to write, what to write,
and where to sell.Cultivate your mind. Develop
your literary gifts. Master the
art of self-expression. Make
your spare time profitable.
Turn your ideas into dollars.**Dr. Esenwein**for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and
a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism.
Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*One pupil has received over \$5,000 for stories and
articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he
calls it. Another pupil received over \$1,000 before
completing her first course. Another, a busy wife
and mother, is averaging over \$75 a week from
photoplay writing alone.There is no other institution or agency doing so much
for writers, young or old. The universities recognize
this, for over one hundred members of the English
faculties of higher institutions are studying in our
Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for
they are constantly recommending our courses.We publish *The Writer's Library*, 13 volumes; descriptive
booklet free. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the lead-
ing magazine for literary workers, sample copy 25 cents, annual
subscription \$3.00. Besides our teaching service, we offer a
manuscript criticism service.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. Please Address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 58, Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

**GIRLS' CAMPS****CAMP WEETAMOO**LAKE PLEASANT, NEW LONDON, N. H.
SEVENTH SEASON

For booklet address

MISS FLORENCE E. GRISWOLD, 313 Hope St., Providence, R. I.

BOYS' CAMPS**CAMP ONAWAY, CAPE COD, MASS.**Where your boy can have a royal time under personal direc-
tion of trusted counselors. Swimming, fishing, hiking—all
outdoor sports. Well cooked food. Ownership supervision.
Camp limit 20, ages 10 to 14. July-August \$250. Booklet.
W. F. McALLISTER, Merchantville, N. J.**Camp Rockwood****A Camp for Boys**
CASCO, MAINE

C. G. WILLIAMSON, 442 S. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

A select camp for select
boys. Limited numbers.
All sports. Good food.
Modern equipment.
Reasonable rates. No ex-
tras. For circular write**SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES****NORTH CAROLINA****BINGHAM SCHOOL** **MEBANE, N.C.**
ESTABLISHED 1793

AN IDEAL BOYS SCHOOL IN PIEDMONT NORTH CAROLINA

Here, at Bingham, the spirit of old-time Southern hospitality makes each boy feel genuinely welcome.
High moral tone. Military organization, begun in 1861. Lovely lawns. Gymnasium. Athletic park. Honor
System. Bible emphasized. Celebrated climate. Outdoor classes. Limited numbers. Sport in variety.
340 acres. Summer camp. A modern school with an ancient name, fame and history. Send for catalogue.

Col. PRESTON LEWIS GRAY, President, Box 3, MEBANE, N. C.

SOUTH DAKOTA**SOUTH DAKOTA**
STATE SCHOOL OF MINESA State institution in a mountainous country (the beau-
tiful Black Hills) with unsurpassed field facilities. Degrees
granted in mining, metallurgical, chemical, civil and elec-
trical engineering. Experienced teachers and excellent
laboratory and library equipment. Much attention is given
the individual student. Graduates hold responsible and
remunerative positions. Tuition and fees particularly low.

For catalog and book of views address

The State School of Mines, Box O, Rapid City, S. D.

**BY THE WAY**
(Continued)latter, possibly from astonishment, and
more probably because, happily for the
photographer, he was nearly dead, al-
lowed the man to approach within a
few yards of him. Then he roared and
charged: The photographer fled, fol-
lowed by the lion; both fell, exhausted
and close to each other. One of the
hunters fired and killed the lion." And
the photographer, in his justifiable ex-
citement, apparently failed to press the
button!Another sporting story comes from
Santa Catalina Island and appears in
the "Catalina Islander." It tells of an
angler who caught two tuna fish on the
same line and at the same time. The
first tuna, weighing 103½ pounds, was
hauled in with a "half hitch" of the line
around its upper jaw. The fisherman
put his rod down to assist the boatman
in getting his fish aboard, and on pro-
ceeding to pull in the remainder of his
line found he had another fish on his
hook! The fight for the two fish, the
second of which weighed 98 pounds,
lasted three-quarters of an hour. The
feat is characterized by an eye-witness
with pardonable enthusiasm as "un-
doubtedly the most unique in all angling
records."Here is an epitaph "with a difference"
—from the "Ohio Sun Dial:"

Here lie the bones of Ed McGee—

A wiz at snappy repartee.

The butt of Eddie's sharpest quip

Packed a six-gun on his hip!

Apropos of the above, but in more
serious vein, the following advertise-
ment is quoted as having lately ap-
peared in bold type in a Chicago paper:I will pay \$1,000 to any one who
will give one good reason why the re-
volver manufacturing industry should
be allowed to exist in America and
enjoy the facilities of the mails.There is a brief article on this subject
which we venture to call to the atten-
tion of the man who makes this gener-
ous offer. Part of the article reads,
"The right of the people to keep and
bear arms shall not be infringed." The
check for \$1,000 should be made payable
to "The Outlook Company."Bohemian glassware has long been
noted for its artistic quality, and it is
now, a Vienna paper called "Reconstruc-
tion" reports, to be treated by a process
that will make it practically unbreak-
able. "The Kavalier glass works in
Bohemia have been successful," the re-
port says, "in producing glass which is
absolutely unbreakable and extremely
difficult to cut, even with a diamond or
any other carborundum stone. It can be
thrown on a stone floor from a height of
from three to four meters, and used as
a hammer for driving nails without suf-
fering the least damage. Neither is it
affected by sudden changes of tempera-
ture." The glass is manufactured from
a special kind of sand which is found
as yet only in limited quantities.

cop. 1

The Outlook

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MAY 24 1922

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1922

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"The Truth About Garden Hose"

which tells you how to know good hose when you see it, how to get the kind of hose best suited to your needs, and how to care for it to make it wear as long as possible. A book of valuable information for every gardener, florist, garage owner, or other user of hose. Incidentally, it tells you about our three standard brands of garden hose.

BULL DOG MILO GOOD LUCK

and explains why these particular brands have become within 5 years the most widely talked of hose on the market, and why one of them will exactly fit your garden hose needs. Send for these books today.

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER CO.

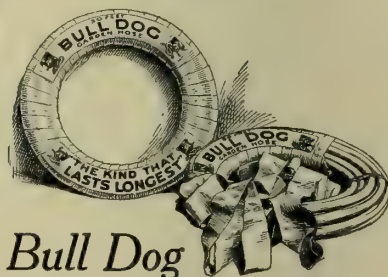
Portland Street, Cambridge, Mass.

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Get the Full Joy of Gardening

by having the right things to work with. Cheap, shabby hose is a constant temptation to let the garden go thirsty. Good hose, properly cared for, is a joy to use and will last for years. Ask your dealer to show you our three standard brands of $\frac{5}{8}$ ths inch garden hose sold at good hardware stores everywhere.

$\frac{5}{8}$ ths inch is the right size for garden hose. Practically all house fittings are $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter and $\frac{5}{8}$ ths hose will deliver the water as fast as it can come through the pipes.



Bull Dog

Highest quality garden hose made. 7 plies of strong cotton cloth held together with live rubber. Lengths bought 14 years ago still in use.



Good Luck

Made like BULL DOG, but with 6 plies instead of 7. Lightest garden hose to lift and lightest on the purse.



Milo

Moulded garden hose with a corrugated cover. As near kinkproof as garden hose can be made.

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\$115
Mahogany or Walnut

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Victrola No. 260
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Mahogany or Walnut
Victrola No. 280, electric, \$265
Mahogany



Victrola No. 300
\$250
Victrola No. 300, electric, \$315
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 330
\$350
Victrola No. 330, electric, \$415
Mahogany



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Victor Talking Machine Company
Camden, New Jersey

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

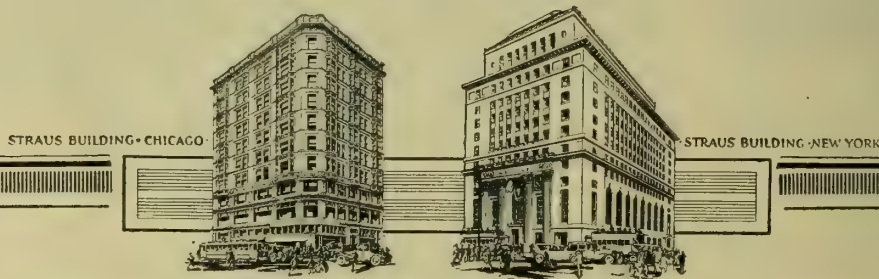
The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

WAGES AND PRODUCTION

OF late years there has been much talk about "living wages," and more recently the demand has been made for labor that it must have, not only a living wage, but a "saving wage" as well. Minimum figures have been given, stating just how many dollars a year a man must have in order to earn these wages. The people using these phrases and offering these figures are almost always talking about wages in terms of money. And "money wages" are not real wages at all. Wages are low or high depending upon whether, translated

into goods, they will buy little or much. Production largely determines the price of goods, and if goods can be produced cheaply they can be sold cheaply, and the value of money received in exchange for labor performed is wholly dependent upon how much it will buy.

The writer of this article was talking with a man recently who said that his father had raised a family of six children on wages which had never amounted to more than ten dollars a week. That was thirty years ago, and to-day it would doubtless



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BOOKLET F-1205

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be impossible, and ten dollars a week seems a very small sum for a man to earn. The point to remember, however, is that if ten dollars a week was sufficient to supply the wants of such a family it was certainly a "living wage." Another point to be emphasized is the fact that if ten dollars a week would support that man and his family thirty years ago as well as forty dollars a week earned by a man with a similar family will do now, wages have not increased since that time, but remained stationary.

Similarly if a man got forty dollars a week during the war, when prices were high, and gets only thirty dollars now, his wages have not been decreased if the cost of his living has also dropped twenty-five per cent. Any one who is getting as many dollars now as he did three years ago is in reality receiving higher wages than previously.

This is a simple economic principle that is often ignored by labor leaders, who frequently know better. Another obvious fact is that, in the last analysis, wages are not paid by the employers. The consumer is the man who pays the costs of production, and every one is a consumer. When the wages of labor are increased, labor itself helps to foot the bill. Workers in the various industries are not only working for each other, but they are paying one another's wages.

This is one of the main reasons why it seems unfair for one class of workers to demand compensation entirely out of line with that received by those employed in some other kind of business. The case of farmers and miners affords a striking illustration in point. It is said that the miners were receiving over thirty per cent larger wages this spring than they got when commodity prices were at their highest point; farmers, on the other hand, have about one-half as much now as they had then. The miners have been organized by the labor people and were able to force an acceptance of their demands, and apparently their leaders had little regard for the rest of the country so long as they could take good care of themselves. It is neither fair nor wise for any one class to insist upon increased compensation for itself at the expense of the others. If coal goes up in price, so will light and heat and the cost of many factory products as well, and miners themselves cannot escape paying their share of the higher prices.

Higher prices for coal (using it for the sake of illustration) mean a lessened demand for it, and production of coal will drop off, causing unemployment. In other words, some of the men demanding higher pay may in reality be laying plans to put themselves out of a job. This same condition of course applies to any kind of manufacturing and producing business.

Farmers are the most important class of people in the country so far as production goes. They are also the largest single group of buyers. With the prices of farm products so low that in many cases they do not cover cost, it is only natural that the farmers are unable to



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Complete Banking Service
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

buy. This is an unfortunate circumstance for the farmers of course, but it also affects coal miners, railway workers, factory employees, and many other classes of people as well. If the compensation paid these other people were reduced to correspond with what the farmers are receiving, then the farmer and everybody else would be on the same level and there would be a large demand for goods of all kinds and the country would be far more prosperous. There is no question but that actual wages—not "money wages"—would be larger if transportation rates could be lowered and if production costs could be reduced.

So long as one class tries to feather its own nest at the expense of the others the co-operation necessary to a proper adjustment in the world of business is bound to be lacking. We were taught in our childhood that the best way to get golden eggs is by taking good care of the goose, not by killing it. No business organization ever made a success unless its various departments worked together, and a nation is nothing more than a big business enterprise.

It is not to be expected that everybody will receive the same amount of compensation. Everybody is not worth the same. Allowances must be made for ability, skill, education, industry, and the kind of work that is being done. But a balance can be struck between the various industries, and it is such a balance that is more needed to-day than anything else in the world of business.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is not so much a question of actual dollars and cents that determines prosperity, but rather the quantity of goods produced. Progress in industry depends more upon cheaper and greater production than upon increases in money wages. If disputes could be eliminated from industry and better methods adopted for increasing output, it is estimated that an increase of from forty to one hundred per cent could be effected in the amount of goods purchased. This would mean lower prices and increased purchasing power for all classes of people, the real test of industrial progress.

Labor leaders have usually opposed improvements and methods for bettering production which have decreased the amount of labor required. Their theory has been that automatic machinery and labor-saving devices have made fewer jobs available, lessened the demand for men, and worked injury to the wage-earners. This is a mistaken attitude and is based upon the erroneous idea that the amount of work to be done is limited, that the fewer men there are required to do a certain kind of work, the fewer jobs there will be. As a matter of fact, there is no limit to the amount of work there is to be done. There is no end to the wants of mankind, and the answer to the question of social betterment is not limiting production, but increasing it by every available

BONDS

QUESTIONS ANSWERED
—TERMS DEFINED



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(Continued)

means so that these wants may be satisfied.

If in a certain industry methods are found of saving labor and at the same time increasing output, the labor saved there can be used somewhere else and used to increase production in some other line. When the hand loom was replaced by machinery, many workers were thrown out of employment. No one can say, however, that mankind did not derive immense benefit from being able to buy clothing cheaper and in greater quantity than had previously been the case, and the men and women no longer needed in that industry became immediately available for employment elsewhere, and production in other lines was correspondingly increased. The Ford automobile is an example of what enormous production can do in the way of bringing prices within the reach of a large percentage of the population. Does any one suppose that, if Fords were all built by hand and instead of one being completed every twenty-seven seconds only two a day were turned out, it would be possible to purchase them at the prices they are sold for to-day. Labor-saving devices and automatic machinery in the Ford factories, far from decreasing employment, have increased it enormously.

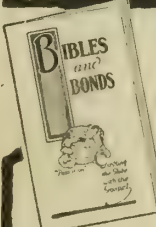
Production is the answer to the wage problem, not more dollars.

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Forces That Cry Out for Nationalism

THE Princes and rulers of the Indian States, enjoying their authority through treaty with the British Government, strongly support the present régime. But there are parts of India where patriotism is blazing! Would the Indian be able to run his own government? The British say that the Indians are lacking in administrative power. Gandhi, the great leader of the Nationalist movement, says: "It is intolerable that the British in India should consider the Indians inferior. Such a thing is . . . a menace to the British Empire." Gertrude Emerson, associate editor of ASIA, just back from India, tells the complicated story in "Raw Material for an Indian Nation."



UNDER the leadership of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the National Organization of the Turks in Asia Minor has been perfected. The Army is one for the integrity of Turkey, and the people stand solidly behind the Army. They want foreign capital for the development of their country, and the opening up of Asia Minor would be the pouring of new life into the Near East.

So says Laurence Shaw Moore in "The Three Hundred and Twenty Little Sultans."

FURTHER North and East, the same irresistible longing for a people to govern themselves is being tried out in the Far Eastern Republic. Siberia is not Bolshevik, and the Government is not a Bolshevik Government. The Siberians want a Democratic Republic. They want to join the family of nations. They, like the Anatolians, cry out for help—but not for charity.

"Four Years of Mistakes in Siberia," by Charles H. Smith, goes into the very inside of affairs in Siberia and America's shortcomings in handling the situation.

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For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.



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The Outlook

MAY 24, 1922

MOVING FROM GENOA TO THE HAGUE

TO those who expected great things from the Genoa Conference the outcome must be little short of a tragic disappointment. In particular, Lloyd George, who apparently hoped to create a happy family out of the nations of Europe, must be discouraged. Indeed, despatches from Genoa indicate that his experiences at Genoa have had a physical effect which is shown in the unwonted gravity of his demeanor and in the signs of weariness on his face.

There ought to be, however, nothing unexpected in the failure of the Genoa Conference to secure practical co-operation. No conference under the circumstances could have succeeded which disregarded, as the Genoa Conference did, certain fundamental facts. To try to build economic prosperity without laying first a foundation of good faith and of confidence has proved this time, and will always prove, to be futile. Obviously what is lacking in Russia and in Germany is not primarily money or resources or intelligence, but good faith. And with that lacking there can be no confidence in either Russia or Germany. What Genoa tried to do was to secure an economic system that would work without waiting for Russia and Germany to prove their good faith by the evidence of their deeds.

To move from Genoa to The Hague and to change the Conference from one of governmental delegates to one of experts, as has been decided, will not bring any solution so long as there is lacking confidence and the good faith which is requisite to it. It is therefore not surprising that the United States Government has declined the invitation of the Powers to send experts to meet with theirs at The Hague on June 15.

The Russian Bolsheviks want, of course, all the money and all the recognition that they can get. They have got a great deal more recognition than they deserve, but they have not yet got the money, or its equivalent in credit, which they want. Last week we recorded the demands of the Powers upon Russia to observe its obligations and to recognize the rights of property in Russia held by foreigners. Since then the Russian reply has been received, and it has proved to be quite unsatisfactory. The Bolsheviks do not want, as the Powers propose, to have credit extended by these Governments to such of their merchants

as wish to trade with Russia; they want these Governments to extend credit to the Bolshevik Government itself. The object of this of course is to enable the Bolsheviks to get a firmer hold upon the country than they now have. The Bolsheviks complain that the Powers are trying to interfere in the internal affairs of Russia, and with some skill undertake to play upon the differences of opinion between Britain and Italy, on the one hand, and France and Belgium, on the other hand. In their answer they propose a mixed commission of experts to study Russian finances. The Allies do not want a mixed commission—that is, a commission in which Russians would be on an equality with the representatives of the other countries. The conclusion of the matter is that there may be a commission of Russians who will be called upon to confer with the commission of delegates composed of other nations to meet probably at The Hague.

AMERICA'S DECLINATION

IN the very prompt reply sent to the invitation extended to America by the Powers, the Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, says that the American people have proved their unselfish interest in Russian recuperation; but for such recuperation there are conditions which in the nature of things must be provided within Russia itself. It is because the Bolsheviks by their answer have failed to show any apparent recognition of the need of supplying those conditions that our Government regards it as useless to participate in any discussion of Russia's circumstances.

As Mr. Hoover has pointed out in an address before the International Chamber of Commerce, the United States is not dependent upon Russia in any degree for its own prosperity, and as long as Russia persists in living on her own fat and not undertaking to establish the foundations of productivity, all that we can do for her will be in the nature of credit (which is obviously unjustifiable) or charity. "Production," said Mr. Hoover, "is conditioned upon the safety of lives, the sanctity of contract, and the rights of free labor."

Does this sound obvious, platitudinous, trite? We should have supposed so except for the fact that the Genoa Conference has proceeded on the principle of virtually ignoring it. Fortunately for France, her interests are such that

they are served by a recognition of this elementary truth, and some of those who think that France was an obstructionist have perhaps come to see that what has obstructed the Genoa Conference has been this elementary rule of conduct which the Conference has chosen to disregard.

A BLACK BOOK

A RECENT number of the London "Times Literary Supplement" contains an interesting account of a volume in French entitled "Un Livre Noir," which it justly characterizes as "of great value to historical students." The author, a French journalist, has been allowed access by the Soviet Government to the Russian diplomatic archives and has given in this book extracts from the diplomatic correspondence of the Russian Ambassador at Paris, M. Isvol'sky, from 1910 to the outbreak of the war.

The first volume contains a selection of letters from 1910 to 1912. "We seem to find in these confidential letters," says the reviewer, "a cynical, clear-headed man of affairs, whose object was to cement the alliance with France and the understanding with England as the best means of defending his own country against the many dangers to which, as he himself says, it was exposed owing to the very extended frontier and the wide range over which its interests spread. . . . Of desire for war there is no evidence, though there is much that he, like every other statesman in Europe, frankly recognized that war might come at any time, and that if it did come it was very important that the Entente should be prepared for it." Incidentally, it indicates that France and England were equally desirous to avoid war; and also that M. Isvol'sky, "to control the French press, made a suitable expenditure of money," though the discussion of this subject, the English reviewer wisely thinks, "had better be left to the other side of the Channel."

This diplomatic correspondence, which the public was never intended to see, confirms the evidence afforded by the published letters and telegrams of France, Belgium, and England immediately preceding the war, which made evident the eager desire of those countries for peace. The publication of this Russian correspondence increases our wonder that to President Wilson the

causes of the war should have seemed obscure. Whether our Ambassadors failed to see what M. Isvolsky saw so clearly, or Mr. Wilson's optimistic Secretary of State did not think their reports of sufficient importance to call the President's attention to them, or the President did not take them seriously, we do not know and probably never shall know, though the post-war publications of Henry van Dyke and Brand Whitlock indicate that the war was not altogether a surprise to them.

FOR A NATIONAL COAL INQUIRY

IN the discussion over the present coal strike public opinion has centered quite surprisingly in a demand for a National Coal Commission. The opinion is also strongly expressed that such a commission should not be formed merely to try to end the present difficulty, but that it should continue permanently, just as the Railway Labor Board does; and that it should seek and publish the essential facts relating to the production, sale, carriage, and distribution of coal.

The Bland Bill, now before the House, does not answer to this definition, but does provide for investigation of the facts in the coal industry. The bill as it now stands would provide for the appointment of what it calls a Coal Investigation Agency. This body would have ten members; four would be the heads of the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Census Bureau, and the Bureau of Labor Statistics; the other six would consist of three groups of two each, representing the public, the miners, and the operators. These six men would be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate; the two men in the miners' group to be chosen from four names presented to the President by the head of the United Mine Workers of America, the two members in the operators' group to be chosen from nominees jointly named by the presidents of the Anthracite Bureau of Information and the Anthracite Coal Operators Association. The proposed Coal Investigation Agency is to continue for two years only. This will seem undesirable to those who believe firmly in a permanent coal commission.

Another debatable section of the Bland Bill is that which strictly enjoins the members of the Agency to make public no facts learned by them in the course of their investigation except in reports to Congress. As it is provided that no report need be made by the Agency until the end of its term, this does not seem to be a good method of informing the public of the basic conditions and facts in the coal industry,

which is precisely what is needed. It is quite right that the Government should not disclose trade secrets when to do that would injure one competitor as against another, but immediate inquiry and publication of the results of inquiry are certainly desirable.

The Bland Bill does not direct the proposed Agency specifically to bring about the arbitration of the present controversy, but directs it to provide Congress with facts as a basis for legislation "to settle industrial disputes in and prevent the overdevelopment of the coal industry, to stabilize such industry and levy taxes in respect thereto, to regulate commerce in coal among the several States and with foreign nations," and so on.

In presenting this bill to Congress Mr. Bland, who is Chairman of the House Committee on Labor, stated, among other things, that there is no agency in the Federal Government to-day "which has ascertained, or can ascertain, the correct production cost of a ton of coal in a well-operated, efficient mine." He remarked in this connection: "Operators came before the Committee on Labor and obstinately refused to give their cost of production, and it is fair to presume that such reports as were voluntarily made by them to existing Government agencies, who did not have the right to examine books, investigate contracts, and cross-examine witnesses, were padded and unreliable."

Mr. Bland also pointed out the great and pressing necessity of dealing with the overdevelopment and overproduction of the coal-mining industry. This is undoubtedly a crucial point. He declared that there are about one-third too many coal mines and one-third too many miners for the proper economic operation and development of the industry. He also recognized the importance of making the industry free from the present "seasonable" difficulties; and ended by a strong affirmation that the coal industry has become quasi-public in character and of vital concern to the whole people.

THE CHILD LABOR LAW INVALID

THE United States Supreme Court has without dissent decided adversely as to the constitutionality of the Child Labor Law enacted in 1919. It seems, therefore, that for the tremendously important matter of preventing abuses in this direction we must look to the laws of the several States. These laws differ widely in their nature and enforcement. There is a true sense in which the regulation of child labor in the interest of humanity and of the future of the country is a National question. As we have pointed out heretofore, there is an inter-

State aspect, in that States that have efficient child labor laws are at a disadvantage commercially in competing with States in which such laws are lax or not well enforced. The failure of this second attempt to regulate child labor by National law must be accepted as necessary from a legal point of view, but from the humane point of view it is regrettable.

In each of the decisions of the Supreme Court as to a National child labor law the view taken was that the law passed by Congress was an attempt to regulate child labor by the imposition of a tax. Both cases came up through a lower court in North Carolina. The Owen-Keating Law forbade the interstate transportation of the products of factories where restrictions as to child labor were not observed; the law now declared invalid placed a tax of ten per cent on profits made on products when child labor had been employed contrary to the restrictions of the law. The present decision indicates that the Court saw no difference between these two methods of applying Federal regulation.

Chief Justice Taft, who read the decision, declared that "its prohibitory and regulatory effect and purpose are palpable." He added: "There comes a time in the extension of the penalizing features of the so-called tax when it loses its character as such and becomes a mere penalty with the characterization of regulation and punishment. Such is the case in the law before us."

The whole effect and purport of the Supreme Court's decision is that the regulation of intra-State labor conditions belongs to the State and not to the Federal Government, and that child labor has no bearing on inter-State commerce. Though we do not see how the Court can take this view, such it seems clearly to be.

A BUSINESS THERMOMETER

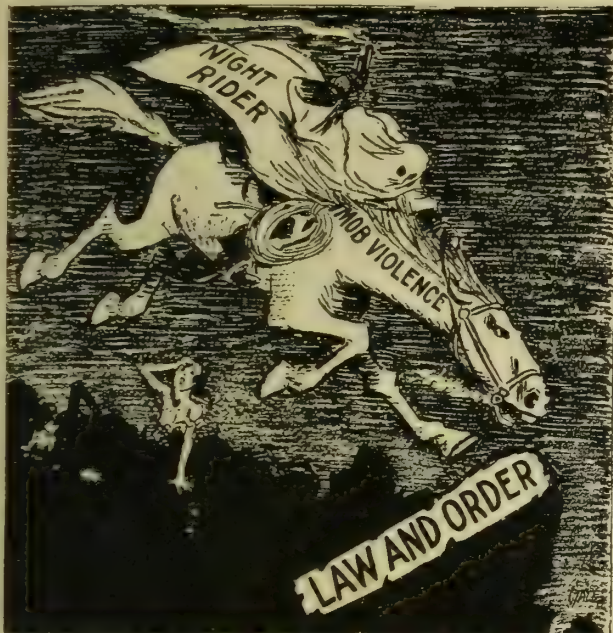
IN an issue of The Outlook in January, 1908, it was pointed out that the flow of American immigration was regulated by the law of supply and demand and that its eastward and westward currents might be accepted as a thermometer of the condition of the American labor market. This fact was established by the sudden cessation of industrial employment following the financial disturbance of that year, which was looked upon as the puncturing of a bubble of inflation. The consequent reduction in the stream of incoming aliens and the rapid increase in the outward flow of immigrant laborers until it exceeded in volume the incoming were immediately recognized as an economic symptom.

With the outbreak of the war, however, this test of labor conditions was

WHY ALL THESE GLIDING GHOSTS?

(Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene 3)

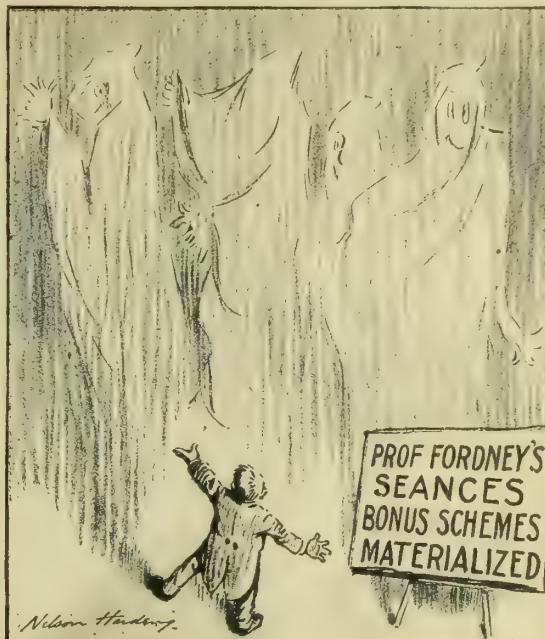
Gale in the Los Angeles Times



RIDING FOR A FALL

From F. L. Munn, Los Angeles, Cal.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THEY'RE STILL RATHER ETHEREAL, PROFESSOR

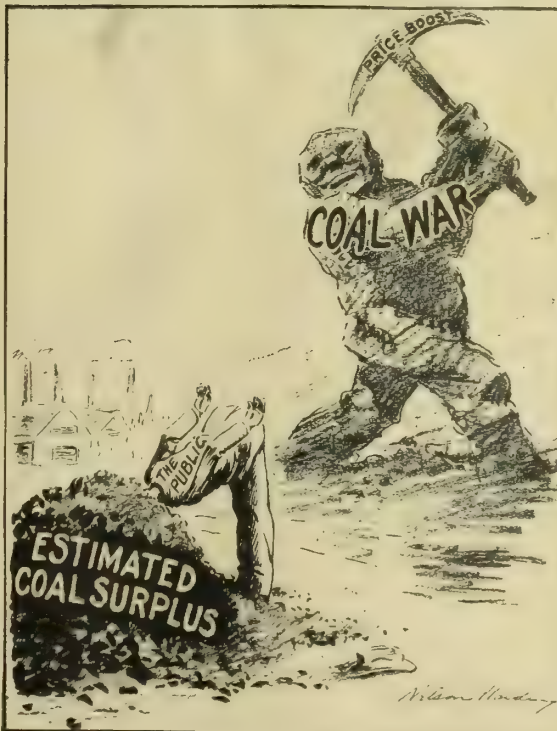
Donahay in the Cleveland Plain Dealer



CONSTERNATION!

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE GREAT AMERICAN OSTRICH

eliminated. Whether it would be again established, particularly following the adoption of the present restriction law, was a question. Recently figures of outgoing and incoming aliens showed that the outward and inward currents were closely balanced. The old economic law is working again. There is a reduced demand for laborers and there is practically no increase in the alien population of the country. The measures of restriction have been for the time being of less effect than the law of supply and demand in restricting the alien increase in population. The Immigration Law does not recognize the fact that the outward flow is constantly going on. When the quota of each country is determined, no effort is made to give it the benefit of the outbound movement. The actual increase in total number of a given nationality is less than contemplated by those adopting the law, or at least by the general public.

For instance, the immigration figures for the fiscal year up to April 1, which have just been gathered by the Bureau of Immigration, show that the increase in alien population for the nine months was only 59,892, the difference between the total of 330,223 who entered and of 270,331 who departed. It is interesting to note, as illustrating the rapid expansion of the American business and tourist traffic since the close of the war, that in the course of the same period 162,741 United States citizens arrived in the country and 197,315 departed. Evidently American emigration is a second channel by which the proportion of aliens may be increased. No law will touch one of these channels.

There are other figures in the statement of the Bureau of Immigration which are of interest. The number debarred approximates a thousand a month, the chief causes being likelihood of becoming a public charge, which claims one-third of the total, and those in excess of the quota established by law. The two causes together account for approximately fifty-four per cent of all debarred. Whatever value the literacy test possesses as a restrictive agency is indicated by the fact that those over sixteen years of age excluded for inability to read were only 730, or less than one-twelfth of all debarred, and an infinitesimal part of those seeking American shores.

AN UNWISE NOMINATION

PRESIDENT HARDING recently sent in for confirmation by the Senate the name of Mr. Nat Goldstein. The post for which he had been selected was that of Collector of Internal Revenue at St. Louis. It happened that Mr. Goldstein received no little publicity at the time

of the last Presidential campaign. He was a supporter of Senator Lowden. Testimony was brought out before a Senate committee that Mr. Goldstein received a check of considerable size from Senator Lowden's campaign manager. It has been said that this check was given for perfectly proper political expenses in connection with the primary campaign. We do not presume to question this statement.

It will be remembered that delegates from Mr. Goldstein's district supported Lowden in the deadlock with General Wood and that it was the transfer of the Lowden delegates to Senator Harding which assured his nomination for the Presidency.

All these facts taken together created so much opposition in the public press and in the Senate to the confirmation of Mr. Goldstein that he has found it necessary to relieve the situation by requesting the President to withdraw his nomination.

In politics the appearance of evil is sometimes as disastrous as evil itself. With all the material available in St. Louis for public office, it does not seem to have been a wise political move to have selected a man for the office of Collector of Internal Revenue upon whose record a shadow of public suspicion rested. We do not mean to infer in any way that the suspicion was justified. But the nomination of Mr. Goldstein was an open invitation to Mr. Harding's opponents to train their guns upon one of his nominees. Hindsight shows the nomination to have been unfortunate. Political foresight should have shown that it was distinctly unwise.

THE UNFORGETTABLE

IT is an ineradicable instinct of man to create memorials. In stone or on canvas, with chisel or with brush, we carve and depict the men and the events which shadow forth the ideals of the past or the progress and hopes of our own time.

We make mistakes. Bronze and marble not infrequently endure long after the events which they commemorate have been forgotten. Poets whose volumes lie dead on the shelves of libraries, statesmen who have dwindled away to the stature of petty politicians, soldiers whose wreaths of victory have long since faded, encumber our cities and fail even to arouse the passer-by to wonder when they lived or how they served.

The two memorials whose counterfeit presentments appear upon the opposite page recall a man and an event which cannot and must not know oblivion. On the banks of the Potomac, the great fane which houses French's colossal Lincoln will stand as a witness to a spirit that

will live as long as America exists. Just so long should endure the memory of the courage and sacrifice which called forth the painting that is the gift of France to the American Legion. Though the canvas crumble and the artist be forgotten, the union commemorated in these gallant figures has been graven on the hearts of two great nations. There are some things more lasting than bronze.

THE NAVY AS A BUSINESS INVESTMENT

ONE of the natural—perhaps inevitable—consequences of the Armament Conference at Washington has been the somewhat broadly disseminated opinion that it was a conference for disarmament. That opinion has been reflected in Congress, as shown by the attempt to withhold funds necessary for the maintenance of the Navy established by treaty. It has been believed by some that the purpose of the Conference was to reduce naval expenditure, and therefore to relieve the country from taxation.

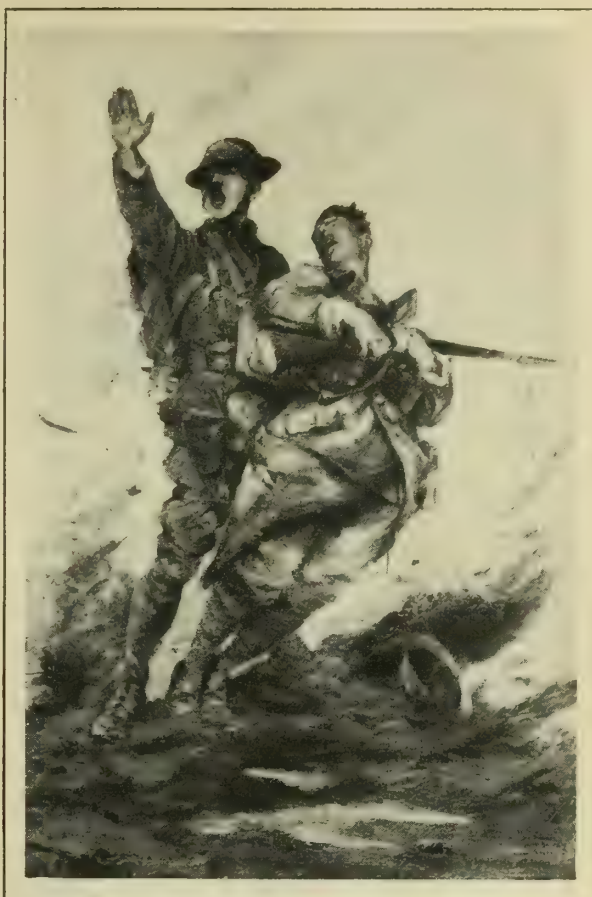
How little effect upon the burden of taxation it would have to do away with all naval expenditures was pointed out in a recent speech by the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Operations and ranking officer of the Navy, Admiral R. E. Coontz, in a speech before the National Association of Manufacturers in New York City recently; he pointed out the fallacy of the idea that even a complete naval holiday in battleship building would mean a great reduction in taxes. Suppose, said he, that Congress should appropriate \$300,000,000 a year in maintaining a Navy. That means less than \$3 per capita for a whole year. To abolish the Navy altogether would therefore not be much of a saving.

If we are not going to abolish the Navy—and nobody imagines for a minute that we are going to abolish it—we certainly ought to have a Navy that would do the work that it is designed to do. This does not mean that it always ought to be fighting. On the contrary, the Navy that is fit as a fighting force in war is of great service in time of peace. In proportion to its efficiency, it is a protection for our foreign commerce. If our Navy does not guard our interests, nobody will. For example, Admiral Coontz pointed out that the Greeks and Turks are at war, and therefore our interests in the zone of war are in need of protection. "Naval forces," he said, "are maintained throughout the Caribbean Sea to keep down revolutions, protect life, and guard our commerce. Our fruit trade in the West Indies is enormous. In 1921 we imported fruit valued at about \$50,000,000, and much of

HEROIC MEMORIES



(C) Underwood



(C) Reni-Mel, from Wide World Photos

"AMERICA"

This painting was presented to the American Legion at a special ceremony in Paris. It will be shipped to this country later. The painting has attached to it the signatures of Marshal Foch and General Pershing.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH'S STATUE WITHIN THE NEW LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON

The dedication ceremony will take place on Decoration Day. The head of a man standing at Lincoln's feet would not reach to the knees of the heroic figure.

this came from countries bordering on the Caribbean." Such examples he cited as showing how our Navy protects our interests when our country is at peace. As such a protector of commerce our Navy is inexpensive. For \$3,000,000 a year, which, it is estimated, it costs to guard our interests in the Asiatic area, our Navy protects the exports which we send to China to the value of \$145,000,000, and that is only one element in our Asiatic trade. "Does it seem unreasonable to you," Admiral Coontz asked his hearers, "that with our sea forces keeping an open market throughout the world for some \$8,000,000,000 in annual American exports, we should expend \$300,000,000 a year for the Navy?"

Admiral Coontz reminded his hearers that the American people have always been inclined to wreck the Navy after each war. They did so after the Revolution. Thereupon the Barbary pirates began seizing the wheat we had been shipping to the Mediterranean markets, and Congress was forced to appropriate money for building fighting ships. "So," said Admiral Coontz, "when the farmer in the Great West asks why he should be taxed to build battleships, you can tell him that we built our first man-of-war in 1794 in order that his wheat could be safely delivered to foreign markets."

UNEMPLOYMENT

WHenever there is any general distress or difficulty, people in all countries yield to the impulse to turn for help to the Government. This is partly due to the inclination of man to shift responsibility from his own shoulders to others', and partly to the reasonable supposition that the very purpose of government is to furnish common protection and a common means for the common weal. When, therefore, there is a period of depression such as that through which this country has been passing, and men by the hundreds of thousands are out of employment and find themselves and their families in want of the common necessities of life, it is inevitable and to some degree just that those who feel the pinch should look to the Government for relief.

Not long ago the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce adopted resolutions asserting as a fact that the employment situation was still acute and calling upon the Mayor and Board of Estimate of the City of New York and upon the Governor and the Legislature of the State of New York "to either institute at once adequate measures of relief and work for the unemployed of our city and State or refer the whole question back

to the President and the Congress for centralized action upon a National scale." Indorsing these resolutions, a number of men and women in the city of New York presented an appeal to the Mayor and the Board of Estimate and to the Governor and Legislature. In that appeal they presented figures which they held to be proof that there had been no such relief from the condition of unemployment as had been reported, and that in the present situation there is a menace to the peace and order of society. The signers of this statement, while supporting such reforms as the establishment of Government employment agencies, out-of-work benefits, old-age pensions, and unemployment insurance, declared that something more than these palliatives were needed, and that the people, acting through the Congress and the States, should furnish employment by the lawful exercise of the police power, the right of eminent domain, and the power of taxation to inaugurate great public works, such as road building, modern housing, irrigation and drainage projects, scientific farming, afforestation, harbor and river improvements, National electrification for power, heat, and light, and development of water power.

That the unemployment situation is still acute we do not doubt. There has been rumor mongering, due perhaps to carelessness, perhaps to propaganda, perhaps to a real but mistaken desire to help, which has resulted undoubtedly in giving many people the impression that unemployment is no longer a National problem. This is unfortunate. The President's Conference on Unemployment, which studied the problem and has done much to show the way out, has no figure-gathering agency of its own; but such figures as it has obtained indicate no such recovery as some reports have perhaps led people to believe. There has been, we have every reason to believe, a slow, steady pick-up; but no solution of the problem. According to reports from public employment agencies, in January there were 226 applicants for every hundred jobs, whereas by the middle of April there were 151 applicants for every hundred jobs. To show it in another way, out of every 100 applicants in January, 38 got employment; while by the middle of April out of every 100, 55 got employment. This, however, is not the same in all parts of the country. The reports were what is called "spotty." Still there are many more people who want work than can get it.

What should be done about it?

To imagine that a city, or a State, or the Nation can take hold of a situation like this and cure it at once, or even

within a short period, is to imagine the impossible. It is true that in times of disaster like a flood, or a fire, or an earthquake, the city that cannot help itself gets aid from the State, and the State that cannot help itself gets aid from the Nation, and relief is usually prompt and efficacious. Disasters that are thus localized, however, are not comparable to a general condition. In the one case prosperity in a part of the Nation can be drawn upon for relief of those in trouble in another part; while in the other case the difficulty lies in the lack of general prosperity and the apparent disappearance of resources on which to draw for relief. The demand to cure unemployment by levying taxes and seizing property by eminent domain does not take account of the fact that the remedy itself in that case is likely, while relieving the symptom, to aggravate the disease.

There are some cases in which the symptoms are worse than the disease. There may be times when the authorities might conceivably disregard the danger of extending an industrial depression in order to rescue its most needy victims; but such action is itself a reflection upon the intelligence of a people who allow a condition to arise which can be remedied only by making it worse.

We hope that every effort will be made to alleviate the want of those who are out of work and at the end of their resources; but we certainly hope that the effort to deal with unemployment will not end there.

To say that the National Government has done nothing in this matter, as has been said, is to do injustice to the Government of this country. It might be said that the only agency which has really done anything to deal with this problem fundamentally is the National Government. By calling the Unemployment Conference into being the President has put in motion forces which can deal with this matter if the people will support their Government and follow in practice the principles which that Conference has enunciated.

Merchants and manufacturers and men of business generally cannot shoulder this burden off upon the Government and say that they have nothing whatever to do about it themselves. If they will read the report of that Unemployment Conference, they will find that they have everything to do about it.

In the first place, so far as the use of Government agencies is concerned, these men of business, these manufacturers and merchants, have got to create a public opinion which will force municipal authorities, State Legislatures, and the

Federal Congress to make their appropriations for public works, and to authorize expenditures for public works, in such a way as to anticipate need for public employment. Under present conditions, when times are prosperous and factories are busy and production is on the upward trend, lavish appropriations for public works are made and construction is authorized so that the Government becomes a competitor of private business in seeking employees. Then when the peak is reached and there begins to be a period of hard times, appropriations are cut down, public construction is stopped, and the ills of unemployment are aggravated by the very Government that ought to alleviate them. Let these business men who are now petitioning Mayors and Governors and the President turn their attention to Congress and insist that it pass the Kenyon Bill (S. 2749). By this measure executive officers of the Government would be authorized to draw upon funds already appropriated at times when there are unemployed available for the Government to use for their benefit as well as for the benefit of the whole people.

In the second place, let these business men revise their own practices. Let them follow the principle of retrenchment before the peak of prosperity is reached, that they may have resources with which to prevent the subsequent depression. Let them follow in their own business the course that they would have the Government pursue. There are concerns whose efficiency commands general respect which are following this practice. Those who really seek to render some service in the solution of this problem of unemployment can do no better than to get from the secretary of the President's Conference on Unemployment, Washington, D. C., the report which shows the way to the proper treatment of the problem, not only by the Government, but also by private business.

BEAUTY AND THE RAILWAYS

ONE of the features of this issue of The Outlook is a group of a dozen pictures of American scenery which we have been enabled to reproduce by the courtesy of several well-known railway companies.

We do not mean to be ingracious, but we cannot resist the thought that the cult of beauty by railway builders and operators is a comparatively recent passion—a passion which it is to be hoped may develop into a steady, faithful, and even self-sacrificing love.

When railways were introduced into

England, now nearly a century ago, artists, poets, and other "damned literary fellers" opposed them bitterly as the destroyers of all landscape beauty. John Ruskin could not say enough in their despite. He had in mind the beautiful coach roads of England, lined with hedgerows, and orchards, and parklike pastures, and finely forested woodlands, and gardens; and the old-fashioned inns, with their spick-and-span courtyards and flowers and thatch-roofed outbuildings, which were the stations and stopping-places of the line. Any one who has read in "Tom Brown's School Days" the account of that young Englishman's unforgettable journey from London to Rugby on the top of a coach, or who has himself driven from Brighton to London on the old post road behind four spanking bays with a veritable Tony Weller on the box, can realize how Ruskin felt. And yet one of the most striking and beautiful of the pictures painted by Ruskin's beau-ideal, Turner, is an English railway picture. "Rain, Steam, and Speed" it was called by Turner himself—an impressionistic painting of a railway engine and train plunging through the mist across a great viaduct. It is hanging in the National Gallery in London and deserves a visit from all railway men who feel the potential and imaginative beauty of high speed and great power.

Railways have always had a great but too generally unrealized and undeveloped asset of scenic beauty. At first the idea was simply to carry the greatest loads at the least cost and the biggest profit possible. Stations were barn-like and dingy. Yards were dirty and unkempt. Cuts were ragged gashes in the earth. Embankments were a paradise of weeds. Apparently it was believed that the more hideous a bridge was, the stronger it must be. The most uninviting and repellent part of any city or village was likely to be that through which the railway ran on its way across the land.

But all this is being changed. It has been discovered that people travel not only from necessity but for pleasure, and that beauty is an essential element of pleasure. So our great railway operators have employed gifted architects to build stations and talented artists to adorn them with mural paintings. Landscape gardeners plan and beautify the station yards. Embankments are softened with grass and shrubs. Stately viaducts and carefully designed culverts are supplanting the ugly trestles and angular bridges. Section houses and signposts are harmoniously painted. And foremen of the permanent way are given prizes, not only for efficiency and safety, but for the neatness and attrac-

tiveness of the sections which are in their charge.

In George Kennan's recently published biography of Edward H. Harriman there is an interesting passage that indicates the value which that great transportation builder placed upon beauty as a railway asset:

Throughout Mr. Harriman's connection with the Union Pacific, which lasted until his death, he never ceased to improve its physical condition. He strove to make it the best as well as the most useful railroad in the West, and when, after he became president in 1904, he had brought it almost to the point of perfection as a means of transportation, he turned his attention to beautifying it.

"On one of his trips over the line," says Superintendent Park, "he noticed the lack of vegetation in and around Rock Springs, Wyoming, which, its population considered, was the best revenue-producing station on the road. 'Why don't you put in a park here?' he asked. 'The station is of attractive design, and some grass and a little shrubbery would freshen things up wonderfully.'

"A resident of Rock Springs interrupted my reply by saying: 'Mr. Harriman, there is not a sprig of grass in Rock Springs; not because we don't want it, but because the percentage of alkali in the soil is an absolute bar to its growth.'

"Mr. Harriman looked at me and said: 'Nothing is impossible.'

"Taking that for my cue, I hauled from Utah hundreds of cars of the best soil of that fertile State, distributed around the depot, planted shrubbery and trees, and to-day one of the most attractive spots on the Union Pacific Railroad is the garden surrounding Rock Springs station. This was also a cue for further work of this character all along the line. At my own personal expense I had planted trees in many localities, and had made every effort to obtain parks without the expenditure of money, because previous managements had not been willing to 'waste' money, as they termed it, in this way. Mr. Harriman was willing to spend money to make the road look attractive. The result was the beautiful park at Cheyenne, and the improvement of the landscape at all terminals, which, in a few years, transformed the Union Pacific from a road through a desert to one along which the bright green grass, trees, and flowers were in evidence at every station of importance. This movement soon spread—the section foremen began to plant trees and flowers—and now there is no other railroad so well kept, unless it be the Southern Pacific, along which Mr. Kruttschnitt had started a similar movement years before."

And so it is with special pleasure that we print this week the dozen pictures of American scenery which have been made by some of the railways as proofs of the value of their lines to the traveler. The photographs reveal, not only great natural scenic charm, but the

growing realization of railway men that they are ministers to the sense of beauty as well as to the needs of industry.

CHICAGO AROUSED

A SPECIAL correspondent in Chicago gives a clear account on another page of the facts which have led to the indictment of labor leaders charged with a conspiracy the outcome of which was a murderous assault on May 9. In it two policemen were killed, one seriously wounded, and workshops operating under Judge Landis's award as to the building dispute were bombed. One of those arrested, Fred Mader, is described as "ex-convict and President of the Chicago Buildings Trade." According to the Chicago "Journal of Commerce," Mader lately had the impudence to state before a committee of the City Council that "unless this committee takes some action that will suppress the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award I can no longer keep my men from committing acts of violence and chasing the members of the Citizens' Committee out of the city of Chicago." The police claim that they have physical as well as moral evidence that the arrested men incited acts of violence.

Chicago is rightly stirred to action by a long series of crimes of violence, of which those growing out of the labor trouble are only a part. Lately Mayor Thompson, moved by the citizens' indignation and demand for more protection and less politics, appointed a new head of the police force, Mr. Fitzmorris, and the new chief has promised a thorough cleaning up. To Chief Fitzmorris is largely due the present war against labor thugs. He is quoted as saying: "Honest labor

union men are with us in this clean-up. They're giving us fine help." Mr. Edward W. Sims, President of the Chicago Crime Commission, declares: "Anarchists in control of Chicago labor unions have used the money subscribed by honest workmen to hire cowardly assassins to destroy life and property as a means of continuing their hold upon the unions."

A great deal has been said implying that there has been, or is to be, a stretching of the theory of criminal conspiracy in order to push these prosecutions, and they have been compared to the Haymarket attack on the Chicago police in 1886. In that case the claim was made that one or two of the men executed were not shown to have had any direct connection with the actual crime, but were convicted because of radical and Anarchistical utterances made shortly before the crime. The Judge who presided over the Haymarket trials, later wrote a magazine article of deep earnestness in which he urged that both public security and legal reasoning called for a broader interpretation of the definition of criminal conspiracy. If in the present cases the allegations of the police are sustained, there is no need whatever of any extension of the meaning of conspiracy. It never was the law that a crime must be committed by the very hands of a man charged with murder; if by threats, bribes, or persuasion he sets in motion the crime of murder, he is guilty of that offense. And that is precisely what is asserted here.

How extensive the general increase in criminal violence has been in Chicago is indicated by an editorial in the Chicago "Tribune" entitled "War on the Jungle." It asks, "Does Chicago belong to the gunman, the bomb-thrower, the

labor bully, the thug, the burglar, the divekeeper, the jury fixer, the crook in politics, the grafter, and the demagogue?" And it asserts as fact:

There is a killing for every day of the year, and murder makes a grim farce of the law. Property is destroyed with impunity. Men who would work are bullied and beaten. Officers of the law are shot down like sheep. Crime after crime goes unpunished and the hired criminal and the criminal who hires him go free.

This is not civilization. It is anarchy. If we go on, there will be no law for us but the law of the jungle.

The makers of this anarchy are rotten politics and rotten labor and the allies they have made with the human beasts that stalk the shadows of the underworld.

The problem of Chicago is, in a less degree, the problem of many large American cities. In New York City lately an assistant district attorney in a radio address pointed out the extraordinarily large percentage of quite young men among those charged with robbery and other crimes of violence, and urged that moral training in schools, churches, and homes needed extension and intensifying. The law and the courts and the police do their best to restrain and punish. But prevention lies in the implanting of higher moral standards. The non-violent citizen who profiteers or dodges taxes or oppresses the poor or piles up wealth dishonorably need not be surprised if the vicious and the hoodlum say, as one did say: "He gets his with his brains; I'm going to get mine with my hands."

The courage of Chicago in facing its crime problem should encourage decent men and women in all our cities to fight for honest and brave civic government and the defeat of crooks, gangsters, and hold-up men.

THE HUB OF EUROPE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE GENOA CONFERENCE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

IN these days in America we are apt to think of the countries of Central Europe as rather too far away to be of very much interest; as forming or reforming themselves politically; as having precarious economic conditions, with finances all upside down; as having new and largely untried means of national defense; as approving largely lopsided legislation; as lending themselves to much unnecessary squabbling with their neighbors—in short, Central Europe, to most of us, is an unsavory mess with a hopeless political outlook, and with not much power even were the outlook not hopeless.

One has but to come to Genoa, however, and see the rôle which some of these nations—above all, Czechoslovakia—are playing in the Conference to get some notion of their real power. And it is real.

The chief of the Czechoslovak delegation here is Prime Minister Edouard Benes, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs. As I talked with him in his study this morning, he seemed no typical Slav—mystic, brooding, unpractical, doctrinaire, not working easily with other men. Instead, a brisk, practical man of affairs met me, every part of him active and alert. He gave me his

whole attention; and often when you are talking with a Slav you are not quite sure whether he is giving you his whole attention or whether he is not considering something else at the same time. He grasped my meaning before I got to the end of my sentence. He was ready with instant appreciation of my point of view—perhaps that was because it was also his own! He understood American humor. He replied tersely to my queries, telling me much in few words.

And what he says is impressively backed up by what Czechoslovakia has already done and is doing. By her geographical position she is the center

of Europe. But by her economic, political, and moral force she has become the hub around which the wheels of Europe are now revolving (these are not the Premier's words, but are a little conceit of my own which seemed to please him). Czechoslovakia is to-day the most active and powerful center of both economic and political force in Central Europe. What do you say to a new nation which in four years has accomplished that?

Bohemia, the land where the Czech language is spoken, has had a glorious past. For sixteen hundred years the Czechs have been on the same soil. They have been cultivators of that soil. They have been industrialists and exporters. But their great glory has been in the realm of education. There was the first country of Central Europe to have a university (1368), and the martyred Jan Hus was one of its rectors. Bohemia started the Reformation a century before Luther came. Bohemia has given to the world such lights in the worlds of religion, education, science, literature, and philosophy as Jerome of Prague, Comenius, Kepler, Tycho Brahe, Palacky, and now Masaryk, philosopher, political leader, and President of the Czechoslovak Republic.

And what does not the contemporary world of art in general and music in particular owe to such composers as Smetana, Dvorak, Fibich, and Suk, and to such virtuosi as Kubelik, Kocian, and Madame Ema Destinnova?

For centuries Bohemia had been ground down under Hapsburg rule from Vienna. In 1914 the World War came. Without firing a shot, Czech regiments repeatedly surrendered to the Russians and the Italians as their deliverers, and themselves formed legions to fight Austria-Hungary on the Entente side. Under Masaryk's leadership they waged such a political and military campaign against Austria-Hungary that the Allies recognized their claim to independence.

In obtaining her independence and unity Italy had her Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour. History may give equal honor to Masaryk, Stefanik, Benes.

Czechoslovakia numbers nearly 14,000,000 people. The natural resources of the country make it one of the richest in Europe. It possesses every useful mineral save platinum. Its forest wealth is enormous, a third of the total area being covered with forests. It is the only European country which exports sugar. Its glass and textile and beer industries are world-famous.

With these advantages and a sound financial system, Czechoslovakia is fairly unique among the countries of Europe in having a budget where revenues and expenditures balance each other. But Czechoslovakia does even better than that. She actually has a balance to the good.

Such a country can propose to borrow \$50,000,000, as Czechoslovakia did the other day, and have it covered in twenty-four hours—as it was.

Hence, with justified if characteristically modest pride, the Premier said to me: "We have taken all necessary measures to be the first among European states to pay interest on our war debt to America."

With her up-to-date parliamentary and judicial systems, her standing army of 150,000 men, her advanced social legislation (labor reforms, compulsory education, housing, pensions, accident, sickness, and maternity insurance), Czechoslovakia stands in the forefront of progressive nations.

As is appropriate, when one considers the past, religious liberty is spreading in Czechoslovakia. During the past four years about a million persons have left the Roman Catholic Church. Most of them have joined the newly formed National Church, which is largely the result of a demand for reforms by a considerable section of the priesthood. They demanded the abolition of celibacy, the introduction of the vernacular into the services, and a more democratic administration of ecclesiastical affairs. The National Church is now negotiating for recognition by and co-operation with the Anglican and other churches.

Each summer for several years I spent some weeks in Carlsbad, Bohemia, now part of the greater Bohemia or Czechoslovakia. Carlsbad is situated in the north, just south of the German mountain boundary. The region, inhabited by some 3,000,000 Germans, comprises about a seventh of the area of Bohemia proper, but representing, it was then said, about six-sevenths of the wealth of Bohemia. In talking with the manufacturers of glass and porcelain in the near-by towns, I often asked if they would not rather be German instead of Austrian subjects. The invariable reply was that, though Austria might oppress Bohemia, they, the Germans, were content to remain as they were. If the Germans in Bohemia were content then, they ought to be more content now. The burdens of Czechoslovak military service and taxes are not so great as in Germany, while the system of proportional representation assures the Germans of due weight in the Parliament at Prague, where German, Magyar, and other Deputies sit alongside the Czechs and Slovaks.

Of course, however, the Czechoslovak Government has to be on its guard against Pan-German propaganda, just as do the Polish, Rumanian, Hungarian, Austrian, and Yugoslav Governments.

Czechoslovakia is not only in itself the center of Europe, but also in its influence on the other countries of that part of the world. No one has done anything like as much to emphasize this as has Edouard Benes. He has formed the so-called Little Entente. It is really a Large Entente. It is an alliance among Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, to which alliance Poland is now becoming increasingly an ally. The alliance has already assured betterment

to Czechoslovakia, greater stability and peace to all the signatory states, and, through them, to Europe.

There is necessity to constitute in Central Europe a system of states, not necessarily having common institutions, but with a defined system of collaboration based on special treaties. Precisely this now exists. Into this Entente, despite present differences, the force of economic law will, I am sure, one day compel Austria and Hungary to come. Indeed, Mr. Benes has already concluded a special treaty with the Austrian Foreign Minister, and since then the relations between Prague and Vienna have been more cordial than they were during the centuries of Hapsburg rule.

But Mr. Benes has had also another ideal. He may, right here at Genoa, be close to its realization. Ever since the Washington Conference the dream of Mr. Lloyd George has been to accomplish here, if it can be done, something similar to the Four-Power Treaty for the Pacific negotiated at Washington. Hence, proceeding from one of the resolutions adopted at the Conference of Cannes last winter, providing for non-aggression, Mr. Lloyd George is now endeavoring to put the Conference of Genoa on record in the same respect. In other words, the nations would agree to abstain from attacking one another.

As to this there are two views about bringing any pact-breaker to terms. One view is that there should be an international military court and force; the other, that the assessment of blame should come from swift-working judicial machinery.

The main difficulty with the whole plan is that some of the boundaries along the Russian western frontier are not yet authoritatively and definitely fixed. Another difficulty may be in obtaining the assent of France to abstain from exercising her military sanctions in order to obtain the execution of the Versailles Treaty. But neither of these objections is insuperable. Mr. Benes said to me: "A non-aggression pact should respect all the international engagements existing among the signatory states. It would reinforce the League of Nations. It would surely be a guaranty of peace in Europe. A long time ago I said that a pact uniting the principal Entente allies to the Little Entente would be the best, perhaps the only, guaranty of European order resulting from the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties."

Mr. Lloyd George's proposed text met a French counter-proposition. Mr. Benes has provided a text which, he told me, had now the approval of the heads both of the British and French delegates. If it gets the approval of the Conference, it should be known, I think, as the Benes Treaty.

Who says that Czechoslovakia is not the hub of Europe?

Genoa, April 29, 1922.

BLINDMAN

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

BLOW out a candle in a Gothic room—
I will know velvet still;
I need not only eyes for a hedge in bloom,
For water under a hill!

Say, is it April of another year?
Say, do the birds fly south?
What is the darkness when I have the clear,
Brave music of your mouth!

Beauty may perish in a thousand things,
Veiled eyes no longer see;
But what is blindness when a brown thrush sings,
And love comes home to me!

LABOR LEADERS INDICTED FOR CONSPIRACY TO MURDER

SPECIAL CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE FROM GEORGE C. SIKES

CHICAGO is forced to deal with another labor war attended by outbreaks of violence that recall the disturbances of 1886, as a result of which Anarchist leaders were hanged on account of the killing of policemen by bomb explosions in Haymarket Square. On the evening of Tuesday, May 9, two policemen on strike duty were murdered. At the time this was written the actual perpetrators of the crime had not been discovered. But public authorities, applying the principles of law utilized successfully in the Anarchist trials, are proceeding to prosecute certain labor leaders for murder, on the charge that they are responsible for the slaughter of the policemen.

The trouble developed out of controversies between workers and employers in the building trades. Most of the wage-scale agreements expired in May of last year. The employers asked for reductions in wages. Judge Landis was selected as arbitrator. He not only made moderate wage reductions, but ordered important changes in working practices, hitting particularly practices considered hostile to the public welfare. The workers said these matters were not submitted to arbitration. Judge Landis also stipulated that the wage scale fixed should be treated as the maximum as well as the minimum. It is usual, in theory at least, to regard union scales, whether fixed by agreement or by arbitration, as minimums only. There are thirty-two unions in the Chicago Building Trades Council. After discussion and some protest, twenty of these unions decided to accept the Landis award, and are working under it, on the closed-shop basis. Twelve unions have refused to recognize the Landis award. Of these, the painters, with a hang-over contract, were not a party to the arbitration. The carpenters' union, with the largest membership of any single building trades organization, had withdrawn from the arbitration proceedings before the result was announced because of knowledge that Judge Landis intended to modify working rules. The number of workers

in the twelve unions that refused to accept the Landis award is larger than the number in the twenty unions working under the award.

When it appeared that many of the building trades unions were to defy the Landis findings, there was formed the Citizens' Committee for the Enforcement of the Landis Award, backed by leading business interests of the community and well supplied with funds. As to unions that had accepted the award the closed-shop policy was continued, except that workers in these organizations were obliged to work with non-union men of other crafts not under the award. The open-shop policy was announced for the twelve trades the unions in which refused to be bound by the rulings of Judge Landis, and the Citizens' Committee vigorously undertook to help find workers for contractors operating under the Landis award.

At the time of the announcement of the Landis award the principal officials of the Building Trades Council were in favor of accepting it, despite dissatisfaction with some of its features. But these officials soon stepped aside, in part at least on account of scandals not related to this particular matter. Shortly thereafter Fred Mader, an ex-convict, became President of the Building Trades Council. He undertook to wage a vigorous warfare against the Landis award, assisted by two labor leaders not hitherto identified with the Building Trades Council and not connected directly with any union represented in the Council. One of these men, Timothy D. (Big Tim) Murphy, is now under sentence to serve six years in a Federal penitentiary for instigating a bold daylight robbery of the United States mails at the Dearborn railway station in Chicago in April, 1921. The amount stolen was \$350,000. The technical charge against Murphy was conspiracy to aid the robbery. He was not accused of participating in it personally. The sentence was imposed by Judge Landis before he resigned from the Federal bench. Murphy has been out on bail pending the

review of his case by the higher courts. He is a picturesque character of the dare-devil type. He was brought up in the Chicago stockyards district. As a newsboy he sold papers to P. D. Armour. He has been active in politics, having served one term as Representative in the Illinois Legislature. Some years ago Murphy was indicted on the charge of murdering a rival labor leader, "Moss" Enright, also with a reputation as a gunman. When the case finally came to trial, the principal witnesses had disappeared and the prosecution had to be abandoned for that reason. The other conspicuous labor leader associated with Mader is Cornelius P. (Con) Shea, who figured prominently in a Chicago teamsters' strike some years ago which was attended with much violence. Since then Shea has served a term in Sing Sing penitentiary, New York, for brutal treatment of a woman companion.

Since Mader took the presidency of the Building Trades Council crimes of violence against plants operating under the Landis award have been frequent. There have been about twenty bombings and many sluggings. Matters reached a crisis on May 9. Thomas Clark, a policeman, had been assigned to guard a particular plant. When he started to question four men who drove up in an auto, he was shot and killed. A little later the same evening three West Park policemen tried to stop a suspicious-looking car—presumably the same one—when the occupants of the car opened fire. Acting Lieutenant Lyons was killed and the two others wounded.

At a special meeting of the May grand jury, held May 11, indictments for murder were voted against Mader, Murphy, Shea, and five others. It is not contended that Mader, Murphy, or Shea actually did the killing, but they are charged with responsibility for the murders. It is announced that the prosecution of the cases will be pushed speedily.

The community is greatly aroused over the latest turn of affairs in the building trades labor war.

BEYOND THE BOULEVARDS

THERE LIES THE
SCENERY, AND
ANY AUTOMOBILE
CAN REACH IT

BY

FRANK A. WAUGH

AUTOMOBILISTS are classified in the popular mind and with the garage-keepers according to the price of their cars. A much better system of classification, and one which goes to the very roots of character, might be based on the roads which they frequent.

In this analysis there are three kinds of automobile users; observe them carefully. The first we may call Birds of the Boulevard, for they never get beyond the parkways. The second group shall be known as Macadam Hounds, for it is their ambition to devour every Sunday the maximum mileage of good State road, but nothing under the smiling zenith of heaven could tempt them off the stone turnpike. Then there is the third class, whom we will describe as Lovers of the Landscape, for they use gasoline as a means of getting out to nature. They love the woods and the fields, they linger and worship there. These are the automobilists whom I would like to honor, for they seem to have some sense. It would be a contribution to public education and National welfare if we could convert a few thousands of those Birds of the Boulevard and the Macadam Hounds to the ranks of honest Lovers of the Landscape.

Popular theory has it that all automobile users, excepting only truck drivers and bootleggers, go out to see the landscape. There is a presumption in favor of this hypothesis. For we can readily believe that if all automobile roads were subways, with no outlook upon green grass or trees and no uplook to the sky, there would be very little pleasure driving. At present the amount of this luxury driving runs up to about fifty billion miles a year in this little dominion ruled over by Congress and the Legislature and the Board of Aldermen. It would really seem as though everybody was getting a long slice of the good landscape.

But if it is long, it is exceedingly thin. In a car moving forty-five miles an hour over good State roads the view of the scenery is decidedly superficial. About all one can really grasp is the billboards, because they have been carefully located in the most legible spots. The driver certainly has to keep his attention at full capacity on his driving, and the other occupants of the car have to watch the driver to see that he does not waver or relax. My friend and fellow scold,



THROUGH THE BIG WOODS IN WASHINGTON STATE



THE PICNIC GROUNDS AT THE END OF THE ROAD

Mr. George Ade, has recently given these Macadam Fiends the benefit of his scathings. He says he has located his private golf course beside the State highway so as to secure the utmost privacy. Nobody going by in a motor car, he says, can bring his vision down to see so small an object as a golf links.

All of which loses every color of exaggeration when comparison is made with the sweet and delectable scenes enjoyed by the real Lovers of the Landscape, those who use their automobiles to take them where the grass is green, where the woods are shadowy, where the wild birds nest, and who are satisfied to linger and loiter and delight in the world's best when they get there.

Two considerations should be urged against the stupid practices of the Boulevarders and the State Roaders, all of whom might get a great deal more satisfaction out of their gasoline consumption if they would learn new and better ways. And first is the fact that the little side roads are much easier to negotiate than they imagine; and second is the complementary fact that the scenery of these little byways is much more delightful than they have ever known. Both these facts are easily demonstrable, and, while experience is the best teacher, some data can be submitted here to support this argument.

The modern automobile of course is a very capable machine—certainly the most thoroughly adequate machine ever built for general use. It has everything but intelligence, and at times I have been wont to think that such and such a machine knew more than its driver. If the man at the wheel will only supply the brains, a good automobile will always do the rest. It will go anywhere. Last summer a courageous young man drove one down into the Grand Canyon and out again. I have more than once sat beside a driver who would send his car anywhere that a span of horses and a buckboard would dare to climb.

Yet this stuntsy driving is nowhere necessary on the little country roads. Their only shortcoming in most cases is the lack of macadam. They are "hard dirt roads," according to the technical description. Even when one goes the practicable limit and gets out into the woods roads of New Hampshire or North Carolina or Michigan, all one has to do is to avoid muddy weather and drive slowly.

Drive slowly, in fact, is the key to the whole combination. One has to reduce speed as the road roughens and narrows; but if one will drive carefully and intelligently he can do just as well in the woods roads of the Adirondacks as on the boulevards of Washington. In fact, the driving on the back lanes is safer and easier. The trouble is that hundreds of thousands of poor, half-educated motorists think there is something wholly wrong when the speedometer falls below the 35 mark. They can't imagine themselves going ten or

fifteen miles an hour unless the car is lame.

Yet a speed of fifteen miles an hour will get any reasonably good driver into unmeasured worlds of landscape beauty—realms never seen by the average motorist, scenes of constant delight. Of course the hunters and the fishermen and a few such enthusiasts know all about this thing, and those few amiable motorists of the third class, the natural-born Lovers of the Landscape. Others ought to learn how to drive.

When one stops to consider, it is almost a matter of logical necessity that the best scenery should congregate along the little roads. Where the highway runs level and straight along the broad valleys there run also the railways; on those roads the freight-truck traffic blocks the way and raises clouds of dust; on those roads are poles and wires and billboards; there are the

towns, the necessary garages, the noise. But on the back roads, winding in and out, up and down, there are the pictures. That kind of a road is full of pictorial compositions. One may lash his kodak to the radiator and snap it at random, and every snapshot will show a pretty landscape. On those back roads are the picturesque old farm buildings, the homely fields, the rolling pastures, the cool woods, the singing brooks. It is characteristic of the topography in inhabited hill country that the side roads climb up and down by the watercourses. Thus we keep company on our travels with every clean and musical brook which the country affords.

Each brook is a story in itself, like a 300-page novel, only more natural and wholesome and better illustrated. In the opening chapters one finds sweet cool springs, then little rivulets seeping out of sphagnum ponds, then dancing little waterfalls, next shady reaches where the trout wait, lower down mill-ponds with a spray of water falling over dams, then broader slower stretches fit for the canoe, and finally the waters of our brook join the great river and flow happily ever after.

In the same way every old farm has its story to tell; and the woodlands modestly ask us to loiter and listen to them. Oh, there is endless romance and delight if we only go where they are and move slowly and quietly enough to hear. If we thunder along at fifty miles an hour, we shall of course hear nothing but the whirr of the engine and the knocking of cylinder No. 5 where the tappet-rod is loose.

It is impossible to say enough for the beauty of our American scenery. Everywhere are landscape pictures incomparably superior to the painted landscapes in the art museums of Europe. Whether on the plains of Texas, the deserts of Arizona, the mountains of Montana, or the wheat fields of Dakota, there are beauty and inspiration for all. Only one has to open one's eyes, one's mind, and one's heart to see such things. The modern motor car was sent from heaven primarily to make all these glories accessible to Americans. From this highly defensible point of view the automobile is the first ally of civilization. Let us use it as such. We need not renounce our long trips via the Santa Fé Trail or the Lincoln Highway; but for most of us, with the short hours at our command, the near-by country roads are our main reliance. And so, if we will have the courage to get off the beaten highway, our sturdy automobiles are quite ready to take us to quiet, unexplored and unexpectedly beautiful scenes along the little country lanes. All we need to do is to learn a new and leisurely way of driving. By slowing down, relaxing our tense nerves, and by taking life and the landscape a little easier we shall profit largely. In fact, we shall have discovered a new and higher use for our automobiles.

THE OUTLOOK reaches out week by week for writers who speak with authority on matters of National and international import. Each number is planned to meet the needs of those who wish the best and most readable presentation of the problems and interests of the hour against the background of a searching understanding of history and literature. This is one of the reasons why The Outlook cannot announce long in advance of publication the names of many of its most eminent contributors.

Sometimes we can tell our readers of a few good things in store for them. Here are a few of the articles awaiting publication:

Immigration and Naturalization

By James J. Davis
Secretary of Labor

Mississippi's Great Fight for Honor and Prosperity

By Frederick W. Jones

Washington at War Over Civil Service

By Newton Fuessle

Glass Bottles and Common Sense

By Sherman Rogers

The Romance of It

By W. B. Maxwell

The God in the Machine

By Elsie Singmaster



GLoucester town—where the fishing fleets put in

GLoucester—OFFSHORE

BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER

I HAVE come back to the office from a day in a shipyard—a yard that harbors for the winter a hundred craft or more. There bright mahogany motor yachts are neighbors to trim white sloops. Spoon bows and clipper bows, straight stems and stems that once were straight, vessels whose paint bespeaks their perfection and vessels whose paint is, to the careful observer, but a transparent attempt to conceal the ravages of time—there is room for them all as they lie waiting their turn to put to sea. There is room for them all, even for the plainly finished sailing vessel within whose black and beamy hull I make my summer home.

As I sat in her cockpit and watched her decks brighten under the ministrations of varnish, as I worked over the coils of her running rigging, laying open the strands here and there to test for signs of decay, as I watched the clean shavings fall from the new spar destined to replace a badly sprung main-gaff, I lost myself, as I have often done, in the philosophy of shipyards, of ships, and of recreation.

We sometimes talk of recreation as though it were a discovery of our own time. The craft that sail the seven seas must laugh at such presumption. They not only discovered recreation long ago, but simultaneously they must have discovered its real meaning. Most of us poor landlubbers think of recreation as a synonym for pleasure and amusement. As any ship will tell you, recreation time is a re-creation time—a time to survey your timbers, a time to cut out

dry rot, a time to test your rigging, a time to overhaul your spars.

The trouble with us mariners of life is that there are very few able seamen among us, men who can tell when a rope is overstrained, men who know straight grain from crooked, men who can tell at a glance sound wood from painted putty. If we were all able seamen, we would know the real meaning of recreation—re-creation not only of our physical selves but also of that intangible reality which has been the despair of philosophers and theologians to define since the days of the first tremulous "why." Whether one be a follower of Berkeley or William James, whether one turn to St. Paul or the precepts of the Friends, whether one looks back to Sinai or forward to a New Jerusalem, the need is always the same. To re-create, we must first survey. We must search out for our own selves the existence of those fundamental principles upon which the structure of faith and society has been reared. The more elemental those principles, the more incontrovertible we will discover them to be and the surer our foundations will stand.

It is hard sometimes to get back to the elemental in the confusion and tumult of our daily lives. The mind exhausts itself in labor (to desert sea comparisons for land) like the field which is continuously and unwisely tilled. A fallow time is needed for re-creation and understanding.

Some find this time of re-creation in the silences of the dark woods, some in the aloofness of great crowds, some be-

side the eternal march of clear brown waters toward the sea—I find it most surely on the salt waves to which those sweet waters are eternally hurrying.

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that our course was laid—Gloucester town from whose boulder-strewn hill-sides generations of my name had eked a living and from whose harbor men of my blood had set out to farm the sea and bear its fruit in triumph to the forbidding shores of Cape Ann.

The breeze freshened and the seas from the bay lent an added force to Moody's unforgettable comparison:

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel

Mr. George Ade, has recently given these Macadam Fiends the benefit of his scathings. He says he has located his private golf course beside the State highway so as to secure the utmost privacy. Nobody going by in a motor car, he says, can bring his vision down to see so small an object as a golf links.

All of which loses every color of exaggeration when comparison is made with the sweet and delectable scenes enjoyed by the real Lovers of the Landscape, those who use their automobiles to take them where the grass is green, where the woods are shadowy, where the wild birds nest, and who are satisfied to linger and loiter and delight in the world's best when they get there.

Two considerations should be urged against the stupid practices of the Boulevarders and the State Roaders, all of whom might get a great deal more satisfaction out of their gasoline consumption if they would learn new and better ways. And first is the fact that the little side roads are much easier to negotiate than they imagine; and second is the complementary fact that the scenery of these little byways is much more delightful than they have ever known. Both these facts are easily demonstrable, and, while experience is the best teacher, some data can be submitted here to support this argument.

The modern automobile of course is a very capable machine—certainly the most thoroughly adequate machine ever built for general use. It has everything but intelligence, and at times I have been wont to think that such and such a machine knew more than its driver. If the man at the wheel will only supply the brains, a good automobile will always do the rest. It will go anywhere. Last summer a courageous young man drove one down into the Grand Canyon and out again. I have more than once sat beside a driver who would send his car anywhere that a span of horses and a buckboard would dare to climb.

Yet this stumpy driving is nowhere necessary on the little country roads. Their only shortcoming in most cases is the lack of macadam. They are "hard dirt roads," according to the technical description. Even when one goes the practicable limit and gets out into the woods roads of New Hampshire or North Carolina or Michigan, all one has to do is to avoid muddy weather and drive slowly.

Drive slowly, in fact, is the key to the whole combination. One has to reduce speed as the road roughens and narrows; but if one will drive carefully and intelligently he can do just as well in the woods roads of the Adirondacks as on the boulevards of Washington. In fact, the driving on the back lanes is safer and easier. The trouble is that hundreds of thousands of poor, half-educated motorists think there is something wholly wrong when the speedometer falls below the 35 mark. They can't imagine themselves going ten or

fifteen miles an hour unless the car is lame.

Yet a speed of fifteen miles an hour will get any reasonably good driver into unmeasured worlds of landscape beauty—realms never seen by the average motorist, scenes of constant delight. Of course the hunters and the fishermen and a few such enthusiasts know all about this thing, and those few amiable motorists of the third class, the natural-born Lovers of the Landscape. Others ought to learn how to drive.

When one stops to consider, it is almost a matter of logical necessity that the best scenery should congregate along the little roads. Where the highway runs level and straight along the broad valleys there run also the railways; on those roads the freight-truck traffic blocks the way and raises clouds of dust; on those roads are poles and wires and billboards; there are the

towns, the necessary garages, the noise. But on the back roads, winding in and out, up and down, there are the pictures. That kind of a road is full of pictorial compositions. One may lash his kodak to the radiator and snap it at random, and every snapshot will show a pretty landscape. On those back roads are the picturesque old farm buildings, the homely fields, the rolling pastures, the cool woods, the singing brooks. It is characteristic of the topography in inhabited hill country that the side roads climb up and down by the watercourses. Thus we keep company on our travels with every clean and musical brook which the country affords.

Each brook is a story in itself, like a 300-page novel, only more natural and wholesome and better illustrated. In the opening chapters one finds sweet cool springs, then little rivulets seeping out of sphagnum ponds, then dancing little waterfalls, next shady reaches where the trout wait, lower down mill-ponds with a spray of water falling over dams, then broader slower stretches fit for the canoe, and finally the waters of our brook join the great river and flow happily ever after.

In the same way every old farm has its story to tell; and the woodlands modestly ask us to loiter and listen to them. Oh, there is endless romance and delight if we only go where they are and move slowly and quietly enough to hear. If we thunder along at fifty miles an hour, we shall of course hear nothing but the whir of the engine and the knocking of cylinder No. 5 where the tappet-rod is loose.

It is impossible to say enough for the beauty of our American scenery. Everywhere are landscape pictures incomparably superior to the painted landscapes in the art museums of Europe. Whether on the plains of Texas, the deserts of Arizona, the mountains of Montana, or the wheat fields of Dakota, there are beauty and inspiration for all. Only one has to open one's eyes, one's mind, and one's heart to see such things. The modern motor car was sent from heaven primarily to make all these glories accessible to Americans. From this highly defensible point of view the automobile is the first ally of civilization. Let us use it as such. We need not renounce our long trips via the Santa Fé Trail or the Lincoln Highway; but for most of us, with the short hours at our command, the near-by country roads are our main reliance. And so, if we will have the courage to get off the beaten highway, our sturdy automobiles are quite ready to take us to quiet, unexplored and unexpectedly beautiful scenes along the little country lanes. All we need to do is to learn a new and leisurely way of driving. By slowing down, relaxing our tense nerves, and by taking life and the landscape a little easier we shall profit largely. In fact, we shall have discovered a new and higher use for our automobiles.

THE OUTLOOK reaches out week by week for writers who speak with authority on matters of National and international import. Each number is planned to meet the needs of those who wish the best and most readable presentation of the problems and interests of the hour against the background of a searching understanding of history and literature. This is one of the reasons why The Outlook cannot announce long in advance of publication the names of many of its most eminent contributors.

Sometimes we can tell our readers of a few good things in store for them. Here are a few of the articles awaiting publication:

Immigration and Naturalization

By James J. Davis
Secretary of Labor

Mississippi's Great Fight for Honor and Prosperity

By Frederick W. Jones

Washington at War Over Civil Service

By Newton Fuessle

Glass Bottles and Common Sense

By Sherman Rogers

The Romance of It

By W. B. Maxwell

The God in the Machine

By Elsie Singmaster



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She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

SUDDENLY the light faded, and as I sat with my back to the main hatchway I noticed that the sailing master at the wheel was watching the western sky with an awakened keenness. I turned to see that the sun had disappeared in a bank of clouds, and that along the horizon gray fingers of fog were reaching out over the water.

"Looks like a bad night to make a landfall," said my sailing master. "I doubt if we can pick up Thacher's Island light."

When dusk had fallen, I went aft and took the wheel and the sailing master went forward to trim and put up the lights. When they were made fast, he stood at the fore shrouds for a while. I could not see his face, but I knew that his seaman's eyes were watching the narrowing horizon with the keenness of a soldier awaiting an expected attack.

Overhead and to the east the stars now shone clearly, but to the west there was a veil that hid them from our view. Gradually the veil grew, blotting out the heavens, star by star. There was the damp smell of fog in the air and then its breath upon our cheeks. At last the heavens vanished and the blackness closed around.

"We must be ten or fifteen miles off-shore," I said, "and we will never pick up Thacher's to-night. What do you say to shortening sail, laying an easterly course which will clear all the shoals and ledges, and then head in for Portland in the morning?"

"I was just about to suggest the same thing," said the sailing master, and he disappeared forward to carry out our plan. We had already put on our oilskins, for the fog was almost a drizzling rain. In the light of the binnacle I plotted our course, and when the sailing master had finished with his labor we were ready to bear off and set out for the open sea.

With the wind now abaft the beam, we took turns in breaking the silence of the night with three blasts upon the raucous horn which sailing vessels must carry to give warning in a fog. We speak of lights which make the darkness visible; a fog horn at sea makes the silence audible.

Our world had narrowed to a little circle of yellow light from the binnacle. Overhead the mainsail melted into the night. The sky hung a hand's breadth over our heads. To port and to starboard there was a dark suggestion of advancing and retreating waters. In the center of this hemisphere of mystery we sat in our yellow garments and listened for what the sea gods had in store.

There is no isolation like the isolation of a foggy night in a small boat on the open sea. The remote world of men and women seems like a half-remembered dream. What does it matter if out of such darkness we pass into that darkness which we cannot hope to comprehend? What does it matter if fate answers for us Hamlet's age-old ques-

tioning, "To be or not to be?" What are books, lives, hopes, fears, even love, to the inexorable darkness in which we move and have our being?

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?

Out of the night came a voice from that ship-world like an echo to our own plaintive horn:

"Whroo! Hoo! Hoo!"

We blew our three blasts and waited for the answer. The fog plays tricks with sound and it is hard to know whence it comes. Some ways to port the signal was repeated a little louder and a little nearer.

"Must be a tow out of Portsmouth," said my sailing master, "going to wester'd. Sounds like Cap'n Ferguson's tug Gladiator. He went east while we were in the Sound. He's about due to start back now."

"Whroo! Hoo! Hoo!"

This time the sound seemed to be a little abaft the beam on the port side, and closer, much closer. Philosophizings vanished at the approach of the menacing sound. I blew our horn and peered with nerves aquiver into the night.

"Whroo! Hoo! Hoo!"

The blasts fell upon our ears like the voice of the trump of doom. There was the sound of rushing waters close astern, and then directly under our counter, it seemed, the fateful blast again. We peered astern, but there was no sign. Conscious of a presence on the waters, we waited. The next signal came to starboard and less strongly. A few yards had separated us from disaster on the prow of one of the ships which pass in the night.

When even the sound of the signals had vanished, I knew that I, an atom in the vast outbound ship of souls, had found surely the answer to Hamlet's questioning—the answer which myriads of mankind had found before me. The fog-born doubt of the necessity of living was blown out of my brain as the fog itself was destined to vanish with the rising sun.

MORNING does not break after a foggy night at sea. The circle of visual perception imperceptibly widens—that is all. The sails loom more grayly, the binnacle light seems dimmer, the waves turn from velvet black to slaty green.

Overhead, with the coming of the day, the fog thinned and from an impenetrable wall changed into towering opalescent clouds. The blue sky broke through and then the fog rose from the water until our world became again a great ring bound by the sky and the sea. Only now and then did a mountain barrier of mist bar our path over the waters, threatening to engulf us as we headed in for the land. Sometimes we sailed into these mountain barriers and out into sunlight on the other side. Sometimes they lifted in a gigantic arch of impalpable mist through which we

passed like magicians triumphing by sorcery over natural powers.

We had gone far to sea in the night, for there is more safety in open waters than in narrower channels where tides and rocks compete for the mastery of man. So it was many hours before the far blue coast-line lifted from the horizon.

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing
banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the
end,—
O little sails, make haste!

In that moment there was an answer to a doubt which even the night had not dispelled. To be? To be is not enough. The mystery of wild geranium and scarlet tanager; the stout hearts to which Cape Ann has given birth; the scattered fleets from Gloucester town, must have some other answer than the command "to be." Homes and ships

And hearts to take and keep to the
end,—

come only from the call "create!"

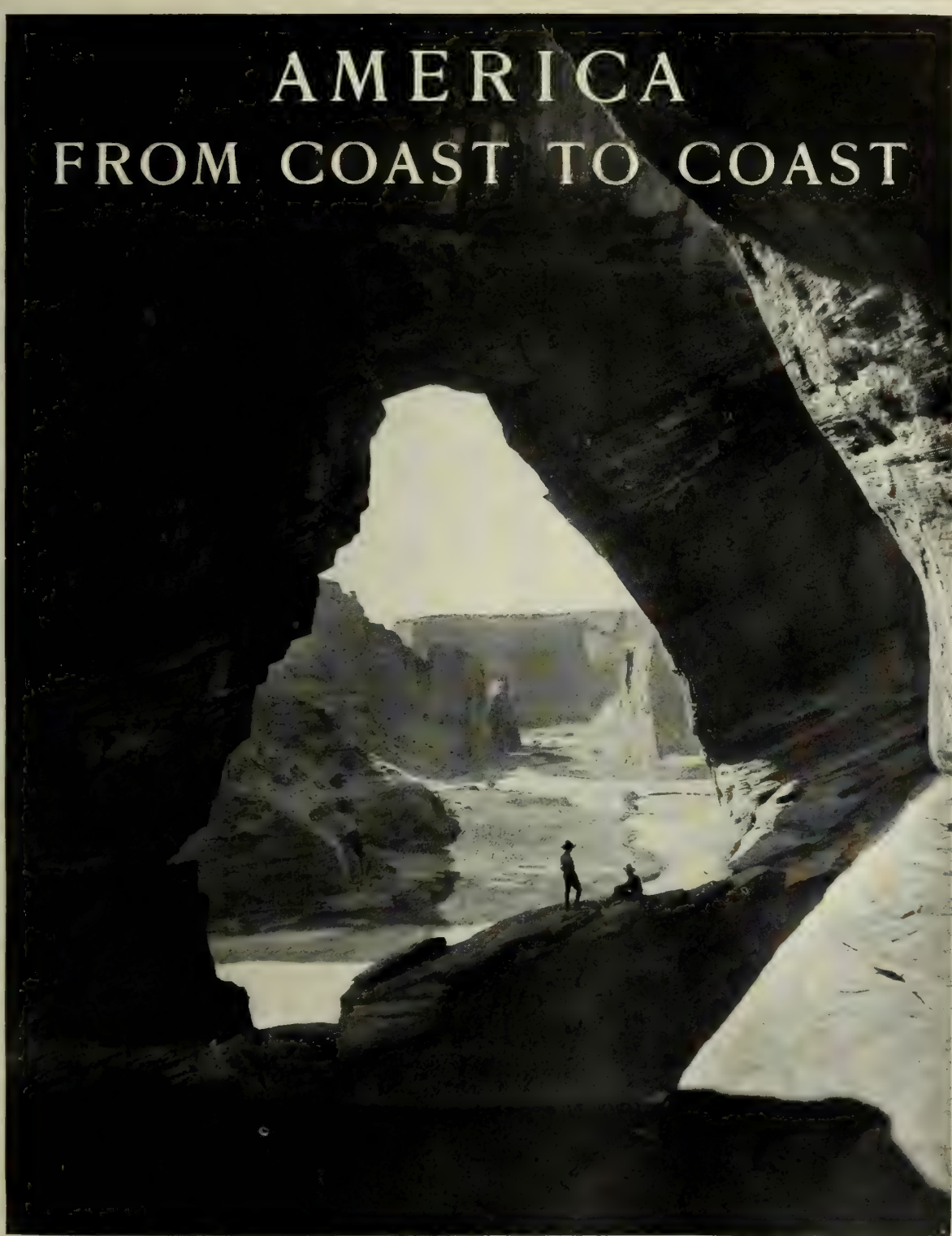
Be and create. The mystery of those words, unspoken sometimes, but always felt and inwardly understood, has turned the barren hillsides of Cape Ann into farm lands and the dwelling-places of man; it has carved the trunks of trees and set them afloat on the rivers of the world; it has changed those crude craft into lofty ships with a beauty which is close to tears; it has torn iron from the earth and bent it to our will. It has lifted the very water out of the sea and forced it to carry our vessels to far lands.

On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and
veer,
But on, but on does the old earth
steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! does she know her
port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her
sport
To brazen and chance it out?

We know the port for which she sails, though the strange seas through which she passes are to us all, at times, a bewilderment and a despair. On the way to the mysterious beauty which it is in us to create there lie many dangers ahead and many rocks behind. There have been false makers of charts and treacherous captains enough. There will be false makers of charts and treacherous captains until the end of the voyage. But whether we live below the "battered hatch" or our hands are on the wheel, there are stars in the heaven whereby our courses may be laid. Make, if you will, a thousand sects and a thousand philosophies, there are some things that we know, as we know that we breathe.

AMERICA FROM COAST TO COAST



Courtesy of Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway Co.

ARCH IN ROCK-CANYON DE CHELLY, NAVAJO INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA

A WESTERN WINDOW CARVED FROM LIVING ROCK



(C) Fred H. Kiser. Courtesy of Great Northern Railway

CAMP NEAR MOUNT MERRITT, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK



Photo by Frank M. Hallenbeck. Courtesy of Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

HOLM LODGE, ONE OF THE FAVORITE MOUNTAIN LODGES OF THE
WEST—CODY ROAD TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

TWO LITTLE PLAY HOMES IN THE WEST



Courtesy of Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway

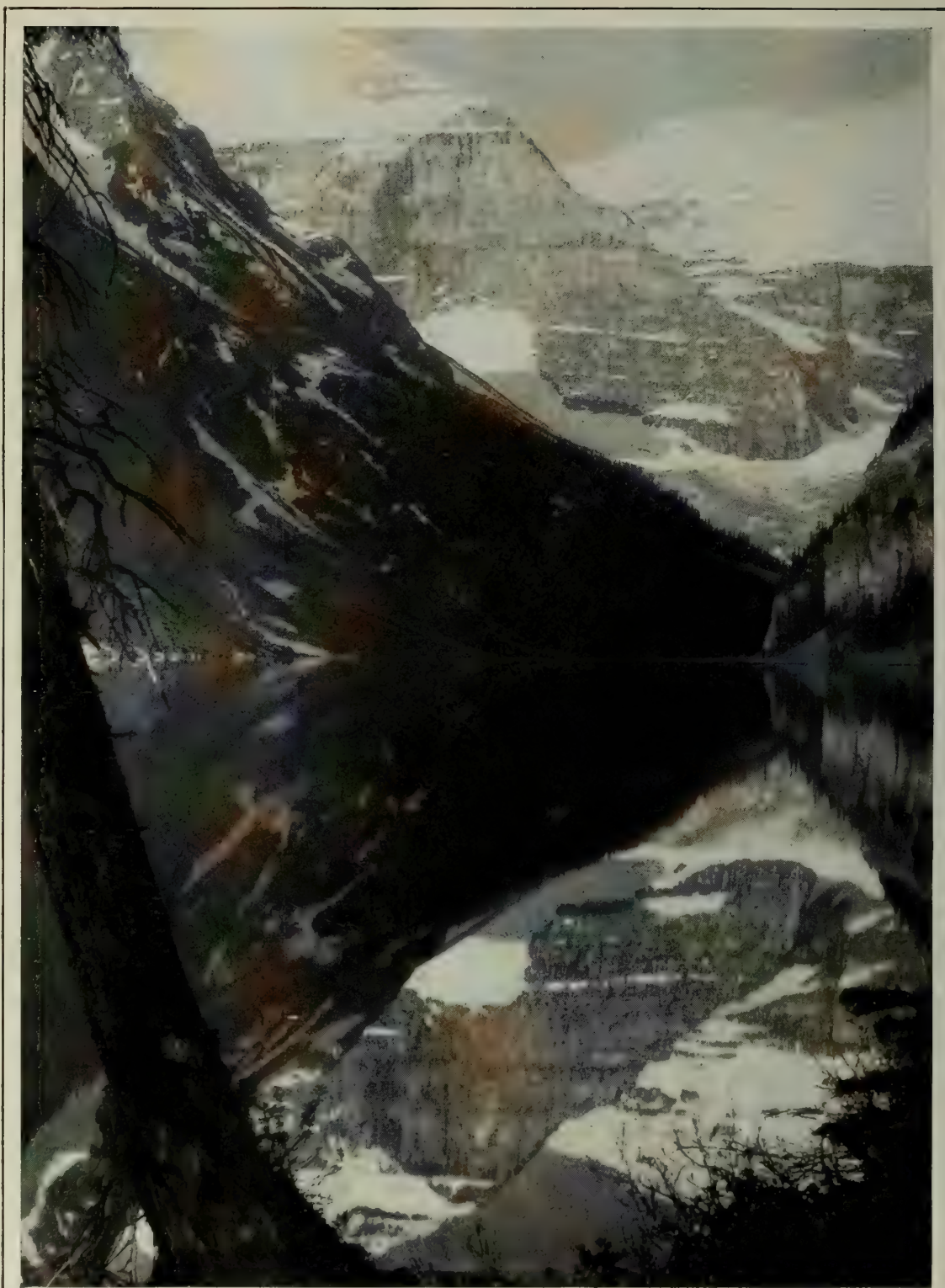
MIRROR LAKE IN WASHINGTON, WITH MOUNT RAINIER IN THE BACKGROUND



Courtesy of Rock Island Lines

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BATHTUB, COPELAND LAKE

FRIENDLY LAKES AND PINES



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

AFTERNOON REFLECTIONS OF MOUNT VICTORIA AND MOUNT LEFROY
IN LAKE LOUISE

WHERE LOFTY MOUNTAINS
IN THE SLEEPING



Courtesy of Union Pacific System

LOOKING ACROSS ONE OF THE LAKES OF LOCH VALE TOWARD THE HEIGHTS OF TAYLOR GLACIER,
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO

MIRROR THEIR WHITE TOWERS
WATERS OF BLUE LAKES



Photo by U. S. Forest Service

CHANNEL ON LAKE INSULA, SUPERIOR NATIONAL
FOREST, MINNESOTA

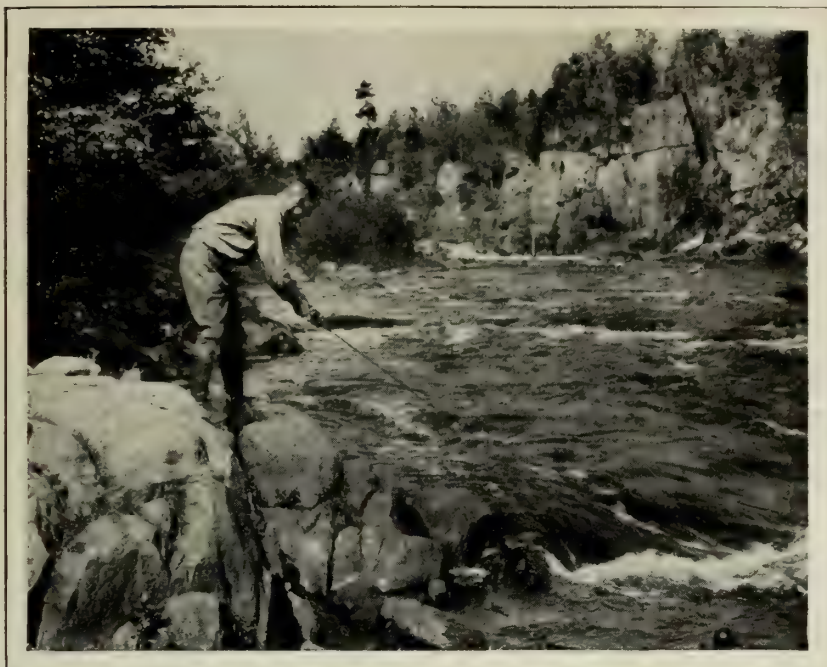


Photo by Asahel Curtis, Seattle. Courtesy of Northern Pacific Railway

MOUNT RAINIER FROM THE SLOPES OF PINNACLE PEAK
IN THE TATOOSH RANGE

NORTHWEST AND FAR WEST

FROM THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS
AMERICAN SCENERY



Courtesy of Chicago and North Western Railway

A NORTHERN WISCONSIN TROUT STREAM



Courtesy of Boston and Maine Railroad

PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT, MASSACHUSETTS

SWEET WATERS AND SALT

TO THE CASCADING ATLANTIC—
FROM COAST TO COAST



(C) Photo by Edwin Levick. Courtesy of New York Central Railroad

NIAGARA FALLS

THE MOST FAMILIAR WONDER IN AMERICA'S SCENIC GALLERY



ANGKOR VAT, ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST STRUCTURES EVER BUILT UPON THE EARTH

NEW PÉLERINS D'ANGKOR

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

"... *des vrais cochons; Nom de Dieu!*" THAT is the end of what our Breton captain said about his deck passengers—Chinese, Annamite, Cambodian—before we left the harbor of Saigon on what appeared to be a wild attempt to reach, in the off season, those mighty ruins of Angkor—four hundred miles to the north—which lay lost through the centuries in the forests of Siam and have been taken over recently by the French. There were four in our party—"*des Américains vraiment fous.*" as we happened to overhear; and our troubles had commenced some days earlier when we had been careless enough to arrive in the torrid capital of Cochin-China at an hour when the Chinese *concierge* of the hotel was taking his siesta and left us, by consequence, to land with our baggage in the midst of a mob of natives in loin cloths who were fluent enough in their own language and totally ignorant of any other.

But when at last the *concierge* arose, rotund and smiling, from his slumbers to tell us that the service to Angkor had been suddenly suspended three days before and would not be resumed until after the next season's rains, gloom enwrapped us. We decided, *faute de*

mieux, to push on as far as Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, which could be reached easily by steamer up the lower Mekhong, and make further inquiries there.

The next day was passed in a fruitless quest for further information, but in the evening we were delighted to learn that a friend of the hotel proprietor's could arrange to have us motored from Phnom-Penh to the village of Kompong-Luong des Lacs, from which we could make in seven hours a diagonal of seventy-five miles across the end of the great lake in a Government motor boat which could be rented for us.

On the following evening the steamer of the Breton captain was scheduled to leave for Phnom-Penh at nine, and while the men of our party were seeing off the baggage and the two ladies finishing their after-dinner chicory, the proprietor led up to our table a Frenchwoman whom we will call for the sake of brevity simply "Madame," and explained that the lady was another particular friend of his who, having lived in Saigon for fifteen years without ever visiting Angkor, had decided to take this excellent opportunity and come with us. There was no help for it and she came.

That evening on the boat while our ladies were getting ready for bed my friend and I sat out on deck in our pajamas, while Madame, who would have been a model for Rubens, undressed in candle-light with her door open, and then paraded about us, as she did again the next morning, in transparent scarlet chiffon and curl-papers. Finally it came our turn to go to bed, but none of the four could sleep until Madame, on the other side of a thin partition, had finished explaining exhaustively to her colonial compatriots that all Americans were mad, anyway, and that she had decided to come with us only so as to spite her husband—facts that we were interested to learn.

THE tropical sunrise woke us when the Southern Cross had scarcely faded in the sky, and all that day we were going up the great river, sometimes far out in the stream and sometimes, in spite of the low water, so close to shore that we could see clearly the many-colored birds, the strange foliage, and the quaint houses. The sunset was golden behind great palm trees, and when we woke again we were at Phnom-Penh with proprietor's friend number



THE GRAVEN RECORD OF AN ANCIENT DANCE

one waiting to meet us and number two at our side.

On the following morning before there was pink in the east we started down the straight, French road with one headlight working, the Cambodian chauffeur, who spoke no French, driving as if the devil were after him and the Cambodian *mécanicien* holding the machine together with both hands and one foot. When the sun rose, the road stretched straight ahead of us through jungle, fields, and swamp. We sped on until 10:30, when we reached a few desolate fishermen's huts, where we transferred to *sampans*, the Sisophon, the *chaloûpe* which was to take us across the lake, being unable to come in to shore.

We sailed out into the great lake, without a compass, but guided, I suppose, by the occasional stretches of submerged forest which showed on the horizon and, for a while, by distant hills; and, trusting in Providence, we came well before sunset within reach of the opposite shore.

Then we transferred to a *sampan* propelled by larger people than those we had seen farther south. The faces were kindly and the dark muscular bodies like moving bronze. The costume con-

sisted of a cotton cloth draped like a skirt which hung from the waist to the knee and was gathered in a knot in front. The barbaric designs in these cotton cloths we greatly admired as fine examples of native workmanship

until, on closer examination, we discovered the printed words "Made in Manchester."

At the landing, just at sunset, we found a motor truck to take us the final twenty miles to Angkor.

Of all the picturesque things we had seen until then there was nothing that approached that ride in picturesqueness. The road was a sort of dike through the swamps, bordered with huge trees of a kind we had not observed before, whose smooth trunks rose straight and gigantic into the darkness like the trees of California.

We knew that the little French bungalow in which we passed the night faced Angkor-Vat, the great temple which is the best preserved of all the ruins and one of the mightiest, most elaborate structures ever built upon the earth; and the following morning, when the first light was coming into the east and Madame was quieted in sleep, the other six of us went out to the terrace to see the sun rise behind those strange, titanic towers left desolate ages ago by a people vanished from the earth.

BEFORE us was a great moat filled with nenuphars and purple water hyacinths; across that stretched a causeway of huge gray slabs of stone with parapets shaped like colossal cobras rearing massive hoods on each of which were sculptured seven heads, this peculiar form of decoration being called, after the Hindu snake god, a "Naga." Beyond the causeway and the moat were gray, interminable galleries, the side toward us upheld by columns, and the other side, as we knew, bearing on every inch the sculptured records of old wars. Back of the gallery, their bases hidden by it, rose the towers of the far-off inner temple, huge masses of stone built into a shape unknown elsewhere, I believe, and possibly phallic in origin. Beside us and behind us stretched interminable forests filled with birds.

We lingered long on the terrace, robed



ANGKOR VAT, SOUTHERN SIDE

in our dressing-gowns and pajamas, and when we finally came to breakfast Madame had wandered off alone to see the sights.

As for us, we went down the great causeway, up a brief flight of stone steps, and through the portico of the sculptured gallery, to see stretching ahead of us, far and gray, another massive causeway twice the length of the first. At the farther end rose another flight of stone steps twice the height, and beyond that the central courtyard, flanked with four great towers, in the midst of which rose a third steep flight double the height of the second and leading to what was the inner sanctuary immediately under the fifth and greatest of the towers.

Once every foot of that mountain of stone which is Angkor-Vat had been covered with carving—innumerable Ap-sâras, sculptured stories from the Ramayana; Vishnu, Shiva, with the other gods of the Brahman Pantheon, and around them all delicate traceries of intricate, ever-varying design, panels that suggested now the French Renaissance, now the Alhambra, and now the patterns of Chinese or Indian craftsmen. Once in the inner sanctuary sat Brahma himself enthroned, looking out across the forest to that lost city of Angkor-Thom, which could easily have held within its walls the Rome of Nero. Then came Buddhism—slow, insinuating, making converts, if the theories of archæologists are correct, of the million slaves who served the Khmer lords; then (who knows when?) a sudden rebellion—the Buddhist slaves against the Brahman masters—an orgy of willful destruction, the placing of Buddhist images in the shrines, a period of swift decay during which a Chinese traveler came to see the golden lotus of Gautama surmounting the great gray towers of the harsher cult, and to leave the only known record of what Angkor was. After that the forests reclaimed their own; a few Buddhist monks lingered on in Angkor-Vat through the generations, keeping that in somewhat better preservation than the fallen palaces and the other temples, where great trees pushed upward and outward through the masonry and rose sometimes with their billowing green from the very tops of the towers.

In 1907 the French took it from Siam, and since then, with the perfect genius of their race, trees have been taken down in sections, inch by inch, fallen stones have been placed upright again, the forest has been pushed back from Angkor-Vat, and now slowly, week by week, the other monuments of that great vanished empire are being discovered and re-established; the swift destruction caused by man and the slow destruction of the centuries being overcome by imagination and patient labor.

All that afternoon and the following morning M. Goloubew, one of the archæologists in charge, went with us, showing us the extraordinary temple of Bayon, where the enormous heads of



A STRANGE SUGGESTION OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE APPEARS IN THIS PANEL FOUND IN THE HEART OF AN EASTERN JUNGLE

Brahma, with their strange smile, have been so massive as to survive all attempts at destruction, the work that had been done in recent years; and, most fascinating of all, leading us out to places that were just being uncovered, where the ground was literally strewn with fragments of old bronze and pottery, and where just before he had picked up in the grasses an undamaged bronze figurine. All of us would have been ready to enlist under him with picks and shovels; for we walked among fallen statues only half buried and knew what a treasure was beneath our feet. In fact, M. Goloubew would be an ideal person under whom to work, for his imagination had recreated and could picture for us the vanished life as Flaubert did that of Carthage, and he is, besides, a trained archæologist who once served his apprenticeship in the caves of Ajanta and is familiar with life in the jungle.

But how describe Ta Prom? Most of the roofs were gone; gigantic trees shot up among the statues and the carved columns, stretching huge octopus roots over fallen gods and tumbled colonnades; whole pillars, even whole door-

ways and bulks of masonry, would sometimes be surrounded and held upright by one of these strange, banyan-like trees, the native name for which is *spong*. Parts of Ta Prom are erect in their old positions with the arabesques of their pillars unspoiled, the Ap-sâras and snake goddesses still in their places; other parts are a mass of fallen monoliths under which panthers lurk through the daytime, and over all are the great smooth-trunked trees filled with innumerable birds of brilliant plumage, and large, long-tailed monkeys making incredible leaps among the branches.

Pompeii is small and unimpressive compared with Angkor, and farther in the jungle are oases of romance to some of which we went by bullock-cart and elephant—places of utter ruin that cannot be described here.

One thing, however, I must attempt to describe. We had heard that the *indigènes* had curious traditional dances, and an evening at the native theater in Phnom-Penh having increased our interest, we summoned the Elder of the village, a person of apparently fabulous age, who knew the old words and mo-



STEPS IN A DANCE WHICH SURVIVED CENTURIES OF DESOLATION

tions of the dances and had taught them in his turn to those who now are young. Through him arrangements were made, the news was spread about the countryside, and on the appointed evening we had the privilege of witnessing a spectacle of surpassing strangeness and beauty. By the time darkness set in two or three hundred shadowy figures were crouching outside our little hotel. When we were ready, torches were lighted, a long procession was formed with us in the midst, and moved flowing over the great gray causeway with its serpent balustrades, on to the portico, over the second and longer causeway, to pause finally on a broad platform under the very shadow of the temple itself. There mats were spread on the old gray stones and the torch-bearers ranged themselves in a circle about them. Musicians with strange instruments were squatting at one side.

We took our places, the musicians moved to their instruments, and, oh, unescapable horror of nationality, struck up in our honor "Marching Through Georgia"! The careful French do not organize temple dances, but how that



tune got into the Siamese jungle or what the ghosts in the temple thought of it I cannot say. As soon, however, as the unfortunate prelude was over we were back again in the realm of romance. Indra appeared and the Demon

King, in the very costumes and with the same peculiar motions represented in the sculptures; and it suddenly came over me that this dance and the old Brahman traditions had survived the centuries of Buddhist domination and the encroachments of the forest. It was late when the dance was ended. The procession formed again with the torches fluttering out; we were led across the first great causeway, where, turning to look back on the massive shadowy temple, we saw burning far up in the central tower a light before the golden Buddha that is now enthroned there. When we passed over the second causeway, the torches shone dim on the moat with its sleeping nenuphars, and at the door of the hotel the silent procession was merged again into the darkness from which it had come.

For our last afternoon in Angkor we decided to separate, each going as he would, to study or to dream; but towards sunset all of us, except Madame, who had found solace and companionship elsewhere, were lured up to the topmost tower, with its view over the



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE TEMPLES, TAKEN FROM THE WEST

temple inclosure, the causeway, and the moat to the forest which stretched away on every side to the horizon. When the clouds took on their first flush of color and the base of the great pile lay in shadow, the crescent moon came out above us; the shadow slowly crept upward, up from the base to where the golden Buddha sat with fire-perpetual burning before him, and as it passed, suddenly there was music. One of our party, who had a trained voice full of

feeling, had never sung so well before. Through the gray, twilight colonnades, around carved Apsaras and battle scenes of forgotten kingdoms, billowed the sound through perfect stillness—the strange exotic intervals of "Aida," the "Chanson Indoue" of Rimsky-Korsakov, the lament of Orpheus, and, finally, as the tropical twilight grew swiftly deeper and the great stars blazed out above the fading sunset, the voice of the invisible singer flowed out in the "Visi d'Arte."

Silently then each of us made his offering to the Buddha, remembering as well the older vanished gods for whom that gray mountain of stone had been erected; and when we had found our way down the incredibly steep flights of steps worn by the feet of forgotten centuries, turning, we saw once more, far above us, the eternal fire burning, like the jewel on Buddha's brow among the crowning towers that loomed dark and massive against the stars.

THE UNDERGRADUATE SURVEYS HIMSELF

LAST March The Outlook offered ten prizes for the best ten letters of about six hundred words from college undergraduates on intercollegiate athletics. With the offer we made the following comment:

There are a lot of questions which we think our readers would like to ask the undergraduate. Here are some of them:

What is the place of athletics in education? What constitutes the amateur spirit? Is it worth preserving? Is it endangered by proselyting? By athletic "scholarships"? By professionalism?

Is too much emphasis, or too little, placed upon sport? Upon victory? Upon championships?

Should the present system of intercollegiate athletics be modified? How? Should the undergraduate have more, or less, to say concerning coaching methods? Schedules? Eligibility rules?

What does the undergraduate think of the ethical standards and attitude of sport writers? What does he think of newspaper publicity? Huge expenditures for stadiums and trans-continental tours?

Those who try for our prizes should not try to answer all—they need not try to answer any—of these questions. They are merely offered as suggestions concerning the things in which the public is interested. We want our correspondents to present frankly and freely their views on what seems to them the most important athletic problem of the hour.

The response has surprised us. Undergraduates have sent us letters from one hundred and twenty-five colleges and universities in thirty-nine States of the Union. The task of the judges has been exceptionally difficult because of the uniform excellence of the contributions. In some of the other prize contests a half-dozen letters have stood out because of some individual quality in the writer or in his or her mode of expression. It probably is the fact that college athletics is not a subject that excites very deep or passionate feeling. Even when one has strong definite opinions about athletics one can express those feelings without heartrending emotion.

It is quite clear from these letters that, while the American undergraduate enjoys athletics and regards them as an important feature of his undergraduate

life, he does not feel that civilization is coming to an end or that his career is going to be wrecked by either reform or lack of reform of the athletic activities of his college. In other words, he looks at the problem—if it is a problem—as one to be dealt with in a common-sense fashion.

In reading these representative undergraduate letters three or four things have impressed us. First, if the letters

may be taken as representative of American college opinion, and we think they may, that opinion regards the athletic side of college life as subordinate to the intellectual side. Undergraduate opinion not only favors athletics as a source of recreation and pleasure, but, and beyond that, because athletics foster the college spirit, and loyalty to the college is as essential for the functioning of college life as loyalty to the country is essential to the functioning of citizenship. This view of college athletics is well brought out in the letter from a West Point cadet who wins a fourth prize.

There is apparently no sympathy for professionalism—that is to say, for the hiring of men to come to college in order that they may win games. There is apparently a good deal of feeling that there is a kind of professional attitude on the part of college authorities towards star athletes. Many of these undergraduate writers express the feeling that athletes, even when they are genuine undergraduates, are sometimes dealt with more leniently in matters of college discipline or college scholarship than they would be if they were not valuable to the institution as game winners.

Lastly, no one could read through this pile of contest letters without feeling that, on the whole, the American undergraduate is to-day being taught to use good, workmanlike English, to form independent opinions on current questions, and to express them forcibly and clearly.

It may be of some interest to add that The Outlook staff includes representatives of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago University, Amherst, Williams, New York University, Vassar, and Wells.

THE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE

J. W. SCOTT, JR.

72 Patton Hall, Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

SECOND PRIZE

"ECCENTRIC"¹

(Ohio State University)
Columbus, Ohio

THIRD PRIZE

JOHN J. ELSON

Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

THE SEVEN FOURTH PRIZE WINNERS

W. W. BAINBRIDGE

Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Boston, Massachusetts

ALFRED G. WHEELER

Oberlin College
Oberlin, Ohio

ANN COE

(University of Minnesota)
828 University Avenue
Minneapolis, Minnesota

DONALD TWALM¹

Iowa State College

CADET DUCROT¹

United States Military Academy
West Point, New York

D. B. R.¹

School of Journalism, Columbia University
New York City

MARTIN K. JAMES¹

From a Pennsylvania institution, the name of which we may not disclose

¹ Pen-names in Italics

FIRST PRIZE A LAODICEAN SPOKESMAN

IN the perennial discussion about the relation of athletics to college life, two opinions are usually presented: First, there is the opinion of those who wish to keep athletics in the same status which it occupies to-day, with no more concessions to opponents of this system than absolutely necessary; second, the view of those who would like

to see athletics relegated to an obscure place in the collegiate scheme of things. There is in the colleges a third class who are so indifferent as to believe that the colleges are not being ruined by organized athletics. They also believe that the country and the colleges with it would suffer no irreparable injury if all the footballs in the world, and most of the football players with them, were consigned to a watery grave. This class I am proud to represent.

As the self-appointed representative of this great body of Laodiceans, I claim the honor of setting forth its platform.

The first plank is this: We want to be let alone. Almost every college that supports competitive athletics is supposed to owe its existence to some powerful force known as "college spirit." This particular brand of patriotism finds its expression almost entirely in going out for the team and rooting for the team. This kind of thing would be all right provided that it could be kept within reasonable bounds. It is an intolerable nuisance when it becomes such an obsession with the majority of undergraduates that they are expected to drop all other interests and pursuits and come out for the team if they can be at all serviceable. I have no plan to suggest which would bring about a change in this attitude toward athletics. I merely point out the fact that this overemphasis on the importance of sports is responsible for most of the evils which are laid at the door of organized sport.

In the second place, we want the newspapers muzzled as far as the publicity departments in the colleges can do it. It seems rather hard that after four years in a college, which one has learned to respect because of its traditions of scholarship and character and because of its student body, one should always go out into the world and find that its reputation rested on the records made by its teams. Most colleges seem desirous of getting a reputation of this sort, a fact which reacts on the undergraduate to make him feel that the alumni and trustees of his college are far more anxious to have him boost the stock of the college by a frequent appearance on the sporting pages of the newspapers than by scholastic accomplishment.

Finally, we are in favor of purely amateur athletics. If this means that the standing of every athlete should be investigated by a board appointed for that purpose, well and good. If it means that athletic scholarships and gifts by alumni to men who are star athletes must be abolished, let them be done away with. The whole matter should be left to a board appointed in every college to keep athletics clean. The members of this board should have two qualifications: they should know the difference between a professional and an amateur, and they should prefer the latter. We want this because it is not conducive to the self-respect of a member of a college to have his institution

represented by tramp athletes of a mental age averaging around thirteen.

The three points enumerated above are those which I consider most important in the regulation of college athletics. I have neither the space nor the knowledge of the subject to go into the various methods suggested for bringing to pass these desiderata. I have merely indicated what seem to me the main issues.

I am not in favor of abolishing athletics in the colleges. I like to go to a football game. I like to "take a pipe or a girl" to a baseball game when the weather is pleasant and the pop and ice-cream cones are circulating freely. What I do object to is having my interest in these sports taken as the most important factor in my psychology as an undergraduate, and used as a basis for building up great commercial organizations to boom the college.

JOHN W. SCOTT, JR.,

Princeton University, Class of 1923.

SECOND PRIZE

A LOPSIDED DEVELOPMENT OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

Two years ago our football team made a transcontinental tour. Last year funds were raised for one of the largest stadiums in the Middle West. From where I am writing the sound of riveting hammers on the skeleton of that stadium is like the rapping of the first woodpecker. The Outlook asks what undergraduates think about it. Two pictures came to my mind as I read the announcement of the contest on intercollegiate athletics.

One day during the drive for stadium funds six students were at work in a laboratory. All but one, a girl in the freshman class, had been called upon by solicitors. The man assigned to get her subscription came to the laboratory. She told him frankly that she could not afford to give the amount set by the committee as the minimum which would be accepted from each student. He argued for half an hour, presenting the usual plea—that our present athletic field was too small; every one was doing his share; no one could show such a lack of school spirit; "years later you will come back and point with pride at this monument and say, 'I helped build that.'" The usual result followed; she signed on the dotted line. Turning to us and biting her lip to keep back the tears, she said, "I—I don't know where I can get the money."

Twenty thousand people are in the second picture, less than half of them students. Twenty-two men are spending every bit of strength and intelligence they possess for their colleges. The solid masses of humanity in the stands are yelling themselves hoarse and working themselves into a state of hysteria that any one would consider dangerous

to health and sanity if encountered anywhere but at a football game. Like a sore thumb on the body of intercollegiate athletics, football attracts attention out of proportion to its real importance.

The football fan can recite many reasons why his favorite sport deserves popular support: It maintains school spirit at fever heat; a winning football team influences young men of ability to enroll in the school; football receipts pay other athletic expenses; interest in the college among citizens of the town and State rises to high tide during the football season. These contentions may be true; but do they settle the question?

At this University school spirit measured by team support is the best in years. Lack of honor among the students caused the abandonment of an honor tradition and the establishment of a faculty committee on cheating in examinations. Wagers on the outcome of the games have been so common that the student who was not financially interested in the team's victories was popularly supposed to be missing a lot of the thrill in football. Our stadium will seat ten times the number of students in the University. Nine-tenths of the seats will be filled by people who see us when we are least sane. I wonder what impression they will receive of this University as an educational institution.

The expenditure for football is entirely out of proportion to the number of students who can be educated in habits of healthy recreation. Almost any other sport would serve better for that purpose. I believe our college athletics is suffering from a severe case of lopsided development simply because the public is willing to express its approval of one of our sports in dollars and cents. I wish we had the strength of character to do what is better for us, though not so popular.

"ECCENTRIC,"

Ohio State University, Class of 1922.

THIRD PRIZE

KEEPING ATHLETICS IN THEIR PROPER PLACE

MOST of the uproar over intercollegiate athletics sounds vain and needless to us up here in central New York. We have managed to do without scandals or violent disputes so long that we can hardly see the reasons for having them elsewhere. Not that our system of athletic control is perfect, or the relations of Faculty, coaches, and students entirely frictionless. But we have found that an able administration of sports, a faculty maintaining high scholastic standards, and a common sense of honor will keep college athletics in their proper place. Consequently we have indulged in very little altercation or anxiety regarding them.

Is not the whole matter being taken too seriously? Students perhaps tend to over-emphasize athletics, but their el-

ders tend as strongly to over-emphasize the evils of athletics. Both sides have simply lost their sense of proportion. Both are aided in losing it by the extravagant publicity that is constantly given to happenings in the collegiate world.

The desire for advertising stimulated by such publicity lies at the bottom of most excesses in intercollegiate athletics. Where they occur, investigation will show that the primary purpose of having teams and contests has shifted from the gaining of healthy recreation to the putting into public notice of one's Alma Mater. That is the objective which inspires the innumerable songs about "spreading her name and fame." A small institution which turns out a winning eleven finds, or fancies, its prestige to be greatly increased thereby. The temptation to build up more such teams by dishonorable methods is a natural consequence. After a few sea-

sons, behold a brazen college which makes no secret of its determination to win at any cost and by any means! Its slogan becomes, "Beat So and So," its ambition a place among the blackest headlines, its sole criterion victory. Betting and muckerism among spectators appear as pernicious by-products. But the greatest harm the school suffers lies in the change it makes from character building to team perfecting as the chief end and aim of its existence. The college becomes a gladiatorial training school.

Then the overdone journalism which created the evil begins to expose the results of its work in equally exaggerated tones. It "plays up" every disagreement over athletic policies, every squabble between rivals, every scandal among teams. The public, unaware how much these are magnified by the sporting writers, believes all it reads and concludes that intercollegiate athletics are

hopelessly corrupt. Presidents and professors shake their heads over the problem. Editorials are written and speeches made. The assumption is that because a few colleges have gone to extremes of sport mania all are possessed by it.

But meanwhile, in most places, the undergraduate plays his games with a glad heart and a clear conscience. He cheers for his team on Saturday afternoon, rejoices in victory or sorrows in defeat, but returns to work on Monday morning quite undemoralized. So it is with us at Cornell; so it must be at many another university which has not been poisoned with overdoses of printer's ink. If the newspapers will only forbear their sensational accounts, first, of our sports, and then of the abuses which they themselves have created in these sports, we shall contrive somehow to regulate the one and eliminate the other.

JOHN J. ELSON,

Cornell University, Class of 1922.

WILD LIFE ON A WILD ISLAND¹

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

DURING the entire afternoon, though the northeast wind over the salt marshes had been keen and cold, I had kept to the deck of the little steamer; for the region through which we were passing is one of the most picturesque and romantic in America. Our route lay between those famous barrier islands of the Carolina seaboard and the vast sea-marshes which extend between the islands and the mainland shore. Through tortuous creeks we steamed slowly, breasting a strong head tide. On my right was the long, low wooded reach known as Long Island, the northern extension of Sullivan's Island, the scene of Poe's "The Gold Bug." This chain of islands extends for more than a hundred miles up and down the coast. They are separated by tidal inlets; sometimes narrow, extending themselves into the marshes as creeks, sometimes widening into bays and sounds. Always between the islands these inlets are deep and treacherous; and on them all kinds of craft must be handled with wary skill. Storms change the contour of many of these islands, but it has been observed that an island of this type, however small, seldom washes away. Compensation appears always to be taking place. For example, the north end of Bull's Island has washed away to such a degree that the old lighthouse, which once stood on the edge of the woods, far above the breaker line, now has apparently walked weirdly into the raging surf. At least there it curiously stands. But the south end of the island is being built up rather rapidly. Bull's Island is the last of this immediate chain; it



Photo by George Shiras 3rd

is more than thirty miles northeast from Charleston. Beyond it extends, vast and restless, the famous Bull's Bay, celebrated for its storms, its dangerous waters, and its delicious oysters.

It was to Bull's Island that I was bound, to observe the wild life there. I think perhaps there is no more favorable place in this country for the preservation of game birds and animals than this very island. Many years ago it was purchased by two gentlemen from the North, who have carefully protected it ever since. The results of their wise and humane experiment I shall try to set forth clearly.

The island itself is full nine miles long, and its width varies from a few hundred yards to nearly three miles. It

has a wide tidal creek winding up through a long and lonely region of it; and this creek is bordered by great stretches of salt marsh. Its entire eastern front is beaten upon by the Atlantic. Its entire western shore-line is lipped by a warm creek, languid and wan compared with the hale and epic tumult of the front beach with the ever-raging surf. Its northern limit is Bull's Inlet; its southern, Capers's Inlet. The mainland is far across the salt creeks and marshes, full four miles; but the going is so difficult that the effect of the distance is heightened. It takes a boatman six or seven hours to row from the island to the mainland; and it is a fact that, while deer often pass from other islands closer to the mainland to the mainland itself, seldom or never does a Bull's Island deer leave its home, unless it is to cross the inlet to the southward.

Ere on our journey we had reached this southern tip of the island I had gone below to try to get warm. In the cramped hold was a little cracked woodstove, the red flames glaring and licking through every ancient crevice. On one side of it was a huge drum of gasoline; on the other there was a ten-gallon can of kerosene. These, as you can imagine, I eyed appraisingly. Their proximity to the fire was, to say the least, interesting. On the floor about the stove were conveniently littered many splinters of resinous pine, which were even now oozing their sap because of the heat of the fire. I thought I had never seen a better arrangement for an explosion; and I made mental reservations that if ever I wanted to blow up a ship so that no one would ever be able to discover of her not even a spot of oil on the water, I should imitate the layout that I here

¹The studies of deer which decorate this article are from the camera of George Shiras 3d, a pioneer in the art of animal photography.

observed. Yet how quickly we become used to things! Grateful was the warmth; I ceased to be concerned, and after a while I forgot all about the fact that I was sitting on the lip of a volcano.

My reveries on many things were interrupted by a violent reversing of the engine; the engineer's bell sounded several times importunately; I heard our little craft bump lustily against some heavy object. Either we were in a collision or else we had arrived.

The hatchway was jerked back, a black head was thrust in.

"Cap'n," a respectful voice said, "we is to de island."

SWINGING myself up the ladder, I once more stood on deck. Never can I forget the impression poignantly borne in upon me. We seemed ringed by stars, tremulous and large and blazing; we were caressed by sea winds, warm and delicate and spicy here in the lee of the island; the distant surge and thunder of the surf came to me; far off I heard the plaintive fluting of yellowleg plover; mysterious voices of loneliness and of the night thronged to me from the whispering marshes and the brimming tide. It seemed to me that the world was one of sea winds and sea stars, of sea music and of sea silences. It was as if the mystery of life and of love had suddenly in beauty been revealed to me. I thought of Milton's—

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire;
Of airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

A few minutes after we had landed, accompanied by my host, the manager of the estate, I walked up through the starlit woods of the island to the bungalow, which is strategically placed near the center of the island. The site is well sheltered from storms. Anciently, from Revolutionary times and even before them, the owners of the island had lived at this place. But the present house is modern. The manager told me that lately he had picked up in the sandy yard a penny of George II. I suggested Kidd and treasure; but he was inclined to believe that the island had been used many times by the British as a landing-place. It was so used in the Civil War, and at the north end of the island there are the remains of a fort of considerable size. The walls of this fort, now standing from a foot to two feet above the ground, were built of that singularly weather-resisting material, a mixture of lime, broken oyster-shells, and cement. It appears to me to be superior to a good deal of the modern concrete work.

As we walked up the dark road, a-glimmer here and there because of the white sand of its track, I was aware of a whispering from the thickety borders of our pathway. This rustling I soon found to be the sere talk of the dead

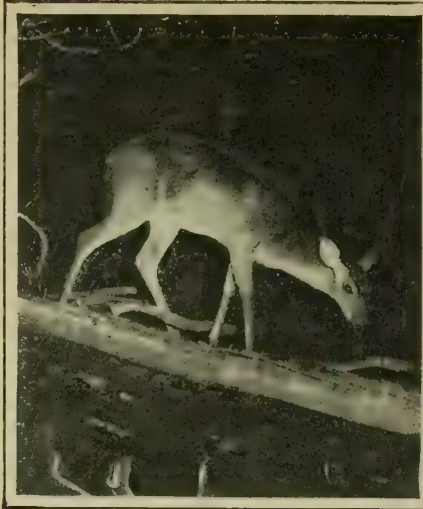


Photo by George Shiras 3rd

fronds of palmettos. I suppose there is nothing which is more grievously responsive to a movement of air than these same withered broad fronds, with all their frayed brown edges sighing, tapping one another, and "uttering unutterable things." Four times, however, on our half-mile walk up to the bungalow we started deer in the eerie darkness, and they fled airily, delicately, vanishingly at our approach. I knew of course that the creatures we started were deer because of the dainty, concise thudding of their hoofs and because of the tall flag-tail, ghostly in the night. I may say that there are not only a very great many deer on the island, but that until lately there was a small herd of pure albinos. There now remains one, possibly two. A pair were taken for museum purposes several years ago, and these interesting specimens may now be seen in the American Museum of Natural History.

REACHING the bungalow, we were greeted by an open fire of dry pine. Unlike many an island, this one furnishes the greatest abundance of firewood; so much, in fact, that driftwood need never be used. Pine is plentiful, and live-oak; and there are long stretches of red cedar, myrtle, water-oak, and palmetto. This last is one of the most singular of woods, being little more than a stalwart column of fibers and sinews, woven together with a marvelous compactness and strength. Until late at night the manager and I talked. He told me of the wild turkey experiment on the island. Some eight years ago, from a woodsman on the mainland, some wild turkey eggs were bought. These were hatched, and the young thrived. Indeed, I have never seen a more ideal place for the propagation of wild turkeys. Here on Bull's Island they have original growth woodlands through which they may roam; they have plenty of fresh water in the many ponds on the estate; the fox, their ancient arch-enemy, is not found; they have dense jungles of palmetto, cassine, and myrtle, where they may nest; they can live weeks and months utterly un-

molested; they have sunny washing places in the warm sand; and at all seasons they have abundant food. One thing proves the truth of these many claims: the island is full of turkeys. The proper establishment of them and wise protection have brought back to this lonely sanctuary, in numbers as abundant as in colonial days, this most magnificent of all game birds. How abundant they were, say, in 1768 may be judged from Bartram's "Travels." He declares that in the pine forests near Savannah the wild turkeys every morning broke his rest "with their incessant clamor, gobbling for hundreds of miles around." And even as late as 1800 a wild gobbler out of the Virginia wilds could be bought on the streets of Washington for a quarter. One sale of five cents is authentically recorded! Nowadays a wild gobbler (if it could be sold) would readily bring as much as a quart of old rye (if it could be sold).

When I retired that night, it was to the sound of sea winds through myrtles and palmettos, to the far human whistling of the yellowleg plover, and to the soft thunder of the distant surf. It was also to the thought that we were to be up long before daybreak, so that we might have breakfast and be down at the ponds before the morning flight of wild fowl would begin.

CERTAIN pearly streaks amid the eastern clouds were all the signs we had of coming day as we trudged down the grassy road toward the duck ponds. Over us hung great live-oaks, oppressive in their majesty. On one hand there was the densest of cane-brakes, in which I twice heard deer move. One doe walked timidly, mincingly across the misty road before us. On the other hand there was an open stretch of country which the manager told me, with some misgiving in his voice, was his farm. "Experiment station would be a better description," he said; "for by the time the deer and the wild hogs and the wild cattle get through with my crops there's hardly anything left but the signs of an experiment. Yes; it is very difficult to raise anything when the main object of a property is to raise wild life."

About a mile from the bungalow we swung off to the left, following an old trail through the myrtle jungle. Then the jungle broke away and we came to a long, wide arena starred here and there by placid dim ponds and ringed about by the moss-draped, dewy, listening woods. Between the ponds and the woods were small meandering streams that wound through grassy meadows, and both streams and ponds were bordered by marshes and reeds and rank grasses. On this particular morning, though there was no frost, the grasses were stiffened with a delicate rime. My companion left me in a blind at one of the ponds and he went forward to another, half a mile distant. While I was there chiefly to observe, we were to shoot a few choice ducks for dinner.

I sat down in the blind, which was

nothing but a natural growth of cedar and scrub live-oak jutting out toward the pond. Grayly, then rosily, the day came. It was a silent morning, and only fitful sea airs stirred the dark tresses of the pines and the pale pendulous mosses. As the light became stronger, the forest edges surrounding me, which at first had merely glimmered vaguely in the distance, began to take distinct yet soft outlines. It was the most beautiful of all forests—that of a semi-tropical island. Lacking the grandeur of primeval timber growths on the mainland, it had nevertheless a romance, a haunting charm, a poignant beauty that I know not how well to describe. These forest brinks seemed to me marginal to all the wonder in the world; and their appeal had about it something sad, something heartbreaking, like the glamour of eternal beauty. Whatever storms come, whatever winters befall, this mystic sanctuary, walled about by the deepest and densest island woods, remains constant in its peace, its solitude, its loveliness. It seemed a country for fairies and for fays. However, I was soon to be reminded that it was a country for wild fowl.

OVER the tops of the tall pines, in the clear morning heavens, coming apparently from nowhere, but following, as I knew, a regular line of flight, a flock of green-winged teal came hurrying. If there is a swifter duck than the teal, I have never seen it. And the teal not only hurries but does so intently. Usually this intentness appears to be the result of some call to a far-distant place; but these particular visitors were intent upon alighting in the pond immediately before me. After one has long been familiar with ducks that fly high, craning their necks to discern hidden gunners, and that circle a half-dozen times and then do not alight, it was a pleasure to have these beautiful little confiding ducks come "straight at me," as it were, and settle, after a maneuver as swift as light, with an elfin grace upon the dark waters of the lonely pond. These were soon followed by a pair of mallards, looking larger than normal in the misty light. Instead of taking the water, they alighted in the rimy grass, and then sedately, with heads raised high, they waddled heavily toward their favorite element. When these were afloat on the water, I had a wild-life picture before me worth coming far to see. Though not usually acknowledged as such, the mallard drake is one of the most gorgeous of all water-fowl, especially when he is relaxed so that his plumage shows to advantage. Indeed, in this respect all wild creatures are like all other living things—they cannot show their beauty unless they are at peace. They may show their speed or their alertness, their fear or their wariness, but not their beauty. A great wild gobbler strutting and gobbling in his native glades when the ardor of spring love is upon him is an entirely different bird from the tall, crafty, elusive, fear-



Photo by George Shiras 3rd

shrunk skulker of the hunting season. A decided difference in character as well as in appearance is always discernible between the flirtatious and the fugitive.

My wild fowl gathering was suddenly augmented by an inrush of eight huge black ducks which had approached behind me and had drawn beautifully to the water almost before I had seen them. Upon alighting they did not drift in stately beauty, like the mallards, but at once began foraging in the most material fashion. Paddling about in the warm water, they soon came to a muddy black spit, over which they crowded greedily, running their bills along the soil in true vacuum-cleaner fashion. They were very garrulous.

AND now across the glade, mistily roseate with the coming of the sunrise, I saw two shapes on the glimmering borders of the woods. They were deer—two bucks; for at this season of the year, the mating period having passed, the bucks and does do not readily consort. The does usually go alone or in small groups of two or three; the bucks are nearly always paired from the close of the mating season, which in this latitude may be said to end at some time in December, to the time of the dropping of their antlers, which is usually in February. While bucks are often solitary throughout the entire year except in the breeding season, I have often observed paired bucks in the summer. A friend of mine once started from a thicketed pond five velveted bucks, and in time of a flood another friend of mine counted a herd of ten bucks.

These bucks that I now saw illustrated perfectly certain characteristics of deer nature. They were the most shadowy, evanishing, elusive creatures imaginable. I can easily conceive that when the ancients peopled the forests and the fields with nymphs and dryads, fawns and satyrs, they perhaps had had just cause for their beliefs in such creatures, for had they not seen at twi-

light and by moonlight eerie forms which appeared to belong to the supernatural world? These deer that I saw looked like spirits; and even though they had not, as I knew, been molested for years by hunters, they appeared to have lost none of their dainty wariness, their delicate craft. Soon and silently the gray-green forest hid them. They melted into it.

Now to the pond, through the heavens crimson with sunrise, came a long line of yellowlegs, fluting melodiously. They alighted on a mud-bar amid the foraging black ducks. Hooded mergansers appeared over the pines and down into my pond. And now the whole air was suddenly thronged with ducks of many kinds: mallards, widgeons, spriggs, teal, wood-ducks, and black English. It was a pure delight to watch these beautiful wild things come trustingly to this solitary place. Erelong there were more than a hundred ducks of various kinds on the water before me. Long shafts of sunlight, striking across the foaming breakers and through the dim forest aisles, tinged and tinted the scene. Softly but brightly the dew-jeweled woodland gleamed. The rimed grasses steamed airily. It was an idyllic scene. But the children of nature are seldom long at their ease.

IN less time than I can tell it my pond was empty. The dark, dancing waters were all that remained, while in almost every direction fled frantically the wild fowl. An ancient enemy had appeared. He came sailing in scornful splendor toward me. It was a male bald eagle, one of a pair which had since my boyhood nested on this island. The bird was probably older than I. He was indolently lordly. He disdained to pursue. The power and majesty of his flight were very impressive; in the pure sky he looked like the black symbol of wild nature's eternal menace.

After the dispersal of the very pleasant company that had been mine I knew that the morning flight of wild fowl was practically over. I therefore rejoined my companion, and together we repaired to the bungalow, sunning itself amid its live-oaks, drowsy giants that placidly watched our approach. An hour thereafter I sallied forth alone to spend the remainder of the day studying the deer and the other forms of wild life on the island.

Lest my account become too minute, I shall give the observations I was able to make, and not be too specific as to the exact circumstances attending each observation. My course took me across waste lands of reeds and marsh, retiring warmly into the ancient forest; down roads of unimaginable beauty and peace, mile after mile winding through primeval woodlands; out on the lonely beach. Everywhere was evidence of abundant wild life. I flushed three flocks of wild turkeys, and wherever in the road there was a litter of pine straw and leaves this would be seen to be torn up by the busy scratching of the big birds. In the

marshlands there were endless paths, winding interminably. These were used by the deer, the wild hogs, and the wild cattle. During a part of one day I counted upward of forty deer, and on the island there can hardly be fewer than four hundred. Probably two years ago there were many more; but a visitation of the deer's only plague—anthrax—sadly diminished the number. The coming of this disease was followed by a dreadful outbreak of cholera among the hogs, so that everywhere, the manager of the estate told me, were dead deer and dead swine. I think it interesting to use this matter as a probable proof that the germs of these and of similar diseases are carried by vultures. At the time mentioned there was cholera on the mainland, and there was some black-tongue also. Since both the black vulture and the turkey buzzard pass frequently from the mainland to the island, and since no other creatures do, the proof appears clear that these scavengers are the carriers of disease. Our Department of Agriculture now admits, I believe, the probable truth of this important theory.

THE deer of the island have very interesting habits. Throughout the greater part of the day they retire to the deep woods, where they do less sleeping, I believe, than ruminating. The possession of several stomachs is a matter to which these and similar creatures give due consideration. They bed down in warm grass, in bunchy bushes, under palmettos, in cane-brakes. A deer loves a place that is warm, sheltered, and that offers a few rays of grateful sunshine stealing in upon him. Thus are the daylight hours drowsed away. When the sun is low and the long shadows begin to darken the marshes, the deer troop forth, either on the front beach, where they love to walk among the rolling dunes, or to the marshes, on whose edges they find their best feeding ground. While I started many deer in the forest, my best view of deer was late in the afternoon, when they came forth from their deep haunts to roam the wild waste country between the woods and the surf, or between lonely reaches of forest. While walking quietly along the edge of a marsh I became thrillingly aware that a deer was looking at me from the border of the woods. It was a buck, and full-antlered. He held his head strangely high. There in the dusk he stood, not twenty yards off, haughtily, impatiently alert. I saw him toss his head petulantly. He saw me, but did not recognize me. In a moment more, however, he was gone into the thicket. Over the marsh I saw shadows trooping. I counted at one time fourteen of these deer. But then the night closed in. It was time for me to stop observing. Besides, I happened to be five miles from the lodge.

But during this day and the days that followed I saw more wild life than deer and wild fowl and turkeys. The island is infested by wild hogs, which appear

to thrive splendidly. They are a good deal of a nuisance, for they break through all fences and root up all crops. They are, however, valuable as a check to the cottonmouth moccasin, the only venomous snake on the barrier islands. The rattlesnake has never been seen here. The hogs have heavy toll taken from their ranks by a few alligators, which live in deep holes in the freshwater ponds. It has but lately been discovered that these huge saurians are at home in salt water as well as in fresh, and they are not infrequently seen in the salt creeks, and even in the surf. A big bull alligator grimly riding the breakers is truly an impressive sight. There are many wild and half-wild cattle on the island. Many of these I encountered. They eyed me with sullen truculence, and their wariness, though of a clumsy sort, was almost equal to that of the deer. Once, after a long crawl through a fetid jungle darkened by myrtles and palmettos, I gratefully rose in a little green savannah, glad to be able to stand upright once more. But my relief was momentary; for thirty yards off, standing with a certain air of outraged majesty, was a magnificent bull of massive proportions and of a symmetry known only to wild things. Grouped behind him were a dozen other cattle. All of them faced me at exactly the same angle; they appeared statues of angry surprise. But all these creatures behave in the same way: what the leader does all of them do. If he advances, they come forward with him; if he turns, they wheel as if performing maneuvers. I have never had any sort of an opinion of my eyes as hypnotizers; but since that wild bull turned from me and he and all his followers fled crashingly through the jungle I have had a hope of occult power. It is a harmless and pleasing thought.

OF smaller wild animals on the island, the raccoon is the most numerous; the mink is present, but is most difficult to come upon, and, as it spends much of its time traveling about the salt marshes

to westward of the island, it is hardly a true resident. Here the otter has been seen; but, as this splendid fur-bearer is essentially a wanderer, it is doubtful if he remains on this limited range. But the raccoons are absurdly abundant. In broad daylight they can be seen snoozing philosophically in the comfortable low crotches of trees, and sometimes ambling thoughtfully down the bypaths of woodland and of marsh. This wise, friendly, interesting little creature finds on this wild island a most congenial home. A range like Bull's Island can easily support a colony of more than a thousand raccoons. Always with wild life—and perhaps with all life—the primary problem is the question of food. Here the sea feeds the children of the land, for as long as a raccoon can get an oyster he is happy.

In contrast to the number of raccoons is the comparative scarcity of common birds. Wild fowl are abundant, and in the migrating seasons the shore birds come in myriads. In the summer vast colonies of herons breed in the myrtle jungles. But there are few common birds. I saw some blue jays, two mocking-birds, and a half-dozen sparrows. Yet at this time of the year on the mainland, a few miles off, the thickets are noisy with the singing and the busy scratching of thousands of brown thrashers, cardinals, juncos, whitethroats, and towhees. The wide and lonely salt marsh isolates the island; only the hawks, the eagles, the vultures, and the strong-pinioned game birds come here, and a few wanderers of the smaller species. I was pleased to flush several woodcock, which were singularly tame. So attracted are they by the peace and security of these island woods that they sometimes remain in this situation to breed.

Such, then, are some of the aspects of the wild life upon this "beauteous lonely isle." It is a place forever echoing with the "rolling anthem of the beach," forever isolated, forever charged with a certain mystery and solitary danger; the haunt of creatures essentially wild, yet living as though life held no real dangers. In observing these birds and animals I felt as Alexander Selkirk felt: "Their tameness was shocking to me."

AND now that I am far from the island, it is like a dim lost glamour-land; yet its varied scenes recur vividly. I see once more the shadowy gray dunes over which pace lordly bucks and mincing does; I see long stretches of mysterious marshland, over which a great eagle beats in solitary power; I see the deep-hearted peace of sunlit virgin woods; I see long ranks of red cedars, rimming the beach but apparently blasted away from it by the storming of many sea winds; and high over all the island I view certain thoughtful black pines, looming and listening—ominous strong warders keeping watch through the long years over all this beauty and all its loneliness.



Photo by George Shiras 3rd

THE BOOK TABLE

THE ROOTS OF PROGRESS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

MR. JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON represents a school of thought which is more attractive to the curious than convincing to the thoughtful. Its essential principle as interpreted by Mr. Robinson may be thus stated.

Human progress dates from the days of Francis Bacon. All conclusions reached prior to his time may safely be disregarded. That a conviction is ancient and has apparently stood the test of time raises a presumption against it. The reason has been used mainly to defend ancient beliefs against innovators, to satisfy existing ignorance, and to discourage creative thought. There has been some progress in scientific thought, some gain in our knowledge and use of material forces. But there has been no progress in moral and social life, no truths that can be accepted as established by reason or approved by experience. Everything is open for reconsideration. "We should proceed to the thorough reconstruction of our mind, with a view to understanding actual human conduct and organization." In such reconstruction no help is to be expected from either the churches or the schools and universities, and vigorous opposition will come from the lawyers and the business interests. With this brief summary of Mr. Robinson's fundamental contention, we may leave this brilliant but not always historically accurate or self-consistent book¹ while we turn to consider the philosophy which it advocates.

Everything is not open to reconsideration. Some things are *known* and we are quite right in refusing to reconsider them, though there is no reason why we should refuse liberty to those who wish to give time to such reconsideration.

There are certain instincts which are essential to human nature; for example, *thirst*. Science examines the river, and assures us that after we have poured into it our sewage the water is not fit to drink. Thanks. It examines alcohol and the human body, and the majority of scientific students, at least in this country, and an increasing number in Europe, advise us that alcohol is a poison, sometimes useful as a medicine, not beneficial as a beverage. Again thanks. Conceivably the scientists might advise us that tea and coffee are injurious as beverages, and we certainly should consider and might accept their decision. But if a health reformer should assure us that man is not a thirsting animal and that he should not drink any fluid, we could safely disregard him and undoubtedly should do so. We may reconsider *how* we can best satisfy our thirst, but we shall never re-

consider the question *whether* we will satisfy it or not.

The desire for property is as much a human instinct as the desire for water. The social reformer may diagnose "the sickness of acquisitive society," and we will listen to him. He may point out the evils of a society which gives itself over to acquisition and suggest remedies for these evils, and we will thankfully consider his recommendations. He may ask us to reconsider what are the rights of property, what is the basis of the right, what are proper objects of personal property, what limits to acquisition a man should put upon himself, what limits society may put upon its members, how far it is expedient to adopt some form of collective ownership, and we will consider what he has to say. But if he proposes to abolish all property rights and frame the laws of society as though man were not essentially an acquisitive being, he need expect no hearing. Even the dog recognizes a right of property and if another dog attempts to take his bone away from him will fight to retain it.

Reverence is not less a human instinct than acquisitiveness and thirst. Man's physical nature impels him to drink; his social nature impels him to acquire property; no less does his spiritual nature impel him to look up as well as off. Heroes and hero worship are as universal as the race and as old as history. If the philosopher succeeds in convincing a few individuals that they should not reverence God, they proceed to reverence "our Father Man." Even Mr. Robinson apparently recognizes this as a fact in human history, for he says, "One of the finest examples of early Greek skepticism was the discovery of Xenophanes that man created the gods in his own image."

Not only are there certain elemental instincts of man which intelligence can serve and to some extent control but cannot abolish, there are also certain truths of the moral order which have been so firmly established by experience that most of us refuse to give them reconsideration. Mr. Robinson's apparent contention that no progress has been made in the moral and social condition of humanity on which we can safely build and which we can carry forward to their predetermined goal is not sustained by history.

America is in size of territory and in its conglomerate population somewhat analogous to ancient Rome. But the moral contrast between the two is very striking. Then autocracy, now self-government; then slave labor, now free labor; then drunkenness universal, now a Republic that has taken a National pledge of total abstinence; then no provision for the education of the common

people, now a public school in every State and Territory under United States control; then marriage a contract which either husband or wife could cancel at pleasure, now marriage a bond which can be canceled only by court decree.

The American people are perfectly willing to consider how they can purify their government, perfect the emancipation of labor, abolish the lawlessness of the forbidden liquor traffic, extend their public school system, and improve their marriage and divorce laws. But any reformer who proposes any plan which threatens to hinder their progress to their selected goal of self-government, to reimpose under any disguise chains upon labor, to re-enthroned the discredited liquor traffic, to dispense with public education and confine education to a class, or to abolish the family and go back to the paganism of ancient Rome, has no reason to complain that the American public refuses to give consideration to his proposals. They do not refuse him the chance to make those proposals to any who wish to listen; but it does not violate liberty of speech for the State to refuse to pay salaries to such reformers in the public schools, or for endowed colleges and universities to refuse to such teachers salaried positions as professors or instructors.

The radicalism which repudiates all the lessons of the past is a natural reaction against the torism which forbids all experiments in the future. The affirmation that the Nicene Creed is the last word in religious thinking and nothing must be added to or taken from it forbids religious thinking; but to affirm that all religious thought to date has been in vain and that the results should be thrown into the rubbish-pile is not encouraging to thinking in the future. We shall not reform the drama by going back to Shakespeare's time and endeavoring to re-establish an Elizabethan theater with an Elizabethan stage; but neither shall we reform it by contemptuously discarding Shakespeare's plays. We cannot accept Plato's "Republic" or Augustine's "City of God" as the final model for a perfect society; but neither shall we be likely to frame a true brotherhood for the future by ignoring all attempts which poets and prophets have made in the past to make an architectural blue-print of brotherhood.

We quite agree with Mr. Robinson that education is needed "with a view to understanding actual human conduct and organization." But this should begin with the prophet who demands it. He constantly impresses us as misunderstanding or ignoring what is going on in the world about him. For example, Mr. Robinson says: "No publisher would accept a historical text-book based on an explicit statement of the knowledge we now have of man's animal ancestry." The obvious implication of this—that a dominant prejudice forbids the public discussion or study of man's ori-

¹The Mind in the Making: The Relation of Intelligence to Social Reform. By James Harvey Robinson. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

gin—is sufficiently refuted by the popularity of books by Osborn, Breasted, and Van Loon. Mr. Robinson says: "The student of humanity . . . can look for little help from the universities as now constituted." Some of our universities are sharing the work of education with the factory and sending their students to study in companionship with factory workers; others require as a condition of sociological study in the university that the student shall make a personal investigation of the labor situation in some factory; and one of the most illuminating books we have had in the past two or three years is the report Wisconsin University has made of a systematic examination of eighteen successful corporations endeavoring to introduce the spirit of human brotherhood into their works. Mr. Robinson sees all potent business interests backed by the politicians and in general supported by the ecclesiastical, legal, and educational classes

"opposed to social improvement or even social experiment." This is only a half-truth. It is also true that the actual transformation of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit from an aristocratic into a democratic organization, reported by Mr. Sherman Rogers in *The Outlook* for April 12, has thrown more light on our industrial problem than any reconstruction of the mind in the class-room, and it is only a notable illustration of what, according to Professor John R. Commons's report, from ten to twenty-five per cent of our industrial organizations are trying more or less successfully to accomplish. The reconstruction of our industries is being seriously attempted, and with a considerable measure of success, by men who do not throw all past thinking and all past experiment into the discard, but learn from the past how they may the better build in the present for the future. This is the true recipe for progress.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

Mr. Masters takes as the central figure of his semi-historical novel the "Little Giant" who met defeat as a debater and political leader of opinion at the hands of Abraham Lincoln. The study of Stephen Douglas as a person as well as a politician is extremely well done. The book gives also a minutely drawn picture of life in Illinois, and indirectly in other parts of the country, during the tremendously important period of American history between 1835 and 1860. The author makes the reader feel that he is present and sees the development of the country, the agitation as to slavery, the growth of intercourse between different parts of the country, the advance from the primitive canal-boats and stage-coach to the newly built and rapidly extending railways. There is a strong dramatic situation also in the personal problem of the young narrator. He goes to Illinois from England to settle his dead father's estate, and finds that he is half-brother to an octoroon girl of estimable character and charming personality, whose quadroon mother his father married under singular circumstances. This situation ends with the murder of the girl, and that leaves the latter part of the book without any very strong dramatic or personal story-interest. The book is remarkable as a study of American life and of the conflict of race and political passions in the period treated.

LEGEND OF ULENSPIEGEL AND LAMME GOEDZAK. By Charles De Coster. Translated by F. M. Atkinson. 2 vols. Doubleday Page & Co., Garden City. \$5.

The impish Ulenspiegel is familiar to readers of German legends and folklore and figures also, we remember, in one of Sir Walter Scott's less read dramatic poems. He and the less well known Lamme Goedzak are the principal actors in these two volumes, which, though

they are formidable to look upon, are anything but difficult to read. Mr. De Coster has adapted these legendary personalities to Belgian history and literature. The translation preserves the dramatic and humorous effect of the original and the adventures are truly as described in the title, "heroical, joyous, and glorious."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

DINGBAT OF ARCADY (THE). By Marguerite Wilkinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.

A charming account of an adventurous trip taken by the author and her husband in a boat of their own manufacture. With this book in hand one can take the joys of adventure with the comforts of staying at home, and it is probable that the wife's graphic pen will make this pleasure possible to a great many readers who would never think of taking such an "inland voyage" in any other way.

RIVERS AND THEIR MYSTERIES. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.50.

An encyclopædic collection of facts about rivers, co-ordinated into chapters that have a real story-interest. The formation of rivers, their effect in changing the landscape, their commercial importance, the forms of river life, underground rivers, tropical rivers, ice rivers—all are described in an appropriately flowing style that holds the interest unflaggingly.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

STUDENTS' HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS. By Laura A. Knott. With Maps and Illustrations. The Abingdon Press, New York.

This volume from the pen of the former Principal of Bradford Academy (Massachusetts) is a fruit of years of teaching the Bible to the older pupils supplemented by two years of special study. Prepared for students, it is specially adapted for use as a text-book in Bible classes, whether in Sunday schools or in day schools. The author accepts

the conclusions of modern scholars and wisely refuses to perplex the minds of the pupils with an account of the processes which have led to those conclusions. Thus she describes the Book of Daniel as written by some unknown author in the time of Antiochus for the purpose of encouraging the martyrs of that age; the Book of Jonah as a parable or apologue, a satire on the narrow-mindedness of the Jews, and not intended by the author to be regarded as historical; and recognizes the composite character of the authorship of the historical books of the Old Testament. The general editor of the "Religious Education Texts," to which series this volume belongs, draws in his Introduction the distinction between study of and study about. This book is chiefly a study of the Bible in the light of modern knowledge respecting it. The book is reverent in spirit, fearless but constructive in treatment, positive but not dogmatic in its conclusions, and lucid in style. It can be heartily commended to parents who wish a book to help them in studying with their children at home. It brings the history down to the destruction of Jerusalem, but does not include any account of the life of Christ.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

LENIN. By M. A. Landau-Aldanov. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.

LINCOLN, THE GREATEST MAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Dean Charles R. Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.

SEVEN AGES OF WASHINGTON (THE). By Owen Wister. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CORNER-STONE OF PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE (THE). By Francis Burton Harrison. The Century Company, New York. \$3.

EUROPE—WHITHER BOUND (QUO VADIS EUROPA?). Being Letters of Travel from the Capitals of Europe in the Year 1921. By Stephen Graham. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

HELLENIC HISTORY. By George Willis Botsford. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.

LEADING AMERICAN TREATIES. By Charles E. Hill. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

MODERN ECONOMIC PROBLEMS. By Frank A. Fetter, Ph.D., LL.D. Second Edition. The Century Company, New York. \$2.75.

RAILROADS AND GOVERNMENT. By Frank Haigh Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.25.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION. By Arthur W. Procter. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.

RURAL CHILD WELFARE. An Inquiry by the National Child Labor Committee Based upon Conditions in West Virginia. Under the direction of Edward N. Clopper, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

ROMANCE OF A GREAT STORE (THE). By Edward Hungerford. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

STORIES FROM DANTE. By Susan Cunningham. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$2.25.

WILL-POWER AND WORK. By Jules Payot. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.75.

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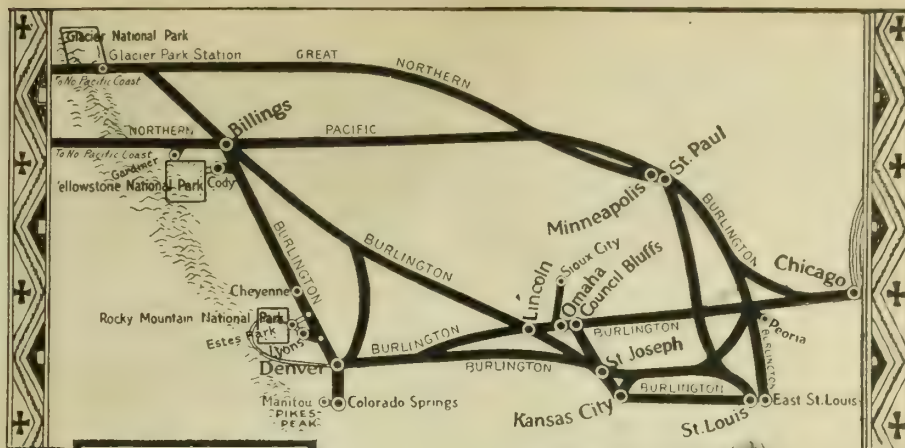
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ARE YOU SEEING AMERICA FIRST?

BY

MARGUERITE A. SALOMON

THIS is the time of year when the annual vacation pilgrimage is about to begin. It is therefore the purpose of this article to offer certain suggestions to the reader who is planning to "see America first."

Perhaps the average American has failed to realize the infinite variety of vacation spots which our own country affords.

Most of us seem to know more about Europe, Asia, or South America than we do about our own glorious land, and yet these United States offer a tourist the greatest variety of delightful experiences.

Presuming the potential vacationist is from the East and wishes to go only a short distance, he has a wealth of places from which to choose. Perhaps he is a lover of the woods—a fisherman or a huntsman; he may be a motorist craving good roads, wanting to spend an entire outing in his car; or, he may like the seashore best, with its bathing, boating, and other water sports. He may want to live in luxurious, comfortable hotels or he may greatly desire to "rough it" in a tent, far from the hustle and unrest of civilization.

NEW ENGLAND

The New England States are intensely "vacationland." Every imaginable type of resort, suiting every pocketbook and every taste, can be found from Maine to Connecticut. Space does not permit a complete description of the limitless opportunities for bathing, sailing, canoeing, driving, motoring, tramping, mountain climbing, golf, fishing, hunting, and camping to be found here. What is more delightful, however, than the Rangeley Lake or the Moosehead Lake region in the Maine woods, each of which is so very accessible? Names to conjure with for the lover of the seashore are Nahant, Swampscott, Marblehead, Beverly, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Magnolia, Gloucester, Rockport, Annisquam, and Salisbury in Massachusetts; Hampton, Rye, Little Boar's Head, New Castle, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Shoals in New Hampshire; Kittery, York Beach, Kennebunk, Wells Beach, Ogunquit, Old Orchard, Prouts Neck, Scarborough Beach, and Casco Bay with its hundreds of charming islands in Maine?

And the mountaineer and nature lover can revel for days in the exquisite beauty of the White and Green Mountains. The Presidential Range, with its Old Man of the Mountain, the Flume in Franconia Notch, and the Lost River region are the best known of nature's attractions in the White Mountains. Both the White and Green Mountains also are a motorist's paradise, for not only can he find negotiable and rather remarkable automobile roads, but the

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Then there is the charming lake and inland section, including the beautiful highland lakes of New Hampshire—Winnepesaukee, Sunapee, and the others; and the pretty farming sections of the Merrimac and Connecticut Valleys and the restful Berkshire Hills. There is a definite charm in the quaint New England towns of Stockbridge, Great Barrington, Lenox, or Pittsfield in the Berkshires.

NEW YORK STATE

New York also offers a wide range of choice to the vacationist. In the Adirondacks the out-of-doors lover will find the many camps satisfying in the extreme. Every imaginable type of out-door sport can be found, and the more fastidious tourist who wishes for comfort rather than the rough backwoods camp will have in the Adirondacks everything his heart desires. Such charming spots as Saranac Lake and Lake Placid, Loon Lake and the Fulton Chain of Lakes, to say nothing of Schroon Lake, are a medley of ideal vacation spots, each with many fine hotels and camps.

Lake George and Lake Champlain—both exquisite as can be—abound in fine boarding-houses and hotels and are visited annually by thousands of vacationists from New York and other near-by cities.

At Buffalo one can take a comfortable steamer and spend one of the finest vacations in cruising through the Great Lakes. This "sea voyage" on these unique inland lakes—so huge as to be more like miniature oceans than lakes—provides a truly interesting experience.

THE NORTHERN WOODS AND LAKES COUNTRY

Then, going a bit farther westward, and only one night from Chicago, is the great lake-dotted North Woods district of Wisconsin and Michigan—a land of wild and witching beauty and infinite charm. It is truly the outer's paradise. This is a primitive playground in the midst of lake and pine. Geographically, this region is about seventy-five miles north of Green Bay and fifty miles south of Lake Superior—a comparatively short trip from any of the Middle West territory. Three Lakes, Eagle River, Tomahawk Lake, Mid-Lake, Bolton, all are the centers from which the vacationist can start for a summer of unalloyed joy.

There are two distinct kinds of resorts in the North Woods region. There is the one with board walks, electric lights, ballroom, and tennis courts, and with all the attractions of any fashionable resort with the added touch of the near-by wilderness. Then there is the other—the camp and log cottage of the more primitive type, with the fun of fishing, hunting, boating, berrying, and exploring for unmapped lakes keeping one busy from morning until night. This is the land of outing clothes and camp-fires at night, the land of true recreation—and recreation.

A little farther on to the west, in the



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ARE YOU SEEING AMERICA FIRST?

(Continued)

State of Minnesota, an almost identical type of country is found and is quite as alluring as Wisconsin and Michigan. They speak euphoniously of the "ten thousand lakes of Minnesota," and it is indeed true that there are thousands of lakes—enough for everybody and no crowding. This "land of the sky-blue waters," the terminus of which is St. Paul and Minneapolis, presents fine motor highways and hikers' trails, free automobile camp sites and splendid hotels and inns, and every imaginable enjoyment for those who want a happy vacation.

OUR NATIONAL PARKS

Taking it all in all, there are no more delightful recreation spots in this country than our National Parks. These are rightly called "playgrounds for the people," and, each with its own individuality, its own charm, and its own unique features, offer the widest range of scenery to the tourist in this country.

Of course the ideal thing is to visit them all. If this cannot be done, then at least one or two of them should be included in every Western itinerary. Later on in this article I will outline a few suggested tours, including one or more of the Parks.

The eleven most important National Parks are Glacier, Mount Rainier, Crater Lake, Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant; Zion Canyon, Yellowstone, Rock Mountain, Mesa Verde, and the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Glacier National Park, in Montana, is the "happy hunting-ground" of hiker and mountaineer. This is a rugged mountain region of unsurpassed alpine grandeur. Here are hundreds of glacier-fed lakes of romantic beauty, peaks of unusual shape, and precipices thousands of feet deep. A fine system of trails has opened up this hitherto wilderness and an equally fine and rather unusual system of hotels and chalets affords a vacation of comfort and ease and good times not to be duplicated anywhere else.

Mount Rainier National Park is remarkable for its exquisite scenery and its interesting glacier system. Forty-eight miles of glacier, the largest and most interesting being the famous Nisqually Glacier, will keep the mountaineer busy exploring for many a day. The remarkable sub-alpine wild-flower fields present a sight so lovely that one will feel like lingering for a long while merely to see them. A comfortable inn, situated almost at the summit of Mount Rainier, is an added attraction.

It is the unique formation and the wonderful color of Crater Lake which brings the curious to see this marvelous feat of nature at Crater Lake National Park. The lake is an extraordinary shade of blue—sapphire—so blue, in fact, that when artists paint it naturally they are accused of over-coloring. Crater Lake has no outlet or inlet, and its sides are 1,000 feet deep. It was formed in the crater of the extinct volcano

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Mount Mazama. Fine trout fishing keeps the traveler at the tiny but rather inadequate lodge often beyond his scheduled time.

The Yosemite National Park, in middle-eastern California, is the "beauty" of them all. Here is found some of nature's grandest scenery. El Capitan, Sentinel Dome, Mirror Lake, the views from Glacier Point, Bridal Veil Falls, Vernal Falls—these are names to conjure with! Fine hotels and camps located at convenient intervals take care of the many tourists who visit Yosemite all the year round.

Sequoia and General Grant National Parks, which are really the "big tree" preserves, contain most of the wonderful giant sequoia or redwood trees which every traveler to California must surely see. They are one of the wonders of the world.

Zion Canyon National Park is one of the latest of our National Parks. It is located in southern Utah and contains some of the most wonderful scenery in this country. At present the only accommodations suitable for the traveler are found in a small camp; but for those who love exploring into the unknown and who wish to get away from the beaten track Zion Canyon will appeal immensely.

Yellowstone National Park, in north-western Wyoming, is the second oldest of our National Parks. Here, assembled in a small area, is the greatest collection of the grotesque and queer phenomena in nature. The many hot springs and pools, vari-colored waters edged with rainbow hues; a prismatic lake; wonderful geysers—more geysers than in the rest of the world together; bubbling mud geysers and hot "paint pots"—all these give the traveler the feeling that he is seeing the world in its making. And aside from the grotesque there is the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and Yellowstone Falls. The view of this gorgeous, pastel-shaded canyon from Inspiration Point is indescribably beautiful. Yellowstone National Park contains a fine chain of hotels and camps.

Rocky Mountain National Park, in north-middle Colorado, is essentially the place for an ideal summer's vacation in the out-of-doors. Here in the heart of the Rockies, surrounded by wonderful snow-capped peaks, many of them more than 10,000 feet in altitude, are found a number of charming lodges, affording the best of accommodations. Being so very accessible both by train and by automobile makes this particular Park one of the most popular of all the National Parks.

Mesa Verde National Park is particularly interesting because it contains the most notable and best-preserved prehistoric cliff dwellings in the world.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona—the Colossus of canyons—is the most sensational of all our scenic wonders. This remarkable work of nature, so beautiful and wonderful, so indescribable, this masterpiece of erosion, is really awesome in its grandeur. An excellent hotel is built on its rim, and the tourist



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Helena—the City of Romance

thrills with its memories of the stormy period of the Vigilantes. Its main street traces the Last Chance Gulch, which produced some 40 millions of dollars in gold! Today Helena is a modern and attractive residence city with excellent hotels and on the route of Park to Park travel (Yellowstone to Glacier). Visit Helena enroute.

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ARE YOU SEEING AMERICA FIRST?

(Continued)

can spend many happy days contemplating this work of the Infinite.

COLORADO

Probably one of the most interesting sections of the country from a vacation standpoint is Colorado. The extremely high altitude and the fine mountains and the fact that Colorado is "where the West begins" make it most attractive.

For those who, being city lovers, cannot tear themselves away from metropolitan surroundings Denver presents everything they may wish, together with a climate so cool and invigorating as to be always comfortable. Within a stone's throw and most easy of access are the Denver Mountain Parks, that are truly the most natural of playgrounds.

Within four hours' automobile ride of Denver—a trip so exquisite as to be never forgotten—Rocky Mountain National Park is reached. In another direction, just an hour or so by train, is Colorado Springs, with all its famous attractions—Pike's Peak, Manitou, and the Garden of the Gods.

A little farther on to the south is the

Mesa Verde National Park, and in the opposite way, after crossing the Continental Divide on the interesting Royal Gorge trip, is Glenwood Springs, a fine vacation resort. Colorado, with its good roads and many municipal automobile camping sites, is truly a motorist's Mecca.

CALIFORNIA

So many people think of California merely as a winter resort with a tropical climate that they are often surprised to find it quite as agreeable in summer. California is truly a medley of all-year-round resorts and can be visited any season of the year most comfortably. Its climate is never tropical at any time.

It would take more space than I have at my command to describe comprehensively the charm of all the California resorts. Beginning with San Diego and Coronado, and working up north along the coast through La Jolla, Long Beach, Santa Barbara, and Del Monte, one can find a succession of fine beach resorts of great beauty and with magnificent hotels all along the way.

In northern California the country around Mount Shasta is very beautiful

and there are many interesting resorts where those who love the mountains can find enough to do to keep them occupied all summer. East of San Francisco, in the Feather River Canyon and at Lake Tahoe, is another next-to-nature type of country with plenty of fine mountain lodges, very comfortable and attractive.

From Los Angeles there are enough side-trips to keep one going indefinitely for weeks, with excursions into the orange grove region (Riverside and Pomona), to Catalina, to Pasadena, and so forth.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON—THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

It would take more than one article to speak adequately of the Pacific Northwest, for both Oregon and Washington are wonderlands of marvelous scenic resorts. In Oregon, Crater Lake National Park, as described before, is one point no tourist must miss. One's itinerary should always include a stop-over in Portland long enough to include a trip over the finest automobile highway in the world—the Columbia River Highway. This wonderful road is built along the north bank of the Columbia River, and there is no scenery anywhere to equal this. A splendid hotel has been built to accommodate those who wish to stay in this charming spot for a few days.

An almost unknown section of Oregon, though exceedingly beautiful, is the Mount Hood region. The hardened mountaineer finds a great deal to interest him in exploring its seven interesting glaciers, while the less hardy will delight in the innumerable trails which have been built by the Forest Service and which can be negotiated either on foot or on horseback. Unfortunately, however, the hotel accommodations in this region are not adequate nor very comfortable and one must "rough it" to see this part of Oregon.

There are also some very fine beaches along the west coast of Oregon, the most popular being Gearhart and Seaside, about one hundred miles from Portland.

Seattle, in the State of Washington, is charmingly located on Puget Sound. Standing on one of its many hills, the exquisite view of the Olympics on one side and Mount Rainier on the other is a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

For those who can loiter a while in Washington there are innumerable resorts of infinite charm. Lake Chelan, for instance, is a lovely spot with splendid fishing. Of course Mount Rainier National Park is another. The many little islands in Puget Sound, each with an individuality of its own, are perfect little gems. The wonderful Olympics—an almost unexplored region—are surely fascinating for those who seek something quite "different."

CANADIAN ROCKIES

Into a comparatively small area in western Canada is packed some of the most magnificent scenery in this hemisphere. The richest of this Canadian Rockies scenery is from Banff to Revel-

stoke. This is truly named the "Switzerland of America." The mistake is often made, however, of dashing through this splendid country without making more than two stop-overs. These are generally at Banff and Lake Louise, but there is much to do and see at Glacier, Field, Golden, and Revelstoke, and the tourist should allow enough time to see them all.

ALASKA

A truly restful and interesting water trip, and one which rounds out a transcontinental tour immensely, is the inland route to southeastern Alaska, with a side-trip to the Atlin Lakes. The latter is taken from Skagway. The whole tour takes about twenty days and is comparable with the noted fjords tours in Norway. Here too, in certain periods of the year, the midnight sun is seen.

A FEW SUGGESTED ITINERARIES

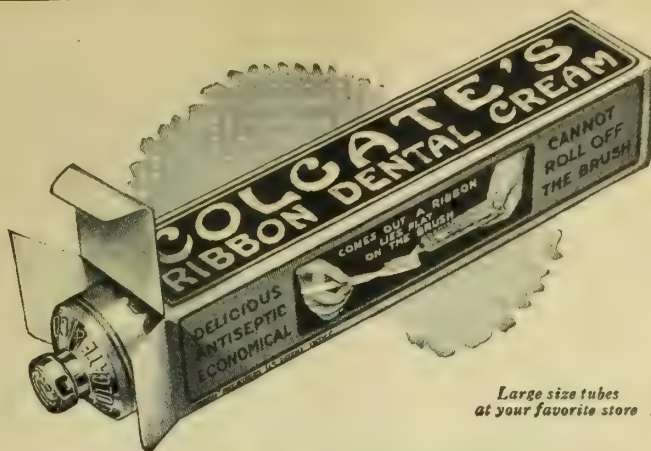
From the foregoing résumé the reader has some idea of the possibilities of touring in this country. The interesting thing about transcontinental touring is that there is a diversity of routes from which to choose and one can plan perfect circular tours without the necessity of retracing one's footsteps.

Most routes begin at Chicago. One fine trip is to start west by a northern route, including Glacier National Park (or by way of the Canadian Rockies), to the Pacific Northwest; then south to California as far as Los Angeles. From there the return trip can be made by way of the Grand Canyon. Or an alternative return trip can be made via the Zion Canyon National Park, Salt Lake City, Yellowstone National Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, and Denver, and then to Chicago.

An exceedingly interesting tour including several National Parks starts at Chicago; thence to Denver and Colorado Springs; to Salt Lake City by way of the Royal Gorge; to Yellowstone National Park; to Los Angeles, with a possible stop-over at Zion Canyon National Park *en route*. From Los Angeles numerous side-trips can be made. Then along the coast to San Francisco, from which point the tour of Yosemite and the Big Tree region is made. Then north to Crater Lake National Park and Portland, to Mount Rainier National Park and Seattle, and return either by way of Glacier National Park or the Canadian Rockies.

Increasing interest is being manifested by California tourists in the new route to San Diego through Imperial Valley and Carriso Gorge—California's newest scenic marvel. The construction of a line from Yuma west completed the shortest and most direct route by many miles between Chicago and San Diego. The difficulties surmounted mark an epoch in modern railway engineering. That part of the line through Carriso Gorge, consisting of eleven miles, cost approximately \$4,000,000. The views afforded and the contrast of coloring in the rock formation are really wonderful.

Another interesting tour begins at New York. By steamer to New Orleans;



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Another interesting way to reach the coast is via the Panama Canal. Very comfortable and quite luxurious steamers make this trip to Los Angeles and San Francisco about once a month.

MANY Outlook readers will doubtless be interested in certain of the vacation points mentioned in the above article. The Outlook will, upon request, see that full descriptive literature on any point of interest is forwarded to any reader.

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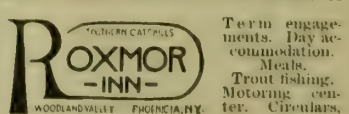
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Living-room, music-room, library, dining-room, five master's and two maids' rooms, dressing-room, two baths and shower, four toilets, kitchen, laundry, and back stairs, electricity, wide piazzas, beautiful view, near swimming pool, tennis courts, and golf links. Twilight Park, Catskills, N. Y. New State road for automobiles up mountain. Address Miss Ida LATHENS, 924 West End Ave., N. Y. City. Will show cottage on Decoration Day.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Shore front camp in the pines, furnished. Sand beach for children. \$300 for season. Photos and floor plans on request. C. H. EASTON, 1 Broadway, New York.

Lake George one mile from Huletts. For Rent, full season. 8-room shore cottage. Fully furnished; running water, ice, wood, garden, boats, fireplace, large porch. Restricted community. Mrs. J. F. KEMP, 32 Nassau Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

Eastern Long Island Peconic Bay & Sound Front Properties for sale or rent, summer homes a specialty. Illustrated booklet mailed upon receipt of 25c.

Sillworth Real Estate
MATTITUCK, L. I.

New 7-roomed house, all improvements, 20 minutes to Grand Central, to rent furnished for July and August. Address 42 North 19th St., Elmhurst, N. Y.

\$750 secures 250-acre farm. 10 cows, poultry, horses, implements, crops included. Near town. 10-room house, 50-ft. barn. All \$3,500, only \$750 cash. Page 36 Free Catalogue Strout Farm Agency, 150 E. Nassau St., N. Y. City.

Real Estate

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE
Colonial Type Brick Building

133 by 42 ft., 2½ stories, slate roof, situated in a college town on a main artery of travel north and south, with Lincoln Highway adjacent. Contains 30 rooms arranged in suites of two, each room with lavatory and connecting bath. Has swimming pool, 40 by 30, in the building. A glass-enclosed corridor connects a 1½-story building, 84 by 42, of the same construction, with the main building. These buildings would be suitable for an inn, as they are located on a corner, across the street from 600 students. Have steam heat, gas, electricity, connected with sewer, and pure mountain water. The soft water makes the swimming delightful. The buildings were erected in 1915, and are all in first-class condition. Immediate possession and good price to quick purchaser. Inquire of 7,485, Outlook.

FOR SALE

Three acres of land with fruit orchard, four-room and bath brick house, furnished with antique furniture; also attractively furnished studio and garage. Three minutes from the lake. Beautiful private location. Cash, \$4,800. Nine miles from Stroudsburg and Delaware Water Gap. Apply to E. G. DORSHIMER, Postmaster, Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

VERMONT

For Sale in CHARLOTTE, VT. on Lake Champlain. 10-room cottage, garage, icehouse; about 2 acres. Beautiful scenery, high and dry. Mrs. C. A. Austin, 28 Reynolds Terrace, Orange, N. J.

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NEW YORK City—Professional women and ladies visiting the city July 4 to Aug. 16. Transient or permanent. Address Secretary, 17 East 86th St.

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BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED! New, unusual authors. Autobiography, fiction, religion, verse, travel—any subject. Immediate reading and report. Dorrance & Company, Publishers, 308-310 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

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PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel choruses, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

FOR \$1 postpaid. 200 sheets bond notepaper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address. Good paper and first-class work. Samples stamp. M. C. Harp, Lansingburg, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIETITIANS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side, Boston, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, secretaries, teachers, schools, families, institutions.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Experienced headworker for well established settlement occupying strategic educational position in large Eastern city. Open September 1. 1,469, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Competent woman to cook and serve meals for party in Adirondack camp. Would take mother with daughter old enough to help her. July to October. Write to Mrs. E. C. Geyer, Englewood, N. J.

WANTED—Mother's helper. Desirable permanent position for capable young woman. Suburban home near Reading. State salary. Molican Lodge, Sinking Spring, Pa.

WANTED—Young woman to keep house for small family of adults in New York City. Share family life. Sunny south room. Time to carry half year's college credits. 1,567, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined woman for position of waitress. Country place. Large family (7). No servants need apply. 1,592, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, for Downingtown Friends' school, Pa., an experienced teacher as principal. Small school, with modern building and complete equipment for progressive teaching. Situated in the beautiful Chester Valley, thirty miles from Philadelphia. Four primary grades, two teachers. Write Mrs. Thos. E. Parke, E. Downingtown, Pa.

HEADMASTER, supervising and teaching, in boys' boarding school, long established, near New York City. State fully qualifications, experience, and minimum salary. 1,568, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess. Country summer, Florida winter. Position permanent. Children ages 4 and 7. State age and religion. References as such—no school teachers need apply. Position open June 1. 1,595, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

A woman of considerable experience in the business management of club, small hotel, or school is seeking a position of this type. She can furnish executive experience and first-class references and would affiliate herself with first-class management. 1,566, Outlook.

SECRETARY—stenographer, social or business, eight years' experience, desires permanent position or for summer. Excellent references. 1,569, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION. French woman, highest American references. Willing to travel or tutor. 1,518, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, English, German, sunny disposition, useful companion, excellent traveler, desires position. Couple or gentleman. Quality references. 1,528, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires position as companion and tutor summer months. Refined surroundings considered above salary. 1,512, Outlook.

TWO young women, experienced teachers, desire employment together for summer. Would travel with family, do vacation school work, or care for home in absence of family. 1,541, Outlook.

POSITION as companion for summer—well qualified. References exchanged. 1,546, Outlook.

WANTED, by young woman college graduate, summer position as companion-tutor to one or more girls in their teens; preferably seashore or mountains. Address E. T. W., Box 182, Eldora, Iowa.

TEACHER acquainted with art, speaking our languages, would go as companion or guide abroad. Only expenses required. References exchanged. 1,556, Outlook.

GENTLEMAN desires position as companion to elderly gentleman or semi-invalid, to travel. Highest references. 1,557, Outlook.

TWO young college women, seniors, desire out-of-door positions, preferably together, for the summer. 1,559, Outlook.

YOUNG college woman, traveling companion to lady or children. Could tutor. Excellent references. 1,555, Outlook.

LADY going to California last of June will chaperon schoolgirl on journey for part of summer. References exchanged. 1,560, Outlook.

TO travel. Dependable, amiable woman, experienced, executive, desires position as companion or governess to party going abroad. Understands traveling. 1,413, Outlook.

WANTED, by young colored man, position for summer gardening or chauffeur. V. Adrian Freeman, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

JUNIOR in college would like position for summer months as companion and tutor for young boy. Reply 1,563, Outlook.

FREE June 7 until Sept. 1. Smith College graduate, 5 years' experience teaching English, adaptable and capable. Companion, secretary, governess, or similar position. References 1,565, Outlook.

COMPANION and TUTOR—Young lady, junior at Wellesley College, desires position as companion and tutor to young girl for summer months. Exceptional references furnished. Address 1,577, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl loving children and outdoor life desires position as companion for one or more children for summer months. American, Protestant. Moderate salary. 1,578, Outlook.

COMPANION or governess. Position sought by American woman speaking French. Experienced with children and invalids. Has lived abroad. Foreign travel preferred. D. M., Box 123, North Scituate, Mass.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

KINDERGARTNER with ten years' experience desires summer position. Capable of full care of little children. 1,601, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman wants European position beginning September. 1,583, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, 6 years high school teacher, Catholic, desires position for summer as companion, tutor, secretary. Likes to travel. Excellent references. 1,582, Outlook.

SECRETARY. Young woman, well educated, experienced, and capable, speaks French fluently. Prefers to travel. Excellent references, business and social. 1,579, Outlook.

CANADIAN woman of refinement and ability desires position of trust with young children for summer months. Understands their physical care and is able to take entire charge. References. 1,581, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse crossing to England will take charge of child or other duty. 1,590, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, physician, would accompany child or adult to California for expenses. 1,589, Outlook.

TUTORING, companion, traveling or tutoring, by Trinity School graduate and Cornell student. Excellent references. Spencer, 294 Central Park West, New York.

AS companion or tutor to party traveling abroad this summer, college teacher desires position. Address 5839 Alter St., Philadelphia.

REFINED Virginia woman wishes position as companion to adults or children. 1,594, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as governess, companion, or housekeeper. 1,596, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED medical secretary desires position with physician or secretary-companion to lady of wealth. Capable, young, refined, efficient housekeeper. Excellent references. 1,597, Outlook.

CAPABLE middle-aged woman wants position as managing housekeeper or companion. Country preferred. 1,599, Outlook.

NURSE desires position with family living in country. Long experience with children from 3 to 6 years. References. 1,562, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE senior, experienced with children, desires position as nursery governess for the summer months. 1,410, Outlook.

INSTRUCTOR wants position in private school for next year. Can handle athletics; experienced. References. No reasonable offer rejected. Address 1,479, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, experienced with drawing and needlework, wants work in school or camp. 1,519, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—Experienced teacher wishes position for summer. Handwork, physical education specialty. References exchanged. 1,545, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, highest references, teaching Spanish, piano, wants position anywhere—France. 1,558, Outlook.

WANTED—Position for summer as instructor or governess for children in private family. At present principal Andover public school. Address Anna Most, Andover, Conn.

COLLEGE girl desires position as nursery governess or companion. Experienced with little children. Address Helen Jardine, 801 S. Wright, Champaign, Ill.

EXPERIENCED tutor, junior in college, Christian, athletic, wishes position as tutor-companion. Now in New York. 1,570, Outlook.

MUSICIAN, young college man of broad culture and sympathies, would travel in the capacity of tutor or companion. 1,572, Outlook.

TUTOR-COMPANION. Engineering and legal training, capable instructing summer sports. Excellent professional references character and ability. 1,576, Outlook.

POSITION wanted (male). College student, 19, Christian, pianist, as tutor in mathematics, etc., for summer months. Kretcher, 1112 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WOMAN educated in foreign university, experienced chaperon, who speaks French, German, can sew, desires position for summer or all year as governess. 1,586, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, experienced teacher, desires tutoring position for summer. 1,585, Outlook.

TEACHER, fond of children, desires resident employment, congenial surroundings, for July and August. 1,598, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 367 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

REFINED home school for slightly retarded children, age 7—15 years. Limited number. 70 Prospect St., Portchester, N. Y. Tel. 1556 M.

FOR sale, "Nouveau Larousse Illustré," 9 vols., \$40; "The Historians History of the World," 25 vols., \$20; 40 ft. of hand-carved open bookcases, Italian walnut, \$800; Duncan Phyfe table, antique hall chairs, mirror, etc., at great sacrifice. Mrs. R. A. Lawrence, 60 West 68th St., New York City.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANT to place 13 year old boy in group of 4 or 5, Maine or Adirondacks, under supervision of experienced camper where individual attention assured. Lock Box 52, Wyncote, Pa.

LADY and daughter will take boy or girl between ten and fourteen in their Connecticut home for summer; might be preferred to camp by parents going abroad. References. 1,575, Outlook.

WELLESLEY College graduate, readily adaptable, offers helpful companionship to old or young on summer trip abroad. Courtesy of invitation considered sufficient remuneration. 1,600, Outlook.

MASTER in one of New York's well known private schools will take three boys to his cottage on Maine coast. Tutoring in college preparatory subjects. Reasonable terms. References given and required. 1,591, Outlook.

REST home for invalids or people needing rest. Excellent food, scientific care. Mrs. Fordham, 29 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford, Conn.

Have You Planned Your Summer Vacation Yet?

This issue of The Outlook contains many advertisements of Summer Resorts and Vacation Tours.

Much attractive literature is issued by the various hotels, railways, and steamship lines. The Outlook will gladly undertake to have descriptive literature sent you covering any point in which you may be interested. Address

TRAVEL EDITOR

The Outlook Company

381 Fourth Avenue, New York



Guardians of the Circuits

The telephone at your elbow seems so simple an instrument, it does its work so quietly and quickly, that it is difficult to realize the vast and complex equipment, the delicate and manifold adjustments, the ceaseless human care "behind the scenes" in the central offices.

Behind the scenes is the terminal of all the underground and overhead lines on the streets and highways. Here are the cable vaults; the great steel frames containing the thousands of separate wires and fuses for the subscribers' lines; the dynamos and storage batteries; the giant switchboards through which your telephone is connected with the other thirteen million telephones in the Bell System.

And here, in charge of this equipment, are the guardians of the

circuits—the wire chief and his assistants—master electricians and experts in telephony. Their first duty is the *prevention* of "trouble." By day and by night they are constantly testing the central office equipment, the overhead and underground lines, the subscribers' individual wires. And when, from some cause beyond control, "trouble" does occur, nine times out of ten it is repaired before the telephone subscriber suffers the slightest inconvenience.

It is the skill of the men behind the scenes, together with scientific development and construction, efficient maintenance and operation, which make it possible for you to rely upon the telephone day and night.

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Better Service



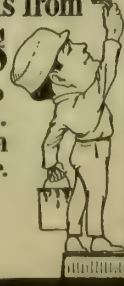
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BY THE WAY

"DID your brother have any luck when he was hunting tigers in India?" asks Mr. Smithwick, as reported in the "Irish World." "Yes, sir, great luck—he never met any."

A college paper, the Toronto "Goblin," tries its hand at free verse, thus:

EVER?

Have you ever been
Introduced to your chum's
Fair affinity, and
Immediately she tries to
Gather you in?
But you remember that he's
Your chum, and consequently
Act rather cool towards her, and
Straightway she advises
Your chum to shun you, because
You are no fit
Companion for him.

The old clipper (or semi-clipper, to be exact) *Glory of the Seas*, which was built by McKay, of Boston, in 1869, and which held the record for her class of craft between Australia and San Francisco of thirty-five days' sailing time—"a record that was never equaled by any square-rigged, three skysail yards vessel," a nautical authority says—is now being dismantled. The *Glory of the Seas* is known to veteran seafaring men in all ports of the world, it is said, for she had sailed on all the seven seas for two generations. Her passing brings a shadow of sadness to lovers of the grand old ships of the last century.

The old-time frontiersman's horse was close to his heart, and sometimes received the tribute of honorable burial when the end came. Some of the inscriptions above the graves of these favorite horses, as quoted in "The Cowboy," by P. A. Rollins, tell the story with simple eloquence. Here are three:

JIM

a reel hors
oct 1, 82

HERE LIES
"I'M HERE"

The Very Best of Cow Ponies,
A Gallant Little Gentleman.
Died on this Spot, Sept. 3, 1890

HERE LIES
"WHAT NEXT"

Born —, — 1886, at —,
Died July 16, 1892, near Ft. Washakie, Wyo.

He had the Body of a Horse,
The Spirit of a Knight, and
The Devotion of the Man
who Erected This Stone.

The New York City Telephone Directory is perhaps the most wonderful collection of surnames in existence. An one in an idle moment may make interesting discoveries in it. For instance there are in the directory—Dumas with Porthos, Athos, and Aramis; Dickens and Pickwick; Thackeray and Newcome; Walter Scott and Marmion; Othello and Hamlet; Swift and Smollett; Macaulay and Carlyle; Dante and Byron; Raphael and Velasquez.

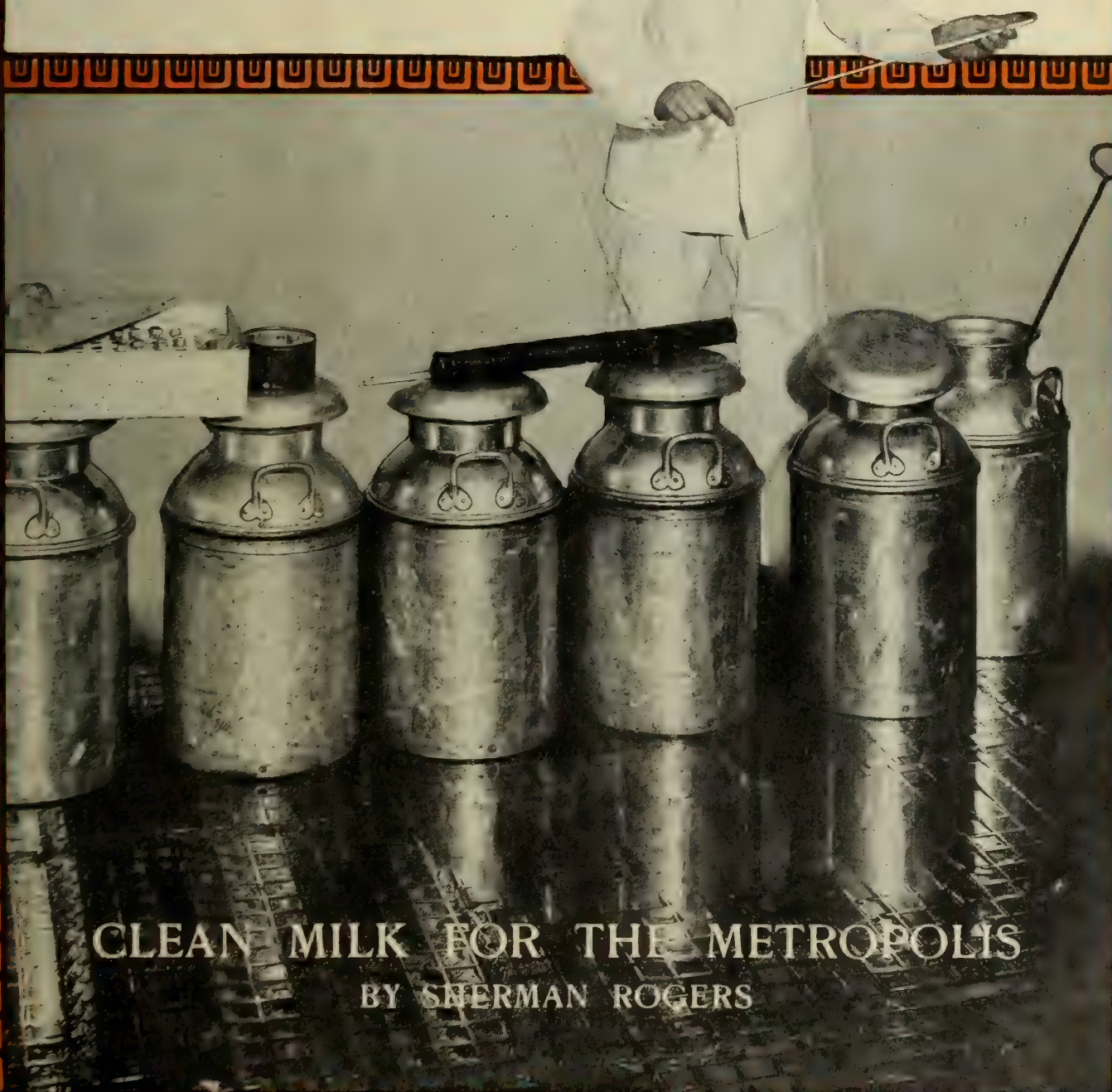
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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
MAY 31 1922

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Life

MAY 31, 1922, W



CLEAN MILK FOR THE METROPOLIS

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

A Special Introductory Offer

The Next 13 Numbers Of The Outlook Only \$1

EVERY issue of The Outlook is read by many people who are not regular subscribers. In order to make it possible for occasional readers to become better acquainted with the character of the journal and to see it regularly each week for a trial period at but slight expense, we make the following special offer:

We will send The Outlook each week for the next three months (13 numbers) for the small sum of \$1 to any one who is not now a subscriber. The regular yearly subscription price is \$5, and this offer is made to non-subscribers in order to show them what they are missing by not having The Outlook each week.

Why You Will Need The Outlook During Your Summer Vacationing

Wherever your summer jaunts may take you, The Outlook will reach you each week. Due to a remarkably efficient change-of-address department, we can guarantee immediate action on all change-of-address orders received by us. Other periodicals often require from two to six weeks to get action on such orders. But no matter how often, or how quickly, you change your summer whereabouts, The Outlook will be there each week to keep you clearly, reliably, and authoritatively informed as to what is happening in the world. Many of our readers will get along without newspapers this summer—but not without The Outlook.

A Journal Read By Statesmen

Each number contains hours of reading, all of which is bracing, refreshing, and brain-expanding. Distinguished contributors write for every issue. The fascinating running story of the world's progress is prepared for you by eminent journalists, statesmen, diplomatists, scientists, men of letters, artists, educators, and business men. The terse weekly editorial summary and interpretation of the world's news is world-famous. In Japan, for instance, according to one of the leading Japanese publicists, The Outlook is the most popular of all American periodicals. At home it is the most-quoted periodical on the floor of Congress.

"The Most-Quoted Weekly Journal In America"

You have noticed, of course, that the leading newspapers of the country are almost constantly quoting from The Outlook, which is noted for getting hold of

articles of such sharp and timely interest and importance that their publication is actually a matter of news. But why rely upon the fragmentary reports in the newspapers, when you can have the entire, unabridged contents of each week's issue of The Outlook before you for the next 13 weeks for the small sum of only \$1?

By starting your trial subscription at once, you will be sure to get all of the striking articles that are scheduled for the summer.

Engrossing Exclusive Features

FIRST in position and importance in each issue of The Outlook is the editorial survey of the outstanding events of that week, discussed without partisanship or prejudice and with first hand knowledge and conviction.

LYMAN ABBOTT, dean of American editors, frequently contributes signed editorials.

SHERMAN ROGERS, who has been described as a journalistic thunderbolt, and has in the short space of two years made himself known from coast to coast, is on his way to Alaska and will describe for readers of The Outlook the places in Alaska that President Harding and party will visit this summer. Mr. Rogers also contributes "Glass Bottles and Common Sense."

SECRETARY OF LABOR DAVIS expresses some arresting views concerning the kind of immigrants who are thronging to our shores.

NEWTON FUESSLE, whose recent exposé of America's "athletic trust" started a widespread controversy, contributes the inside story of Washington's war on civil service; also the story of Uncle Sam as a gigantic road builder, and the dramatic story of how Albert D. Lasker is trying to cut down the loss of \$50,000,000 per year which is the appalling cost of maintaining in idleness the vast fleet of ships on our hands.

ELSIE SINGMASTER, the American novelist, is represented by a searching short story entitled "The God in the Machine."

W. B. MAXWELL, the famous English novelist, contributes a distinguished short story entitled "The Romance of It."

THE GREAT ITALIAN HISTORIAN, Guglielmo Ferrero, will contribute an article on world conditions, "Order or Disorder,"—a masterpiece of cumulative power.

"AND NOW THE FLAPPER TEACHER," by Angela Keyes, and "THE AMENITIES OF SCHOOLMASTERING," by Howard Bement, two educational articles of exceptional timeliness, will soon appear.

HENRY HOYT MOORE, The Outlook's staff photographer, contributes a group of extraordinary photographs of the Storm King Highway.

"SOME OF THE GOOD AND BAD IN GHANDIISM," by the Rev. R. A. Hume, is an important feature, fresh from India.

ROBERT H. MOULTON contributes "How Birds May Save a Billion Dollars' Worth of Foodstuffs in a Year."

THE BOOK TABLE, a feature each week, is conceded to be one of the really important literary departments appearing in American periodicals.

NEW PRIZE CONTESTS will be announced from time to time. Substantial cash prizes will be awarded to writers of winning letters.

By signing the coupon to-day and mailing it to us with your remittance you will receive one of the biggest and most useful and refreshing dollar's worth of reading ever offered.

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Please enter my subscription for the next 13 numbers of The Outlook, beginning with the June 7 issue. I enclose \$1.

Name _____

Address _____

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The Outlook

MAY 31, 1922

THE GENOA CONFERENCE ENDS

EITHER diplomacy is getting blunter or the blunt things that diplomats used to say to one another in secret are now being sent over the wires or through the ether. At Genoa there have been some frank speeches. Perhaps one reason why some observers are despondent about conditions in Europe is that they interpret this frankness as a symptom of international explosiveness. Those same observers would possibly have been more despondent if they had known of the explosiveness that existed in other days when frankness was not so common. When a safety-valve goes off, it may sound terrifying, but it is not deplored by the man who knows something of steam pressure.

Among the frankest speeches at Genoa was one made the other day by M. Colrat, of the French delegation, in reply to the Bolshevik delegate Tchitcherin's objection to the absence of Russia from the committee which deals with labor problems. M. Colrat said: "We felt that the Russians came so rarely to the meetings that they were unqualified to share in the discussions. The head of the Russian delegation is little justified, considering the present economic conditions of his country, in giving lessons to other countries." That is a sensitive point, not merely for Russia, but for some of the other nations which have met at Genoa.

Equally frank and very much to the point was the homely and direct scolding Mr. Lloyd George gave Russia in his speech at the final plenary session. He was optimistic to the extent that he thought that "the mixing of nations at Genoa had brought the Russian problem from the stage of jungle prejudice swarming with wild suspicions, to the cold, calm, and expert examination with which it will be treated at The Hague." Extremely plain-spoken was Mr. Lloyd George's comment on the Russian attitude as to finance. He said:

First, if a man sells goods to another he has a strong prejudice in favor of payment for them. Second, if he lends money he has a strong prejudice in favor of repayment. And, third, if he lends money and his debtor comes to him asking more the creditor will ask about the first loan, and if the debtor replies that it is against his principles to pay his debts he is sure to come against a preju-

dice deep rooted in the foundations of Western civilization.

The adjournment of the Conference on May 19 has caused some relief. The Conference during its sessions has perhaps revealed more clearly than ever before divergencies in policy between great nations. It has given the Russian Bolsheviks a new lease of life. It has occasioned in many minds new fears for the future. But it has at least not brought about new conflicts. Its chief fruit is a temporary agreement for non-aggression in Europe and the reports of its various commissions, which may provide facts on which future action can be taken.

TURKISH ATROCITIES

BRIEF Associated Press despatches from Paris and London state that the French Government has accepted the invitation of the British Government to join in an official investigation of the alleged Turkish atrocities upon the Armenians. It is also reported in the same despatches that the British Government has invited, or proposes to invite, other Allied Governments and the Government of the United States to join in the investigation. Whether the United States and other Allied Governments accept the invitation or not, the British Government will send a special commissioner to Asia Minor. Thus we are assured that the long agitation against Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor, which has been reported from time to time in *The Outlook*, has produced results. France and Great Britain have taken action and hope that the American Government will join in this action. Unimpeachable evidence has been published from time to time in the newspapers of Europe and America and has come to us in private letters that Turkish officials in the Near East have persisted in the treatment of subject peoples which has given Turkey an unsavory reputation in the civilized world for more than half a century. It is said in defense of Turkey that some of the most engaging gentlemen of modern times are found among the educated Turks. If this is so, such Turkish gentlemen and citizens should do everything they can to co-operate with an official investigation in order to remove the stigma from their national name.

Whether it is possible for the Allied Governments or for the American Government to put a stop by force to atrocious government on the part of the Turks is another question. But, at all events, the civilized world is entitled to know the facts. The step which Great Britain has taken and in which France is going to co-operate is a testimony to the value of persistent protest on the part of private citizens against international wrong-doing.

THE COAL LABOR WAR

THERE are few, if any, signs of peace by negotiation in the dual coal war.

The anthracite miners and operators have bargained with one another through sub-committees, but seem to disagree as badly as ever. This branch of the industry has at least carried out the agreement to negotiate for renewal and possible revision of contracts. The anthracite situation just now is that the operators have offered and the workers have refused a plan of agreement. Briefly, the operators propose a reduction of contract rates of 18 per cent below the rates fixed by the Anthracite Coal Commission in 1920, with day rates of men, boys, and laborers in proportion. Their argument is that the 1920 rates gave the miners earnings in excess of the cost of living at that time, and the cost of living has now been reduced by over 24 per cent—in view of which the miners' request for an increase is, say the operators, absurd.

The proposal of the anthracite operators also includes a commission to meet on March 1 each year if a joint committee of mine workers and operators have not agreed in February on a wage rate for the year. This joint commission should determine the proper wage rate. This commission should consist of five men to be appointed by the Presiding Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals from the Third Judicial Circuit. Its membership of five should consist of a mining engineer and geologist not connected with coal mining; an economist of established reputation; a judge of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania; a man representative of the labor movement in the anthracite field; and a man who has had to do with the mining and selling

of anthracite. The commission should have to do with the wage-rate question only; other relations to be covered by a five years' contract.

The anthracite miners have refused this proposal, chiefly on the ground that they consider that it would deprive the unions of the power and right to bargain collectively or to strike for needed improvements. Precisely why it should do so does not appear clearly in such statements as we have seen.

In the bituminous field the most important development has been Secretary Hoover's urgent request to the operators to make profiteering and high prices for coal during the strike impossible. Secretary Hoover is reported to have told the operators that "the coal industry would either govern itself or the Government would govern it." He made it perfectly clear that he did not desire to see the Government interfering in private business, but that the public interest must be cared for.

The operators to whom Mr. Hoover spoke accepted in principle the idea that a voluntary and temporary agreement for a sort of clearing-house committee in each coal district should be adopted. Each of these committees would have the duty of seeing that coal is distributed fairly to the industries that need it and that prices should not be allowed to get out of control even if that result should require certain restraint on the fixing of prices. It is hoped that the plan will be accepted by the many hundreds of bituminous operators when it is placed before them.

REGULATING THE INVESTMENTS OF INSURANCE COMPANIES

THE housing situation of the great cities of the country, especially New York City, has led some undoubtedly well-meaning persons to say that the funds collected in trust by the great insurance companies should be used (if necessary under legislative compulsion) to build homes for the people. It is quite proper that the lawmaking power should carefully regulate the financial operations of insurance companies, savings banks, trust companies, and other similar institutions, for such institutions are trustees for the people, and they should be inspected and regulated by law like trustees under a will. They should be told and are told—at least insurance companies and savings banks are told—that they may invest the funds intrusted to their charge only in certain kinds of securities and financial operations. But this is as far as the legislature should go. If the legislature attempts to say to an insurance company or a savings bank, "You must put

so much of your trust funds in this kind of a security and so much in that kind of a security," the legislature then supplants the trustees in these public institutions and becomes sole trustee itself. It is not the function of the legislature to determine the details of such investments. No legislature has the time or capacity for such work. Its function should be regulatory and investigatory simply. Under a mistaken agitation which has been carried on in New York City during the past several months, the New York Legislature has passed what on the face of it appears to be a permissive act but is really in its moral effect a mandatory act compelling one of the great insurance companies to put a very large sum of money into the building of houses and apartments. This particular law may not be bad in itself, but it opens the door to very pernicious legislation.

The insurance companies and savings banks have been very reluctant to protest because of the fear that such a protest would be regarded by the public, which is not always very careful in its inferences, as a protest against regulation. We are therefore very glad that the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, a State official, introduced in a recent meeting of Insurance Commissioners of the United States a resolution, which was apparently passed with unanimity, condemning the tendency in "several States during the past year" which "have contemplated legislation whereby insurance companies or certain classes of insurance companies would be required to invest certain proportions of their assets in designated forms of investment or in securities and investments having their location or origin in such States." The general ground upon which Commissioner Hobbs's protest is based is as follows:

Be it resolved that the convention record itself as of the opinion that the soundness and efficiency of insurance companies and the prompt payment of their obligations is of paramount importance to the community wherein they make insurance upon property and lives and that the legislatures of the several States should aim at maintaining that soundness and efficiency rather than seek to divert their funds to uses inconsistent therewith.

The function of a mutual insurance company is to receive the premiums of its policy-holders and so invest them that it not only can pay the face of the policy when due but can, in addition, pay a dividend upon the premiums themselves. The function of the savings bank is to receive the deposits of its clients and so invest them that they can be paid back when called for, with an appro-

priate dividend. To perform these functions requires the most careful, well-trained, and constant devotion to honest and efficient finance and industrial development. This kind of knowledge can be attained only by men who are in constant touch with the work; and a legislator cannot give this constant attention. He can only say to the trustees of insurance companies and savings banks: "You must be honest and open; your investments when inspected must prove to be sound; and you must not use the funds of your beneficiaries in speculative purposes; therefore, there are certain classes of investments to which we limit you, but within those classes you are to use your own best judgment as to the character, the amount, and the location of the investment."

ORGANIZED BUSINESS GOES TO SCHOOL

ORGANIZED business has become interested in everything that promotes the well-being of the community, for it now recognizes that it can prosper only as the community prospers. This is why Chambers of Commerce are becoming educational institutions serving for the exchange and promotion of ideas for the benefit of the community as a whole.

This trend was never better illustrated than at the tenth annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, held in Washington, May 15-18. From its platform thousands of business men hailing from every State in the Union listened to discussions of the vital questions of the times from the lips of such men as President Harding; Secretaries Hughes and Hoover; A. D. Lasker, of the Shipping Board; Dwight W. Morrow, of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Mr. Howard, the head of the Federation of Farm Bureaus; and many manufacturers, merchants, and labor leaders. While the main themes were foreign affairs and their relation to American business and an American merchant marine, many technical and civic questions relating to housing, manufacturing, merchandising, immigration, etc., were analyzed and discussed. All these problems were approached from the various points of view of representative bankers, merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and labor.

If one may judge the temper of American business thus represented by its leaders and expressed by their applause, it strongly approves of the views of President Harding and his advisers regarding the necessity of basing international action upon a code of practice which demands respect for obligations, contracts, and the inviolability of pri-

YOU CANNOT MAKE GROSS SINS LOOK CLEAR

(Timon of Athens, Act III, Scene 5)

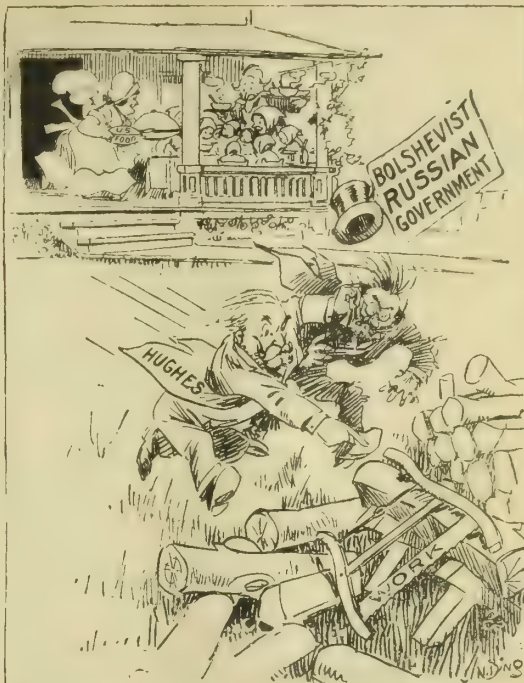
Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH VIEW-POINTS

From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, Ohio

Darling in the Buffalo Evening News



MR. HUGHES DOESN'T BELIEVE MUCH IN FAITH WITHOUT WORKS

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

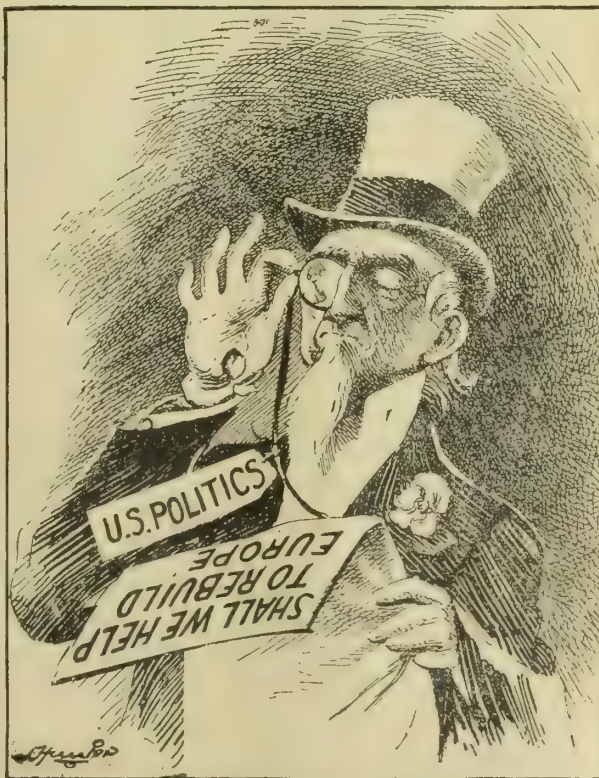
Gale in the Los Angeles Times



A FINE PLACE NOT TO BE

From Lula D. Wadsworth, Maplewood, N. J.

Hunter in the Toronto Globe



QUITE UNABLE TO SEE IT

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

vate property rights. Both Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover emphasized this. President Harding, amid applause, urged the promotion of the exercise of conscience in business. This was amplified by Secretary Hughes, who pointed out that protection of American interests abroad "involved a certain measure of reciprocity" in the relations of the Department of State and business men. "This Government is not engaged in endeavoring to promote the opportunities of chicanery," he said. "Business interests in their dealings abroad are under a patriotic obligation to maintain the prestige of their country."

The delegates were keenly interested in the growth of the practical service which the Department of Commerce is rendering to American business. The Chamber went on record as advocating "an adequate privately owned and privately operated merchant marine under the American flag" receiving Government aid. It urged American representation on the Reparation Commission, and an International Court of Justice; the formulation of a plan for settling the claims of the United States and its citizens against the Governments of Germany, Austria, and Hungary and their nationals; that the basic railway law be continued; that the Army and Navy personnel remain adequate for National defense; and that passport requirements and other red tape in connection with international travel be abolished as soon as possible. In his address Secretary Hughes approved of reduction of passport restrictions and said that the present receipts of the Department of State, or Department for Peace, as he styled it, from viséing passports and other sources had made his Department a money-making institution, as receipts were more than a million in excess of expenses. He argued for a better-paid foreign service as one of the means of promoting business.

The meeting might be called a great business university.

THE SHOE MACHINERY CASE AND THE CODE OF INDUSTRY

AMONG the decisions of the United States Supreme Court that have determined fundamental principles of industrial practice and have built up a code of industrial rights is the recent decision in the case of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation. In particular, this decision makes more definite the bounds of what the law declares to be forbidden monopoly. It comes, therefore, in a direct line of succession to those decisions reaching backward into the distant past, by which the law both

in this country and in England has undertaken to protect society against economic tyranny. Not all monopolies are illegal. Patent rights, for example, are virtually forms of monopoly which the law recognizes in order to encourage invention by assuring inventors undisturbed enjoyment of approximately just reward for their service. It is the adjustment between public rights and private rights that has created the problem in this case.

By virtue of its ownership of patents, the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, which the Supreme Court calls for brevity's sake the United Company, controls ninety-five per cent of the business of supplying shoe factories in the United States with the machinery for use. Instead of selling that machinery, the United Company has followed the practice of leasing it. It supplies machines of excellent quality; installs them; gives instructions to operators as to their use, and furnishes its machines to manufacturers with promptness, keeping them in repair, and, when necessary, replacing them. In leasing these machines the United Company has been in the habit of laying down conditions which the manufacturers are required to observe.

In a suit under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law the Government failed to secure the dissolution of the company or any injunction against the leases.

Later, however, a new law was placed upon the statute-books, known as the Clayton Act. This law forbids persons engaged in inter-State commerce to lease machinery, whether that machinery is patented or not, on the condition that the lessee shall not use or deal in the machinery or other commodities of a competitor of the lessor, where the effect of such leases would substantially lessen competition.

It is under the Clayton Act that the Supreme Court has now found these leases illegal. For example, one of these leases provides that the machinery shall not be used upon shoes upon which certain other machines of the company have not performed operations; and another clause provides that the lessee shall purchase supplies from the lessor. The effect of such leases makes it practically impossible for a factory to get necessary machines from the United Company if it uses machines of competing companies. The lower Court (the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Missouri) decided against the United Company, and enjoined the use of such clauses in these leases, and the United States Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of that district

Court, and made these leases finally and irrevocably illegal.

PATENT RIGHTS, AND MONOPOLIES CONTRARY TO THE CONSTITUTION

THE Supreme Court points out that the right secured by patentees does not give them the liberty to lease machines upon conditions prohibited by a valid law of the United States. It is true patentees have the right to restrain others from using their inventions, but do not have the liberty to impose conditions which are contrary to a Constitutional law.

It was argued by the United Company that Congress had not the Constitutional power to put this limitation upon the use of these patents because by doing so it would take away from the patentees without due process of law rights which they had. The Court answered, however, that from early decisions the patent right has consisted only in the right to exclude others from making, using, or vending the thing patented without the permission of the patentee, and that it gives the patentee no more than the exclusive right to make, use, and sell the invention. It does not destroy the right of the States to exercise their police power or the authority of Congress over matters within its Constitutional power. Congress has a right to deny the protection of patent rights to such covenants as come within the terms of the Clayton Act. It is argued that alternate forms of leases were offered by the United Company to the lessees, and that these leases under litigation have been chosen by the lessees instead; but the Court answers that this does not justify the use of the illegal leases that were before the Court.

There seems to be no charge that these leases were used oppressively. What the Court objects to is the fact that these leases gave the company power to act oppressively.

It seems to us that this is an instance in which the Supreme Court has proved its skill to guide law with safety through the tortuous channel of modern industry in such a fashion as to avoid, on the one hand, the rock of interference of private rights, and, on the other hand, the rock of arbitrary monopoly. Of course it is not the business of the Court to decide whether the law is wise or not; but, as case after case has shown, the Supreme Court, in determining what the law actually is, has had to exercise a discrimination between the law as mere words and the law as a living organism. In this case it seems to us that the Court has exercised that discrimination, and

has discerned the truth that men in their relations with one another must be governed, not only by the statute, but also by the rule of reason.

A COMMENDABLE JUNKET

A TEMPEST in a teapot has been stirred up in the United States Senate over the proposal of Mr. Denby, Secretary of the Navy, to take the surviving twenty-seven members of the Naval Academy class of 1881 to Japan on a transport in order to hold a reunion of the class in Japan at the invitation of Admiral Uriu, of the Japanese navy, who is a member of the class. Mr. Weeks, Secretary of War, is also a member of the class. The plan has been made by Secretary Denby, with the approval of President Harding, who believes that the acceptance of this invitation from Japan to this kind of an international reunion will be a contribution towards the growing friendship of the two countries and their mutual understanding.

Senator McCormick, for some reason which he has not made plain, introduced a resolution in the Senate protesting against the use of a naval transport and saying that the members of the class ought to go on a merchant vessel. His objection is evidently not based on the matter of expense, because we understand that he is ready to make an appropriation to carry the class to Japan on a merchant vessel. We hope the President and the Secretary of the Navy will ignore the resolution and will carry out their plan of taking these twenty-seven present and former members of the Navy on a Navy transport. It seems that there is a transport going to Japan on Government business, and that the reunionists can quite easily and properly be taken along. We only wish that they could go on one of our very best battleships instead of a transport. We can think of no better way of spending naval money than by sending a battleship on such a friendly and peaceful mission to the Japanese people.

A BEAUTIFUL MONSTER

IN his remarks before a large party of invited guests gathered at a luncheon on the Majestic in honor of her first voyage to America, Mr. P. A. S. Franklin, President of the International Mercantile Marine Company, jokingly said that he had been strictly enjoined by his publicity manager never to mention the Majestic by name without adding, "The world's largest ship." The new White Star ship is certainly that, for she is 956 feet long and her gross tonnage is 56,000, which is 2,000 tons in



(C) Kadel & Herbert

THE MAJESTIC, THE LARGEST TRANSATLANTIC LINER, ARRIVING AT HER DOCK IN NEW YORK CITY

excess of the Leviathan—a name which we are glad to know is not to be changed because of President Harding's good taste and good sense.

Some other superlatives might well be applied to the Majestic as well as "big;" she carries comfort over into the domain of extreme luxury; her public rooms are more spacious than even those of her young sister the Homeric; she consumes eight hundred tons of oil a day in her twelvescore furnaces; she has the power of a hundred thousand horses; she has nine steel decks, elevators, an extensive swimming-pool, and is surpassed by none of her big rivals in decorative art. Moreover, her first voyage, in which no special effort was made for speed, averaged nearly 23 knots per hour and at times exceeded 25½ knots, from which her admirers are beginning to predict that her speed may come to equal her bigness and her luxury. They even speculate as to the possibility of her wresting the transatlantic time record from the Cunarder Mauretania, which has long been in the speed supremacy and in one run from Daunt's Rock Lightship to Sandy Hook maintained an average speed of 26.06 knots for four days ten hours and forty-one minutes.

Seagoers and sailors are inclined to prefer the fine lines of the old time and smaller ocean-goer to those of the new giants; even the Majestic's captain, Sir Bertram Hayes, at the luncheon already referred to, dropped a side remark of that kind in his speech accepting congratulations on his first voyage and his fine ship. But, if less delicate of line, the new big fellows (if one may call a ship a fellow) assuredly have massiveness and impressiveness, and their very bigness adds to their possibilities of pleasure-giving. There is always room for two classes of steamships to suit two classes of travelers—those who want the last word in hotel-like luxury and pay for it, and those who want comfort at moderate cost. This year's bookings to

Europe from America have been taken up eagerly by both classes of travelers. There has been no indication in this direction of hard times or bad business.

FIRST PURE. THEN PURIFIED

BEHIND the pasteurization of milk in New York City, described by Mr. Rogers elsewhere in this issue, there is, as Mr. Rogers implies, a story which he does not tell.

The condition under which the milk used by little children as well as adults in the metropolis was produced, transported, and distributed twenty years ago would not be tolerated to-day. Little or no supervision was given by the city authorities, or by any one else acting on behalf of the public, to the conditions on the farms which produced the milk. The cows on a farm might be diseased, the stable might be filthy, the handling of the milk might be careless. There was very little control of the methods of transportation. Some of the milk which came from sources forty hours distant—some of it, in fact, came from as far away as Canada—might be allowed to remain during much of its journey in a temperature in which harmful germs would flourish. When the milk reached the city, it was distributed by methods which often not only permitted the germs in it to develop but made it inevitable that it would be tainted by new impurities.

Under such conditions, the little child which depended for its food upon this milk was helpless against daily peril, and adults were without means of knowing whether the milk supply they were giving to their children and using for themselves was a food or a poison.

As a consequence of the efforts of public-spirited citizens there was formed, under the auspices of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, in 1907 what was known

as the New York Milk Committee. The members of this Committee were all volunteers, serving without remuneration. Of this Committee at that time Mr. George W. Wickersham, later Attorney-General of the United States, was chairman. It was my good fortune to be permitted to serve as one of the members of the Committee.

Great pressure was brought upon that Committee to have it advocate as a policy the pasteurization of the city's milk supply. It was shown beyond reasonable doubt that such pasteurization would destroy the injurious effects of the impurities in the milk, and those who were impressed by the results of Mr. Nathan Straus's noble philanthropy which provided milk stations where mothers could get pasteurized milk for their babies were puzzled because the Committee did not at once agitate for municipal pasteurization. There was of course an element in the city which was ready to obstruct any reform on the grounds of expense, but that element had little effective influence in retarding measures for improving the city's milk supply. The reason why the Committee did not at first urge pasteurization was that if a dirty supply were pasteurized the city would acquire a sense of security that would make it seem unnecessary to have the supply made clean. The time for pasteurization was not to arrive until the city exercised its authority to insist that its milk supply should first be protected against dirt and germs. So the Committee set itself to work to develop methods for cleaning up.

In this early process of educating public opinion and the civic authorities to the need of inspection and control of the milk supply for insuring its cleanliness from start to finish no one gave more practical services than Mr. Loton Horton. As Mr. Rogers says, Mr. Horton has done service in working out a practicable method of commercial pasteurization, but we hope that his service during those earlier days in seeing that the milk which he now pasteurizes should come to the city clean will not be overlooked or forgotten.

There may be farmers to-day who represent the city's assumption of power to tell them how to care for their cows, how to milk them, and how to handle the milk; but the intelligent farmer to-day recognizes that because of the city's supervision the dairy business is on a basis of stability that it could never otherwise have obtained.

To-day the whole milk supply of New York City even before it is pasteurized is a more healthful food than any city's milk supply was a generation ago. This is because there were men who believed

that dirty milk was unfit food, whether pasteurized or not.

The New York City mother who gives what is known as Grade B Pasteurized Milk to her child can feel safer than even the farm wife who gives to her child the milk from the farm's own cows. Because of the regulations enforced by the municipal authorities, New York City milk has a known proportion of butter fat, it is as clean as it is humanly possible for a milk supply to be, and whatever enemy has found lodgment in it has been rendered harmless. It is to-day, in spite of the cost of production, inspection, selection, and purification, not only one of the most wholesome and well-balanced of foods, but one of the cheapest as well.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

THE nomination by direct primary of Gifford Pinchot as Republican candidate for the Governorship of Pennsylvania recalls the interesting and dramatic days of the Progressive party, of which Theodore Roosevelt was the founder and the leader. The contest in Pennsylvania was one between the Independents or Progressives with Mr. Pinchot as their candidate and the Republican organization with the Attorney-General of the State, Mr. George E. Alter, as their candidate. The organization was so strong in Philadelphia and in Pittsburgh that it believed it could overcome any majority for Mr. Pinchot



(C) GoldenSky, from Keystone
GIFFORD PINCHOT

in the rural districts. But William Flinn, the old organization war horse and Republican boss in Pittsburgh, who followed Theodore Roosevelt out of the Republican party and into the Progressive party, so successfully supported Mr. Pinchot that the supposed majority for the regular organization was cut down in Pittsburgh and Allegheny County by a surprising amount.

Mr. Pinchot's nomination assures his election, and means that under his administration the government of Pennsylvania will be carried on in accordance with standards of honor and integrity. The partnership in this extraordinary primary campaign between Gifford Pinchot and William Flinn is an illustration of loyalty and the possibilities of a union of practical politics with high idealism which has for those who know the two men an element of romanticism.

Gifford Pinchot is the founder and the personification of the conservation movement in the United States. He was graduated from Yale in 1889; went abroad and studied forestry in Europe; and, coming back, began the first scientific forestry work ever undertaken in this country on the great estate of Biltmore, in North Carolina. He entered the Department of the Interior in 1897 under the McKinley Administration, and in 1901, under President Roosevelt, was made Chief of the Bureau of Forestry. In his autobiography Mr. Roosevelt states that he had become interested in forestry while Governor and that he even then corresponded on the subject with Mr. Pinchot. When Mr. Roosevelt became President, Mr. Pinchot laid before him the plans for a great National conservation movement, which Mr. Roosevelt took up with his characteristic enthusiasm. The conservation movement meant not merely the saving of our National Forests, but the conserving of all kinds of National efficiency, including the material and moral man and woman power of the country. It is this conservation in its broadest sense which Mr. Pinchot represents. He is not interested merely in trees, but in the farmers, the farm women, the farm children, and the little red schoolhouses of the country.

He has been in so many lively political and administrative controversies and conflicts during his official life that a good many people have a wrong idea of his pugnacity. As a matter of fact, when he thinks it is his duty to do a thing he does it no matter what friendships may be broken nor what feelings may be hurt. But personally he is one of the sweetest-tempered, most friendly, most sympathetic, and most unassuming of men. He combines in rather an unusual fashion some of the qualities of St. Francis of Assisi and Richard Cœur

de Lion. It is just possible that he will have a harder time with Pennsylvania than Pennsylvania will have with him, because his standards and abilities are so high that it is difficult sometimes for him to be patient with the defects and lack of energy in the average man and woman. But he is certainly not going to be an unpractical idealist as Governor of Pennsylvania, for he has had long administrative experience and has shown great administrative capacity.

It is a fine thing for Pennsylvania and the country, to say nothing of the Republican party, that the Republicans of Pennsylvania have chosen such a man to be their standard-bearer.

IS THERE NO PROTECTION?

WHEN the United States Supreme Court decided, as we reported last week, that the Federal Child Labor Law was unconstitutional, it decided something more than the question of child labor.

Perhaps, in the light of its previous decisions, the present decision was inevitable. A former law had excluded from inter-State commerce goods made in factories employing children contrary to provisions embodied in the law. This the United States Supreme Court declared to be invalid, because not within the Constitutional powers of Congress. Then the framers of that law decided to undertake to employ the taxing powers of Congress to the same end, and therefore drafted a measure which laid a tax upon such goods as the former law had declared non-transportable. As the layman understands it, it is on the ground that this attempt to use the taxing power is but a subterfuge to prevent child labor, and that the business of regulating or preventing child labor is not within the province of the Federal Congress, but is reserved to the States, that the Supreme Court, speaking with the voice of Chief Justice Taft, has rendered this law void also. It is reasonable, it seems to us, and we think it will seem to most people, to conclude that if Congress has no power to exclude child-made goods from inter-State commerce it has no power to put the burden of a tax upon them. The power to tax is power to destroy, and if destruction by direct prohibition is unconstitutional, destruction by taxation would seem to be unconstitutional likewise.

If this was only a question of child saving, the problem left by the decision of the Supreme Court would not seem to be insoluble. We must recognize that there are certain things which the Nation as a nation cannot do. Among the

dearest of human rights, there are many, including the right to life itself, which under ordinary circumstances are entrusted to the protection, not of the Nation, but of the States. The fact that the right to childhood is a precious right does not necessarily mean that it must be safeguarded by the laws of the Nation.

There is, however, a right which under this decision of the Supreme Court seems not to be safeguarded.

South Carolina, let us suppose, has an enlightened child labor law. The fact that it has not such a law does not interfere with our supposing that it has. It may have some day, and we hope it will; and when it does it will find itself in this case. The result of that law is that the cost of labor in its manufactures is higher in South Carolina than it is in the neighboring State, let us say, of Georgia. What can South Carolina do? If it were a fully sovereign nation, it could protect itself against the unfair competition of Georgia by levying a tariff to cover the difference in cost of production. By the Constitution, however, it is prohibited from doing that. So South Carolina appeals to the Federal Government and says: "You forbid me to protect myself; therefore I appeal for protection to you. Forbid the goods of Georgia, made cheap by child labor, to go across my frontier, or else put a tax upon them that will do what I would do by a protective tariff." And now the Supreme Court says: "No. You cannot protect yourself, and you cannot be protected by Congress. You have to pay the penalty for having been enlightened. You have to suffer because you choose to safeguard children's rights. The privilege of enacting child labor legislation is reserved to the States, and it is to be exercised by them at their industrial peril."

It is the theory of the law that for every wrong there is a remedy. What is the remedy for this wrong? We wish some Constitutional authority, who could speak with the same assurance that the Supreme Court has spoken, would tell us what it is.

PAINTINGS AND PEOPLE

THERE are a great many excellent paintings in the world. There are also a great many excellent people. The two ought to become better acquainted.

At the present time many of the pictures hang unseen in artists' studios or are stacked in piles awaiting those hopeful moments when they are inserted one after another in the artist's best exhibition frame, on the great easel

in the corner of his studio. Only too often, as artists know, the procession of pictures marches back to its stack again without any break in its ranks. The studio visitor may have greatly desired to love, honor, and cherish one of the briefly glimpsed pictures. But there are certain formalities in this material world which must be attended to before such a consummation can be realized. The most important element in these formalities consists in the passing of a check from the observer of art to the creator thereof. But checks do not grow on bushes, nor are there trees, in this climate at least, which fruit with three-square-meals-a-day. Both of these facts add greatly to the difficulties of the would-be consumer and the producer of art. There are many more people who like paintings than have the money to buy them.

So far as we know, one of The Outlook's friends has pioneered in an effort to solve this problem—a problem which possibly dates back to the days of Phidias. Not long since an artist of his acquaintance dropped in for an evening's chat. They started discussing the market for pictures, and our friend took the artist to task for his lack of business acumen.

"The trouble with you artists," he said, "is that you are a lot of misers. You are like men who hoard their money in an old sock stuffed away in the eaves. You ought to make your capital productive. Now take your own case. You have twenty or thirty pictures piled up in your studio, and I'll wager you won't sell more than three or four during the coming year. Why don't you rent the things and let them bring you in an income instead of doing nothing but collecting A1 samples of New York dust?"

"That's a grand idea," said the artist, "but who would we rent them to?" Lest the eagle eyes of The Outlook's proof-readers modify the foregoing sentence by adding an "m" to who, the editors of The Outlook wish to state that the artist did use the nominative form and, in the interests of that strict accuracy for which we hope we are famous, the "m" must remain mute. The artist of whom we are speaking generally, we believe, uses correct grammar, but we should recollect that his excitement at his friend's proposition was doubtless intense. This moot question being settled, let us return to the friend.

"I will," said the friend, with all the responsiveness of one of the chief participants in the story of cock-robin. "I will. Send me down that painting I looked at yesterday and I'll give you six per cent of your asking price for the privilege of hanging it on my walls for

a year. I'll insure it, and if I like it after living with it I may buy it when the year is through. Or I may rent another picture from you when the year is up. Whichever I do, you will be earning six per cent on your investment of brains, and that is more than some people get out of the stock market."

The idea seems to have possibilities. At the rate which this story suggests, a man might have a very well known picture in his house for a year for less than the upkeep cost of an automobile. He

might have an illustrious painting in his house for the week-end for a comparatively small sum. On such an occasion he might issue cards to his friends announcing that—

*Mr. John K. Jones
will receive at his home
on the
second Thursday in June*

and in the lower left-hand corner of these cards of invitation have inscribed—

To meet Sir Joshua Reynolds

Such an invitation would of course involve the co-operation of art dealers, who, we have noticed, are not averse to earning an honest penny. But perhaps the plan is most applicable to modern art. It would put the best of to-day's paintings in reach, at least, of the comfortably well-to-do, and the leaders in the second flight within the reach of almost any one who owns a Ford. As Henry knows, this would include a large majority of the population of the United States.

A CITY STREET

BY HARRY LEE

I
THAT there were trees
In Orchard Street,
Song birds upon the bough,
Blue violets among the grass,
Seems past believing now.

II
But even so in Orchard Street
They know that May has come—
By window-sill and crowded stoop
Bee-like, the voices hum.

V
And fluttering hosts of children there,
Fragile and pale and sweet—
Ah, beauty finds a fadeless May
In barren Orchard Street!

III
A flower wagon trundles by,
A hurdy-gurdy plays,
And beauty comes to spirits there
In many mystic ways.

IV
For there are dreams in Orchard Street
And cooling winds and rain—
And love and pity and the peace
That follows after pain.

A PILGRIM IN THE ANTHRACITE REGION

BY HARRY HIBSCHMAN, LL. D.

IT was the morning set for the beginning of the coal strike, and I was sharing a seat in the stuffy smoking-car with a salesman traveling for a shoe concern. As the train twisted around through the mountains, following an inky stream, with here and there a pond of black slime and everywhere huge banks of culm, he complained of the timidity of the merchants and the slimness of his orders; and, typical of his kind, he needed only a listener to swing into an airing of his views regarding the strike.

"See those black piles out there," he said, bitterly; "that stuff's been lying there for twenty years or more, but they are washing it over and mixing it with the good coal, so that for every ton of coal I buy in Philadelphia I get ten per cent of that dirt and slate. But what can you do about it? There's only one place to get hard coal, and you take what you can get and pay the price."

"Whom do the merchants sympathize

with? Why, the miners, of course. They know the truth about the business. They know what kind of life the miner leads; they know that he only works three or four days a week; they know that his wages are only a small part of the price of coal; and they know the operators. I haven't a customer who doesn't want the miners to win."

A few hours later I sat in a barber's chair. One question was enough to start him going.

"Do I know anything about the strike? Well, I guess, yes. My father-in-law's an engineer at one of the mines. He's worked there fifteen years; and I was raised right here myself. Say, man, I know this mix-up from the surface to the deepest workings. And the miners are getting all the dirt in the deal. The contractor makes good money sometimes, and when the bosses give out the figures it looks big. But they don't tell about the many who make much less.

And they don't tell about the danger, neither. For the contractor's work is robbin'—removin' the pillars; and, you take it from me, that's chancy work. He has to pay his helpers whether he makes it or not. He takes the risk and deserves to make something.

"How much? Oh, a laborer gets about four seventy-five a day underground and about four fifteen above ground. But they only average about four days a week. You can't bring up a family on that; and lots of them get along only because they have daughters in the factories. For instance, my wife's sister snakes home an average of eighteen dollars a week. Her folks don't need it like some of the rest, but many couldn't get along without it.

"More expensive to mine now! Who says so? Why, just think a moment. They used to run their cars with mule power, and one mule hauled at most two three-ton wagons. But now an electric motor pulls fifteen to eighteen

loaded cars or perhaps twenty-five empties; and just imagine how much faster they go! More expensive! That's sure the bunk."

I called on a banker next. After discussing other things, I asked, as if but casually interested, "By the way, what is the right or wrong of this strike?"

"The same story as everywhere else," he answered promptly and with the utmost assurance. "Labor, spoiled during the war, is trying to hold up the owners and the public, which always pays the bill."

"But what about the claim of forced idleness and consequent low yearly average?" I inquired.

"It isn't true here," was the answer. "During the last five or six years work in this section has been comparatively steady. The men have had about all the employment they wanted. You must bear in mind that they take many more holidays than most of us. They have all sorts of church holidays in addition to the others. For instance, they never work on Monday after Easter. And today they wouldn't have worked even if there had been no strike. They would have observed it as the day on which the eight-hour day went into effect in the mines. And so it goes. They have averaged at least five days a week in this district. That's five eight-hour days. Now they are asking five six-hour days for the whole industry at the same pay."

"As to what they are earning," he continued, "I'm in a position to know something about that. And I tell you they are doing well. If you doubt it, look around on the street to-morrow at church time, and you'll see the same clothes you would on Fifth Avenue or on Chestnut Street. The contract miner's checks are hardly ever under eighty dollars for two weeks, and they are often as high as a hundred and fifty. An outside laborer gets about five dollars. Underground he gets about six. And that's the minimum. Every one else gets from that on up; and seven and a half to ten dollars is more nearly right for loaders and others."

"The worst feature of the business is that the miners are insisting on dealing with the coal industry as a whole. Not only is there a great difference between the anthracite and the bituminous industries, but there are marked differences in different sections of the anthracite regions. These should be considered in fixing wages and conditions of work. It is not for the interest of the general consuming public to have the whole industry administered and regulated on one common basis. Under that system the public pays according to the cost of production in the poorer and more expensive mines and gets service according to the standard of the least efficient workmen."

"Another thing to be remembered is that it is as much to the benefit of the operators as it is to that of the men not



"SEE THOSE BLACK PILES OUT THERE! THEY ARE WASHING THAT STUFF OVER AND MIXING IT WITH GOOD COAL, SO THAT FOR EVERY TON OF COAL I BUY I GET TEN PER CENT OF THAT DIRT AND SLATE!"

to have the mines idle, for the pumps must be kept going just the same, and the workings must be kept cleared and in a condition of safety. About twenty tons of water must be handled for every ton of coal even when operating. That water is there just the same to be pumped on days when no coal is mined. All that goes into the price of coal. And the operators are not making an unreasonable profit."

From the bank I went to the office of one of the leading lawyers, making the excuse that I wanted to use his library, being myself a limb of the law. After I had been digging around a while, he sat down with me and of his own volition brought up the subject of the strike. When I quoted the banker, he laughed and commented:

"Well, we would hardly call him a disinterested witness, for he owns a lot of stock in one of the non-union districts of West Virginia. Still, there is much truth in what he said. The miners in this section have been making fairly good money and certainly do not need an increase. In fact, I am satisfied they don't expect it, and only asked for it to have something to dicker with. They would accept the old rate quickly enough."

"But it isn't simply a question of good wages according to the general standard. You've got to bear in mind that a miner's life is short. Have you ever had asthma? Well, no man can expect to work in the coal mines twenty years without suffering the tortures of the damned because of the black dust he has to breathe every minute he is on the job. And then there are many other dangers. Perhaps you noticed the cripple half lying on the sidewalk just above this building—a pitiful object, footless, with one hand gone, and half blind.

That's Exhibit No. 1. Walk down to the post office, and you will pass two more. They are victims of the mines, and the risk was their own. They received no compensation. As a lawyer I am rather calloused, I presume; but I tell you that I'm convinced that any man who takes the chances with his life and limbs that the coal miner does, certain at best to shorten his years to an appreciable extent, deserves the highest pay and, in addition, that the industry take care of him when he is no longer able to work."

"One thing that stands to the discredit of the operators, in my opinion," he continued, "is the fact that they shun publicity. If it is a fact, as they claim, that the price of coal is high because of the wages paid, why don't they produce the records? Living right here and engaged in the practice of my profession for many years, I have never seen positive evidence of whether they are making money or losing. But my guess is that they have made enormous profits. If not, why don't they let us see the books?"

On my way to the station I passed a bootblack stand and climbed into the chair. While I sat there some passer-by called the energetic shiner "Tony." So as I paid him, I asked, "What do you think about the strike, Tony?"

There was a twinkle in his eye as he answered, "One damn fina leetla Apreela Fool joke!"

I wot Tony was right. But the lawyer's words implied the real need of the occasion—it is, light in the dark places.

Unless coal property counts more than humanity, unless a part is mightier than the whole, unless the Government is impotent—let Congress get the facts, the truth, and then act.

"AS IT FELL UPON A DAY



Wide World Photos

A MAY DAY LABOR PROCESSION IN LONDON

The picture gives a view of the labor procession along the Thames Embankment, with a huge portrait of Trotsky in the lead and with Communist banners following, indicating the popularity of Socialism and Communism among the labor element in London.

POLICE AUTOMOBILE IN PARIS EQUIPPED WITH A RADIO OUTFIT

The operator is busy at his instrument in the interior of the car, while the antenna may be seen aloft at the back. The view is taken at the rear of Notre Dame Cathedral, which is seen in the background, over the Pont de l'Archevêché.



Isyston

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY"

—Richard Barnfield.

AN IRISH LABOR PROCESSION IN FAVOR OF PEACE

As a protest against factional war, the Irish Labor Party called a national strike in Southern Ireland a few weeks ago. For one day there was a complete stoppage of work. There were no trains, no telegraph or telephone service, and a Dail Eireann meeting that was scheduled for the following day had to be postponed, as the members could not travel. The photograph shows a view of a demonstration in sympathy with the movement against factional fighting marching through O'Connell Street, the principal thoroughfare of Dublin, the Irish capital



Wide World Photos



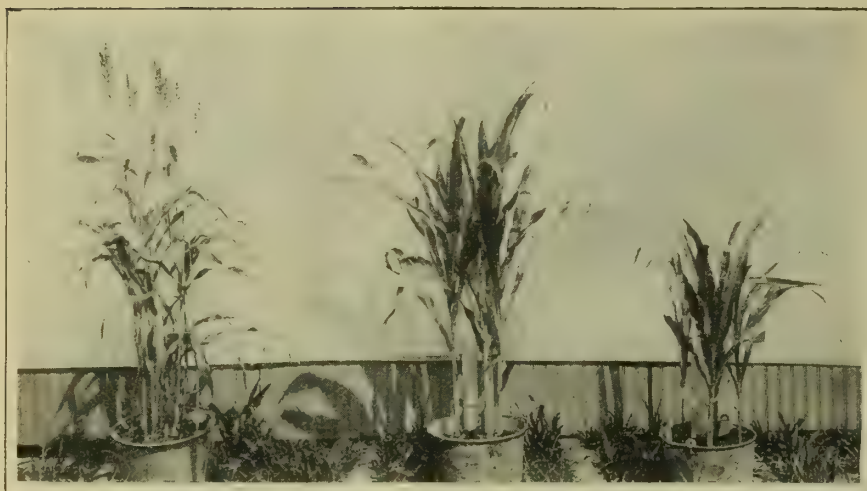
F. & A. Photos

CHICAGO ROUNDS UP GUNMEN IN LABOR WAR

More than two hundred suspects, including labor leaders, were arrested in Chicago following the killing of policemen at the hands of gunmen. The photograph shows a patrol wagon being emptied of its load of suspects at the detective bureau

TEN-HOUR DAYS FOR PLANTS

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS



A TROPICAL SORGHUM

Left to right, exposed to ten-hour day, thirteen-hour day, and full summer day length. Having always been accustomed to short days, this plant not only is prevented from flowering but even growth is greatly checked by the long summer day of our latitude. Note that this plant comes from a very hot region, hence it cannot be the excessive heat of our summer days which interferes with growth

WE have it on the best of authority that we are to know the truth and the truth is to set us free. But it is altogether probable that our idea of what that freedom means is as yet quite as nebulous as our knowledge of the truth itself. The fact is that only within a comparatively short time have we known much about the truth.

A little while ago Watt observed that steam had power to lift the lid of a teakettle, and as a result of his knowledge of the truth to-day we post o'er land and sea with the speed of the wind, in conveyances palatial. Some time later another observer noted the fact that gasoline under compression will explode; and as a result of that man's comprehension of the truth to-day we ramble the earth over in our comfortable motor cars and fly through the air like birds. Then some one else observed that sounds move through the air in waves; and because we knew the truth we are free to-day to talk to one another at great distances through empty space. Now comes another conception of truth; and as a result of that knowledge we are free to have the Christmas poinsettia on our tables in August, to adorn our living-rooms with iris blooms in mid-winter, and to have the finest of spinach in the dead of summer. Assuredly the truth is wonderful; but more wonderful still is the freedom that comes from it.

When we think of all the truth man has discovered concerning agriculture in the past half-century, it seems strange that not until now should he have learned that plants flower and fruit because they receive definite periods of light daily; and that when these periods of illumination are artificially manipulated we are free to have plants in blossom at practically any time we choose,

even though, as in the case of the iris blooming in winter, such a thing has never been known before.

We have long understood the truth that every effect must have a cause. And yet until W. W. Garner and H. A. Allard, physiologists of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, recently began to search for the cause that produced the effect of flowering and fruition in plants we had absolutely no conception of the underlying reason for this reproductive miracle. As Topsy just "grewed," so, in the minds of most of us, this just "happened."

The investigations of these men and their co-workers grew out of their observation that, outside of the tropics, different plants almost invariably flower and fruit only at certain definite seasons of the year. Thus the arbutus blooms in early spring, as do the service-berry, the adder's-tongue, and a thousand other familiar plants, and almost invariably they bloom only in the spring. Comes summer, and with it blow the daisy, the Oswego tea, the day lilies, zinnias, and others. With autumn we find the asters abloom and chrysanthemums and altheas and witch-hazel. And since time began, so far as we know, these plants have always flowered in this order. But why they always flowered in this order we never even guessed until Messrs. Garner and Allard began to probe into the cause.

There are many plants, like our common annuals, that grow for a season and die, root, stock, and branch. Only if they mature seed can these species avoid extermination. It is a natural conclusion, therefore, that the entire activities of such a plant are directed toward this means of propagation, all other growths being but secondary to this means of

propagation. These scientists tell us that this is not so. They tell us that plants merely inherit the capacity to flower and fruit in response to given conditions. And they tell us further that, lacking these conditions, there can be no flowering or fruiting, even though growth should continue indefinitely.

Temperature is not, as most of us would instantly assume, the ruling factor. To be sure, there must be a certain amount of heat before there can be any growth at all; and of course there is a degree of heat beyond which plant life cannot exist. But, aside from these limitations, the matter of heat seems to play little part in plant growth and reproduction. This is shown by the fact that, even when appropriate temperatures are provided out of season, as a rule flowers and fruit fail to appear except in their regular period.

The common iris, which ordinarily flowers in May and June, will not bloom in winter in the greenhouse, even when the temperature of May and June is duplicated. Again, some plants that normally bloom in the cool of autumn will also bloom in the hothouse in winter, showing that the cool fall weather has nothing to do with the matter of flowering. Such a plant is the cosmos. But behold! if plantings are made after a certain date, though the temperature be even the year round, the plants so started will not bloom, but will continue to grow without blossoms until the following fall, the normal season for the cosmos to bloom, meantime reaching gigantic size. Then flowers will appear. So it is evident that some cause other than temperature is responsible for the flowering of plants.

In some way, it is clear, the time of flowering and fruiting in many plants is inseparably linked with the advance of the seasons. The matter of heat eliminated, there remains but one other factor that changes regularly with the advance of the seasons. That is the matter of the daily period of light. In the latitude of New York, for instance, the short days of the year are about nine hours in length. The longest days exceed fifteen hours. Year after year this change occurs with mathematical precision. December 21 is always a day about nine hours long. June 21 invariably has something more than fifteen hours of natural illumination. And any given date between these days always has a given amount of daylight, year after year. On a given day it is ten hours. Another given day has eleven hours. A third date has twelve hours of darkness and twelve hours of light. So it goes, year after year.

To see whether or not this varying length of daylight really plays any part in the flowering and fruition of plants, these scientists of the Bureau of Plant



MARYLAND MAMMOTH TOBACCO DOES NOT FLOWER IN OUR LATITUDE DURING THE OPEN GROWING SEASON BECAUSE THE DAYS ARE TOO LONG



MARYLAND MAMMOTH TOBACCO FLOWERS READILY IN SUMMER IF THE DAY IS SHORTENED TO TWELVE HOURS

Industry had "dark houses" made, which would admit air freely but no light. By growing plants in containers on easily moved trucks, it was possible to shift them into and out of the dark house at will, thus regulating the number of hours of daylight received by any given plant. By growing duplicate plantings in permanent outdoor beds, it was easy to see how the dark-house plants grew in comparison with those growing under normal conditions.

The soy bean gave a very striking reaction. The variety Peking, for instance, required sixty-two days to reach the blossoming stage when grown normally in the open. But the plants that spent part of each day in the dark, getting but seven hours of daylight out of each twenty-four, flowered in twenty-one days. A common wild aster, which ordinarily flowers in September, behaved in the same way. Grown normally, it required 122 days to blossom. Given but seven hours of light daily, it flowered in 36 days. So it was discovered that these plants make their flowers and form their fruits at given times of the year because of the daylight period that goes with those dates. Approximate that period of daily illumination, and the plants will make haste to bloom.

So were produced the matured Christmas poinsettias in August. The daily light period was decreased until it approximated that of the Christmas season, and behold! the poinsettia matured its brilliant red bracts. So with the chrysanthemum, the flower of fall. When the daily light period was reduced to the length of the autumn days, behold! the chrysanthemum hastened to bloom.

So it goes with many, many plants that bloom in the short days of the year. Give them a day artificially shortened, and promptly their energies are turned toward reproduction. Necessarily of course the shortening of their growing period tends to reduce their purely vegetative processes and results in lessened growth.

But what about the flowers, like the

iris, that normally bloom when the days are longest? Reducing the daylight period could not and did not throw them into bloom. But lengthening the daily period of illumination during the short days of winter did!

Now, there are many flowers that we grow out of doors in summer and in the hothouse in winter. But the iris has never been one of them. Put it in the hothouse and exactly duplicate the temperature of June, and the iris remains only a dormant plant of sword-like leaves. But put it in the hothouse in winter and lengthen the daily period of illumination to correspond to the days of June, and lo! the iris comes to life, shoots up a flower stem, and blooms. That is what Mr. Garner and Mr. Allard did. They put iris plants in an unlighted hothouse with the temperature of summer, and they had iris plants all winter—and nothing more. But when they put other iris plants in another hothouse with a similar temperature, but with more light, they soon had flowers as well as plants.

To be sure, they had no light as powerful as the sun to turn on. In fact, they had only relatively weak electric lights to turn on. These were strung overhead, and the degree of illumination was only three to five candle-power at the surface of the soil, whereas winter daylight may reach the intensity of 5,000 candle-power or more. And yet

this insignificant light was sufficient to stir the iris plants to life. The lights burned from sunset to midnight each day.

So it was discovered that plants may be roughly grouped in two classes, short-day plants and long-day plants, with a great host of intermediates, which seem capable of blooming under quite widely varying conditions.

This is the truth. But what of the freedom that is to result from it? Who can say? When Marconi succeeded in flashing his first message across the English Channel, who could foresee the 600,000 wireless telephones of to-day and the millions of to-morrow? Who ever dreamed of the nightly clatter in the air—concert and lecture and speech and opera—that now fills the nocturnal ether?

When Watt perfected the steam-engine, who ever conceived, even faintly, the incredibly vast uses of his invention—the rushing ocean liner, the roaring express train, the huge and endless factories, all built on a steam-puffed kettle cover?

And now that we know, even so faintly, the truth about the flowering and fruition of plants, who shall say what freedom may not come of it? One thing is certain: It means a new race of plants. It means that products the world has never seen before will shortly come into being. Florists and horticulturists and agriculturists will now be able to hybridize plants that could never be crossed before because they did not bloom at the same time. Now they can be made to bloom together. New crosses of all sorts will now be possible. And just as in 1922 we have the radio telephone that was not even dreamed of in 1900, so a quarter, a half of a century hence we shall have plants we now know not of, and we shall have a new agriculture based upon these plants and upon the findings that investigators will make concerning our common farm crops. Wonderful, indeed, is the freedom, the enlarged life, that is born of truth.

DO you know that you are a stockholder in a corporation that is losing \$50,000,000 a year? Newton Fuessle has interviewed its chief executive for The Outlook. The business he manages is your business. Naturally you will read Mr. Fuessle's forthcoming article with interest—self-interest.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

THE UNDERGRADUATE TAKES A HAND IN THE DISCUSSION

CONCERNING the question of intercollegiate athletics there has been much talk. College presidents, educators, athletic directors, and sport writers have all had their say on this mooted subject. So far as *The Outlook* has been able to observe, very little attention has been paid to the opinions of those most concerned in the success or failure of intercollegiate athletics—the undergraduates themselves.

That is why *The Outlook* offered ten prizes for the best discussions of this problem, and limited its contest to undergraduates of American colleges. Our hopes of securing valuable and representative opinions through the medium of

this contest have been more than justified. We think those who read the first, second, and third prize letters, which we published in last week's issue of *The Outlook*, as well as those who read the Fourth Prize letters, published in this issue, will entirely agree with us. We expect to publish still another installment of these representative letters in an early issue of *The Outlook*.

We wish that our public men could always keep their feet as firmly on the ground of common-sense idealism as have the majority of the undergraduates who entered our athletic letter contest.—THE EDITORS.

A LETTER WHICH BONED MUCH BOOTLICK WITH THE OUTLOOK

"Oh, optimism, thy name is Outlook." Doubtless you will reap a voluminous harvest of undergraduate opinion when you seek it upon such a vital subject as sport, but the mere idea of expecting any two undergraduates to agree upon any one subject argues forgetfulness of the editorial college days.

However, most of us can get together on a few broad generalities, such as the following: Athletics means football, undergraduate opinion means that of "my own little circle," and general college opinion is that of "my Alma Mater," which is different from (and therefore superior to) all others in existence.

Now, flaunting these definitions, let me leap down into the arena of undergraduate opinion and add my bit to the turmoil therein.

First, I'm a West Pointer (and prouder of that title than I'll ever be of any other). Now here at the Point we have universal compulsory athletics, and every cadet plays baseball, basketball, lacrosse, soccer, tennis, polo, and hockey, and of course, football, some time during his career. Since I have seen it in operation I do not hesitate to claim that the place of athletics is that of a compulsory subject in the curriculum, and inferior to no other subject, because it breeds the good health which is the prerequisite of all successful study.

When all men engage in a sport, we find that the competition for the varsity is keener, and so the emphasis placed upon the sport as such is redoubled. If this emphasis is properly handled, it can do no harm, for strict scholastic requirements keep the academic work from deteriorating. West Point goes crazy over football, but she doesn't sacrifice her academic standing upon its shrine. Her enthusiasm is shown by the fact that the best students in each class are "turned out" by their classmates and often sit up half the night frantically coaching the men on the football team

during our justly famous (or infamous) examinations.

What are all these men after? Victory? Yes, but only if fairly won. We believe in our motto: "Back the team—play to win—but play fair." Undue emphasis upon victory as such means only one thing: the ultimate justification of cheating. We don't believe in that, and it can only present a problem where there is a fundamental defect in the spirit of the entire school. Army-Navy Games are fought to the limit, and a Navy victory puts all West Point in mourning; but we'd rather mourn such a glorious defeat as that of last November than to celebrate a victory won by unfair means.

This spirit of fair play, which every school should have, bars all athletic scholarships and professionalism. It should forbid proselyting (except in actual cases of honest transfer, which can be judged by a lively school conscience). The school conscience should be double-action, but often isn't—that is, it should as quickly criticize "our team" for cheating as it does that of the enemy.

Finally, we admit that the part of the undergraduates *en masse* regarding the coaching of the team, the formation of its schedule, or the eligibility of its members should be limited to standing around and fiercely criticising the men who are responsible. This is a favorite amusement of all undergraduates and does no harm to any one. It also keeps them out of mischief. By all means let it continue. "The team, like the size of the Army, is the business of all citizens, and they should be permitted to attend to it just as long as they limit their attention to talking and do not get in the way of the busy men who are responsible for these things.

Sport writers we condemn impartially, because they always misspell the name of our particular All-American candidate, but we continue to mob the newsstand on the morning after every game.

So now I'll emerge from the arena, still shouting and unconverted, and firm in the conviction that we want sport, that we need sport, and more sport and clean sport as well, and that Army can

whip Yale, Notre Dame, and Navy—especially Navy—any time the luck breaks even.

*Cadet Ducrot.*¹

United States Military Academy,
Class of 1924.

A SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE SYSTEM

AT M. I. T. we have a system of athletics run by the students and for the students. There is little, if any, outside control, and no possible taint of professionalism. As a result the grade of sportsmanship is unusually high and the benefits widely distributed. Because I believe our system could be adopted by other large colleges for the best interests of college athletics, I will set forth some of the fundamental ideas which govern it.

"A sound mind in a sound body" might well be our motto. We believe that scholarship should not suffer, but rather benefit, from athletics. The Faculty does not strew the path of the athletic star with roses. He must show his right to competition by first passing all his subjects. It has been demonstrated that the scholastic standing of team men is above the average of the school. So much for the sound mind.

The sound body is attained by a constant policy of giving the most exercise to the most men. We view our teams from three angles. Primarily, they must encourage and furnish exercise to as many students as desire it. Secondly, they must be successful in showing that Tech men are real fellows with the highest grade of sportsmanship. Thirdly, they must add to our prestige through being as successful as possible.

The entire direction of athletics is intrusted to a student association. There are junior managers and team captains

¹The modest author of this letter has chosen as a pen name a word which, in the slang of the Point, is a synonym for a fourth classman or for anything the name of which is unimportant or momentarily forgotten. We may add that we have used as the title of his prize winning effort a phrase stolen from his letter thanking us for our check. We trust that we have used the phrase "cold."—The Editors.

who comprise the Association. The officers are elected from the juniors of the previous year. The continuity is maintained by an Advisory Council of alumni, all former athletes of Tech, who act in a purely advisory capacity and receive no compensation. Contrary to most large universities, there is no graduate manager or paid coaches whose jobs are dependent upon winning teams, and who influence the athletic policy of the school teams.

Athletics are financed through a student tax of \$2.50 per man. This is very low as compared with other colleges. A revenue of less than \$8,000 is thus obtained on which to run fourteen varsity teams in addition to the twenty class teams. As payment of the tax entitles a student to free admission at all contests, gate receipts are small. We do not handle the spectacular varsity football and baseball teams which are usually able to attract enough gate receipts to maintain all the other sports. Although we only had \$8,000, we were able to handle 1,671 men who came out for teams and to finance 189 meets. As a result we have necessarily attained a high standard of efficiency in management. That is best illustrated by the annual cost per man carried on the squad—track, \$7; crew, \$8.25—and the fact that 1,671 men tried out for teams. That is a record in economy and efficiency which is unparalleled.

There are no hired managers, no hired athletes getting as much as an athletic scholarship, and only one coach who has a steady job as physical director. There is no possible chance for commercialism, and, on the other hand, we as under-

graduates benefit from the experience of guiding our own affairs. We come out with a greater pride in our college, a greater confidence in ourselves, a knowledge that we have played the game for the game's sake only, and withal we turn out teams as successful as the next college.

All this I believe might be attained by other colleges through scrapping their highly paid and artificial system of graduate managers, salaried coaches, and endowed athletes. Make athletics an undergraduate affair for the benefit of undergraduates, and not an expensive system of spectacular entertainment for the jaded public.

W. W. BAINBRIDGE, JR.,
Massachusetts Institute of Technology,
Class of 1922.

GIVE COLLEGE GIRLS A SHOW

SINCE I am a girl, a freshman at that, and just eighteen, you may think I have no business to write about college athletics at all; but I am interested in women's college athletics and anxious to see them encouraged. The head of the department of physical culture for women would say that we have a perfected system here. "Why," she would tell you, "our women have a chance to win their 'M's' as well as the men." That is all very well, but the fact remains that, while there are practically as many women as men at Minnesota, over fifty men have been awarded the coveted M this year and only one woman. The reason for this is evident.

Athletics are not made sufficiently attractive to women in colleges to make it worth their while to compete. In the first place, age-old prejudice exists in regard to women being indecently clothed while exercising. Girls' clothes hinder athletic activity. Women are not permitted to participate in athletic events unless they wear full, baggy bloomers which have a binding rubber just above the knee. I remember my own chagrin when I lost a high jump because my bloomers touched the rope. What man athlete would tolerate such a hindrance while he was running or pole vaulting? Women must also wear long stockings, which hinder free movement of the knee. No one ever heard of an international record being broken by any one wearing long stockings. There is also a lack of money for sports among the girls. While many thousands of dollars are spent to finance football, basket-ball, and swimming teams for games with other schools each year for the men, no money at all is expended to take women's athletic teams on similar trips, although we have the teams and would like to go.

From all over the world comes the cry for women's rights, and with such rights comes the obligation of women to be physically strong and clear-headed. Nothing will aid this more than improved and encouraged athletics for college women. Please give the girls a show in college athletics. All we need is encouragement, money, and a revision of public opinion regarding correct athletic clothes.

ANN COE,
University of Minnesota, Class of 1925.

A later issue will contain other prize-winning letters from undergraduates on the subject of college athletics.

THE OLD PEARL NECKLACE

BY MARY VALENTINE STANLEY

JOSEPH, the Princess A. has a pearl necklace to sell."

Joseph Wise was playing Schumann, and did not hear. He was an American Jew of fifty. He had a benevolent face, a bald head, and dreamy eyes. His young wife, Madeline, was also an American, but not of his faith. They had been married a year, and were spending a month of their prolonged honeymoon in Vienna.

"Joseph," repeated Madeline, "the Princess A. has a pearl necklace to sell. She has asked me to call this afternoon to see it."

"Where does she live?"

"In the L— Palace, in the S— Gasse."

"I should like to see that palace. I hear it is eight hundred years old."

"Good. You shall see the palace, Joseph, and incidentally I may pick up a jewel or two. Let us go now."

Joseph rose obediently and put on his coat. Madeline pulled a turquoise velvet hat over her brown curls and

wrapped herself in a seal coat with a sable collar.

"I learned from Levi yesterday that this coat belonged to the Duchess L. As she was quite a dowd, it looks far better on me."

Joseph looked into the fresh young face and smiled.

"You are beautiful, my dear. I like to see you in this coat, but I hope the Duchess is not cold."

"The aristocrats were a soft lot, Joseph. It will not hurt them to know poverty. I suffered hardships, and worked early and late until I met you, dear old boy!" She bent her soft cheek to his. "Now it is my turn to enjoy the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Arm in arm they walked through the gardens of the Belvedere. For a moment they paused in front of the palace where the ill-fated Sophie and Ferdinand had lived and gone out to die. Through the glass doors they caught a glimpse of the great marble hall and stairways with their statues and priceless tapestries.

Hundreds of children, undersized, with faces prematurely old, many scantily clad, were passing through the iron gates and climbing the hill to the palace.

"These youngsters are fed here every day by the Americans, Madeline. See the Stars and Stripes waving over the doors of the royal kitchen."

"It is the American money that is keeping Austria alive," she replied, "and to-day there are seven hundred and twenty kronen to the good old American dollar. I have already cashed five hundred dollars," added Madeline, gleefully. "Let's run along, Joseph. It's four o'clock; we dine at eight and we play bridge with the Levis at half-past nine."

They walked rapidly through the gardens, and came out on the Rennweg.

A young girl with a sack of coal on her back trudged wearily by. Women harnessed to carts patiently dragged their heavy loads. A one-legged soldier crouched on the pavement. About his

neck hung a card on which was written: "*Bitte, Ich bin ein blinder Mann.*"

"He fought for his country, poor lad, and now he has no country to mother him," said Joseph, sadly. "Look, Madeline."

"Yes, I see, Joseph, but you gave thousands of kronen for the soldiers' fund this morning. Let us forget them for a little while, and talk of something cheerful. Pearl necklaces, for instance. All my life I have longed for pearls. Many times I have gone window shopping on Fifth Avenue. One Saturday afternoon (I was working for fifteen dollars a week then) I went from shop to shop, trying on necklaces just for fun. You say yourself that my neck was made for pearls."

"Well, my child, buy your little baubles, if you care for them."

They walked in silence for a time, Madeline in joyous anticipation of seeing the jewels on her white throat, and Joseph quietly content in her happiness.

When they crossed the courtyard of the Hofburg, Joseph's eyes kindled.

He recalled to Madeline the memory of the time when, as a boy of fifteen, he had come to Vienna with his father, who had presented a petition from the Jews to Francis Joseph.

"It was in this palace, Madeline, that we were most graciously received by his Majesty; and the petition did much good to my people."

His wife smiled and nodded. He did not know that his words had fallen on deaf ears.

When they reached their destination, Joseph lingered to look at the lions that guarded the door of the palace.

"You could tell some interesting tales, you old fellows," he said: "you saw—"

"I'm glad they can't talk," interrupted Madeline, good-naturedly.

The porter, a withered, pallid old man, opened the door with a faint "Kiss thy hand." He led them through the great stone corridor, and up the steps to the apartment of the Princess. A butler, equally old and pallid, in a gorgeous livery with silver buttons, ushered them into the *salon*.

The Princess was short and fragile, but carried herself with dignity.

Her white hair was piled high on her small head. Her face, worn by sorrow, was still lovely in its delicate beauty.

Like all educated Viennese, she spoke English fluently.

She had never been to America, she said, but she had many American friends. She had frequently entertained Mark Twain and his sweet wife while they were living in Vienna. She had known Bret Harte, William Dean Howells, and many others.

Joseph was keenly interested in her reminiscences, but Madeline was restless. That the great of many landstatesmen, authors, artists—had been entertained in that stately *salon* by the Princess was nothing to the young American. She had only a vision of herself wearing the pearls.

"Princess," she said, abruptly, "may I see the necklace?"

The Princess came back to the present with a start, but did not answer.

"It is quite cold here," she said, hastily. She touched the bell, and the butler entered with a tray of tea.

He put a shovel of coal in the big white-and-gold stove, and stole noiselessly out. The princess followed him with her eyes.

"Dietrich was five years old when I was born," she said. "We were born in this palace, both of us, and all these years he has served me faithfully. My younger servants I have had to dismiss, but my old servants I hope to keep with me to the end."

Her voice faltered, but in an instant she smiled, saying gayly, as she poured the tea:

"You must drink my famous tea. This was given me by the Emperor of Japan, and I have enough for a lifetime."

"Delicious," said Madeline. "I wish that I knew the Emperor."

The old Vienna china with its rose-buds, the squat tea service and long spoons worn thin by age, the Princess with her high-bred face and sensitive hands, made a never-to-be-forgotten picture in the eyes of Joseph Wise.

Madeline cleared her throat for another effort. "Princess, it was very kind of you to give us a chance to see your pearls."

The Princess bowed her head and drew a jewel-case from her hand-bag.

Madeline's eyes glistened, she leaned forward eagerly.

The Princess held the case in her hands unopened.

"These pearls were given me by my great-great-grandmother, the Princess of A." She pointed to five miniatures that stood in a row on the old Viennese table. "See, for five generations we have been painted in these pearls."

Joseph rose and studied the miniatures.

"I have made quite a collection of miniatures," he said, "but these are exceptional."

"Though the pearls are very old," continued the Princess, "they have not been allowed to die hidden in jewel-boxes. They have been kept alive and beautiful by almost constant wearing. Ever since they came into our possession twice each year they have been dipped in sea water."

She opened the box, and, taking out the precious treasures, wound them four times around her slender neck. They were exquisite in color and perfectly matched.

"When Napoleon Bonaparte was in Vienna, Madame, my grandmother, was presented to him. She wore these pearls. Napoleon wished them for Josephine. At the coronation of Queen Victoria my—"

But she was not allowed to finish her proud story. Madeline could no longer control her impatience.

"Princess, how much are you asking for the necklace?"

"Hermann, the expert, priced them at two million kronen."

"Thank you. May I look at them closely?"

Reluctantly the Princess placed them in her hand. Madeline walked to the pier-glass and wound them around her lovely neck. Her eyes sparkled. For some moments she stood silent, smiling at her reflection in the mirror.

Joseph had picked up an illuminated copy of the Book of Job, and seemed to have forgotten everything but the exquisite beauty of the old pages.

The Princess sat quite still, her hands crossed in her lap.

Presently Madeline turned from the smiling face in the glass, and said, coldly:

"The price set for the pearls is absurd."

"Absurd!" cried the Princess. "The necklace is famous, not only for the perfection of the pearls, but because of its historic interest."

"Its history does not interest me, Princess. If they had been worn by all the queens in all the Courts of Europe, it would not enhance their value in my eyes."

The Princess shivered, her eyes filled with tears.

"You have other jewels?" asked Madeline.

"I had others, but nearly all of them were sacrificed during the second year of the war. I gave the money to my sister, the Duchess of L. My diamonds are in Paris, but the market is glutted. The windows are ablaze with jewels that once belonged to the aristocrats of Russia, who have literally poured their treasures into the lap of Paris."

"True," Madeline smiled slightly, "the markets everywhere are glutted. You can't expect to receive normal prices. I will give you one million five hundred thousand kronen for the pearls."

The Princess raised her eyes half proudly, half appealingly.

"I have gladly sold my jewels to help others; but the pearls are so precious, if I must part with them, do not ask me to do so at a sacrifice."

There was no response. The Princess glanced at Joseph. His face was bent low over the book.

The tall clock struck six.

"We must be going," said Madeline, briskly. "Shall I have my husband draw a check for one million five hundred thousand kronen? I assure you, Princess, you can do no better."

"One million five hundred thousand kronen is only about two thousand dollars in your American money," cried the Princess bitterly, "and my need is great."

For a moment they looked at each other, the *nouveau pauvre* and the *nouveau riche*. Madeline, still wearing the pearls, looked down on the little Princess from her superior height and waited.

A vision of what the morning would bring without money swept over the

Princess—immediate need forced her to yield.

She bowed her head.

"You may have the pearls for one million five hundred thousand kronen," she whispered so low that Madeline was forced to bend her head to catch the words.

"Joseph, Joseph!"

"Yes, Madeline."

"Please draw a check for one million five hundred thousand kronen."

Slowly adjusting his glasses, Joseph drew his bank book from his pocket and wrote the check.

"Good-by, Princess." Madeline was

all smiles and graciousness as she took the cold hand of the Princess in hers. "Let me know if you do not sell your diamonds in Paris. Ah, the jewel-case—I will take that too, please, but I will wear the necklace home."

She beamed on the butler, and put twenty kronen in his hand as she swept through the door into the hall.

Joseph bowed low as he slipped the check into the hand of the Princess.

"Don't discuss Job, please, Joseph. I know that is what you would like to do, but it is getting late," said the gay voice from the doorway.

"Coming, Madeline."

The Princess glanced at the check through her tears. Then she lifted her eyes to the man without a word, but he read in them her unspoken joy and gratitude. Joseph Wise, the Jew, had drawn his check for *two million kronen*.

When they reached the street, Madeline fairly bubbled over with joy.

"Joseph," she said, confidentially, "I shall tell all my friends that the necklace is valued at two million kronen, and—"

"Tell your friends," said Joseph, with a look the woman never forgot, "that your husband gladly paid the full value of the famous pearl necklace."

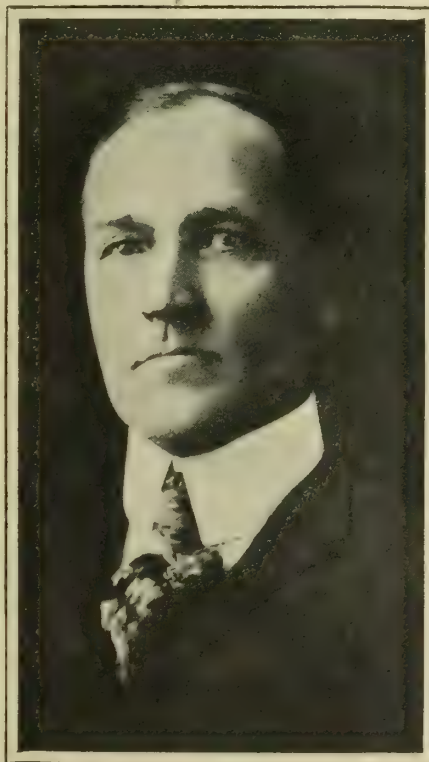
MISSISSIPPI'S GREAT FIGHT FOR HONOR AND PROSPERITY

BY FREDERICK W. JONES

ALL of the foreign fire insurance companies doing business in Mississippi have withdrawn.

At the time of their leaving there was only one home fire company, and that a small one. Ever since property has been without adequate protection. Many industries, such as cotton-oil mills, that have been destroyed by fire have not been rebuilt. The credit that is based upon sound fire insurance has been shaken, and a long trail of economic and social ills has followed. The Governor has made the charge that the fire insurance companies, in revenge for legal prosecution undertaken by the State Revenue Agent, Stokes V. Robertson, which led to their withdrawal, instigated a seduction suit against him that has created a scandal throughout Mississippi. An investigation of the Governor's charges has recently been made by a committee of the House of Representatives, which reports that it can find no evidence to support such charges. And while all this is going on the people of the State are rapidly dividing into two great camps in preparation for a social, economic, educational, political, and, eventually, religious battle that will probably continue for years. At any rate, this battle from now on will be carried into every important contest before the people until it is settled. These, in brief, are the events that led up to the present unhappy situation:

Over a year ago the Revenue Agent brought suit against the fire insurance companies, among them most of the largest and most influential in this country and abroad, for \$400,000,000 of punitive damages. He charged them with violating the anti-trust laws through the use of the rates advised by the Mississippi Rating Company of Vicksburg, thus conspiring to fix rates and destroy competition. The maximum penalty established by law is



Brown Bros.

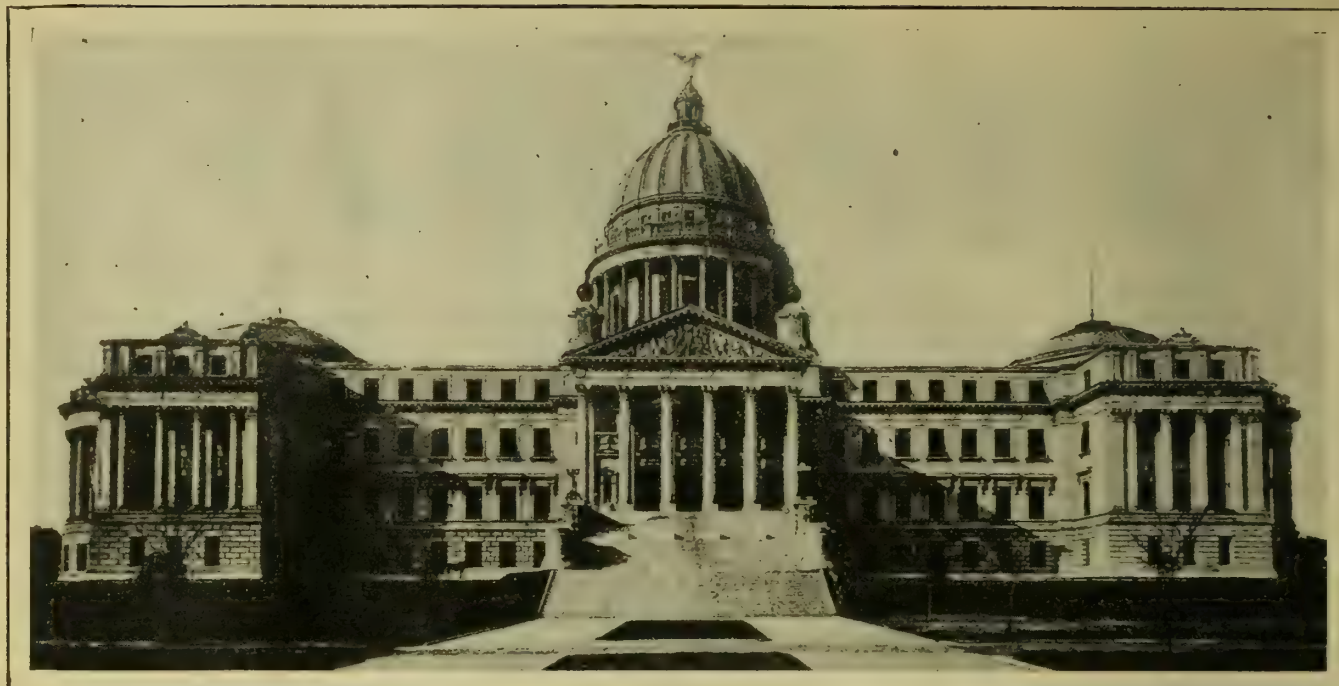
LEE M. RUSSELL, GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI

\$5,000 per day. As the alleged offenses covered a period of several (about fifteen) years, the total damages demanded were sufficient to wipe out the capital and assets of a great many of even these powerful companies in case the suit of the State were successful. Soon after the suit was filed the Revenue Agent garnisheed all the funds due or to become due the companies in Mississippi, amounting to about \$1,000,000. At about that time the companies let it be known that they would have to stop writing business. The Revenue Agent maintained that such action

simultaneously taken amounted to another conspiracy, and he succeeded in obtaining from the courts an injunction against such alleged conspiracy. The companies, however, were forced to refrain from writing business, and when, on March 1, the time for the renewal of their licenses for the next business year arrived, their right to operate in the State expired by default.

In the trial which followed, the Insurance Commissioner, T. M. Henry, who has held his office for many years and enjoys a high reputation for ability and integrity among insurance commissioners throughout the country, showed that he regarded the action of the Revenue Agent as an outrageous attack upon the companies and a terrible blow to the good name and the prosperity of the State. He testified that fire insurance could not safely be written without the use of such a service as was provided by the Mississippi Rating Company, a corporation chartered by the State to perform the very service for the use of which the companies were sued for four hundred million dollars. The business, he said, could not survive without expert inspection and classification. No one company could maintain such an expensive service and sell insurance at a rate within the reach of property-owners. Through a service that was used by all the companies the expense could be so distributed that no policyholder would feel it. Moreover, the Commissioner stated, uniform rates were universal, in line with sound public policy, and were essential to safeguard solvency of the insurers.

In the trial the attorney for the companies established the fact that his clients were afraid of the attitude of the State toward foreign capital and refused to subscribe to or make use of the Rating Company without an opinion from the Attorney-General. It was only upon



Wide World Photos

THE STATE CAPITOL AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

This imposing building was constructed from funds accruing from railway damages

his assurance that such use would be legal that they made use of this service. It was also asserted both by the attorneys for the defense and the Insurance Commissioner that the companies have made little or no profit in the State since they entered it.

A powerful effort on the part of business men and the insurance agents, supported by a large part of the press in the cities, was made to persuade the Governor to call a special session of the Legislature to abate the suit. The Governor responded in a public statement bitterly attacking the companies. The suit in the lower court resulted in a judgment calling for damages of over a million dollars.

Since then a public prosecuting official in one of the counties has brought suit against all the foreign life insurance companies for enormous damages. The charges were almost exactly similar even in phraseology to the Revenue Agent's suit against the fire companies—conspiracy to fix rates and destroy competition by the use of the American Experience Table of Mortality.

The Legislature was in session when this suit was filed, and a law was passed, but not without serious opposition on the part of the administration, abating the suit. A bill was also passed by the House and Senate making legal such service as the Mississippi Rating Company, but the Governor refused to sign it on the ground that it would be equivalent to sanctioning the acts of the "outlawed" companies, as he calls them.

The chief contest in the Legislature which recently adjourned developed over the question of putting the Revenue Agent upon a salary. He now receives a commission of twenty per cent of all the damages he can collect. His office has brought riches to its occupants.

Wirt Adams, who died in the office, left a very large estate. Under his administration the present imposing State Capitol at Jackson was built with the funds accruing from railway damages. In this connection, it might be added that the State recently has been suing several railways for enormous damages. As has happened in so many cases of this kind, the suit resulted in a compromise involving a judgment for a small fraction of the amount the State originally demanded.

The forces that are eager to encourage foreign capital to remain in the State and new capital to enter maintain that if the Revenue Agent were on a salary basis the world would hear no more of the withdrawal of corporations. The forces supporting the Revenue Agent maintain that these corporations are "trusts" and "tax dodgers" and that the vast sums that are being collected from them are helping the poor farmers who are now carrying a heavier burden of taxation than they can long endure. This bitterly contested piece of legislation was vetoed by Governor Russell. In giving his reason for the action he made a prediction that far-seeing men and women of Mississippi thoroughly believe will come true. He said that the issue raised by the suit against fire insurance companies will be the issue upon which all great questions will be tried from now on until it is settled.

The Governor, the Revenue Agent, ex-Senator Vardaman, and their friends maintain that "the trusts" are threatening the sovereignty of the State, attempting to dictate to the Legislature and the courts. Their opponents assert that the men who are fighting outside capital are actuated by selfish motives. The commissions are unduly attractive, and as such dangerous in perversion

possibilities, they declare, and the demagogic resort of stirring up among the poor and ignorant a hatred of organized wealth is injuring the good name of the State, crippling her finances, and putting evil men in her high offices. Mississippi is one of two States that are losing in population. There has been a vast exodus of Negro labor; the capital necessary for its employment has been withheld. This is the line of cleavage.

A brief analysis of the coming battleground cannot but be interesting to the student of American economic and political life. Mississippi was once led by some of the greatest statesmen of the Nation. Such names as Davis, Lamar, Prentiss, and George are proof of that statement. Nor has her glory quite yet departed. John Sharp Williams is in the front rank of scholarly statesmen, and Senator Harrison has gifts of political analysis and attack. But this is all that for the moment remains of her greatness, and that is established at Washington.

Since Vardaman came into power upon the back of the Negro the demagogue has been all-powerful in State politics. In his day it was the promise of the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment that won the support of the trustful small farmer. To-day it is the cry that "the trusts shall not pass," as Governor Russell puts it, that is holding him in line. But there are signs of such an intense campaign of education in the rural districts that this all-powerful voter may soon waver in his allegiance.

The "hill" farmers for years have carried every election by a huge majority. They read but little, chiefly the county weeklies, which are supported by the county advertising supplied by the supervisors, who, for the most part, are

loyal to the Vardaman-Russell-Robertson combination of corporation hunters. These newspapers contain the most extreme attacks upon the "outlaw" fire insurance companies and the most extravagant praise of the Revenue Agent. The larger dailies of the cities within the State and from the big cities outside the State, which are boldly or quietly opposed to the attitude of the State toward corporations, circulate but little among the outlying farms of the hills.

But powerful forces are rapidly organizing to reach this region. Neglect of it by the leaders of enlightenment and righteousness has allowed ignorance and intolerance to govern the State for many years in the person of the demagogue. The wide insistence upon better education of the masses has resulted in the last few years in the establishment of many consolidated high schools and agricultural schools that have already stopped the progress of the demagogue. In the last Legislature each day saw an increasing weakness on the part of the formerly all-powerful faction that represented the narrow-mindedness and class hatred of the misguided and demagogue-ridden small farmer. Even "Vardaman's Weekly," which has a wide circulation among the hills and reads like the address of some radical agitator in

London's Hyde Park, is not everywhere regarded as sound economic and political gospel.

Some of the most patriotic and forward-looking Mississippians are setting aside many of their regular duties to devote their attention to offsetting the evils that have sprung from these years of demagoguery. Ex-Governor Charles H. Brough, of Arkansas, a native of Mississippi and a graduate of Mississippi College, has been going up and down the State pleading with the people to change their laws and their attitude toward capital. Mr. Barney E. Eaton of Gulfport, George R. James of Memphis, and J. T. Thomas of Grenada are also trying to guide the citizens from the public stump, pointing the way to sound farming and business principles. But the man who is doing the most for the future of Mississippi to-day is, in my opinion, C. H. Markham, the remarkable President of the Illinois Central Railroad, which operates extensively in this State. His company maintains "Demonstration Farms" throughout the State. His agricultural experts lecture and display moving picture reels in the schoolhouses along the I. C. and the Y. & M. V. Railroads. "Diversify; live at home; use well-bred stock; produce and drink milk; improve your poultry." That's his message. In public speeches, in paid advertisements, and in

multitudes of personal letters he has reached almost every district and corner of Mississippi. His frankness and his fearlessness have won thousands of small farmers to a belief in him and his road as agents of public service. More men of this type, and Mississippi would meet the Vardaman issue, soon to absorb the attention of the State, with perfect confidence—the former Senator's return to Washington would be forever barred. In a recent letter to the writer President Markham said:

"The ease with which demagogues sometimes succeed in misleading the people is enough to shake one's belief in the virtue of democracy, but my faith in democracy has come through all such tests thus far unshaken; I believe in the ultimate triumph of justice wrought by public opinion, when the public has all the facts and is given opportunity to pass sane judgment upon any issue. But we cannot desert the field and turn it over to the enemies of progress. The cause of righteousness demands fighters."

To many of us lovers of this misguided State of sweet and glorious memories who are fighting this battle from the stump, the press, and the pulpit, it is inspiring to think that such men as President Markham are enlisted in the cause, and we await with confidence the issue of the conflict.

CLEAN MILK FOR THE METROPOLIS

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

ICY blasts swept Manhattan from the Battery to the Bronx. Surface-car traffic was entirely suspended. Broadway was practically devoid of vehicular traffic. Great drifts of snow covered every thoroughfare in the city. A great majority of streets were absolutely impassable.

We prepared our breakfast in our upper Manhattan apartment. A terrific wind rattled every window in the apartment like something "possessed." The thermometer registered below zero. The lady across the hall, her fingers blue with cold, assured us it was the worst ever in the seventeen years she had lived in New York City. Newspapers were not delivered that morning—but, to our intense surprise, *milk bottles were*. We were at the end of a milk route; our milk generally reached us about seven o'clock. On this morning before nine we heard the milk bottles rattle, less than two hours late, and our driver assured us that he had served every customer, leaving the barn at half-past two, in the worst storm he had ever experienced.

I tried to picture a man huddled up in a milk-wagon breaking through snow-drifts from two to four feet deep, ac-

tuated by only one impulse, and that to serve the women and children on his route with their milk supply. Since that time I have marveled that a city the size of New York, with its teeming millions, should enjoy uninterrupted milk distribution all seasons of the year. And as I write this I cannot help a lump from rising in my throat to think that some of the milk-wagon drivers of New York City should have sullied a record that any man or body of men in the world could feel wonderfully proud of by voluntarily stopping the distribution of milk throughout the city. Unfortunate? Yes. Because a few heated, blind moments, temporarily at least, turned the sympathy of milk consumers against men who were admittedly a corner-stone in service to every family in the great metropolis. I want it to be only temporary, and I hope that the American public will close the record of those few weeks when the men were on strike. Forget about them, or, at least, weigh them in the balance with the valorous work performed uncomplainingly by milk-wagon drivers outside of those few weeks above mentioned.

They are deserving of as much credit as any other class of citizenry in New

York City in maintaining a service that the health of the city depends upon to such a large degree.

Yes. Picture these milk-wagon drivers in rain and sleet, snow and ice, bad wind or fair weather, leaving the milk depots at three o'clock every morning. No matter what the obstacle may be, milk is on hand—possibly a few minutes late, or, under practically impossible conditions, an hour or two—but it always arrives. Certainly these protectors of public health are deserving of as much credit as any other element of American society.

The morning of the great blizzard set me to thinking. What kind of an organization was behind the milk-wagon driver? Milk did not pour out of the clouds; there must be prodigious efforts continually performed by men and organizations that handled the milk before it was delivered to the wagons at 3 A.M. On this morning train traffic was practically tied up in local sections all over the State of New York, yet we received our milk; not milk to be afraid of, but the purest, finest milk possible to be obtained. According to the unqualified statement of Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York City,



Courtesy Sheffield Farms Co.

RAW MILK FROM THE COUNTRY—INSPECTION BEFORE PASTEURIZATION. SHIPPING-CAN WASHER AND DRIER IN BACKGROUND

"the most sanitary and efficiently handled milk service in the world is rendered by New York milk distributors, whose performance is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The pasteurized milk distributed in New York is absolutely free from pathogenic germ life, and, as a result, infant mortality in New York City has been reduced from two hundred and forty in 1891 to seventy-one last year per thousand—a decrease of more than seventy per cent." Other cities may come up to New York in many standards of public service, especially the urban centers of the Far West, but when it comes to milk New York stands in the forefront of any other metropolitan city.

The New York mother can feed her infant, no matter how young, with the pasteurized milk delivered to her door every morning without the slightest fear that there may be pathogenic germ contamination; surely a great load to be lifted from the shoulders of the average anxious mother.

Pasteurization did not happen overnight. Behind the scenes of the experimentation and introduction of commercial pasteurization of milk lies one of scientific, sanitary development, every bit as interesting and startling as the most interesting stories of modern sanitary campaign waged by General Goethals in the Panama Canal Zone. The story of American milk pasteurization is one of indefatigable endeavor and unstinting sacrifice of public-spirited men. Pasteurization was first introduced in this country in an experimental way by Nathan Straus. There is a story behind Mr. Straus's deep interest in sanitary milk distribution that demonstrates that oftentimes a seemingly insignificant incident results in revolutionizing entire industries.

Mr. Straus owned a farm. He had a herd of prize milch cows. One of his pet cows died, and an autopsy conclusively proved that the death of the animal had been caused by tubercular infection. Investigation proved to Mr. Straus that the infection of his pet bovine had been caused by a man with tuberculosis handling the hay fed to the cow. If the eating of a tubercular infected handful of hay could cause the death of the animal, what, Mr. Straus immediately asked himself, would happen to the unsuspecting public that consumed the milk given by such a cow? He immediately began to investigate the Pasteur method of elimination of pathogenic bacteria by a modern scientific invention called pasteurization. In 1892 Mr. Straus established a milk pasteurizing laboratory and distributed milk from five depots, which operated throughout the first year and steadily increased until commercial pasteurization of milk became a fact in New York City. Mr. Straus was bitterly attacked, but kept up his courageous battle, and the New York public in particular, the American public in general, owe Mr. Straus a debt of gratitude that they will never be able to repay.

In 1902 Mr. Loton Horton, President of the Sheffield Farms Company, Inc., became deeply interested in the pasteurization of milk on a commercial basis. Investigation proved that in Berlin, Germany, where the pasteurization of milk was compulsory, infant mortality had decreased over sixty-six per cent. Mr. Horton went to Europe; he became thoroughly satisfied that pasteurization on a commercial basis was not only possible but absolutely necessary for the protection of public health. He began a remarkable series of thorough tests, employing the most noted bacteriologists in

America. Mr. Horton, without regard to expense, experimented until he had brought commercial pasteurization to a stage where the elimination of all pathogenic germ life was a positive fact. He was not satisfied with the twenty-five-minute retention of milk at a temperature of 146°, and so, as a final test for absolute certainty, turned over a pasteurizing plant at 130th Street and Broadway, New York City, for experiments, and there, with the assistance of Dr. Park, Director of the Research Laboratory of the Department of Health, New York City, and Dr. Rosenau, of Harvard University, various comparisons of milk, held at different temperatures for various periods of time, were made.

I asked Mr. Horton about these tests; I drew his attention to the fact that, even though laboratory tests might not disclose the presence of germs, it might still be possible for them to exist in some cases. "Quite so," he admitted; and then enthusiastically added, "We proved the total absence of living pathogenic germs by using hundreds of pigs in our experiments."

"Pigs?" I queried, astonished. "Great heavens, you don't class the frailties of a human with the ruggedness of pigs? Pigs kill rattlesnakes by shaking them to death; they are bitten, but do not become poisoned. There certainly has never been a human being that could take a rattlesnake in its teeth and shake it to death, and be immune to its bite while doing it."

"Oh," he replied, "I don't mean Poland Chinas; I mean guinea-pigs."

This was some relief to me. Mr. Horton continued: "You see, guinea-pigs very easily become infected by pathogenic germs. They are extremely sensitive. We took no chances. We finally found, after exhaustive tests, that by inoculating the pigs with milk subjected to a Fahrenheit temperature of 145° for thirty minutes not a single trace of disease-breeding bacteria remained. We therefore leave our milk exposed to 146° Fahrenheit for fifty minutes, which eliminates any possibility of a living pathogenic germ."

Personally, I have always been convinced of the efficacy of pasteurization; yet I have heard so much about "milk from contented cows" that I put one more query: "Would it not be possible to install the latest methods of sanitation in country dairies, whereby the care of milk-producing cows would eliminate the chance of their being infected, and thereby save to the public the added cost pasteurization causes?"

"Well," replied Mr. Horton, "that is being done, and in some places with a great deal of success. However, we find the finest herds in the world existing under the latest sanitary conditions, and still the owners of these modern farms are continually forced to destroy their cattle because of the discovery of tubercular infection."

This statement is verified by the ex-

perience of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, who had a herd composed entirely of pedigreed animals. Mr. Nathan Straus, in his book on "Diseases in Milk," points out that several years ago a third of this valuable herd was killed on orders cabled by Mr. Morgan after it had been discovered that they were infected with tuberculosis. Mr. Straus had written shortly before this pointing out to Mr. Morgan that his physician had made a report on the Morgan dairy farm and found it to be the best example in the country of a scrupulously clean, sanitary farm, but directed his attention to the fact that he did not pasteurize his milk. I should imagine that it was some shock to Mr. Morgan, six months later, to learn that one-third of this model herd had tubercular infection. This certainly proves that under the most favorable circumstances milk from even the most carefully selected cows is not entirely free at all times from the presence of living pathogenic bacteria.

Mr. Horton so impressed me with the necessity of proper pasteurization that I requested permission to go through his seven large pasteurizing plants in Greater New York.

I received the surprise of my life when I entered one of the pasteurizing plants and learned that milk receives more careful attention in a pasteurizing plant than a patient receives in the most modern hospital. I found a "factory" where, from the time that the milk began its journey through the plant, it never touched human hands. Even better, the milk does not touch human hands at any time, from the farm to the consumer.

When the Sheffield Farms Company, of New York, first built their great pasteurizing plants, they were severely condemned in many quarters for spending so much money on sanitary plants, which cost must necessarily be added to the price of milk. Just as well argue that New York City should save the greater portion of the \$170,000,000 now spent each year on supplying its residents with pure water, when they could just as easily pump their supply from the upper Hudson River and save this great expense to the public.

As I started my journey following a can of milk through the plant, the superintendent outlined to me the trip the milk had already taken from the farm to the city. Dairymen, under State supervision, had delivered their milk to the creameries, and the milk, before it was placed in the refrigerator cars, had been thoroughly inspected by State authorities. It was then brought to the city in cars properly iced, held at an even temperature, rushed from the city's freight station direct to the great pasteurizing plant, where it was immediately taken on a conveyer to the top floor of the plant, and started on its journey to the bottle on the ground floor. At the top of the station, just before the milk is dumped from the cans into a thoroughly sterilized hopper, I noticed a



Courtesy Sheffield Farms Co.

PASTEURIZING ROOM—CAPACITY SIXTEEN THOUSAND QUARTS PER HOUR

Top landing, milk heaters—cold raw milk raised to 146° F. Next landing, holding cylinders—hot milk retarded fifty minutes. Next landing, coolers. Next landing below and on street level, bottle fillers and cappers. A bottle filler is shown on the succeeding page

big man lift a can top off and smell it. This aroused my curiosity. "What's he doing?" I asked the superintendent.

"Ask him. He's one of the most expert men on the job."

Just as I reached the "expert" he yanked a ten-gallon milk-can out of the conveyer. "What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Tainted," he snapped.

Personally I can detect sour milk a mile off, but I was unable to notice the slightest taint in this can of milk; but this expert "smeller" apparently was a better "expert" than the State authorities who had inspected it some hours earlier.

"Do you find many?" I queried.

"I find them now and then. That's what I'm paid for. That milk could pass through and nobody would ever know the difference." But the "factor of safety" consideration "gets the tainted can."

The milk passes through the hopper into a centrifugal clarifier, which removes every particle of foreign matter that may be in the milk. Mechanically clean, it then flows into a tank, from which it passes to the heater of the

pasteurizing equipment. Here the milk is carefully regulated to feed eleven thousand pounds an hour into its respective pasteurizer.

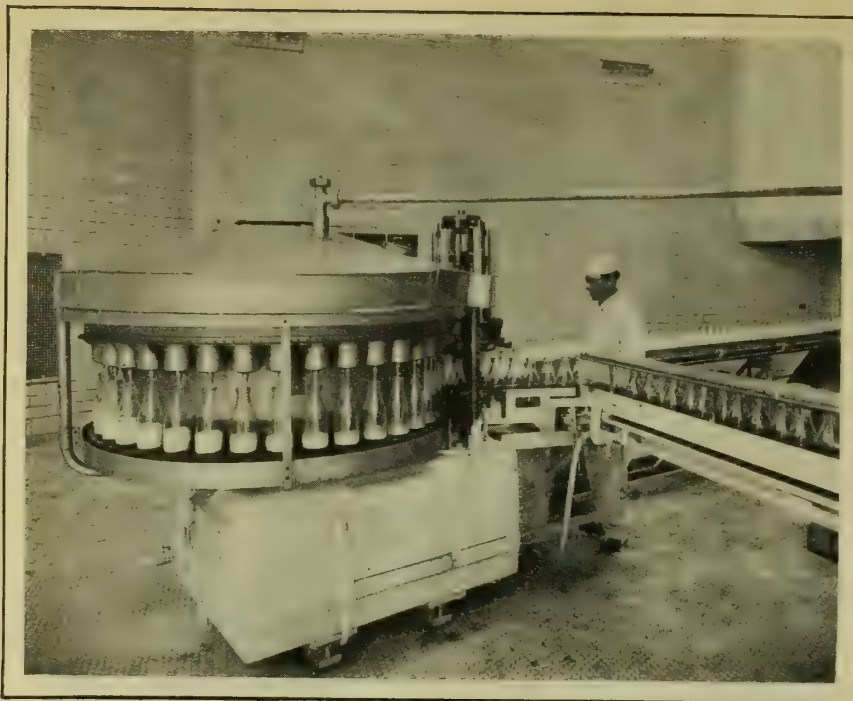
"Why this control?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "we've got to make it fool-proof. Men may get in a hurry. Under this system they can't. The job is done right whether they want to do it or not."

The milk then flows down over the outside of a series of sterilized tubes, its temperature being raised to between 145° and 146° Fahrenheit. The time of raising to this temperature is approximately one minute, and again the controlling machinery comes into use. The milk flows from the heater through a system of holding tanks, automatically requiring at least fifty minutes to pass through, the temperature never varying over one-half degree in that entire time.

I noted that the machinery was regulated so that under no circumstances could the milk pass through these tanks without being held at least fifty minutes. I asked, "Why all the great care?"

"Sometimes a workman may want to go to church or keep a date with his 'best.' He cannot shirk his duty under



Courtesy Sheffield Farms Co.

A ROTARY FILLER AND AUTOMATIC CAPPER—CAPACITY EIGHTY-FOUR BOTTLES PER MINUTE

A measured amount drops in each bottle. The milk flows to this machine from the cooler shown on the preceding page

this regulated control system. We hold the milk fifty minutes instead of thirty, as is supposed to be sufficient, allowing this difference as another 'factor of safety.'

From the holding tanks the milk flows down over a cooler, which reduces its temperature to 40°. Here a system of gauges and automatic controls eliminates the danger of any possible error on the exact degree of temperature, there being three gauges on each tank, or holder, which again guarantees absolute protection from possible human error. From the cooler the milk passes into a tank with an electrically driven agitator, which supplies the mechanical bottle and can filler.

The pasteurized milk is then bottled by a newly invented machine which fills the bottles and caps them at the same time with wonderful rapidity, eliminating the necessity of a human hand coming in contact with either bottle or paper cap in the complete operation.

Not only does a human hand never touch the milk at any time, from the pasteurizer to the bottle, but even the air in the milk-room is thoroughly purified. Every particle of air is filtered before going into the room, and an automatic exhaust lets the air pass out; but it is absolutely impossible for a single particle of air to get back into the room without going through the filter.

I remarked about this. "Well," replied the superintendent, "it would certainly be foolish to spend millions of dollars in machinery and equipment to guarantee safety from germ life, and allow the milk to come in contact with germ-laden air. You see," he added, "germs are as fine and about as light as dust, and naturally are carried through

the air. Well, they don't come in contact with our milk. And then," he confided, "the 'Old Man' is a crank on bugs. He fights bugs like Foch fought Germans. He's around here about half the time himself, and he'd blow up the factory if he found any place where a bug could get in. Of course I mean germ bugs, and," he added, "as a matter of fact, any other 'bug.'"

Pasteurizing from the holding tank to the bottle takes place in an enormous room completely tiled, with the overhead a solid expanse of glass. It is light enough in any part of that room, or any corner, to detect the tiniest flake of dust. I believe that was the most spotlessly clean room from ceiling to cellar that I have ever been in in my life. I have been a chronic objector for many years to the price of milk, but since going through these plants and seeing the immense amount of handling and money spent for protection of New York children, millions spent in modern sanitary equipment, I can begin to realize why there must be a difference between the price to the producer and the price to the consumer.

As we left this pasteurizing room I heard a great racket. It sounded like a boiler-shop on a busy day. It was the clinking of bottles—thousands of bottles. "Yes," smiled the superintendent, "here is one of our biggest problems, and one of the most costly that enter into milk distribution."

Bottles came in in crates on conveyors, literally by thousands, were plunged into a steaming vat, thoroughly cleaned and sterilized by forced pressure, and washed in a strong alkali solution. They then went through a vat where they were rinsed in clean, hot water at

a temperature of 160°. As they came out the bottles were inspected; they then went through a sterilizer, where they were subjected to boiling water of 212°, and from the time they leave this sterilizer until they are filled and capped no man's hand touches them. After being sterilized they pass over electric lights, where they are further inspected. When filled and capped by the automatic machinery, they again travel on conveyors to the inspection room, where they are again inspected under electric lights and pass several experts, who now and then take a bottle out of the conveyor when they find a speck that has still got by, although this speck of dust has been sterilized. The inspector grabs it with as much enthusiasm as if it contained deadly bacteria.

I can bear witness to the fact that the bottles are washed in real hot water. I touched the bottom of one of them as it left the sterilizer, but I did not touch it for long. With a howl of pain, I asked the inspector why it was necessary to have the bottles so hot.

"To kill the bugs," he answered.

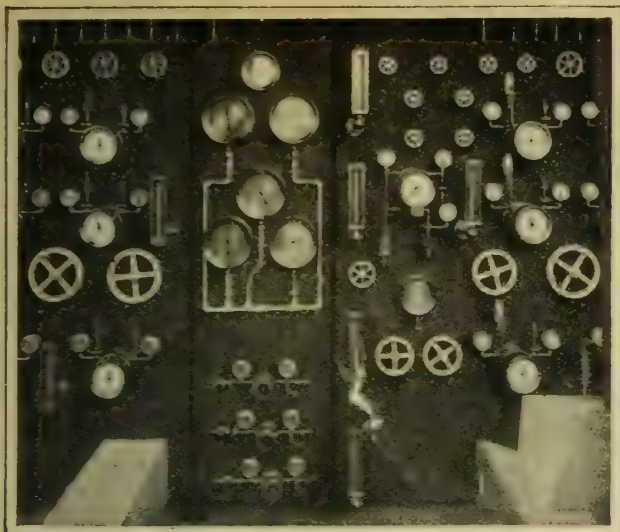
"But," I remonstrated, "it doesn't take 212° to kill a bug, does it?"

"No, it doesn't," he answered, dryly; "but, you see, the 'Old Man' always makes us observe the 'factor of safety.'"

A very interesting part of the milk distribution is the loading of the wagons. A driver drives up to the loading station platform, and in less time than it takes to tell it he has the necessary number of bottles and is on his way, making room for the next one. It is hardly necessary for him to stop his horse, the operation is so rapidly performed.

In connection with the cost of milk distribution, the delivery of a quart of milk by a driver who travels many miles and climbs from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and seventy-five flights of stairs, which are generally dark when he makes his rounds, naturally incurs a great expense even under the best-organized system of delivery. I have made many inquiries at department stores, and find the average cost of delivering a package to a customer, from a needle to a suit of clothes, is between twenty and twenty-four cents. The cost of delivering milk does not exceed twenty per cent of this figure. It is interesting and illuminating to know that the milk-distributing firms make the same profit selling milk in bulk at nine cents a quart at their stations throughout the city that they make from exactly the same grade of milk delivered to the consumer's door at fifteen cents a quart. There is food for thought in this fact, although there is a possibility of germ contact in containers used to hold loose milk, and Dr. Copeland strongly advises the use of bottled milk from a standpoint of absolute safety, even though more costly.

Bottles! The story of bottles is a startling one. Bottle breakage costs the Sheffield Company alone over six hundred thousand dollars a year. If the



Courtesy Sheffield Farms Co.

STEAM PRESSURE REGULATORS AND GAUGES

This picture shows one of three sections of similar gauges in the Brooklyn plant of the Sheffield Farms Company. These instruments are the controls which automatically govern the duration and the temperature of the process of pasteurization



Keystone

DELIVERING MILK IN THE CITY

The milk industry, with all its improvements, as evidenced by the elaborate system for controlling the pasteurization of milk, shown at the left, is still conservative in its city delivery system, as indicated in this picture

average housewife realized that the milk bottle she is often so careless with costs from five to six cents, she would probably handle it with the care it deserves. I have been literally amazed at the terrific cost of broken bottles to the milk consumers of New York City. I suppose that holds good for every city in the United States. If a cat sets up a howl in the back yard, a milk bottle is the first object sent after it. I have seen many times in my three years of apartment life in New York City bottles carelessly thrown on dumbwaiters, resulting of course in many of them being broken. I have seen superintendents of apartment-houses throw the bottles on floors and break them, as if they were newspapers instead of precious five-cent pieces.

Walking down Ninety-fourth Street, near Central Park West, I heard the familiar rattle of broken bottles as an ash collector threw a can of refuse into his wagon. I gazed at the ash-cart. There were at least twenty-five milk bottles visible, and at least half of them broken. "What are you doing with those bottles in those ash-cans?" I asked, amazed at this wanton destruction.

"I've got no time to monkey picking the bottles out of these cans. If the people in these houses haven't any more sense than to throw these good milk bottles into ash-cans, I should worry. I find hundreds and hundreds of these bottles every day; half of them are broken in the handling of the can; many are broken when the ash-cart is dumped, and I don't care what happens to the unbroken ones after that."

Here are thousands of people kicking about the cost of milk, and yet these very same people are adding tremendously to the cost of the milk by throwing their empty milk bottles away like potato peelings; and every time a housewife breaks a bottle she adds a nickel

onto her milk bill; indirectly, quite true, on the weekly bill, but certainl, directly on her monthly bill. A little bit more care in the handling of bottles by the New York milk consumers would save them around a million dollars a year, considering the total milk distributed in the city by all companies. One milk authority assured me that two million would be a closer estimate.

Europe paid American progressive ingenuity a fine compliment recently. The greatest milk distributing firm in England, the United Dairies, Ltd., desiring to adopt the best scientific and sanitary methods in diminishing infant mortality in London, sent a commission, including some of their own directors, to investigate the leading pasteurizing systems of America, as well as Canada, and, on returning to London, they wrote Mr. Loton Horton as follows:

We were profoundly impressed with the methods in operation in the best dairies in all parts of your great continent, but, with a very thorough knowledge and appreciation of these, we have no hesitation in ascribing to your methods and work the foremost position in the world, and we should indeed be happy if, with your kind guidance, we were able to introduce and popularize these methods in England.

It is because we are convinced that your system best meets the demands of hygiene, promotes child welfare, and avoids culpable waste of milk that we are constrained to ask you to add to your present heavy burden of responsibility by assisting us out of your great experience in the task which lies before us of improving methods in this country.

This is indeed a sterling tribute to American leadership in protecting the public against unwholesome milk.

There is a human interest story behind the awakening of the great English

dairy firm in American methods of milk pasteurization. Mr. Nathan Straus had bombarded the English public for years regarding the almost criminal negligence displayed by English authorities in protecting the London public from disease-laden milk. A peculiar circumstance aided in bringing about a successful termination of his efforts.

Dr. Royal S. Copeland's son became very ill while visiting in London through the drinking of contaminated milk. Dr. Copeland became very wrathful. He addressed a small body of men in London shortly afterward, at which time he vehemently declared: "I don't care if you folks drink this kind of milk yourselves, but I should think you would have some decent milk to give visitors." To which they replied, recognizing the truth of the statement, "Would you tell that to Lord Astor?"

"I would tell it to the King himself," answered the Doctor. Immediately a conference was arranged with Lord Astor, who, together with Lady Astor, became so much interested in the subject that a commission was delegated to visit America for investigation of the latest methods of milk pasteurization and distribution.

This commission, after an exhaustive study which carried them all over the United States, wrote Mr. Horton as before quoted, and, as a result, Mr. G. E. Huling, chief engineer of the Sheffield Farms, was requested to serve and is now serving as consulting engineer to this English commission.

With the aid of the municipal health authority, Dr. Copeland; the father of milk pasteurization, Mr. Nathan Straus; and the pioneer wholesale distributor of thoroughly pasteurized milk, Mr. Loton Horton, the English metropolis may soon enjoy the same pure, germ-proof milk that the American metropolis has enjoyed for some time.

THE BOOK TABLE

AMERICAN PORTRAITS¹

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THESE are portraits, not biographies. He who wants to know what these men *did* must go elsewhere for his information. He who wants to know what these men *were* will find in this book a perfectly frank and very luminous interpretation of their characters. The great portrait painters are never content with an accurate presentation of the features of the sitter. They study him while they talk with him, and aim to reproduce, not merely the house in which he dwells, but the man himself.

This was Mr. Bradford's aim in this interesting volume. He seeks to interpret the inner life of the sitter, and finds it difficult to do so. "Souls tremble and shift and fade under the touch. They elude and evade and mock you, fool you with false lights and perplex you with impenetrable shadows, till you are almost ready to give up in despair any effort to interpret them." To be a true portrait painter, whether with pen or brush, requires much more than skillful technique; it requires insight and courage—insight to perceive the real men behind the mask which consciously or unconsciously we all wear, and cour-

age to report without fear or favor what one has seen.

To illustrate Mr. Bradford's insight, take this sentence interpreting the temperamental conservatism of Cleveland: "The Bible is good enough for me," he said; "just the old book under which I was brought up. I do not want notes, or criticism, or explanations about authorship or origin, or even cross-references. I do not need them nor understand them and they confuse me." It was that temperament that made him not merely a Democrat, but an "old-fashioned Democrat." He was almost impervious to new ideas.

To illustrate Mr. Bradford's courage, read his interpretation of Mark Twain: "His thought was bitter because it was shallow; it did not go deep enough to get the humble tolerance, the vast self-distrust that should go with a dissolving vision of the foundations of the individual universe. His writing alternates from the violence of unmeaning laughter to the harshness of satire that has no laughter in it."

One does not need to agree with all of Mr. Bradford's interpretations to welcome his volume as a luminous and courageous interpretation of eight of America's great, though not greatest, men.

¹ American Portraits (1875-1900). By Gamaliel Bradford. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.50.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

HERITAGE OF THE HILLS (THE). By Arthur Preston Hankins. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.75.

Out of every half-dozen stories of mining mysteries and other Western "movie stuff" about one or two have something more than thrill and jump. This is one of the small minority. It is an original tale in its incidents, and it is also told with ability and graphic power.

MOON ROCK (THE). By Arthur J. Rees. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

Mr. Rees is a prolific and successful writer of mystery and crime stories. He has here built up his edifice of mystery with solicitous care, and puzzles his reader with his customary art. No one, however, need feel chagrined at not guessing the mystery; for this is one of a class of crime stories in which it is morally impossible to solve the problem, for the simple reason that a series of important facts which explain the cause of the crime are not known by the reader until after he has wasted a good deal of gray matter trying to guess what is unguessable.

UNCLE BIIAH'S GHOST. By Jennette Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Did Uncle Bijah really have a ghost, or an astral influence, or just a moral influence? The author does not seem to be quite certain herself, and the reader

is entitled to his own opinion. Mrs. Lee writes here, as in her other stories, with sharp presentation of individual traits and character and with brisk talk and action.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CANADA AT THE CROSS-ROADS. By Agnes C. Laut. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

In this volume various reasons are given for the fact that Canada does not receive full profits from her national resources. Whatever Canada's present economic outlook, however, she has enacted some exemplary legislation of an economic nature—for example, the Industrial Disputes, the Soldiers' Settlement, and the Selective Immigration Acts. Of the last named, we read:

When the immigrant reaches the port of entry, he is not dumped in the nearest city. He is met by a government agent and guided to his destination. Is he a factory operative? To the factory and waiting job he goes. Is he a farmer—and it is the farmer for whom Canada particularly bids—he is put on the train and sent to the farm areas for which he has expressed a preference. At the farm destination he is again met by a government agent and again—if he so wishes—guided to his location. It is where colonists have resented this guidance and persisted in choosing poor locations that they

have come to grief. The same paternalism, or maternalism, if you like so to call it, is exercised regarding incoming women colonists. Single women are selected on the other side of the Atlantic. They are brought out under care of a woman immigration officer and placed in the positions for which they are especially qualified—the great need in Canada, as elsewhere, being domestic help.

To the student of economics the book's value would be doubled had it an index.

MEXICAN MIND (THE). By Wallace Thompson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.50.

Even more interesting than Mr. Thompson's previous volume on Mexico is his present work—a comparison of the mental processes and differences characterizing the Latin and Saxon peoples of the North American Continent. In addition, there is a running commentary on certain curious customs of Mexican life. No one of course will be surprised that Mr. Thompson's solution of Mexican problems is found in the education of the masses.

EDUCATIONAL

DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PHRASES (A). By Albert M. Hyamson, F.R. Hist.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

A very useful book, which will be consulted frequently to verify or define familiar terms and phrases and will usually be found not wanting. More obsolescent and banal terms are included, however, than would seem to be desirable, and fewer of the newly coined ones that have obtained currency. "Big Bertha," "Jerry," and "World War" are significant omissions of this sort. Americanisms receive much more attention than in some other similar books of British origin.

HAUNTS OF LIFE (THE). By J. Arthur Thomson. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Professor Thomson describes in this book many strange forms of life that are found in out-of-the-way places—the seashore, the depths of the ocean, mountain heights and underground caves. But his book also has a wider scope. It is a commentary on the development of animal life in many forms—on land and sea and in the air; and it handles its entire subject in a way that will both fascinate and inform readers of all ages.

MISCELLANEOUS

COWBOY (THE). By Philip Ashton Rollins. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

A thorough study of one of the most interesting types of humanity that America has produced. The real cowboy is described here—a being somewhat different from the cowboy of the movies and the novels, but fully as interesting as pictorial or literary fiction has ever portrayed. The cowboy's character, habits, amusements, equipment, environment, and influence on the development of the West all receive exhaustive but always entertaining and discriminating treatment.

GOOD TEETH AND WOMANLY BEAUTY

THE IMPORTANCE OF DAILY CARE BEFORE DECAY BEGINS

WOMAN'S crowning glory may be her hair, but no woman who has an appreciation of the real meaning of beauty can believe that lovely hair would make her beautiful if her teeth had been neglected. Good teeth are, indeed, the first requisite of feminine attractiveness.

The artist who portrays smiling beauty gives his subject a full set of good teeth. The novelist, describing the charms of his heroine, is almost sure to refer to her beautiful teeth, and in real life the woman who is admired must have teeth that make her "unafraid to smile."

Rousseau said: "If she has good teeth no woman can be ugly."



PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE

NATURE, unfortunately, is not impartial in distributing strong, beautiful teeth. Some people have teeth that require little care; others—the great majority—find that constant vigilance is the price of freedom from tooth troubles.

Neglect, in most instances, is followed by discoloration, decay, distress, and finally the loss of the affected teeth, and disfigurement. It is most important, therefore, to give the teeth watchful care—to clean them at least twice a day with a safe dentifrice—before decay begins.

"The reparation of beauty lost through neglect of the teeth," says Irma Frances Dupre in a recent magazine article, "is a task so disheartening, so difficult, and so expensive, as to be a bitter lesson to the woman approaching middle age and regretting the carelessness or indifference of her younger days toward the proper care of this most precious of possessions."

The daily use of a safe dentifrice and an examination of the teeth every six months by a dentist are requirements that no woman can afford to neglect, and every woman who has children should consider it

her duty to see that they pursue this sensible course.

Brushing the teeth night and morning need not be a task. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with its delicious flavor, makes it easy to induce children to acquire the healthful habit of cleaning their teeth twice a day, and adults also find that the use of Colgate's imparts a pleasure to the practice of dental hygiene. Colgate's cleans teeth the right way, *safely and thoroughly*, and is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

BAD TEETH A MENACE TO HEALTH

DURING the past few years widespread alarm has been aroused over the dangers that arise owing to the presence of "dead" teeth in people's mouths.

Eminent physicians insist that every dead tooth is likely to be a source from which poison will find its way through the system.

Dead teeth are held responsible for rheuma-



tism, indigestion, heart troubles, impairment of sight, and other dangerous ailments. Development of public interest in the importance of dental hygiene has naturally been followed by the appearance of many kinds of tooth pastes and powders, for some of which extravagant claims are made. It is always advisable to be cautious regarding the use of preparations that are alleged to possess merits which cannot be verified.

Look into the character and responsibility of the house that produces the dentifrice you are using and keep in mind the fact that truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture.

Notwithstanding the advice that is given by physicians and dentists concerning care of the teeth, it happens too often that thought is given to the subject only when exposed nerves give painful warning of trouble that might have been prevented.

In addition to the difficulty of repairing teeth that have begun to ache, the operation usually is so distressing to the patient that it becomes necessary to kill the nerve. Then there is another "dead" tooth, with all the dangers that accompany it.

The care that is necessary to prevent tooth troubles never can begin too early. Children's first teeth should be cleaned regularly; they should be treated by the dentist, if necessary, and the gums should be kept in a healthy condition. Such precautions are quite likely to have a desirable effect upon the second teeth, which will have a chance to develop properly, come in regularly, and be sound and strong.

"In the whole range of hygiene," said Dr. William Osler, "there is nothing more important than dental hygiene."

THE SAFE, SENSIBLE COURSE

IT is important to remember that the most valuable part of a tooth is its surface—the thin shield known as enamel, which Nature provides for the protection of the inner structure. Injury to the enamel exposes the tooth immediately to the danger of decay. The smallest scratch or break provides a lodging place and a point of attack for the microorganisms that are responsible for cavities. Once the enamel is scratched by the application of an abrasive that is too harsh, the damage is permanent. Nature does not repair the injury.

Whenever and wherever particles of food or other foreign substances are left clinging to teeth or wedged between them, fermentation ensues, acid is generated, and decay follows.

Cleaning the teeth regularly night and morning with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the safe, sensible course for men, women and children. Colgate's is free from injurious ingredients; its purpose is simply to *clean* teeth, which it does effectively, and this is all that any dentifrice should be expected to do.

You can buy Colgate's anywhere. It is recommended by high dental authorities, and it has many advantages in addition to its effectiveness as a safe cleanser. The ribbon, as it is pressed from the tube, lies flat on the brush; the delicious flavor makes its daily use a pleasure and it does not dry out or become hard or brittle.



cleans teeth
the right way

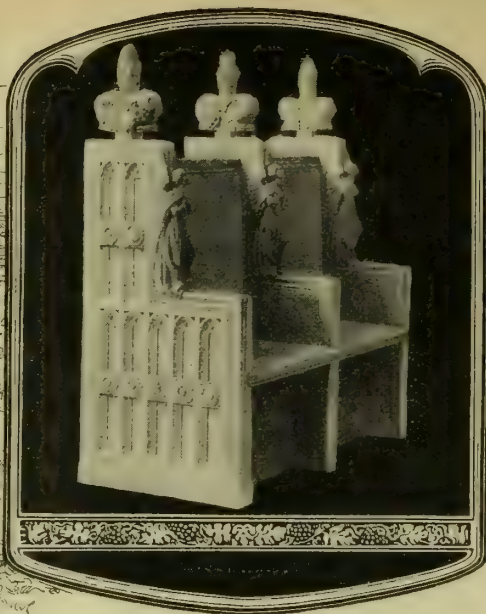
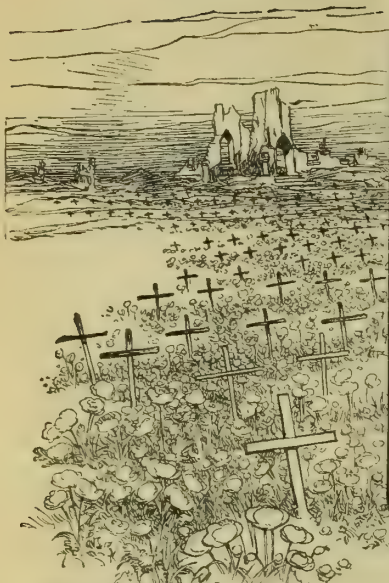
It is safe and efficient; contains no harmful ingredients; the flavor is delicious.

For Good Teeth—Good Health, use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream regularly night and morning. Large tubes 25c. Why pay more?

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

NEW YORK



**"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest"**

HIS end may have come aboard transport or in some front-line trench—in a base hospital or a training camp at home. It matters not where or how—remains simply the fact that he died for his country.

Simply to mark in cold and stately marble the unresponsive sod is not enough. The memory of his supreme sacrifice should be a heritage for the ages. It is more fitting, more consoling, far, to give his spirit and soul enduring memorial where congregate those he regretted so to leave.

What place among the haunts of men more fitting to erect such a memorial to the departed than within the sacred walls of the House of God where spirit speaks to spirit in many an expressive and symbolic form, and where the ideals and sacrifices of the dead live on to inspire and quicken the living.

You owe his memory such a memorial in his or your own favorite church. It is never "too late" for such a tribute. Perhaps but a simple hymn-board, or, on the other hand, a chancel and altar complete, a console for the organ, the pews, a communion table, or a baptismal font.

Every piece has embodied in it the genius of our chief artist and sculptor, Alois Lang, one of the most renowned of living wood sculptors. He is a member of the famous Oberammergau family of Langs, whose art and skill as wood carvers has been traditional for centuries.

To those who desire to perpetuate the name and memory of some one near and dear, we offer the service of our Ecclesiastical Department. A request will bring without obligation a beautifully illustrated booklet and complete information.

THE WOOD CARVING STUDIOS OF

American Seating Company

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CHICAGO

PHILADELPHIA

RADIO'S MAGIC WAND

RADIO is swiftly revolutionizing the thought, expression, and habits of the world. The transformation is taking place with dramatic celerity. Already it seems probable that this new resource of civilization will affect the lives of the people more intimately and change the currents of human activity more radically than the introduction of the locomotive, the harnessing of electricity, the telephone, automobile, or the moving picture.

Radio, like other discoveries, is creating new industries, new fields of employment. It is opening up new avenues of education and entertainment, of public information, health protection, and life saving. Its early sensational service was in saving life and property at sea. Its present great opportunity is to give to remote and isolated communities the educational and recreation facilities which hitherto have drawn youth away from the land to the crowded cities.

Already radio, through quick action by representatives of the Government and patriotic response by American industry, has been retained for the leadership of the United States in the field of international communications.

The General Electric Company, whose development work has done so much to make practical the theories, experiments, and original patents of Marconi, was induced by the request of representatives of the Navy Department to enter the field itself instead of selling apparatus to foreign interests already entrenched in America. It was in response to the suggestions of the Government that the Radio Corporation of America was formed to take over the assets and patents of the American Marconi Company, making it a purely American company; and the position of America is now safe and vigorous in the field of international radio communications.

While from a National standpoint this is still the most important achievement in radio, the broadcasting of news, entertainment, and official information unquestionably is responsible for the popu-



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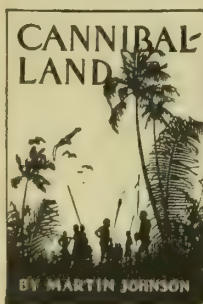
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RADIO'S MAGIC WAND (Continued)

lar interest in radio which is now sweeping the country.

Nearly all the public, especially that part of it located near the broadcasting stations, is familiar with the results of radio—the concerts and lectures and information that constitute the daily programme that goes out from the broadcasting stations and into the radio telephone receiver sets now found in so many homes. Dealers have studied the business side, expert amateurs the send-



ANCHORING THE FILAMENT

ing and receiving side, the entire public the popular side, but very few are familiar with the interesting inside—the very heart of radio reception and transmitting—known technically as the vacuum tubes, which act as transmitters, detectors, and amplifiers. These constitute the magic wand of radio.

These are not only the scientific heart of radio, but the very source of the development and still the limiting factor in the production expansion programme. The explanation of what they are, whence they came, and how they are made cannot fail to be helpful, not merely to one group, but to the public generally.

The vacuum tube is a veritable Aladdin's lamp of radio. To it we owe the marvelous development of radio communication and, above all, the growth of broadcasting. Its history, like that of most great inventions, is a history of an accidental discovery and of a groping for the explanation of that discovery over a period of twenty years.

We must go back to 1883 for the beginnings of the vacuum tube—back to the days when Edison with dramatic suddenness displayed his carbon filament lamp. For it was Edison who first discovered the phenomenon which is now practically applied in the vacuum tube. In that eventful year, 1883, the idea of performing a curious experiment flashed upon Edison. He mounted a plate within the bulb of his exhausted carbon lamp and connected the plate with a current-indicating instrument—a

galvanometer. He turned on the current to the filament. It glowed, as filaments always glow in such circumstances. He looked at the galvanometer. The indicating needle had swung aside. *A current was streaming over from the glowing filament to the plate.* And yet there was no physical contact of plate with filament! Edison could never make the current flow from the plate to the filament. It would only stream from the glowing thread to the plate.

Sir William Preece, a famous English physicist, called this phenomenon the "Edison effect." But what the Edison effect was neither he nor Edison could explain. Indeed, it was a mystery for over twenty years. The Edison effect proved so baffling simply because scientists did not know enough about electricity to clarify it. Not until radium and the X-rays were discovered, not until the very nature of electricity and of matter was understood, was it possible to explain exactly why the current streamed over from the hot glowing filament to the cold plate, and never in the opposite direction. Then came the research of Sir J. J. Thomson. His conclusions were startling. Electricity is a matter of flowing "electrons"—infinitesimal bits of negative electricity. The electrons are always negative. They manifest themselves only when a body is in an abnormal condition—when, for example, it has too few or too many electrons, and never when it has just enough. They seek to find their own equilibrium, these electrons. They dart from bodies which have too many to bodies which have too few. Every hot metal, every burning thing, discharges them by the billion. From the glowing filament of a carbon lamp they stream out in every direction. When Edison mounted his plate within a lamp bulb and charged it *positively*, he gave the electrons a definite direction; he made them move from the hot filament to the cold plate. Every boy knows that the north pole of a magnet attracts the south pole of another magnet. The north poles repel each other; so do the south poles. The electrons streamed over from the negative filament to the positive plate by a somewhat similar process. When the plate was negatively charged, the electrons, which are always negative, were repelled. The plate had electrons enough; it wanted no more. It occurred to Professor J. A. Fleming, who was Marconi's chief engineer and who had much to do with explaining the Edison effect in terms of electrons, that a lamp which included a plate might serve a useful purpose in radio communication. We deal with alternating currents in radio, and by alternating currents we mean streams that flow, not in one direction, as water flows through a pipe, but in two directions. In other words, an alternating current flashes back and forth. In radio these oscillations occur with amazing frequency. Between two successive alternations of electricity or waves may be an interval of only half a millionth or a millionth of a second. Fleming was seeking a

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RADIO'S MAGIC WAND

(Continued)

detector which would respond to these high frequencies better than existing devices. A telephone would answer admirably as a receiver. Unfortunately, the telephone would not respond to alternations so rapid with audible sounds. It occurred to Fleming that the Edison effect could be applied in such a way that the telephone would become a receiver of radio signals.

Remember that the electrons stream only from the hot filament to the plate. Fleming saw that if a bulb containing a plate formed part of the apparatus which received the electric waves hurled into the ether by the transmitting station it would suppress one-half the alternations. The electrons could flow only from the filament to the plate. When an alternation came in the opposite direction, the bulb simply would not respond; that alternation was simply choked off. Hence the bulb converted the alternations into spurts of electricity, all traveling in the same direction, and these were so far reduced in number that they could be heard in a telephone receiver as a musical note. The dots and dashes of the Morse code were therefore heard as short and long notes.

The action of the bulb was much like that of a valve which permits water in a pipe to flow free in one direction, but which promptly closes when the water tries to flow in the opposite direction. Hence, Fleming called the invention, as he applied it, an "oscillation valve." This oscillation valve of Fleming's soon displaced all other detectors of electric waves.

Then came the wonderful improvement invented by Lee De Forest. He conceived the idea of controlling the electrons that streamed over from the filament to the plate. His means of control was simply a wire grid mounted between the filament and the plate, a grid which formed part of an electric circuit. When the grid was electrified negatively just a little, the electrons were correspondingly impeded in their onward rush toward the plate. On the other hand, when the grid was positively electrified to a greater or lesser degree, the electrons were assisted in their effort to reach the plate; indeed, they were literally pulled over. The grid might thus be negatively or positively charged millions of times in a second, but the electrons responded instantly.

Here was a marvelously sensitive method of control. The "three-electrode valve," as it came to be technically called, or the "vacuum tube" in popular parlance, proved to be an extraordinarily sensitive detector of electric waves. More than that, it proved to be also a means of amplifying exceedingly feeble signals. Tube could be added to tube, it was found, so that the signal detected by one could be magnified by a second, that of the second by a third, and so on, until at last an effect was obtained which might well be billions of times more powerful than that originally de-

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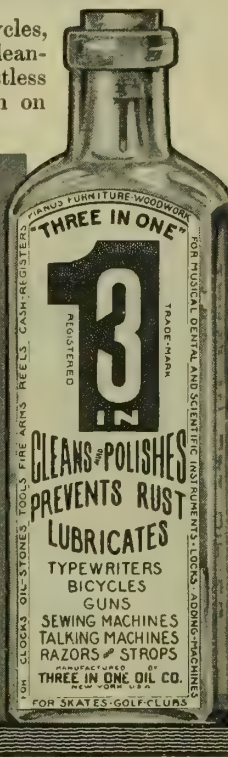
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RADIO'S MAGIC WAND (Continued)



MOUNTING THE PLATE ON THE SUPPORTING LEADS OVER THE GRID AND FILAMENT

tected. If a dying fly groans, its anguish would be expressed in a terrific wail. The tap of a lead pencil becomes the blow of a trip-hammer.

It is because a vacuum tube can thus detect and amplify extremely feeble currents that broadcasting has grown overnight into a means of communication the possibilities of which seem almost limitless. Radio, a phase of engineering so technical, so special in character that it interested only the electrically informed enthusiasts, has become the common property of millions who now listen to the news of the day, to opera, to the jokes of some famous music-hall comedian, to the sermons of a noted preacher, broadcasted through the ether of space in rippling electric waves which pass through brick walls and mountains as light passes through glass.

Even to radio engineers it still seems almost miraculous that an electric lamp, like that which shines upon many a desk, has but to be provided with a plate (curled in the form of a sheath-like cylinder) and a grid to produce effects of extraordinary magnitude.

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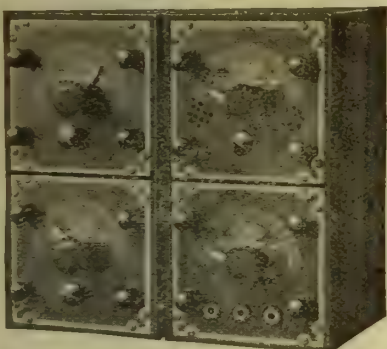
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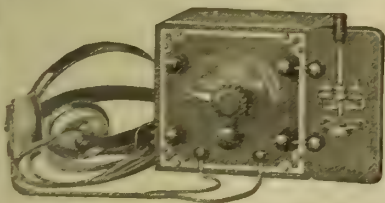


Showing Complete Receiving Set Elmco Tuner Type S-1, with Elmco Detector and Two Stage Amplifier, Type A-3

Price, Without Tubes, Phones or Batteries, \$100

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RADIO'S MAGIC WAND

(Continued)

making are not adequate in this process; the precautions taken to prevent the leakage of air into the tube must be more refined. Again, the preparation of the leading-in wires themselves is an operation that must be most delicate and precise. They are die-cut by hand, and some of them must be bent with the utmost care.

Equally difficult is the fashioning of the filament which, when it glows, shoots out electrons. The filament is a tungsten wire as fine as a human hair. Variations in diameter of even a few ten-thousandths of an inch cannot be permitted. The filaments must be exactly uniform in size and shape. The mere matter of cutting the filaments to the proper length is important. If the filament is five per cent short, for instance, the life of the tube may be reduced by one-half.

The grid must be wound around its support and welded into place. Because this is a machine operation it will be assumed at once that it is easy. It is anything but that. Uniformity of shape is essential. The operator of the welding machine must have acquired the knack of applying uniform pressure, because this is essential in securing a perfect weld. It sometimes takes two weeks or more to adjust the welder properly. It is the function of the welder to heat, and the heat is electrically obtained. Too much current will melt the wires of the grid; too little will not produce a good weld. Only long experience can dictate just what the amount of current should be.

Next comes the formation of the plate, so called—in reality, a cylinder surrounding the grid and filament. It is punched from sheets of nickel or molybdenum. Like the grid, it must be welded to its supports, an operation which, as we have seen, is almost a fine art.

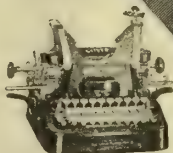
The last operation, which consists in "anchoring" the filament in place, is one of the finer points of the process. It involves much calculation and thought; for the filament must be held firmly in place and yet it must have sufficient play to allow for its expansion when heated.

When the elements of the vacuum tube (the filament, the grid, and the plate) are assembled and then mounted in the bulb, the process of exhaustion must be carried out. The more air removed from the bulb, the more efficient the tube; for we have seen how easy it is for an atom of air to block electrons rushing from the filament toward the plate. The tube is exhausted by a pump which was developed in the research laboratories of the General Electric Company, and which is the most perfect instrument of the type yet invented.

Quantity production of tubes by machine must ultimately come in order that the insistent demand of the public may be satisfied. But quantity production in the automobile sense is at present impossible, simply because vacuum tubes, like fine chronometers, are still made by hand.

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ADIRONDACKS, THE CRATER CLUB. Essex-on-Lake-Champlain. Cottages with central club house where meals are served. References required. For circular or information address JOHN B. BERNHAM, 233 Broadway, New York.

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Furnished. 4 to 6 rooms and bath. \$150 to \$195 for season. Also four-room camp from July 17, \$125 balance of season. Surrounded by mountains. Fine center for touring. Supplies convenient. ALMON WARD, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Shore front camp in the pines, furnished. Sand beach for children. \$300 for season. Photos and floor plans on request. C. H. EASTON, 110 E. 4th St., New York.

Hotel Webster

(Near 5th Avenue)

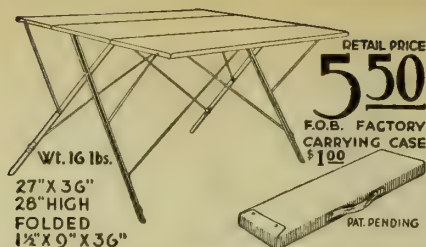
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NEW YORK

Set in the fashionable club and shop section. Within five minutes' walk to principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.

Reservations and maps gladly sent upon request.

JOHN P. THOMSON, Prop.



The Kay-Dee Metal Folding Table
Ideal for Tourist, Outing and Home, Rigid, Strong, Durable, Sanitary, won't upset. Send for Catalog.
The KAY-DEE MFG. CO., Lincoln, Neb.

Have You Planned Your Summer Vacation Yet?

This issue of *The Outlook* contains many advertisements of Summer Resorts and Vacation Tours.

Much attractive literature is issued by the various hotels, railways, and steamship lines. The *Outlook* will gladly undertake to have descriptive literature sent you covering any point in which you may be interested. Address

TRAVEL EDITOR
The Outlook Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Real Estate NEW YORK

FOR SALE

AT ELMSFORD, WESTCHESTER CO.
Home of the late Worthington Whitehouse. Remodeled farmhouse—12 rooms, 2 baths, in perfect condition; 3 miles from White Plains. 5 acres of land; beautiful trees and shrubs, brook and pool. House partially furnished; some rare antiques. Also Jersey cow, chickens, bees, etc. Price \$35,000.

WORTHINGTON, WHITEHOUSE, INC.
446 Madison Avenue Fitz Roy 4600

Glen Eyrie-on-Lake-George

FOR SALE or RENT for JUNE, JULY. FURNISHED COTTAGE on shore. Living-room, fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, big piazza.

C. H. Nuttle, Y. M. C. A., Morristown, N. J.

For Sale Cottage on Snow Shoe Bay, Henderson Harbor, Lake Ontario. Short distance from Electric Association Island. Not far from historic Sacketts Harbor and Madison Post. Fine boating, good anchorage. Occupied two summers by owner; never rented. Three sleeping-rooms and porch, large living-room with fireplace, kitchen, lavatories, plumbing. E. K. HARROUN, 60 Woolworth Building, Watertown, N. Y.

Real Estate NEW YORK

FOR RENT Furnished cottage in Ontonaga, Catskill Mountains. 6 master and 3 maids' rooms, 4 baths, electricity, spring water, private sewerage, 18-foot piazza, open fireplaces, garage. Elevation about 2,500 feet. \$1,500. Address J. S. S., Room 1024, 15 William St., New York.

Eastern Long Island Peconic Bay & Sound Front Properties for sale or rent, summer homes a specialty. Illustrated booklet mailed upon receipt of 25c.

Silworth Real Estate
MATTITUCK, L. I.

For Rent FURNISHED Ten-room house all improvements. 3 acres land, fine old shade trees, garden all planted, free fire vegetables; view of creek. Two hours from New York. Will rent June 15 to August 1, \$120. James Myers, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE

Three acres of land with fruit orchard, four-room and bath brick house, furnished with antique furniture; also attractively furnished studio and garage. Three minutes from the lake. Beautiful private location. Cash, \$4,800. Nine miles from Stroudsburg and Delaware Water Gap. Apply to E. G. DORSHIMER, Postmaster, Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

Real Estate

VERMONT

Modernized Farmhouse, Peacham, Vt. Furnished; easy distance to wonderful views, fields, woods, boating, swimming, fishing. Terms moderate. 7,583, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income; home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

STATIONERY for personal and business use. 100 envelopes and 100 letter sheets \$1 postpaid. Burnett Print Shop, 320 Ohio St., Ashland, Ohio.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DICTATORS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side, Boston, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerks, \$133 to \$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, B-4, Columbus, O.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
WANTED—Mother's helper. Desirable permanent position for capable young woman. Suburban home near Reading. State salary. Mohican Lodge, Sinking Spring, Pa.

WANTED—Attendant for semi-invalid and for sewing and light housework. Physically strong, willing to walk and read aloud. Address Mrs. J. M. Whiton, 821 Central Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Teachers and Governesses

HEADMASTER, supervising and teaching, in boys' boarding school, long established, near New York City. State fully qualifications, experience, and minimum salary. 1,568, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess. Country summer. Florida winter. Position permanent. Children ages 4 and 7. State age and religion. References as such—no school teachers need apply. Position open June 1. 1,595, Outlook.

WANTED, in the piano department of a music school settlement, an experienced teacher who is able to do advanced work and can give recitals. Social vision as well as musicianship required. 1,611, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, Scotch Protestant, capable taking entire charge of infant; understands all kinds of formulas. Reference 7½ and 6½ years. 1,604, Outlook.

GRADUATE, registered nurse, three years' experience in handling boys, desires position in boys' private school. Best references from physician and parents. 1,603, Outlook.

COMPETENT C tenor saxophone player wishes position for summer. Best references. Regular saxophonist Union College orchestra, "The Union Five." Address E. B. Wilber, 125 Glenwood Blvd., Schenectady, N. Y.

CAPABLE young man, 22, college graduate, English teacher, secretary-stenographer, pleasant personality, liberal ideas, wants temporary or permanent connection outside of business. 1,628, Outlook.

HEAD of music department in prominent girls' school, concert pianist of American and European recognition, desires to conduct music of summer school in or near New York, prepare students in harmony and piano for college examination, or play or arrange concerts. Soloist and chamber music player. At liberty from June 1 until October 1. 1,619, Outlook.

Business Situations

MANAGER (resident) of college or school. Teachers College, Columbia, training. Several years' experience as manager of dormitories, dining halls. Available September 1. 1,612, Outlook.

WANTED, September 1, position as supervisor or matron for girls home. Ages from 12-18 years preferred. Experienced. Good remuneration expected. Personal interview arranged if possible. 1,624, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
COLLEGE man, studying music in New York, desires position—organ, companion, tutor. Experienced driver; agreeable and willing. References exchanged. 1,625, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, English, German, sunny disposition, useful companion, excellent traveler, desires position. Couple or gentleman. Quality references. 1,528, Outlook.

JUNIOR in college would like position for summer months as companion and tutor for young boy. Reply 1,563, Outlook.

CULTURED, educated young woman as companion or secretary. Will travel. References exchanged. 1,617, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl wants position on farm or at summer resort; out of door work preferred. 1,614, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TO travel. Dependable, amiable woman 35, experienced, desires position as companion or governess to party go abroad. Understands traveling. 1,413, Outlook.

WANTED, by young colored man, position for summer gardening or chauffeuring. Adrian Freeman, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

COMPANION and TUTOR—Young lady junior at Wellesley College, desires position as companion and tutor to young girl, summer months. Exceptional references furnished. Address 1,577, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl loving children and outdoor life desires position as companion for one or more children for summer months. American Protestant. Moderate salary. 1,578, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, 6 years in school teacher, Catholic, desires position summer as companion, tutor, secretary. Likes to travel. Excellent references. 1,579, Outlook.

DOMESTIC science school graduate desires position for summer cooking in tea room or private family. 1,608, Outlook.

REFINED French lady, young, high references, Spanish, English, piano, was position. Go anywhere. 1,609, Outlook.

POSITION as matron in fresh air hospital nursery, or would act as vacation relief. Experienced. References. Address Fleming, 214th St. and Bolton Road, Care S. P. C. C.

COLLEGE nurse desires position as companion and nurse or care of child. Good references. Elsie Taylor, Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y.

REFINED, educated woman desires engagement as housekeeper. Would manage gentleman's home and children. Capable taking full charge. References. 1,621, Outlook.

YOUNG man, colored, pleasing personality, cultured, business training, fond of animals, desires supervision country home. Best of references. Seventeen years one place. 1,600, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman, who speaks French, English, German, good musician, wants position as private secretary or governess to older children. Capable handling position of trust. Mrs. L. Bruhling, 1 Sandwich St., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE senior, experienced with children, desires position as nursery governess for the summer months. 1,410, Outlook.

INSTRUCTOR wants position in private school for next year. Can handle athletic experience. References. No reasonable offer rejected. Address 1,479, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires position as nursery governess or companion. Experienced with little children. Address Helen Jardine, S. Wright, Champaign, Ill.

CLASSICAL teacher, gentleman, 34 years age, 10 years' teaching, 7 as professor of Latin in Western State university, master's degree Michigan University. Ph.D. work nearly completed, desires Latin or Greek position Eastern or Middle West college. Best of references. 1,421, Outlook.

YOUNG man as tutor-companion. Excellent references. Address Box 110, Chatham, N. J.

YOUNG woman, graduate student Y desires summer position as tutor, council or companion. 1,606, Outlook.

COLLEGE student desires position as tutor or companion for the summer, prefers traveling. Address W. Ashton Roberts, c/o Psi U House, Middletown, Conn.

GOVERNESS desires summer position on shore or mountains. Expenses only. 1, Outlook.

MATHEMATICS instructor, B.A., Phi Kappa, two years' experience city schools, desires September position vicinity New York. 1,620, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, collegian, with excellent knowledge of English, French, Latin, other college courses, desires position as governess. Can also act as tutor. High references. Address Room 608, 665 Fifth Ave., New York City.

YOUNG man, university senior, des position for summer as tutor or companion. Latin, German, sciences. 1,623, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in care of obstetrical patients a very thorough course of six months is offered at the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Gutmann, New York shopper, shop for you, services free. No salary. References. 309 West 99th St.

REFINED home school for slightly tardied children, age 7-15 years. Limit number. 70 Prospect St., Portchester, N. Tel. 1556 M.

FOR sale. "Nouveaux Larousse Illustrés," vols. 340; "The Historians' History of the World," 25 vols. \$20; 40 lb. of hand-made open bookcases, Italian walnut, \$800; Dunphy table, antique hall chairs, mirror, etc. at great sacrifice. Mrs. R. A. Lawrence, West 68th St., New York City.

BOYS wanted, 500 boys wanted to sell Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

REFINED, cheerful woman to share room, bungalow living expenses and will both light with lady alone. 1,610, Outlook.

TEACHER with home on Outlook will take pupils to board for summer. 1, Outlook.

SUPPOSE IT WERE YOUR BOY—

A REQUEST THAT READERS OF THE OUTLOOK JOIN IN THIS PATRIOTIC AND HELPFUL SERVICE

WHEN the sailor lads of America pour out from the great warships upon the bewildering streets of the city of New York, how shall they be met? Where shall they go? If one of them were your son, would you not cry out passionately—"Place him under the influence of good people and a good home?"

WHAT THE BOYS NEED

What to do with the enlisted men of the Navy on shore leave is a serious question. Without some objective of the nature of home or club they are likely to drift into mischief or worse. These boys crave decent surroundings and pleasures. They need to be assured of some sort of a place with good clean beds, baths, music, and diversions of the kind that are wholesome and attractive. The lack of a "home base" gives them a "lonesome feeling" and that is why you frequently find them haunting the street corners and seeking distraction with questionable companions in questionable resorts.

IT IS PRECISELY THIS HOME BASE WHICH THE NATIONAL NAVY CLUB SUPPLIES

The National Navy Club of New York, situated at 15 East 41st Street, has a three-fold mission. It acts for the enlisted Navy or Marine man on shore leave as:

A home where he is not only made to *feel* at home, but where every influence urges him to behave as if he were in his own home.

A hotel which does not cold-shoulder the sailor boy because he is a sailor boy; which is fully equipped with every adjunct to comfort; where the rates are nominal, neither beyond his reach nor on the other hand suggestive of charity.

A home club in the best and most constructive sense.

SOME FIGURES THAT SHED LIGHT ON THE NAVY CLUB'S ACTIVITIES

Foreign navies utilizing the club.....	19
Number of states represented.....	49
Average daily canteen attendance.....	250
Average number of men securing sleeping quarters.....	120
Present sleeping capacity.....	140
Average number of wounded soldiers entertained per month	750

The club has operated continuously since July, 1917, and during the year 1921, 25,000 were furnished sleeping accommodations and 30,000 meals were served in the club canteen.

The club's physical equipment consists of reading, writing and lounge room, library, billiard room, mail and check room, bedrooms and dormitories.

The canteen, directed by a volunteer committee of ladies, serves the best of home-cooked food at cost.

One of the most important departments of the Club is its mail and check room, open day and night, where thousands of letters are received and held or forwarded on request.

ADMIRAL PLUNKETT WRITES—

Rear Admiral Plunkett of the Naval War College writes: "On the ship, we are one family, officers and men, if the ship goes down we go down together. When our men get liberty ashore, we have to trust you people of New York to see to it that there shall be a clean, decent place for the men to go."

This is not a work for a few—each citizen has a responsibility to see that these boys have a home on shore to go to. We realized the necessity during the war. It is greater now because all other clubs are closed.

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR CONTINUING THIS WORK

Although the Club is not a charity, it is manifestly not self-supporting. At the rates charged, the members and lodgers pay less than one-third of the maintenance budget. The balance must be raised through corporate membership dues. Every enlisted man in the American Navy comes into the port of New York during his term of service. The Navy Club is therefore a national institution.

Will you join us in this patriotic and forward-looking service? Your subscription on the appended blank will be a vote for decency and clean American manhood.

OFFICERS

President: FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
 Vice-Presidents: DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN
 PAUL L. HAMMOND
 J. FREDERICK TALCOTT
 Treasurer: EDWARD C. DELAFIELD
 Secretary: MOTT B. SCHMIDT
 Counsel: WILLIAM H. HAMILTON
 P. CHAUNCEY ANDERSON

CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

Supporting, for one year.....	\$10.00
Sustaining, " " ".....	25.00
Contributing, " " ".....	50.00
Century, " " ".....	100.00
Patron, " " ".....	250.00
Life.....	500.00
Founder.....	1,000.00

The Navy Club, 15 East 41st Street,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find check for \$..... for
membership (see classification at left) in the Navy Club.

Name.....

Address.....

We will welcome dollar contributions from those who feel that they cannot take out memberships. We want Nation-wide support for the National Navy Club

W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$7.00 & \$8.00 SHOES

ALSO MANY STYLES AT \$5.00 & \$6.00

YOU CAN ALWAYS
SAVE MONEY BY WEARING
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY
TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT

STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE
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THE STAMPED PRICE
IS YOUR PROTECTION
AGAINST
UNREASONABLE PROFITS



W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED
BY MORE THAN FORTY YEARS
EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

Our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores **YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.**

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
767 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

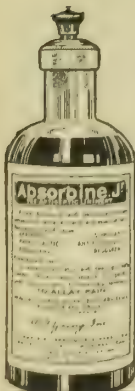


It is the habit of well kept thousands. Follow the use of your tooth brush with a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in an eighth glass of water.

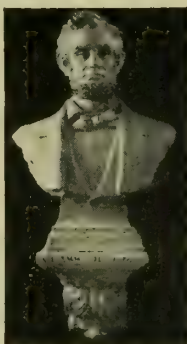
This, as mouth wash, spray and gargle, removes disagreeable tastes and breaths; destroys crevice hidden germs that cause decay, and alleviates conditions of sore throat. It leaves the mouth refreshingly clean.

Absorbine, Jr. is also, for overtaxed muscles, the powerful yet safe liniment with the clean pleasant odor. Again, it is an antiseptic, cleansing and healing to skin breaks. All in one container for your greater convenience.

At most druggists, \$1.25, or postpaid,
Liberal trial bottle, 10c, postpaid,
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
443 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



LINCOLN by Gironi

Height
2' 9" Ivory Finish, - \$25
2' 9" Bronze Finish, - \$35
1' Ivory Finish, - \$3
1' Bronze Finish, - \$4
Bracket, Ivory Fin., \$10
" Bronze Fin., \$12

Class Gifts

American Sculpture
for American Schools

FAITHFUL reproductions of great American subjects. Artistic work of highest merit. Busts, statues, statuettes and bas-reliefs in plaster (either ivory or bronze finish), or real bronze. Special attention to schools, academies, libraries and museums. Safe delivery guaranteed.

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FOR
CROOKED LEGS**
(Patented)

**MAKES TROUSERS
HANG STRAIGHT**
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self-adjustable

It holds
Socks Up—Shirt Down
Not a
"Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs

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BY THE WAY

THE fashion of anonymity in book-making seems to have had its day. The earliest printers not only left out their names but even omitted to date their books, and one of the most famous of novelists, Sir Walter Scott, it will be remembered, carefully concealed his identity for years after his first novel became famous. But the pendulum now swings the other way, in the spirit of the saying, "Credit to whom credit is due," and an American publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, is completing the reaction by printing not only his own and the author's name on his books, but also those of the printer, the binder, and the paper-maker. A general adoption of this sensible practice would lead not only to good feeling on the part of these collaborators in book-making, but to their emulation in making a product worthy of bearing a personal credit.

Much of the fine work issued by American publishers—and fine work is being done by them in spite of a general falling off in the quality of paper and presswork as a result of the war—has been due to men who have endeavored to put individuality into American typography—men such as D. B. Updike of the Merrymount Press, William Dana Orcutt of the Plimpton Press, Bruce Rogers of the Riverside Press, and the Goudys of Forest Hill, Long Island. To these names might be added those of such thoroughly workmanlike printers as De Vinne of New York and Munder of Baltimore. With the readjustment of industrial conditions anticipated in the long period of peace that seems before us, book-making will no doubt become a finer art than ever.

A request made to a travel bureau for information about the Czechoslovak Republic brought to our desk, together with other pamphlets, a copy of the Czechoslovak Constitution, printed in English in the city of Prague. Some of the paragraphs are novel and interesting. For instance:

Privileges due to sex, birth, or occupation shall not be recognized.

Inviolability of matter intrusted to the mails is guaranteed.

Public instruction shall be given so as not to be in conflict with the results of scientific investigation.

Wedlock, family, and motherhood shall be under the special protection of the law.

Only such titles may be conferred as designate official rank or a profession.

Every manner whatsoever of forcible denationalization is prohibited.

The second paragraph and the last were probably inspired by the autocratic methods of the former Austrian régime.

"Prince Wixzizwyxard, of the house of Challourglezilezisc of Ethiopia," the "Battle Creek Idea" says in a paragraph which one fancies is going to be humorous but which turns out to be deadly serious, "is visiting here and made the



**The Ansonia
SUNWATCH**

An accurate Compass and a Timepiece that *does not need to be wound up* and will not get out of order. In a thin, satin-finished brass case.

Tells correct time by the sun anywhere in the United States, and heads you in the right direction.

For Hunters, Fishermen, Canoeists, Motorists, Campers, Guides, Boy and Girl Scouts.

If you cannot get it from your dealer we will send you one on receipt of one dollar.

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
99 John Street Dept. O. New York
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century

Name

St. and No.

City

American Sunwatch not adjusted for Canadian latitude and longitude. Canadian price \$1.50. Distributors, The Goldsmiths' Company of Canada, Ltd., 50 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

"PEANUTS" "SMITHFIELD HAMS"
5 lbs Jumbos, shelled, \$1.25
Smithfield Hams, 60c per pound. Parcel Post prepaid
WATKINS BROTHERS, FRANKLIN, VA.

**FRENCH
GLUTEN
BREAD** **BRUSSON JEUNE**
Imported from France

Foremost physicians will prescribe Brissou Jeune Gluten Bread if you have diabetes or obesity. Brissou Bread is scientifically prepared by dietitians of highest standing. Palatable and nutritious. Small in bulk; never becomes stale. 20 million loaves eaten each year.

Ask your grocer for Brissou Gluten Bread. Or send \$2.00 for box of 15 loaves. Sent postpaid in United States. Diabetes booklet on request.

GUSTAV MULLER, Importer
19 South William St. NEW YORK

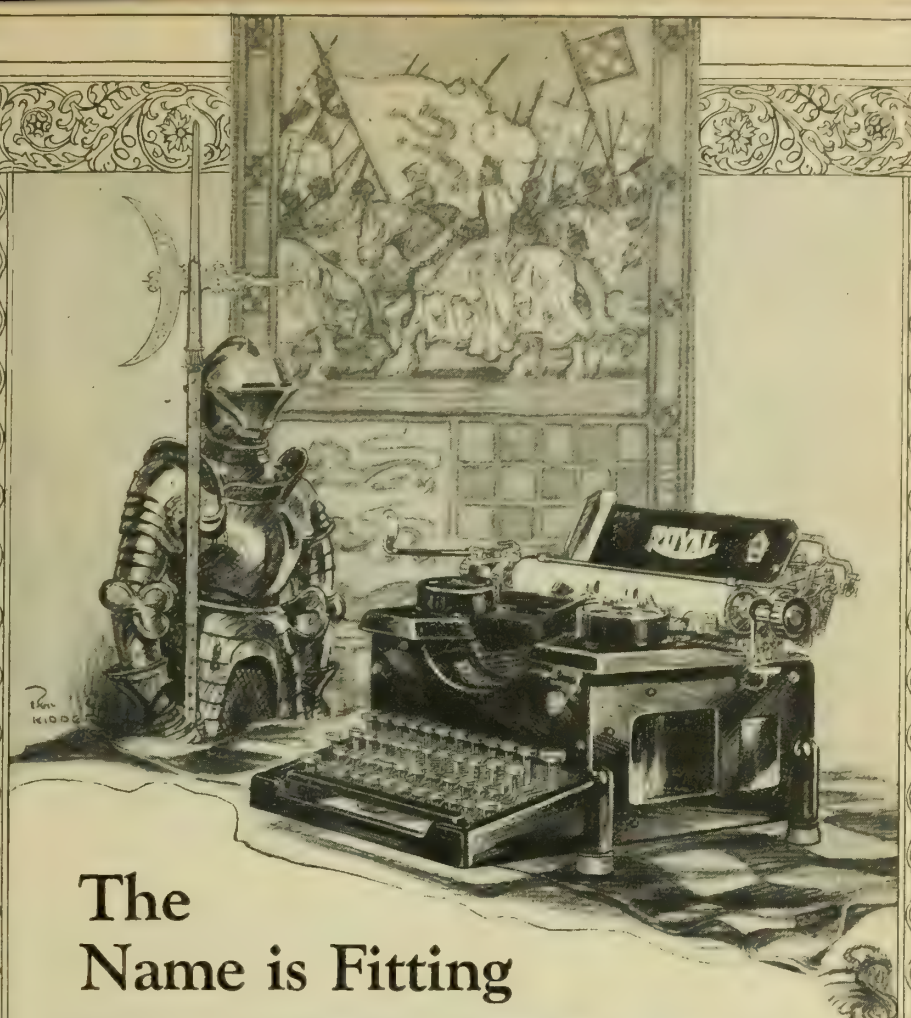
Maple Sugar and Syrup

Will Surpass Your Expectations

Syrup—Quarts, 90c
Gallons, \$2.75
Soft Sugar—2-lb can, \$1.00
10-lb pails, \$3.75
Pounds Post Extra

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HIGHLAND FARM (Box 441), Alstead, N. H.

Absolutely Pure



The Name is Fitting

THE new Royal has all the refinements that would be expected of an aristocrat of typewriters. Its title has been earned, not inherited. It is self-made. Though mute, its actions are unmistakably those of a thoroughbred. It can't help being somewhat exclusive, for masterly craftsmanship has given it true distinction.

There's a poise and dignity in the outward appearance of the new Royal that bespeak a fine character within. The cleanness and uniformity of its typing unconsciously suggest good taste, discrimination. Its marked quietness makes it a good companion for concentration. It has a respect for the feelings of others.

The Light-Running, Quiet-Running Royal combines the strength and durability of a fine machine with the responsiveness and accuracy of an instrument—the achievement that makes its name so fitting.

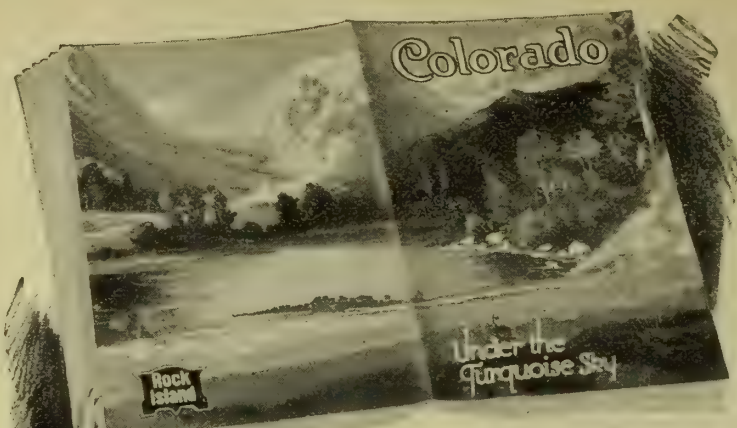
Our fifty-six page book, "The Evolution of the Typewriter", beautifully illustrated in color, will be mailed free on request. Address Department O.

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Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"

ROYAL

Light-Running *Quiet-Running*



Your Guide to Colorado!

Send for this book. Read it carefully, paying special attention to the illustrations. You will then be able to plan your summer outing intelligently. Sent without charge upon receipt of coupon. California folder also mailed when requested. Fill out and mark the coupon; mail it today.

Greatly Reduced Fares

The lowest in years; placing Colorado, California, the National Parks and vacation grounds of the West within your easy reach.

We shall be glad to plan your trip, advise you about its cost, and furnish detailed information about Rock Island service—the Golden State Limited, to and from California; the Rocky Mountain Limited and other fast Rock Island trains to and from Colorado.

Comfort and courtesy are your fellow travelers on the

Rock Island Lines

Mr. L. M. Allen, Vice President
Rock Island Lines
737 La Salle Station, Chicago

Please mail me, without charge, your publication on
☐ Colorado ☐ California
(Check the book or books you desire)

BY THE WAY (Continued)

following statement to students: 'You young people are allowed to get married before your best judgment has developed, hence so many divorces. The youth of Ethiopia are not allowed to marry until the girls are twenty-three and have been prepared for housekeeping and motherhood. The young men must be twenty-six, own a home, and be prepared to care for a family. As a result we have had only two divorces in 105 years.' Ethiopia is commonly used as another name for Abyssinia, and as a reliable authority says of the Abyssinians that among them "marriage is a very slight tie, which can be dissolved at any time by either husband or wife," the quotation from Prince — may be a joke after all.

General von Ludendorff, in an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" on "The American Effort," pays this tribute to the American boys in khaki who destroyed the morale of the German troops in 1918: "It is fascinating to read the dramatic account of the Frenchman, Pierrefeu, describing what an almost

supernatural impression that splendid youth from across the seas, those beardless boys of twenty, abounding in vigor and health, completely newly equipped, made on the emaciated, hollow-eyed French in their torn and threadbare uniforms. Both divisions stopped the German advance by their brave and sacrificing behavior."

Everybody knows the baffling quotations which seem familiar but which cannot be found in the reference books. Here is one which a subscriber asks our readers to "tag" with the author's name and the book in which its companion lines may be found:

There is a light about to break,
There is a fount about to spring.
Men of thought, men of action, clear
the way!

A notice to ship masters printed in the columns of the New York "Herald" (lineal descendant of the meticulous "Sun") contains this sentence: "It is important that these reports should be sent promptly at noon each day in order that they will be received in time for publication."



"With Love—Bob"

So little to do so much.
Just a box of flowers
and three short words.
Just a minute or two
spared by a busy man
from a busy day. But
a golden deed, for it has
made two loving hearts
rich in happiness.

There can be no real
happiness for those
who hold you dear that
you are not partner to.
There can be no sorrow
so deep that you cannot
soften it, if you
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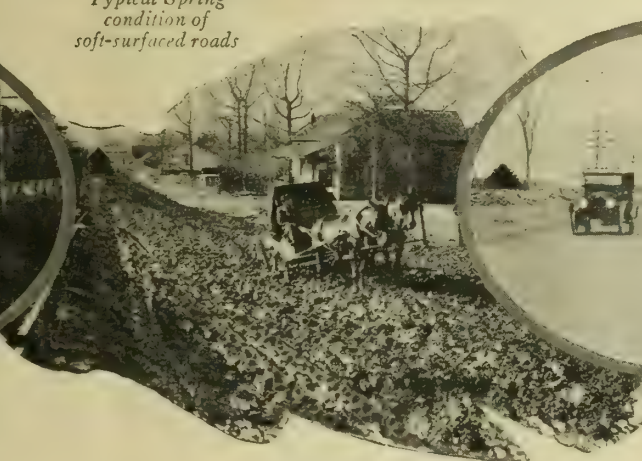
Typical Spring
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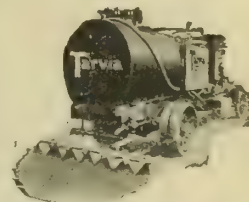
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THE MAIL BAG

THE POETS' CORNER

I—BILL ADAMS SAYS HE IS ALSO A POET

OBSERVING a letter by a person by name of C. G. Arnold in your esteemed paper, May 17, I desire to state that last year The Outlook published some verses of mine—therefore they must have been a poem—therefore I must be a poet. I will not mention any of a dozen others I have sold.

Will you please advise said Arnold that if he will let me see his doggone dog I will guarantee to steal it from him. Also I ain't got long hair, I am bald. Also I keep my money in an old sock tied to my neck by a bit of string. Also I live in a house I builded myself with a hammer and some nails and pieces of wood.

Also I am six foot coming three; weigh 195 pounds except after meals, when I weigh 210, and will bet him I can knock him out in one round if he will come out here.

I wish you should publish the above, as if you don't he won't get a chance to hide when I get my business settled and start to his mudhole in Illinois to clean up on him, anyway, and I ain't ripe to hang yet.

BILL ADAMS.

Lindsay, California.

II—"I AM A POET MYSELF"

I DON'T think Mr. C. G. Arnold had ought to have said the things he did about poets in your magazine—about setting dogs on them and throwing them downstairs and their composition being worth about 30 cents. Humph!

I am a poet myself, and I wear my hair long because I am a woman, and also I have the price of a hair-cut if I wanted my hair bobbed, which I don't, being fifty years old and not wanting to look sixteen, and wild.

I sent a poem myself to Mr. Pulsifer not long ago, and the only reason it came back was that the magazine didn't need it just then, but they said that didn't mean that it wasn't a good poem. The title was "Little Irritations of Life." I still have it, and later on, when they need it, I shall send it again.

Besides I do *not* live in a garret. I live all over the house, and I am not thin and skinny. I am quite short and weigh 160 pounds, and my diet is the very best money can buy.

I think Mr. Arnold, of Chicago, owes us an apology in the columns of The Outlook.

H. H.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

THE BRITISH IN EGYPT

ON returning from a visit to Egypt, I was interested in an article on that country published in your issue of April 19, in which Dr. Collins was quoted as saying that the Egyptians are anxious for the termination of the British protectorate.

It is true that there is much unrest, but when I asked an educated native to explain it, the principal reason he could

give was that the English seemed to maintain the attitude, "We are the governors, you are the governed," and it was irritating; perhaps there are some in our own possessions who feel the same about us.

However, there are other things to be considered. For instance, I was in a party of tourists one of which was a woman seventy-four years of age. This woman mounted one of the many camels at the Pyramids and found that the driver walking by her side had led her a bit away; next he reached up and pinched her ankles till she had to promise more money. Later, while sitting in the sand with a friend, she took out her pocketbook to pay for a purchase, and almost instantly was knocked over, her friend also. In a moment an alert British mounted policeman was on the scene, rescuing the women and arresting their assailants. Other tourists told of accepting casual invitations that resulted in hold-ups. Every hotel warns guests against guides without recommendations. El Azhar, the famous Moslem university of Cairo, with its hide-bound conservatism and its narrow courses, can hardly fit its many thousands of students for active thought and modern problems.

One honors the Egyptian for his efforts toward self-development, but for the present visitors and all who have any stake in that country will feel much greater security if England makes her recession somewhat gradual—at least till the native has reached a state of development not attained at a single bound.

FRANCES M. SHERRY.

Troy, New York,
May 22, 1922.

A BOUQUET AND A BRICKBAT

ALLOW, please, a very old and very grateful friend of The Outlook to offer his congratulations on the number of the paper for April 12 which you have given us.

I had a few days ago a letter from a friend in equatorial Africa to whom for many years I have sent The Outlook regularly.

He writes: "No paper gives me and my wife the world news that we need so admirably, so succinctly put as does our Outlook. We value it increasingly. . . . It is good to read, good to remember."

W. S. RAINSFORD.

Ridgefield, Connecticut.

II

YEARS ago, when nothing was being done for child welfare, earnest folk got together to start as simple a movement as they could toward enlightening the average or below average parent about the condition of his child. Good medical advice and good mass psychology evolved the height and weight according to age system. That has done more to improve babies in the United

States than any other one thing. You know, and I know, that it is not an absolute standard of health.

I feel that your recently published article "The Great Under-Weight Delusion" is harmful. It is a hit at a standard that is doing good. The exceptional child who is under height or weight and is normal should be shown to a physician, who can explain to that particular parent the exception. But the average parent should not be able to say: "My child is so-called under height or weight, but I don't pay any attention to that. The Outlook calls that a delusion."

My dear Outlook, political issues are one thing; but undermining health education programmes for nations is another.

HARRIETTE C. GAYLORD.

Sodus, New York.

PODUNK IS

I WAS greatly interested in Fullerton Waldo's discussion of "The Fair Name of a City" as presented in a recent number of your valuable magazine. I was, however, surprised and pained at his denial of the existence of the widely famed "Podunk." Speaking of the indignant protests of the citizens of the various cities which he named, he adds: "During all these years of badinage there has been no murmur of remonstrance from Podunk, since there is no such place as Podunk. (See Lippincott's Gazetteer.)"

Now, Waldo and Lippincott to the contrary, notwithstanding, there is such a place as Podunk. I have been there many a time. It is a pleasant rural community in a lovely valley in north-eastern Hector within the recently much advertised Finger Lake region of central New York.

Hector is the southwest township of the "Military Tract" which New York State subdivided into 600-acre lots, giving 450 of these acres each to her Revolutionary soldiers, as a sort of "bonus" or pension. This tract extended from Lake Ontario southward to a line drawn through the head of Seneca Lake and westward to the Pre-emption Line, which coincided nearly with the course of said lake. It embraced, in whole, or in part, ten counties which now include the cities of Oswego, Syracuse, Ithaca, and Auburn.

At its southwest corner Hector joins on Watkins, with its noted Glen, and thence stretches ten miles northward along the east shore of the rarely freezing Seneca. To the eastward it rises gradually five miles to its "backbone," and thence slopes another five towards "Cayuga's waters with their waves of blue," as Cornell students sing at Ithaca. It is on this slope that Podunk Valley lies smiling to the morning sun.

The origin of the name is lost in the mists of antiquity. By analogy, however, it doubtless, like Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Kankakee, and Skaneateles, was the name of an Indian warrior—some Iroquois chieftain who hunted in the

forest, fished in the lake, or fought in tribal warfare while his squaw planted the maize, tended the garden, and nursed his papooses when they were not swinging in the wind rock-a-by.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that Hector has a fame of her own. Her town Temperance Society is the oldest in the world, and the term picnic originated in her borders, a hundred years ago, when her first Sunday school "picked" up their "knickknacks" for an outing by the lake.

Why, indeed, should the citizens of Podunk murmur at the badinage of its name? Rather should they not be proud of the Nation-wide fame that is theirs as inheritors of the cognomen of a great chieftain in a powerful confederacy of the Red Men.

But henceforth let no one deny the existence of Podunk. For Podunk is.

X.

THE PUSH OF LA PUSH

IN a recent issue you refer to the timber resources of Alaska and mention the present shortage of print paper. On January 29, 1921, a tornado swept the western part of Jefferson and Clallam Counties in the State of Washington, blowing down eight billion feet (board measure) of timber. These figures are taken from the National Forest Service report. Of this fallen timber, fully one-half is spruce and hemlock; both of these timbers are fit for print paper. In about four years this down spruce and hemlock will so deteriorate that they will be unfit for paper or lumber. At the present price of pulp wood at the pulp mill (\$15 per cord), this fallen pulp timber is worth approximately \$60,000,000. In this estimate I have not considered the value of the down fir or cedar. The down fir and cedar will not rot as soon as the spruce and hemlock; but the longer the fir and cedar are down, the less they are worth for lumber or shingles. As near as I can learn, it is the policy of both the State and National Governments to let this vast timber wealth rot. To date no steps have been taken to salvage this blown-down timber. All the effort so far has been to prevent forest fires. While the fire hazard is worthy of the most careful attention, and while we are carefully watching the fire hazard, I feel that from one to two hundred million dollars' worth of timber should not be allowed to rot. Especially is this true when one considers that print paper is so scarce that many of the rural papers have gone out of business. Under the laws of the State of Washington, in a district where a harbor can be made or improved a port district may be formed and bonds issued for such port improvement. We in the western part of Clallam County are now trying to form such a port district and bond ourselves for the purpose of making a harbor at La Push, at the mouth of the Quillayute River. With a harbor there, the most of this blown-down timber can be floated to market on the many rivers that empty into the ocean at La

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have the honor to announce that on June 1st, 1922, they published a new novel by

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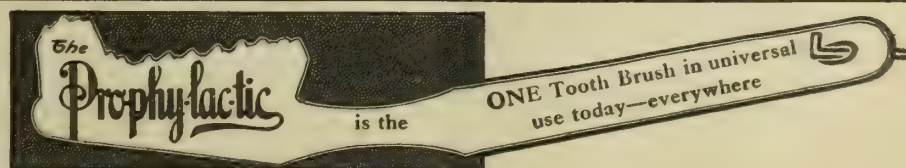
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THE MAIL BAG

(Continued)

Push. A harbor at La Push will also be a harbor of refuge that is badly needed at this point. There have been three nasty wrecks on the west coast of Clallam County since I came here where nearly every one aboard perished. This is one of the biggest undertakings that has ever been attempted by so small a community, yet, when you consider eight billion feet of timber down and about thirty-two billion feet standing, the majority of which is overripe, it is not so much compared with our vast timber wealth. A saving of approximately three dollars per thousand will be made if this timber is floated to market over taking it to market by rail. A small part of this saving will pay for all the harbor improvement at La Push. This district comprises one of the largest bodies of virgin timber that remains untouched by the logger that is left in the United States. The Olympic forest reserve is in this district, and much of this reserve timber is overripe and should be cut. We feel that the National Government should help our enterprise. We feel that it is worthy of National consideration both as a market for their overripe timber and as a harbor of refuge. A large part of the Government timber can be floated to market on the rivers that have their source in the Olympic Mountains.

FRANK M. ACKERLY.

Forks, Washington.

THE UNBOSSSED FLOWER

IN a little cottage surrounded by shrubs and trees, flowers here and there to cheer, sat a little old lady. She had lived the active life of the twentieth century, had traveled far and wide, and kept clear, through all, her power to think. The younger generation never said, "Your point of view is of years gone by, out of date, out of fashion." Instead, they came ever to her to untangle their tangle; either mother or father would not or could not see, could not or would not understand. The gate latch clicked many times a day. Her visitors were from the restless world, old and young seeking, ever seeking rest—repose.

Flowers were her passion. A maid typical of the age was dusting. On the table was a vase filled with lavender baby chrysanthemums tied with a delicate blue bow of paper ribbon. One flower hung down; the maid put it in place, it dropped again, the maid put it again in place, it again dropped.

The little old lady smiled and softly said, "The little flower seems not to wish to mind."

The maid in none too gentle voice replied: "I am glad of it; it has a mind of its own, it's not going to be bossed all the time."

The spirit of the age—"I won't be bossed. I won't stay in place, I won't follow a leader. I'll be independent, even if I don't know as much."

The flower dropped lower and lower

until it no longer seemed to belong to the lovely bunch; its stem broke, water no longer could refresh it, it became a useless thing, dead. The other flowers were in their assigned place, fresh and beautiful, giving joy to all who passed by.

Why are many of the age blind to the need of the worthy leader, the need of standing up in place ready to pull together and add to the world's joy? It's in answering the captain's "Now, all together, boys," that wins the race, not the "I won't be bossed."

These were the thoughts of the little old lady as she heard again her latch gate.

L. A. G.

APPRECIATION FROM GIGGLESWICK

THAT simply delicious article in The Outlook some weeks ago by Lewis Edwin Theiss yclept "What Life in the Country Has Taught Me About Religion" immediately recalled to me the following excerpt from George Eliot's "Adam Bede," which I believe will right interest your readers:

"Nay, Seth, lad; I'm not for laughing at no man's religion. Let 'em follow their consciences, that's all. Only I think it 'ud be better if their consciences 'ud let them stay quiet i' the church—there's a deal to be learnt there. And there's such a thing as being over-spiritual; we must have something beside Gospel i' this world. Look at the canals, an' th' aqueducts, an' th' coal-pit engines, and Arkwright's mills there at Cromford; a man must learn summat beside Gospel to make them things, I reckon. But t' hear some o' them preachers, you'd think as a man must be doing nothing all's life but shutting eyes, and looking what's a-going on inside him. I know a man must have the love o' God in his soul, and the Bible's God's word. But what does the Bible say? Why, it says as God put his sperrit into the workman as built the tabernacle, to make him do all the carved work and things as wanted a nice hand. And this is my way of looking at it: there's the sperrit o' God in all things and all times—week-days as well as Sunday—and i' the great works and inventions, and i' the figuring and the mechanics. And God helps us with our head-pieces and our hands as well as with our souls; and if a man does bits o' jobs out o' working hours—builds a oven for 's wife to save her from going to the bakehouse, or scrats at his bit o' garden and makes two potatoes grow instead o' one, he's doing more good, and he's just as near to God, as if he was running after some preacher and a-praying and a-groaning."

His (Adam's) work had always been part of his religion, and from very early days he saw clearly that good carpentry was God's will—was that form of God's will that most immediately concerned him.

THEODORE P. BROCKLEHURST,
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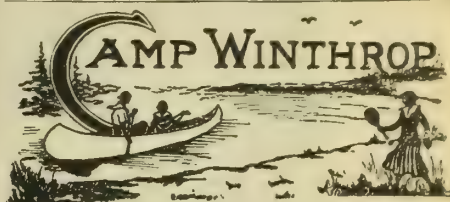
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JAMES J. DAVIS, the present United States Secretary of Labor, is a Welshman by birth. He came to this country with his family at an early age and began his life in America as puddler in the Pennsylvania steel mills. He

soon rose to the position of boss puddler and became active in the Steel Workers' Union. He is President of the Loyal Order of Moose. The pen-and-ink sketch accompanying the article was made by a neighbor of the Davis family.

ANGELA M. KEYES is head of the English Department of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers, and, serving in such a capacity, is in a position to write authoritatively on the type of girl that makes the best instructor. She is also principal of a night high school and is the author of several text-books and a book on "Story Telling."

INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.—Additional fourth-prize letters appear in this issue. Such signatures as appear in italics are pen-names. These prize-winning letters come from students in Iowa State College, Oberlin College, Columbia University, and from a cautious collegian in Pennsylvania who wishes even the name of his Alma Mater to be withheld.

D. L. EMMETT HOLT, who continues the discussion on "the under-weight delusion," is one of the most distinguished authorities on the physiology, pathology, and nutrition of children. He is a graduate of the University of Rochester and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, and holds honorary degrees from various institutions. He is a professor in more than one medical institution of distinction, and is a member of various medical associations and research societies. He has written authoritatively on the care and feeding of children.

THE ANONYMOUS BANKER

WHILE he is not contributing to this issue, it may not be inappropriate to say here that he is preparing for The Outlook a group of sketches on five different types of Americans like those which we published in the issue of May 10 and which excited such general interest that the "Literary Digest" has asked and received our permission to reproduce them as a kind of illumination on current life. The groups of sketches which will appear from the Anonymous Banker's pencil from time to time during the summer will include children, stock brokers, country-club members, and subway travelers. Watch the Anonymous Banker. He is not only a clever artist, but a penetrating psychologist.

The Outlook

JUNE 7, 1922

SELF-CONTROLLED STRIKERS

FOR nearly twenty weeks there has been a state of industrial war in the Pawtuxet Valley of Rhode Island. The combatants are, on the one side, the textile workers and, on the other side, the managers of the textile mills. Neither side has been willing as yet to admit defeat, or willing apparently to reach a "peace without victory." Yet the country at large has virtually forgotten—if it ever knew—that such a great strike was in existence.

It is not merely in one State that this state of industrial war now exists. It has been extended into Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and affects practically the whole cotton-manufacturing industry of New England. That the Nation has not been aroused by this strike is due, not to the fact that it is local—for it is not—but to the way in which it has been carried on.

Mr. J. H. Hayes, assistant to The Outlook's Industrial Correspondent, Mr. Sherman Rogers, has been observing conditions in the Pawtuxet Valley. "It is difficult for the casual observer," he writes to The Outlook, "to realize that there is a strike in progress. Unless one attends a meeting of the strikers, or happens to pass by one of the 'soup kitchens' or 'restaurants' at meal time, or chance to glance toward a mill and notice the entire absence of noise which usually attends its operation—for there are only three mills in the valley which are operating, and they have reduced forces—there is no outward evidence discernible of a strike. Since the first two weeks of the strike there has been no violence."

Though they are without ready cash, the strikers, Mr. Hayes reports, do not seem to be worrying a great deal as to when they will return to work. In the villages of the valley there are thirteen restaurants maintained by the unions, and there the strikers can get good, wholesome food twice daily. Besides the restaurants there are shoe repair shops for the benefit of the strikers. Both the restaurants and the cobbleries are the product of the Amalgamated Textile Workers of America. This is the more radical of the two general unions in the textile industry of America. The more conservative union is the United Textile Workers. The Amalgamated "covers" the Pawtuxet Valley, while the United "covers" the Blackstone Valley. The United is affiliated

with the American Federation of Labor, while the Amalgamated is independent.

As in the cobbleries and in other activities of the union for the benefit of the strikers, the attendants in the eating-places are themselves strikers who volunteer their services.

CO-OPERATION IN AND AFTER THE STRIKE

"I HAD lunch in one of the 'kitchens,'" writes Mr. Hayes, "and I was served with a generous helping of probably the most wholesome and nourishing food obtainable—Boston baked beans, with plenty of good bread and butter, hot coffee, and a pickle relish—and what I had was simply a regular order; nothing fancy, to be sure, and no unnecessary expenditure of money for cake and pastry, but all the good solid food a person could eat. And I was merely one among six hundred who had their meal at this particular restaurant that day."

From 11:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. five thousand men, women, and children are fed, and again from 4:30 to 6:00 P.M., at a daily cost, according to the General Relief Chairman, of approximately 7½ cents per person.

In the evenings the strikers hold a dance in a large hall leased for the purpose as well as for use as general strike headquarters. It is situated in the village of Arctic, about as central a location as it is possible to find. "The music," says Mr. Hayes, "is not rendered by Paul Whiteman's Jazz Orchestra, but it answers very well for those who have never heard the Broadway 'musical' celebrity."

The money with which to carry on the strike is raised by collections made by strikers, chiefly girls, who visit the various mills in the territory contiguous to the valley. The most consistent and stable source of supply is found in Fall River, Massachusetts, to which as many as fifty or sixty girls journey each week to make their collections. Here also has been established a restaurant for the feeding of the collectors. By this means is saved the additional expense which would otherwise be necessarily incident to patronizing the local restaurants.

What most impressed Mr. Hayes on his visit was apparently the spirit of co-operation among the strikers. "Whether it is a question of collecting, feeding, entertaining, or what not—and there is much of that to be done—each one," writes Mr. Hayes, "seems to know the

part he plays and appears on the stage at the proper time, taking his cue and going ahead without further prompting." The organizers, sent into the territory by their New York office, merely address the mass-meeting and furnish such counsel as they are called upon to furnish; but the effectiveness of the organization, in Mr. Hayes's opinion, is due to the fact that the strikers have united in a common cause and realize the value of working together.

Walking through the valley and considering its peaceful condition, Mr. Hayes was led to marvel, he tells us, at the fact that here was under way a strike involving six thousand of its inhabitants directly, and indirectly approximately twenty thousand. In conclusion he writes to us:

"The strike has, naturally, been hard for all sides to bear, but when it is over and the workers have returned to the looms, I believe, both sides will appreciate the lessons it has taught. I imagine the manufacturers will recognize the fact that they have lost the contact which breeds confidence between the workers and the management, and they will endeavor to establish this most important requisite to efficient, one hundred per cent production. Without good contact between the workers and the management there can be no confidence between these two; without confidence there can be no understanding; and without understanding there can be no stabilized prosperity in industry; and so, I believe, the manufacturers will endeavor to establish this confidence which has long since been lost. On the other hand, I believe that the workers will remember the value of co-operation, of pulling together, and will pull together, not only among themselves, but with the management; realizing that good wages can only be paid them when they put the money with which to pay those good wages into the hands of the manufacturers through efficient, co-operative effort."

ACQUITTED OF TREASON

THE acquittal of William Blizard, indicted for treason against the State of West Virginia, was based on two grounds; one is rather technical, the other relates to the larger question of what treason is. It is necessary under the State Constitution in charges of treason to prove by the testimony of two witnesses that the accused committed an

overt act; now, the only overt act charged against Blizzard was that he was with the armed forces of the so-called invading union miners in Logan County, the only part of the State under the jurisdiction of the Court which tried Blizzard; the prosecution failed to show this; in fact, the only acts committed by Blizzard in Logan County seem to have been successful attempts to induce the marching miners to surrender to the Federal troops or disperse.

But it also seems certain that the State failed to show that treason had been committed. It is in this matter that the people of the country at large are most interested. Judge Wood, who presided at this trial, remarked:

Treason is an offense that differs from all other offenses in that it is an offense against the sovereignty of the State itself. It is a direct injury, or an attempt to commit a direct injury, to the Government of the State. In no sense is it an offense against an individual. I think the chief character of treason is that it is designed to subvert the government, either wholly or in part. And under our Constitution treason consists only in levying war against the State and in giving aid and comfort to its enemies.

This is undoubtedly sound modern legal doctrine. There was a time, under the old English practice, when charges of treason were sustained for absurdly minor offenses; thus it is said that in the reign of Edward IV an innkeeper whose sign was a crown and who jokingly remarked that he would make his own "heir to the crown" was drawn and quartered for treason. Such absurdities as this led to proper restriction of the legal definition of treason. In this country treason against the State is defined by State constitutions exactly as treason against the United States is defined in the Federal Constitution; that is, treason against the State consists of levying war against the State, adhering to its enemies or giving them aid and comfort. The only cases of trial for treason against a State, so far as we know, have been the prosecution of those engaged in the Shays rebellion in Massachusetts, (1786) and the cases that resulted from the Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island (1844). In recent times the only attempt of this sort, we believe, was the indictment, after the Homestead riots of 1892, of men belonging to the miners' Advisory Board on a charge of treason. If we remember rightly, these indictments were never tried. At the time *The Outlook* pointed out: "The Homestead riot, while a palpable violation of law, did not aim at the overthrow of the sovereignty of the State, and therefore lacked the 'treasonable intent' necessary to constitute treason."

Evidently the same general condition

was held to exist in the West Virginia prosecution. There may possibly be another attempt to sustain the charge of treason in the trial of some of the other men who have been indicted.

NO GOVERNMENT BY PRIVATE INTERESTS

SINCE the charge of treason fell through, the decision cannot be regarded as either upholding or refuting the contention of the defense that the activity of the union coal miners was not only not aimed against the State, but was designed to remedy a state of things in the non-union coal district which amounted to a subversion of the sovereignty of the State by the coal operators, aided by paid guards, hired gunmen, and deputy sheriffs who drew pay from the operators, as was admitted by the operators before and during the trial. What legal value such a contention would have is not certain. That it had some impression on the public is shown by the comments brought out by this trial. The New York "Tribune," for instance, quotes the testimony of Captain Wilson, a Federal officer who commanded the United States troops called out; he said that the so-called invading miners "were obsessed with the thought that the thugs from Logan were bent on destroying their homes and killing their women and children," and that they welcomed the coming of the Federal troops. Another New York journal, the "World," after discussing the acquittal, declares: "It is difficult to blame the union men who attempted to cross the line and restore the right of free speech and assembly in the community. Somebody ought to march on Logan; not a group of miners but the State authorities with power to remove unfit officials and put an end to oligarchy supported by gunmen."

Another, the "Herald," says:

The leaders of the union miners who marched against Logan and Mingo Counties were manifestly trying to take the law into their own hands. But the group of non-union coal operators, controlling the local government in the two counties, had already taken the law into their hands. They had established an embargo on the activities of union organizers and had denied workers in their mines the rights of free speech and free assembly guaranteed to all citizens by the State Constitution.

Apart from the legal aspects of the trial, the general impression made by the whole situation in West Virginia as thus brought out is that, while the mine-owners have the legal right to refuse to employ union men, the conditions of the mining industry in that section of the country are such that the authorities of

the State of West Virginia and of the counties in which the mines are situated should carry on government and enforce the law with respect to the right of free speech as well as the right of contract, and that, beyond all, they should not depute or allow to be deputed legal governmental functions to men paid by one of the parties to the labor controversy.

THE LAST OF THE GOOD BANDITS

THE phrase printed above is the title of a practical appraisal of the late Boies Penrose, Republican leader and United States Senator from Pennsylvania, which appeared from the pen of William Hard in a recent number of the "International." This practical estimate attributes the lack of certain moral standards in Penrose to the atmosphere of his time, but gives him credit for powerful virtues and a rugged strength. He took the psychology of his period as it was and adjusted himself to the mental habit of his generation. When he came out of Harvard and chose a career within the organized politics of his day, one of the first things he did was to learn to spit as far and as accurately as any ward heeler with whom he came in contact. He had no use for a professional lobbyist. He knew instinctively that a too influential lobby in legislative halls means a weak party organization. Where party leadership is failing, there the lobbyists drive a coach and four through party orderliness and dominance. Penrose believed in political support for particular business interests, but he wished it to be offered in line with what he regarded as sound party policy. He wanted the party organization to be the ruling force and not to be driven on by the lobby of the special interest. When a change in the charter of Philadelphia was contemplated in 1919, he gave utterance to a political maxim which party leadership everywhere would do well to ponder. He said that party efficiency increases in the exact ratio in which it disentangles itself from municipal affairs. This is an unwelcome view to the long line of political bosses who have made the spoils of the cities the rootage of their rule. But it is a sound view. The political party which in any State depends upon the control of the patronage and the contracts and the perquisites of the cities for its vitality soon falls into unstable equilibrium and ultimately into popular disrepute.

When he was twenty-six years old, Penrose laid down a principle of political philosophy which the country has not yet outgrown. "In formulating a government," said he, "we must calculate on the indifferent watchfulness of

the ordinary citizen in ordinary times." This was the corner-stone of the Penrose philosophy of government, and is still to be reckoned with by all men in public affairs. The practice of the direct primary and such other devices for the encouragement of popular action have, at divers times and in divers places, aroused greater watchfulness, but they have not by any means eliminated the indifference of the average citizen. There has been change enough, however, so that it is no longer safe for the party organization or the party leaders to lean towards the special-interest philosophy in public affairs, as Penrose did so long in Pennsylvania. We think Penrose himself recognized the change in his later *sub rosa* espousal of the Roosevelt leadership for the country. It is well known that if Roosevelt had lived Penrose would undoubtedly have supported him for President in 1920.

The Penrose philosophy of the need of a strong party organization and leadership to stabilize the alternating watchfulness and indifference of the average citizen is still sound. Politics and government are, and probably ever will be, the center of clashing interests. If party organization is weak, the more able and powerful of the clashing interests will occupy the driver's seat. If party organization is strong but corrupt or leaning towards a special-interest philosophy, the general welfare is sacrificed. But if party organization is strong and at the same time bent upon the public welfare, it can hold clashing interests in check and serve the common weal better than the vacillating indifference and watchfulness of the average citizen.

The Penrose philosophy and practice were half right and half wrong, but "the last of the good bandits" was headed towards the right when Roosevelt died, and was still headed in that direction at the time of his own death. This change in a typical Republican boss of the old school throws some light on the change in popular sentiment which led the Republicans of Pennsylvania to nominate Gifford Pinchot for Governor.

BIG PAY OR STEADY WORK?

WE have more than once referred to the remarkable success of what is known as the Cleveland Plan in bringing into fair relations work people and employers in the great garment industry of Cleveland, Ohio. A novel extension of the activity of those who are carrying out the plan has developed. It is an attempt to answer the question, How much does the assurance of steady employment mean to the average workman? Does he prefer a large pay envelope at the price of an uncertain work-

ing period, or a smaller envelope with the assurance of year-round employment?

Inquiry led to the belief that the best results in every way both for worker and employer should be obtained when steadiness of employment was assured. A proposal was therefore made to firms in the women's garment industry in Cleveland that they should be allowed to reduce wages by ten per cent, provided they would give assurance of forty-one weeks' employment during the year or its equivalent in wages. It is expected that the flow of labor during the next year will indicate whether it is the weekly wage or the annual earnings which the average worker takes most into consideration. The manufacturers who accept this idea must deposit in a guaranty fund twenty-five per cent of their total labor pay-roll each week. If they provide forty-one weeks' work, the fund reverts to the firm at the end of the year; otherwise, the workers can draw on it during the weeks of unemployment.

This plan of assurance of work or pay drawn from a centrally held fund has now been in operation for some time and is believed to be the only unemployment fund of the kind either in this country or abroad. It is notorious that the seasonal character of employment in the garment trade is the greatest cause of dispute between capitalists and workers. The new arrangement is a modification of something which has existed for a year.

Under the general provisions of the Cleveland Plan, the union and the manufacturers have not only done away with strikes by submitting their disputes to a board of impartial referees representing the public, but they are installing week work and scientific methods of manufacture. The union is co-operating, financially and otherwise, in this industrial experiment. In return for the increased production which has resulted, the manufacturers recognize it as their responsibility to give steady employment.

The problem as to seasonal work is of vital importance in other industries than that of the manufacture of clothing. Especially is this true of the coal-mining industry. One of the most serious issues in the present strike is the complaint of the miners that they cannot tell what any sum fixed for a day's work or week's work means unless there is some kind of probability as to the number of days or weeks they will actually have work provided for them during a year. The same thing is true as regards the building industry; and some other forms of employment. It is possible that this Cleveland experiment

may suggest a general remedy in this direction.

THE ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

AMONG the many "drives" for public financial support that have been carried on in the city of New York recently, one of the most deserving and yet one which is, we are afraid, likely to attract little public attention is that of the Oratorio Society. This old and respectable organization does not cure anybody of physical ills, nor feed the physically starving, nor promote scientific and industrial education, nor adopt orphans, nor send slum children on country vacations. But it has given joy and comfort and inspiration to thousands, and it is an important factor in furnishing that æsthetic nourishment of the mind without which no nation, however many factories and railways and mines it may possess, can develop a well-rounded and useful national life.

The Oratorio Society was founded in 1873 by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the father of Walter Damrosch and of Frank Damrosch, whose great achievements in behalf of music are too well known to require any record here. It has had a remarkable musical history, as the distinguished critic Mr. H. E. Krehbiel has pointed out in a very interesting article on American choral music published in the New York "Tribune." Its fine chorus is composed, not only of accomplished amateurs, but also of professional church singers, and it has therefore contributed much to the fostering of a high quality of church music. Its programmes have been made, not merely of ecclesiastical music of the English oratorio type, but of modern pieces of such composers as Brahms, Richard Strauss, Gabriel Pierné, Wolf-Farrari, and Debussy. Although the society is fifty years old, it is the product of a still earlier musical development in America. In the "Tribune" article already referred to Mr. Krehbiel makes the following significant observation:

Music in all its forms, instrumental and vocal, choral and orchestral, has been intelligently cultivated in America much longer than is popularly supposed. The misconception is largely due to the attitude assumed by historical writers, which would seem to indicate that the first American colonists as well as the first citizens of the American Republic were barbarians in art, when as a matter of fact the founders of America were men of the finest culture, as appreciative of beauty as were the people from whose loins they sprang.

Mr. Krehbiel notes the interesting historical fact that on May 4, 1786, there was given in Philadelphia a concert at which two hundred and thirty singers



A WAR-TIME GROUP OF MUSICAL LEADERS

Right to left: Albert Stoessel, Director of the A. E. F. Band School at Chaumont, France; Andre Caplet, Conductor of Paris Opera; Francis Casadesus, Director of the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau, France; Jacques Pillois, celebrated French composer

and an orchestra of fifty instrumentalists performed portions of the "Messiah," and this most famous of all oratorios was given with a complete chorus and orchestra in New York a year before it reached Germany, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Handel, of course, went to England when he was twenty-five years of age, and lived there for fifty years, and the "Messiah" was composed and produced in that country and under English ecclesiastical influences.

Such are the antecedents and ancestry of the Oratorio Society. The members of its chorus give their services without pay, but the expenses of orchestra and soloists and concert halls is considerable. It is necessary to meet an expense budget of \$40,000 each season. The receipts from the sale of tickets is about \$15,000. The deficit has been made up by a very small group of generous men and women "whose love of music," says the prospectus of the Society, "and appreciation of the importance of the work have permitted them to do so." The Society now wisely feels that it ought not to depend upon two or three rich patrons, and it is asking a larger group to underwrite this deficit of \$25,000. All we can say is that those

who believe that one of the foundations of American culture is fine music in the church, in the school, and in the home, as well as on the operatic and concert stage, can do nothing better to substantiate their belief than by supporting such an organization as the Oratorio Society.

A NEW ORATORIO CONDUCTOR

THERE is another reason why the Oratorio Society deserves to command public attention at this time. It has a new conductor, and a rather remarkable one. We do not know of any American family in the profession of music which for a period of fifty years has more continuously stood for the highest standards in school, conservatory, and on the concert stage than the Damrosch family. The work of Dr. Leopold Damrosch has been carried on in a fine fashion by his sons, Walter and Frank, and his daughter, Mrs. David Mannes. Walter Damrosch is the latest member of his distinguished family to conduct the work and performances of the Oratorio Society, but his labors in other fields of music, as, for example, conductor of the New York Symphony Society, have so greatly grown that it was necessary for him to lay down the oratorio baton. He

did this by first selecting an assistant and then recommending that the assistant become his successor.

This successor is Albert Stoessel, a native of St. Louis, Missouri. He is a violinist by profession and had achieved considerable repute as a very young man. After studying and performing in Europe, when the Great War broke out he returned to this country, and when America entered the war enlisted in the 301st Infantry, going to the French front as an infantry lieutenant. One of the modern features of the European War was that great emphasis was laid upon the importance of the regimental military bands. These bands cheered and inspired the fighting men in such a way that the men themselves asked that the bandsmen be removed from the danger line. Lieutenant Stoessel became the leader of the excellent band of the 301st Infantry, numbering eighty-five men, and from this moment attracted attention as a conductor. General Pershing so appreciated the value of music in war that he called Walter Damrosch from this country to general headquarters to discuss the matter and to form a scheme by which the American military bands could be co-ordinated and trained. One of the first things Mr. Damrosch did was to take the bandsmen out of the front lines, where they served not as combatants but as stretcher-bearers, and this was heartily approved by the fighting men. The next thing he did was to found a school for bandmasters at Chaumont; and of this school Albert Stoessel became the head, at the place where Mr. Damrosch first made his acquaintance.

At the conclusion of the war Mr. Damrosch invited Mr. Stoessel to become his assistant, and he has now become his successor. In the brief time that Mr. Stoessel has been out of the military service he has re-established himself as a violin soloist, and he is also making a reputation as a conductor and a composer. He has just finished his first season in directing the Oratorio Society, and it has proved successful. The combination of Mars and the Muses which Mr. Stoessel personifies lends an interesting touch of romance to the new period on which the Oratorio Society is entering. We wish it success not only as a useful representative of the fine arts but in its commendable work to get the music-loving public to relieve it of a financial burden which must inevitably, unless taken off its shoulders, hamper its free development. In the old days princes enabled great musicians and choirs and orchestras to live. A duke and a prince were the patrons and supporters of Bach. In a democracy the people must not only perform the political services of the old aristocrats but

must take upon themselves the ducal and princely functions with regard to art.

THE IROQUOIS AND THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL

DEMANDING facilities for higher education, radical improvements in the primary schools now provided for them, recognition as a sovereign and independent people, and guaranties against further invasion of their lands by Canadian authorities, the Six Nations Council of Iroquois chiefs, in session at Ohsweken, Ontario, we learn from a correspondent in London, Ontario, Verne De Witt Rowell, recently decided to appeal to the International Court of Justice at The Hague against their treatment by the Dominion Government.

Their decision indicates in a striking way the implicit faith that the "little nations" of the earth repose in the international arbitration idea, for the Iroquois tribes in Canada hardly total, all told, 10,000 men, women, and children.

Comprising six separate tribes, Tuscaroras, Oneidas, Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagas, and Cayugas, the Six Nations constitute in themselves a miniature league of nations, each with its tribal capital in a village of its own, but all represented at the confederacy capital at Ohsweken.

At the doors of Duncan Campbell Scott, a leading Canadian poet and the Deputy General Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Canada, the Indians place the responsibility for what they allege is a farcical pretense of education provided on their reservations by the Dominion Government from trust funds paid to Ottawa by the United States for land vacated when the pro-British Iroquois emigrated from New York State following the American War of Independence.

The Indians read and admire Scott's poetry, but allege that his management of their affairs has been very unsatisfactory.

Claiming to be independent "allies," rather than subjects of the British King, the Iroquois two years ago absolutely refused to accept Canadian citizenship and franchise rights, and even sent deputations to England in protest.

Attempts to dispossess an alleged Indian squatter named Vise from lands in the Indian territory, claimed to have been purchased from the Indian Department by the Soldiers' Settlement Board, recently aroused the braves, two thousand of whom had fought in the Great War. War-drums sounded nightly, with ancient war dances and paint and feathers around camp-fires on the reservations, for many days. The Indians had

been told, it appears, that the provincial and county officers, driven off the reserve by showers of sticks and stones, were about to return under the protection of a military escort.

A visit in person by the Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior in the Canadian Cabinet, to the powwow of chiefs at Ohsweken failed to smooth out entirely the strained relations between the Dominion Government and the Indian confederacy, and it is believed the Ottawa authorities will facilitate rather than discourage the pilgrimage of chiefs to the international tribunal at The Hague.

THE NEW SITUATION IN IRELAND

THE result of the conference in London between Collins and Griffith, as representatives of the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State, and Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, of the British Ministry, has been the issuing by the Free State authorities of a proclamation calling for a meeting of an Irish Parliament on July 1 after due election of its members in agreement with provisions of the Treaty under which the Free State is to be permanently set up.

It is clear that Southern Ireland will be in an abnormal and indecisive situation until the Free State emerges from its incomplete and only semi-authoritative condition. That means a general election on lines of practically universal suffrage. But in the way has stood the clash of purpose between a Sinn Fein majority favoring the treaty and Free State and a Sinn Fein minority demanding an Irish Republic. Two courses were open; one, for the two factions to fight it out at the polls, elect delegates to a constitutional convention, and accept the Free State plan if the elected delegates were of that mind, or balk and fight if the election were the other way; the other course was for the two factions to come to some sort of compromise before any election was held.

This second and more pacific course was what took place. De Valera and Collins each yielded in part; they agreed to let the issues go to the polls on the understanding that any cabinet set up should be a coalition ministry with five Free State advocates and four of the bitter-end Republicans. This seems fair; it probably represents the proportion of the factions rather too favorably for the Republicans, but it gives the Free Staters the balance of power. What disturbed the British press and Government appears to have been doubt as to whether there was not danger of the original London plan falling through or being delayed uncon-

scionably. Hence the recent consultation in London.

In Northern Ireland Ulster and Belfast reports as to assassinations and outrages increase in terror. The assassination of Mr. Twaddell, an anti-Sinn Fein member of the Ulster Parliament, has excited general indignation. The British Government still rules in Northern Ireland; it has now at least nineteen battalions of regulars there; apparently it hesitates to enforce the law rigorously.

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGNA CHARTA DAY

THE association which is promoting the idea of an annual commemoration among the seven English-speaking nations of the granting of Magna Charta does not propose to ask any country to establish a new legal holiday, nor does it propose to bother people to become formal members of an international association.

What the Magna Charta Day Association does suggest is that on June 15 and on the following Sunday there should be some recognition of the fact that on June 15, 1215, at Runnymede, there was adopted what really was the recognition of the great principle of individual freedom as now known by English-speaking peoples the world over.

The list of honorary members of the Association is a suggestive one. It includes President Harding, the Rev. Dr. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") of Canada, Sir James Craig, the Prime Minister of Ulster, and Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, of Labrador.

The founders of the Association declare that "every man, woman, and child in the Seven Nations will become a member in good standing by merely taking enough time on June 15 and on the third Sunday in June to think of what the Great Charter has done for civil and religious liberty, and to speak of the day to others."

In June, 1915, the hundredth anniversary of Waterloo suggested a comparison with the event of seven hundred years before Waterloo in that the Napoleonic attempt to impose an autocratic empire upon Europe was defeated by the Allies in 1815; whereas six hundred years before that event the English barons set in motion through Magna Charta the idea of individual liberty which in time has almost destroyed the old idea of the divine right of kings.

When this 1915 commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Waterloo came around, the world was in the midst of a combat between the same opposed ideas of autocracy and democracy which were beginning to struggle in 1215. We quoted at the time remarks

made by Mr. Elihu Root which may appropriately be repeated here:

The first theory of the ancient republics, that the state is all in all and the individual derives his rights as a member, is the principle which was applied to Belgium. It is the principle which was applied to the Lusitania. Its logical and inevitable result is that the state is free from those rules of morality by which individual men are bound.

The other, asserted in the Great Charter, by logical and inevitable result, binds the state by the rules of morality which the individual recognizes, and the supremacy of that rule of right, governing all men and all states and powers, is the hope of mankind.

The assertion of that great and cardinal principle seven hundred years ago we celebrate to-night as the greatest of all events in the political development of modern liberty.

Every effort to honor the first assertion of the principle of individual freedom is deserving of encouragement.

THE GENOA CONFERENCE THROUGH LLOYD GEORGE'S EYES

NEVER was Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, more plausible or persuasive than in his speech before the British House of Commons on May 25, when he made his report on the Genoa Conference. The effectiveness of his speech can be measured by the vote of confidence it elicited—a vote of 235 to 26. Coming after a sharp debate, in which the Prime Minister was attacked by Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, and the labor leader Mr. Clynes, the vote is specially impressive.

Lloyd George's uncanny gift for retaining political support has certainly not deserted him. He never needed it more sorely than now, and never used it to greater advantage. Having planned the Genoa Conference and having given the impression that on its success depended the future of European civilization, he encountered opposition from France, which he barely overcame, and disappointment in the form of America's refusal to be represented; he then saw Russia and Germany using his Conference as an occasion to defy the other nations assembled there by the negotiation of their treaty; he had to witness the abandonment of his plans for a ten-year truce and for settling the unsettled frontiers of eastern Europe; he had to consent to the postponement of all practical attempts to bring order out of Europe's economic chaos; and now he comes back to Britain, makes a speech, responds in a few sentences to the assault of his critics, and gets a vote of nine to one that is virtually as complete an indorsement of his course as if it were unanimous. Even those who deny that Lloyd George is a statesman have

to admit that he is to-day unequaled in the world as a politician.

He described the Conference as meeting under the most distracting and unfavorable of conditions. The nations assembled included some who were not on speaking terms with one another. While the Conference sat there was "marching and counter-marching of armies toward frontiers." And yet, said Lloyd George, "we met in perfect calm and in perfect harmony."

Toward Russia he outlined three alternative policies: First, to use force; second, to leave Russia to her fate until she changes her Government (a suggestion which elicited cheers); third, to help Russia swell the volume of trade. He outlined the experiences which the British Empire delegation had had in attempting to follow this third policy. He explained the coming together of Germany and Russia by attributing it to their sense of "a community of misfortune, community of debasement, community of what they regarded as maltreatment." The refusal of Russia to accede to the demands of the Conference he attributed to the fact that between their demand and the reply there intervened the First of May—the customary day for radical labor demonstrations in Europe. He recognized that the Bolshevik Government was an oligarchy, but he added:

It is a great mistake to imagine that autocratic governments are altogether free from the influence of public opinion, and there is one public opinion in Russia, not the public opinion of vast masses of people—ninety-five per cent of the people are indifferent to this system or hostile to it. The only opinion there that matters is the opinion of the workmen in the towns, who represent less than one per cent of the whole population. But the Soviet system and its power is based upon that. It is not democracy, it is oligarchy. And this talk about nationalization in Russia is all humbug when they talk about the great principles of the Revolution. . . . You have the paradox of a Communist Government speaking in the name of an individualist population.

The Bolshevik reply to the demands of the Conference was, in Lloyd George's phrase, "so foolish a document that it could only have been written by a very clever man." He asked how many trade unions would have invested their funds on the strength of that document. When the First of May came, the Bolshevik delegates ceased to talk business and "nailed their flag to that barren fig tree of Communism, under which multitudes are dying of pestilence." He drew an alarming picture of the danger threatened by the Red Army at the present moment. On the other hand, he said that the agreement among the nations

to abstain from any act of aggression while the questions raised at Genoa remain under examination raised the hope that the consequent sense of security would dispel the fears that cause war. "We have already captured positions," said Lloyd George in conclusion, "from which a further advance can be made." During his speech he showed a more conciliatory attitude toward France than has sometimes characterized him, and in answer to his critics he said definitely that it was impossible to settle the reparation question without carrying along the judgment of France, and that he desired to work with the good will of the democracy of France. To the suggestion of Lord Robert Cecil that it might be possible to get the United States into conference Lloyd George replied that he had invited, pleaded, and used every other method except force to get the United States into conference, and if the noble lord could do anything more his assistance would be welcome.

GENOA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

LLOYD GEORGE'S speech furnishes in itself a full justification for the refusal of America to take part in the Genoa Conference.

In the first place, he makes it clear that the Conference was devoted chiefly, if not wholly, to European international politics. America helps nobody, and helps least of all herself, when she tries to give advice on the politics of Europe. Of course every European Power would like to get American backing. The weight of America in the balance of power is worth seeking; but we have no interests to serve in satisfying any European nation's desire for our aid in establishing that balance in its favor. If the issue at Genoa had been a plain one, with the forces of aggression on one side and the forces of defense on the other, an issue as plain as that which arose when Germany undertook to dominate the world, the case would have been different; but the issue was not plain; if there is any danger threatening the peace of the world, it is resident in the oligarchy headed by Lenine and Trotsky's Bolshevik Government in Russia; and yet we find Great Britain advocating measures, not of resistance, but of aid. It is clear that on the only issue of first magnitude in Europe there are differences of policy between nations that are equally our friends. In such disputes we cannot afford to become entangled.

In the second place, the speech of Lloyd George makes it perfectly clear that our Government was right about Russia. As long as that distressed country is in the hands of an oligarchy that has no regard for its pledged word and

no true feeling of friendliness for any other nation, as even Lloyd George recognizes it is, American participation in any conference with Russian representatives would raise false hopes, and would postpone, instead of promoting, the resumption of financial and commercial relations between Russia and the rest of the world.

It does not seem likely that Lloyd George's speech, exposing the political character of the Genoa Conference, which professed to be economic, and picturing the nations of Europe seeking commercial advantages by negotiations with a Russian Government that is as destructive of business and trade as it is of political and industrial liberty, will do anything to change the policy of this Nation in regard to Europe's political problems, and in particular in regard to Russia. America has been charged with the worship of the dollar; but, in spite of her defects, she is not likely to take part in any arrangement which for the sake of dollars will bolster up a régime so opposed to American conceptions of civil liberty and business honor as that of the Bolsheviks. American common sense will see in such an arrangement no service to the cause of freedom, no sound promotion of commerce, and only further burdens for the Russian people.

THE DOOM OF THE TWELVE-HOUR DAY

ONCE, not so many years ago as to be beyond the recollection of living people, the work day in industries of all kinds was very generally twelve hours long. Gradually, sometimes by peaceful means, sometimes with turbulence, the work day prevailing in factories was reduced. To-day what was once an ideal has become common in practice. Eight hours constitute the normal day's work in so many industries that the eight-hour day has come to be regarded very widely as the unit by which a day's wages are reckoned. And yet one of the greatest industries in America, a basic industry on which the life and prosperity of almost every kind of manufacture and certainly every method of transportation depend, has retained for many of its workers the old twelve-hour day. That laggard industry is the steel industry.

Now it appears certain that the steel industry will render the twelve-hour day obsolete.

On May 19 the newspapers of the country published despatches from Washington reporting the fact that at a conference with the President of the United States at the White House the

leaders of the steel industry, including the two foremost steel men of America, Judge Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation and Charles M. Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, had agreed with the President in approving in principle the abolition of the twelve-hour day, and had authorized the President of the American Steel and Iron Institute to appoint a committee of five to make an investigation and report to the industry on the subject. According to the statement given out at the White House, the President explained "that there was no intention of Government interference in private business, but that we are about to witness a great industrial revival, and the one hope of abolishing the excessively long working day was to do it before the full swing is resumed."

This conclusion, reached by those who are in command of this great industry, is the result of a discussion, amounting at times to an agitation, which has been continuous for the past decade. It was, in fact, eleven years ago last month that the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation adopted what, from the name of its author, has come to be known as the Cabot resolution. That resolution called for an investigation of statements made in an article by John A. Fitch published in the "American Magazine." At that time the stockholders' committee recommended the ultimate abolition of the twelve-hour day together with its natural accompaniment of the seven-day week. Since that time there has been developing a public opinion that has grown more and more insistent in its demands for the abolition of these survivals of a past industrial age. Finally, a year and a half ago a thorough study of the subject was presented to a joint meeting of the Taylor Society, an organization to promote scientific management, and certain sections of the National organizations of mechanical and electrical engineers, by a management expert, Horace B. Drury.

In that address Mr. Drury made plain the reasons for the survival of the twelve-hour day in this industry. In the ordinary factories, in which it is possible to discontinue work and resume it after an interval of a few hours, the reduction of the work day is comparatively simple; but in a continuous industry, like the steel industry, in which furnaces have to be kept going all the time, day and night, it is not practicable to assign men to work except in shifts of equal fractions of twenty-four hours. It was easy, comparatively, to change the working day from twelve hours to ten, let us say, in a textile mill; but it was impossible to do that in a blast furnace. The only change that seemed

practicable was one from twelve to eight hours, and that change was too radical to come in the ordinary progress toward shorter hours. Moreover, the work in a steel plant is intermittent. Men who work twelve hours are not working at top speed during that time. For a considerable part of the time they can sit about and smoke and talk and even sleep. And even when the work is hard, it is not as hard as one might imagine it would be. A great deal of the heavy lifting that used to be done by man power is now done by machinery.

Naturally, for labor of this sort "the steel industry has for many years," Mr. Drury explained in his address, "recruited its workers from a class of men to whom this combination of long sluggish hours with rather high weekly earnings has had a peculiar charm; and that is the class of newly arrived foreign-born workers. . . . Men of this type would sometimes be willing to work four extra hours for almost nothing. Outside is alien America; inside is the one environment to which they have become in a measure accustomed. Outside are the squalid streets and often wretched dwellings, and nothing special to do except to dissipate the money that one is trying to save; inside are one's fellow-workmen and companions. . . . In fact, there has grown up among these foreigners, and among the Americans as well, a special mode of existence in which the shop rather than the home, or other outside institution, has become to a large extent the center of living. Just as sailors have learned to spend their lives at sea, miners to spend much of theirs under ground, and traveling salesmen and engineers to spend much of theirs away from home, so the steel worker spends his life in the shop."

Such facts as these explain the survival of the twelve-hour day, but they afford no reason for its continuance. Even were the men contented with this life, as they are not, it would be contrary to the interests of the country to have it made permanent. A twelve-hour day means at least thirteen hours away from home. It is not, as Mr. Drury points out, so much because of what goes on inside the shop as because of what a man misses outside that the country should insist that the twelve-hour day be abandoned. That means that the man has no time for his duties as a father of a family and as a citizen.

The men themselves, who have in the past acquiesced in the twelve-hour day, are realizing this fact; but the country ought to realize it more keenly. The twelve-hour day, as Mr. Drury says, simply means "the accentuation and continuance in American life of those lines of class and culture which immigration

has already made too dangerous and deep."

The interests of the men and of the citizenship of the country, however, are not the only reasons for the abolition of the twelve-hour day. Strong reasons are also found in the interests of the industry itself. The twelve-hour day means sluggish work; it means the prevention of measures for making labor in the steel industry efficient; it develops indifference and inattentiveness that inevitably result in costly accidents; it creates what Mr. Drury terms the "lax moral tone which must pervade an industry where sleeping is tolerated;" it calls for foremen who feel that they must drive in order to get anything done; it makes for waste, including the unnecessary impairment of tools and equipment. "Who will deny," asks Mr. Drury, "that in the long run a brighter future is bound to lie before an industry which has learned that work is work, and has decided that long dull hours and half-asleep workmen will no longer do?"

The arguments for the abolition of the twelve-hour day thus based on reason are reinforced by experience. Some steel mills in America have changed from the twelve-hour to the eight-hour day. It is impossible here to report the evidence that Mr. Drury marshals; but the conclusion is plain that the change is not impracticable, for it has worked. It is true that it has resulted in some increase in the cost of production; but that increase is slight. That increase in cost in pig iron that sells for \$40 a ton would amount to only 21 cents; and on the steel ingot that sells for about \$46 that increase would be only about 46 cents; and there are steel manufacturers, according to Mr. Drury, who believe that under the three-shift system steel will not cost any more ultimately, and perhaps not as much.

It is not without significance that, except in the Orient, practically all other great steel manufacturing countries (Britain, Belgium, France, Germany, Sweden, Spain, Italy) have abandoned the twelve-hour day.

The change to the shorter working day is surely coming. The only question is the method of the change. It is better to have it come without turmoil and industrial warfare. It is better to have it come under the direction of men who know the steel industry, rather than under the direction of men who are ignorant of it. It is better to have it come by the voluntary action of the industry rather than through political pressure. And it is better to have it come at a time when there is a dearth of employment, and when workmen will therefore more easily adjust themselves to the change because they will through the

change find more jobs. This is the time when circumstances seem specially fitted for a reform that has in it possibilities of benefit alike to the workingman, the employer, and the country.

THE CASE OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY

TWO charges against Mr. Daugherty, Attorney-General of the United States, have been made on the floor of the Senate and widely repeated in the newspapers. The first is that in his connection with the notorious Morse case he displayed a low standard of legal ethics; the second is that he has



(C) Harris & Ewing

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY

been lax and partial in his prosecution of fraudulent war contract cases. The least important of these charges, the second, has received the greater emphasis. In our judgment, he must stand or fall upon the first charge.

So far as we have been able to discover, the accusation that Mr. Daugherty has shown personal, financial, or political favoritism in his official attitude towards fraudulent war contracts is based upon mere suspicion, rumor, and gossip. The Attorney-General indignantly denies this charge, concerning which no direct evidence has been published, and has announced over his own name that a special division of the Department of Justice has been organized for the trial of these cases; that expert and distinguished lawyers have been engaged to aid in the work; and that the prosecution will be carried on vigorously without fear or favor. Any judgment as to his impartiality in these cases ought

to be suspended until the cases are tried and he can show what he is able and willing to do as a prosecutor. The Attorney-General is at least entitled to the protection afforded to any common criminal by the principles of constitutional law. He is entitled to be regarded as innocent of collusion with fraud until he is proved guilty.

The charge regarding Mr. Daugherty's standards of legal ethics is, however, more serious. It concerns character, and not legal acts. It depends, therefore, not upon technical evidence, but upon personal judgments and valuations.

On May 22 Senator Caraway read into the "Record" on the floor of the Senate a long letter purporting to have been written and signed by Thomas B. Felder, a New York lawyer, in which Mr. Daugherty's connection with the Morse case is outlined as follows. The italics are ours:

To begin at the beginning, permit me to say that after Charles W. Morse was sent to the penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, under a fifteen-year sentence, and after his attorneys and family had exhausted every resource that they possessed or ingenuity could suggest, Hon. Fred L. Seely, then the editor and proprietor of the Atlanta "Georgian," who had, as I understood it, a benevolent and charitable interest in the fate of Morse, and who had been for some years theretofore a client of mine, came to my office and stated to me that I had convinced him of my resourcefulness and my capacity to "do things," and, while the Morse situation seemed hopeless, because the President had refused, on the best showing that could be made, either commutation or pardon, yet he had desired me to examine thoroughly the record and if in my judgment anything could be done he would cause me to be employed in the case and would see that I was substantially compensated for services rendered in proportion to their value to Mr. Morse.

I read the record, studied the case thoroughly, got in touch with Mr. H. M. Daugherty, of Columbus, Ohio, who stood as close to the President as any other lawyer or citizen of the United States, and interested him in the case, agreeing to divide with him any compensation that I might receive. We took the matter up with the Attorney-General and with the President, stating to them that the record disclosed that in refusing to extend Executive clemency reasons were given which were not borne out by the record and we requested that the case be reopened.

We were informed by the President and the Attorney-General that the act of the President rendered the matter a "closed incident" for the present, but if we would bring the matter to their attention again just before the term of office of the President expired in March, 1913, the matter would be reopened and perhaps a different action taken in respect thereto.

This decision was communicated by

Mr. H. M. Daugherty and myself to Mr. Morse, who had agreed to pay \$6,000 cash to cover expenses (this sum was paid) and \$25,000, conditional upon our obtaining his release from the penitentiary.

When this result was reported to Mr. Morse, he stated to us in the presence of the penitentiary guard that if we would renew our efforts to obtain his release he would pay us, in addition to the amount agreed upon, the sum of \$100,000, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I will make you both rich if you will get me out of here."

The Felder letter goes on to say that after Morse was pardoned, owing to the efforts of Mr. Daugherty, he (Felder) and Mr. Daugherty received \$6,000 in cash and \$25,000 in worthless stocks; that Mr. Daugherty "complained very bitterly of our treatment by Morse" and after a personal interview with Morse "positively and emphatically declined to take the stocks either in payment or as collateral security" and insisted on a better form of cash.

In this letter Mr. Felder makes the naïve statement, apparently without in the least appreciating what it means, that Mr. Daugherty sold to Morse, a convicted criminal of unsavory reputation, his political influence with President Taft for \$31,000 and a possibility of a much larger sum.

Nearly a week elapsed before Mr. Daugherty made any reply to the Felder letter. He then wrote to Senator Watson, of Indiana, making no protest against or denial of Felder's narrative of his relations with Morse, but simply saying: "All I ever received from anybody in connection with the Morse cases, both civil and criminal, was about \$4,000."

The office of Attorney-General of the United States is one of the most important in the structure of our government. The entire system of justice, in a sense, rests upon it. Its incumbents ought to be, not merely ordinarily honest men, but men of an unimpeachable and delicate sense of honor. As the case now stands, with Mr. Daugherty's own admissions it is apparent that, whatever may be the partisan motives of his Senatorial accusers, his sense of propriety is not over-delicate. His implied excuse that his offense, if any, cannot be a very large one because he received only \$4,000, a sum which gave him no profit but only partly paid the expense he incurred, justifies, we think, this criticism of his delicacy.

It is extremely regrettable, if not dangerous to good government, that an Attorney-General of the United States and a member of the Cabinet should be placed by his own acts in the situation in which Mr. Daugherty now finds himself.

AWARDS OF MERIT

IT has been proposed that there should be a discontinuance for some time of the Nobel prize awards in order to increase the capital sum from which the awards are derived and thereby make the prizes larger, or perhaps enlarge the number and scope of the awards. The latter would seem to be far the more desirable object, for the prizes are already large in money value and there are in the world's field of endeavor untouched possibilities for the recognition of distinguished services to mankind.

Such awards as come from the Nobel foundation, from the French Academy, from the de Goncourt and other French committees, and from the interesting offer by Mr. Bok of a prize of \$10,000 to the citizen who has done the best service to Philadelphia, are valuable, not only as recognition of achievement in art, literature, science, and public advancement, but as encouragement to all who are striving to translate ideals into concrete form and make more common beauty and knowledge and the accomplishing of things worth while.

One is struck, in reading the announcement just made through the Columbia University School of Journalism of the annual awards of its Pulitzer prizes, by the number and scope of the incentives here furnished both to Americans who have achieved and to Americans who are struggling toward achievement. Thus, there are three traveling scholarships of \$1,500 each for the pupils of the school who have done the best work in their courses and two other equally well endowed scholarships for American art and music students of promise and talent. For journalism at large there are awards to the newspaper which has done the most meritorious and distinguished service in the year, to the writer of the best editorial, and to the reporter who has done the best piece of accurate, terse, and valuable journalistic work. This year two of these three prizes fell to men who made the most of the notable opportunity offered by the ceremonies at Washington last Armistice Day over the Unknown Soldier. Mr. Kirke L. Simpson, of the Associated Press, won the reporter's prize; Mr. Frank M. O'Brien, of the New York "Herald," was adjudged to have written of the Unknown Soldier in a way that best stood the tests of clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning, and the power to influence public opinion rightly. Many of our readers will remember Mr. O'Brien's editorial; its opening paragraphs were as follows:

That which takes place to-day at the National Cemetery in Arlington

is a symbol, a mystery and a tribute. It is an entombment only in the physical sense. It is rather the enthronement of Duty and Honor. This man who died for his country is the symbol of these qualities; a far more perfect symbol than any man could be whose name and deeds we knew. He represents more, really, than the unidentified dead, for we cannot separate them spiritually from the war heroes whose names are written on their gravestones. He—this spirit whom we honor—stands for the unselfishness of all.

This, of all monuments to the dead, is lasting and immutable. So long as men revere the finer things of life the tomb of the nameless hero will remain a shrine. Nor, with the shifts of time and mind, can there be a changing of values. No historian shall rise to modify the virtues or the faults of the Soldier. He has an immunity for which kings might pray. The years may bring erosion to the granite but not to the memory of the Unknown.

The jury which made the decision as to the journalistic prizes found that the most noteworthy single public service rendered individually by one newspaper was the New York "World's" series of articles exposing the operations and nature of the revived Ku Klux Klan.

There is always wide interest in the Columbia awards as to literature and the drama. There seems to be general approval of the bestowal of the \$1,000 prize for the American novel "best representing the wholesome atmosphere of life and the highest standards of American manners and manhood" to Mr. Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams." Many critics would place this novel lower than Mr. Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons," which had already received the same honor; while of course there will be a difference of opinion as to whether one or two other novels of 1921 are not equal in force or dramatic quality to "Alice Adams." But the committee could choose but one, and their choice is creditable. The award of a prize of \$1,000 to Edward Arlington Robinson for his "Collected Poems" as the best volume of verse put forth during the year is beyond question an admirable decision. Hamlin Garland's "A Daughter of the Middle Border" in the field of biography, Mr. James Truslow Adams's "The Founding of New England" in that of American history, and Mr. Eugene O'Neill's "Annie Christie" in that of play-writing, round out the list of the Columbia awards.

A distribution of tokens of merit such as this is a stimulus to comparison and discussion—a stimulus even if it arouses contradiction. The founder of the prizes made a valuable contribution to the growth of American imaginative activity and a help to American literary and art development.

THE GREAT "UNDER-WEIGHT" DELUSION

UNDER the above title Mr. Charles K. Taylor, an expert in physical training, contributed to The Outlook of March 15 an article of which this was the dominant note:

How often have you seen this common sight? A slender, wiry mother places slender, wiry little Willy on the station scales, drops in a penny, and gasps in horror. Tables printed on the scales state that boys of Willy's age, and particularly of Willy's age and height, should weigh just about 85 pounds. And little Willy, doing the best he can, achieves but 75! And that mother, with startled intellect, realizes that little Willy must be *under-weight*—direful term! A term that brings consternation to teachers and parents by the thousands, and urges investigating examiners of various kinds to a verge of hysteria!

Mr. Taylor then proceeded to demonstrate his theory of "height-weight," or, in other words, that "the standard to go by is not one of weight, but of health and physical development."

No article that The Outlook has re-

cently published has brought a greater number of letters of protest and approval. Five hundred or more were received by Mr. Taylor alone, largely from teachers, physicians, and directors of physical training.

Notable among those who approved we mention Dr. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York, an institution which has achieved extraordinary results in child conservation; and Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, the distinguished sculptor and student of the human figure and Director of Physical Training in the University of Pennsylvania. We shall publish before long an article by Dr. McKenzie on "Variations in Physical Types," illustrated from the human figure.

Notable among the protestants was Mrs. E. R. Grant, Director of the Children's Health Crusade, Washington, D. C. Her article appeared in The Outlook for May 10. This week we print two more contributions to the discussion, one pro and one con. The first is by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, one of the most distinguished of living specialists

in the therapeutics and hygiene of children. The second is by Mr. Angelo Patri, author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City" and principal of Public School 45, in the Bronx, New York City. Mr. Patri is contributing to the New York "Evening Post" a daily sketch which illustrates some problem of school-child life. With his special permission we here print one of these sketches which is pertinent to the discussion of the problem.

There are two conclusions to be drawn from this controversy in which we think all the participants will concur. First, popular and even professional opinions on questions of hygiene and physical culture are as ardent and sometimes as polemical as those in the field of metaphysical theology. Second, there is an almost universal interest in the correct physical training of American boys and girls which promises well for the future. The schoolmen's motto, which used to be so commonly quoted and so commonly broken, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, is no longer to be regarded as a mere convention.

I—CHILD WEIGHING NOT A FAD

BY L. EMMETT HOLT

THE campaign, if it may be so called, for weighing and measuring children is a general health movement which has spread, not only over this country, but over the world. It is not a fad. It is a carefully considered movement indorsed and advocated by the leading physicians interested in children, by health officers, and by nutrition workers throughout the country. For one not a physician to attempt to discredit this whole movement and to characterize it as a delusion seems, to say the least, somewhat presumptuous.

If the conclusions which might be drawn by the uninformed were not so serious, Mr. Taylor's articles and his position might be passed over without comment. It seems incredible that any person who has critically studied the nutrition of children for a period of years should arrive at such conclusions and make such statements as some of those made in his articles in The Outlook of March 15 and May 10.

It is of course generally recognized that not all healthy children are of the same height or weight for a given age, or even of the same weight for a given height. In the publications upon this subject this has been constantly emphasized. The *average* is not the *normal*; the average is a line; the normal is a zone. All of those who have been most interested in the nutrition of children recognize this range of variation

and include in the normal zone children who are less than ten per cent below or twenty per cent above the average weight for the height. This standard is a somewhat arbitrary one, but in practice it serves well.

Practically, it is found also that if children vary to a greater degree than this on either side of the average something is wrong; that outside of this normal zone underweight is likely to be a disease, something needing investigation; and upon critical examination many other things are found to be wrong with such children.

Naturally the revelations of the monthly weighing of school-children were somewhat of a shock to many complacent parents who had regarded their children as perfect and their care and feeding in the home as above criticism. To be told that they were not doing their full duty and had neglected some matters which were important in their diet and care was disturbing. For such parents to be assured, as in Mr. Taylor's article, that their children were all right, that there was no need to be disturbed, was a great consolation.

It is possible that some persons regard the movement of measuring and weighing children and the teaching that goes with it as unsound, something that will soon pass. But such is not my belief. The movement is based upon the fundamental proposition that the weight

of the child is the best simple method we have of estimating the state of his nutrition. The mother has learned this about her baby. Once she was satisfied if her baby looked well even if not up to weight; but she has learned that the under-weight baby is not a normal baby. A great reduction in infant mortality has resulted as a consequence of the campaign to teach the mother the significance of the weight.

So parents are learning that an older child who is habitually under-weight beyond a certain normal range is also one whose condition should give them concern. Weight is just as important and just as valuable in its relation to the nutrition of older children as of infants.

In the great majority of cases children who are under-weight are so, not because of inheritance, but because in the home the simple laws of health are constantly being broken. One has only to watch children in hotel dining-rooms order their own meals to see how badly they have been taught to select their food, or in the homes of one's friends to see what children are allowed to eat. Equally important and equally vicious are the other habits which the child of to-day is allowed to form: evening entertainments and a bed hour of ten or eleven o'clock for a school-child of ten years who should be in bed at eight.

That none of these rules can be violated without injury to the child we

have examples in practice every day. But people do not always like to be enlightened; they do not like to change their habits; they are not courageous enough to change the habits of their children, but in their fond fancy they insist upon indulging them to the extent

of greatly interfering with their normal growth and development. Such parents will be gratified to find in Mr. Taylor's article ample justification of their position. Those who look deeper and realize that better things can be done for their children than they are doing now will

indorse and support the weighing campaign and the health education which accompanies it. For the purpose of weighing and measuring children is not to collect statistics, but to interest the children themselves in health, and this it is found to do.

II—THOSE STANDARD TABLES

BY ANGELO PATRI

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MISS JENNIE was annoyed about something.

So much was clear to the most casual observer, and after she had kept perfectly still for five minutes without the least sign of a rift in the enveloping gloom Miss Lavinia asked: "What is the matter?"

"Did you ever feel foolish?"

"No, never," retorted Miss Lavinia, acidly. "Why take such a common state so much to heart?"

"I wouldn't care so much, only I worked so hard to do it. I was very particular about the job. I left nothing out. Serves me right for taking a report for granted.

"You know Armond? You know how tiny he is? The doctor and nurse weighed and measured my class, and of course they found Armond under-sized and under-weight, according to the

standard tables, and gave me a slip for him.

"I filled out the slips religiously, even underlined and red-inked them, Armond's along with the rest. This morning I got a polite note from his mother asking me to come in and see her.

"When I got there, she and Armond's father seemed to be enjoying a joke between them. 'I asked you to come in and have a chat with us about Armond. You say he is under weight and height and suggest that we feed him up and exercise him and all that in order to bring him up to normal. Now, Miss Jennie, we would like to know just what your norm for Armond's height and weight is. We thought him in pretty good shape. What height, for instance, would you consider normal for him?'

"I almost choked. There those two

stood laughing at me out of their eyes. Neither of them was five feet high. The tiniest people, and the healthiest you can imagine, and just bubbling over with fun. Armond came in and stood beside them, and a blind man could have seen that he was the healthiest young animal alive.

"I couldn't say it was the doctor's fault. I hated to say it was my own. I knew I should have thought about the slips before I sent them out. I felt like a fool, and I just up and said so.

"They laughed right out and said I wasn't. But—believe me—next time—

"I know now and forever that a child is normal to himself and he may or may not be up to the standard tables. Wait until I see that doctor."

"'Twasn't his fault at all," Miss Lavinia said. "He only measured the children. You knew them."

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE GREAT COMPANION

How would you answer the following question, asked by a member of a Bible class?

"Assuming the truth of the evolutionary hypothesis, do you think the Rabbi Wise or Silverman or any other leader of the Jewish people of the present day is wiser, or more spiritual, or more capable or godly, than were Solomon, David, Moses, or Abraham?"

"If the present-day Jewish leader is not superior to Solomon, David, Moses, or Abraham, then how do you account for our 'Lord Jesus Christ,' who was born at a time of the world's history which was corrupt religiously and otherwise? Also where does the common idea of evolution as a development come in?" A. W. HAND.

THE existence of great men is one of the many phenomena which seem to me wholly inconsistent with the philosophy of materialism, which assumes that every phenomenon is caused by conditions immediately preceding. William James, in his essay "Great Men and Their Environment,"

states this inconsistency with characteristic humor. "Can it be," he asks, "that Mr. Spencer holds the convergence of sociological pressure to have so impinged on Stratford upon Avon, about the 26th of April, 1564, that a W. Shakespeare with all his mental peculiarities had to be born there?"

But the phenomenon of genius affords no such difficulty to one who believes, as I do, that wheresoever life is God is. The influence of the Great Spirit on human spirits is no more mystical than the influence of one human spirit upon another human spirit, or than the fact that a flower and a weed are produced out of the same soil under the same rain and sunshine. To the idealist evolution is a directed development, as a garden is a directed development. God works upon men through men. Great men are simply under-gardeners contributing the spiritual force which is as necessary to human development as sunshine is to vegetable development.

In my childhood the common belief which, with the majority of church-

goers, I got from church and Sunday school was something like this: Six thousand years or so ago God created the world—perhaps the universe—and endowed it with certain natural forces. His relation to it was analogous to that of an architect to a building. His relation to men was analogous to that of a ruler to his subjects. The titles given to him were "The Great First Cause" and "The Moral Governor of the World."

I have definitely substituted a radically different philosophy. I know nothing about the origin of either matter or spirit. Creation is not a definite act making something out of nothing; it is a continuous act bringing order out of chaos. It is a process, not a product. The relation of God to the world is less like that of an architect to a building than like that of the spirit of man to his body. The relation of God to the children of men is less like that of a moral governor to the subjects of his rule, whose obedience he enforces by laws and penalties, than like that of a father, who by spiritual power, by what we

vaguely call his "personality," shapes, colors, informs, inspires the *life* of his children. God is not a Great First Cause; he is a perpetually active Cause, as truly creating now as he ever created. He is not a moral governor or "Invisible King," but a Father. Inspiration is not an occasional and rare episode. He inspires the plowman no less than the poet. Read the plowman's ode in the Twenty-eighth Chapter of Isaiah. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and the crossing of the Red Sea are not exceptional interferences of God in nature. All the operations of what we call nature are subject to his will. If we could imagine the spirit of God withdrawn from the earth, the earth would crumble into dust as the body of man crumbles into dust when the spiritual tenant which has occupied it withdraws from it.

The Hebrew prophets are not the only men who have heard his voice. He is constantly speaking. All mothers may converse with him as well as Hannah, all statesmen as well as Moses. God is the All-Father. We are all his offspring. Christ is the supreme Man of history because he is the supreme manifestation of the Great Spirit in a human life. He is called the only begotten Son of God because *all* his life flowed from the divine fountain. This is the meaning of

such declarations as that of Paul: "In him dwelleth all the fullness of the God-head bodily." The Bible is not an infallible book *about* religion; it is a book *of* religion—that is, of religious experience. Professor Huxley, without mentioning it, defines it. He says:

As there are Pascals and Mozarts, Newtons and Raphaels, in whom the innate faculty for science or art seems to need but a touch to spring into full vigor, and through whom the human race obtains new possibilities of knowledge and new conceptions of beauty; so there have been men of moral genius to whom we owe ideals of duty and visions of moral perfection, which ordinary mankind could never have obtained; though happily for them they can feel the beauty of a vision which lay beyond the reach of their dull imaginations, and count life well spent in shaping some faint image of it in the actual world.¹

I have not the space here to trace the progress—political, sociological, scientific, and religious—which in my lifetime has promoted this radical change in our conception of God and his relation to nature and to life. Undoubtedly it has led some men to ignore the life of the spirit altogether, but it has led

¹ Huxley, "English Men of Letters," Vol. VI, p. 242.

many to a deeper spiritual faith and a better understanding of the life of the spirit in man and of the Great Spirit in the universe. As an experience it is stated briefly and clearly by Basil King in his interesting volume "The Conquest of Fear." "The Caucasian," he says, "pigeonholes God. Otherwise expressed, he keeps God in a specially labeled compartment of life, to be brought out for occasional use and put back when the need is over." This theological conception of an appearing and disappearing God he contrasts with a paragraph from Joubert, an eighteenth-century French Catholic: "The soul cannot move, wake, or open the eyes without perceiving God. We perceive God through the soul as we feel air in the body. Dare I say it? We can know God easily so long as we do not feel it necessary to define Him."

I then count genius to be a peculiar phase of that inspiration which is the secret of all life. The painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, interprets the Great Artist, the scientist interprets the Great Mechanic, the pioneer interprets the Great Leader, the priest and the prophet interpret the Great Lover, and each one of us by his more humble career can interpret the Great Life-Giver, for, to quote Joubert again, "God is known to us through piety."

GREAT-UNCLE JOE

BY MARJORIE AUSTIN

HE sat, one summer evening, just outside
The golden circle that the lamp flung wide,
Watching the merry group which, at his whim,
Stood by the organ there, and sang for him.

Illness had torn him from his days of toil,
From his loved flocks and well-attended soil,
And set him there to wait with patience grim
Till time should pass, and be no more for him.

He was an old man, bearing still the trace
Of wind and sun upon his rugged face.
Long days of pain had made new furrows there,
And whitened all the silver of his hair.

His head was bent, his calloused hands lay still,
His whole great body sagged, toil-worn and ill,
But still his eyes burned with a steady gaze,
Piercing, yet kindly, as in younger days.

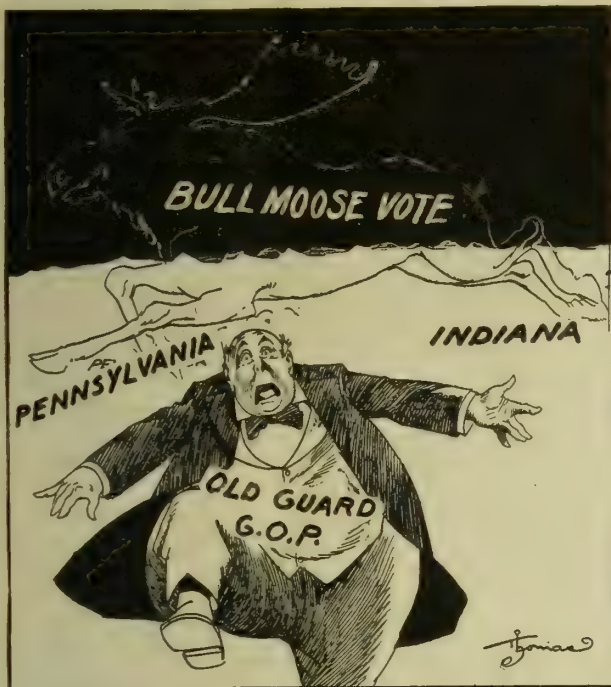
The group about the organ sang a while,
Then, from beneath an unused music pile,
Pulled out a book, long unremembered there,
And played and sang an old camp-meeting air.

And I, a child, drifting about the place,
Saw a slow tear slip down the old man's face,
And felt ashamed for him—a mere child, I,
Who could not know why an old man should cry.

'TIS POLITICLY DONE

(2 Henry VI, Act III, Scene 1)

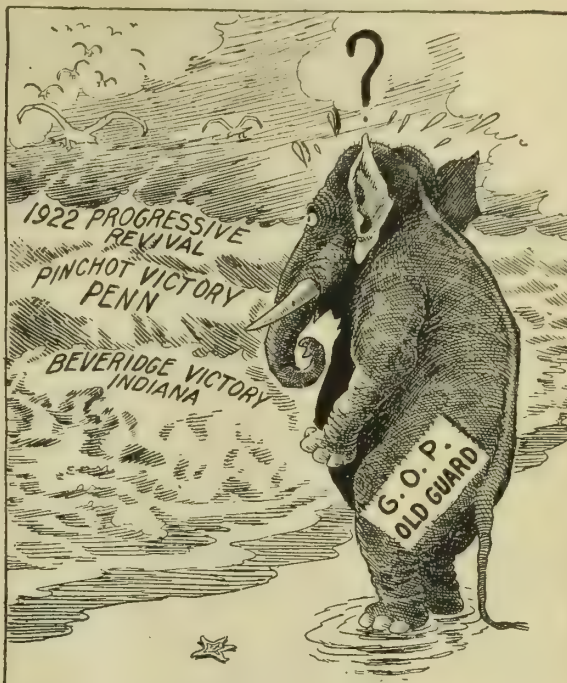
Thomas in the Detroit News



ACCORDING TO SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, THERE ARE ANIMAL SPOOKS

From Senator F. M. Davenport, Clinton, N. Y.

From the Buffalo Courier



WHAT THE POLITICAL WILD WAVES ARE SAYING

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Darling in the New York Tribune

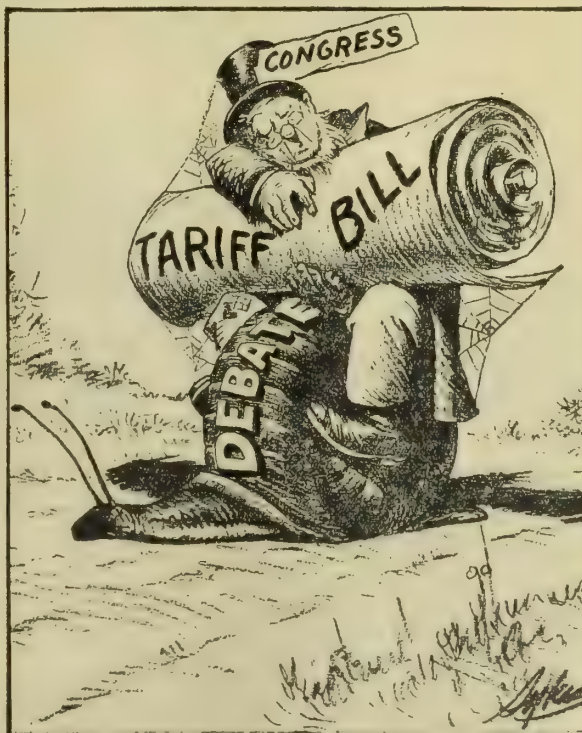


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ANOTHER OCCUPATION THAT IS BADLY OVERMANNED

From Helen P. DeLand, Fairport, N. Y.

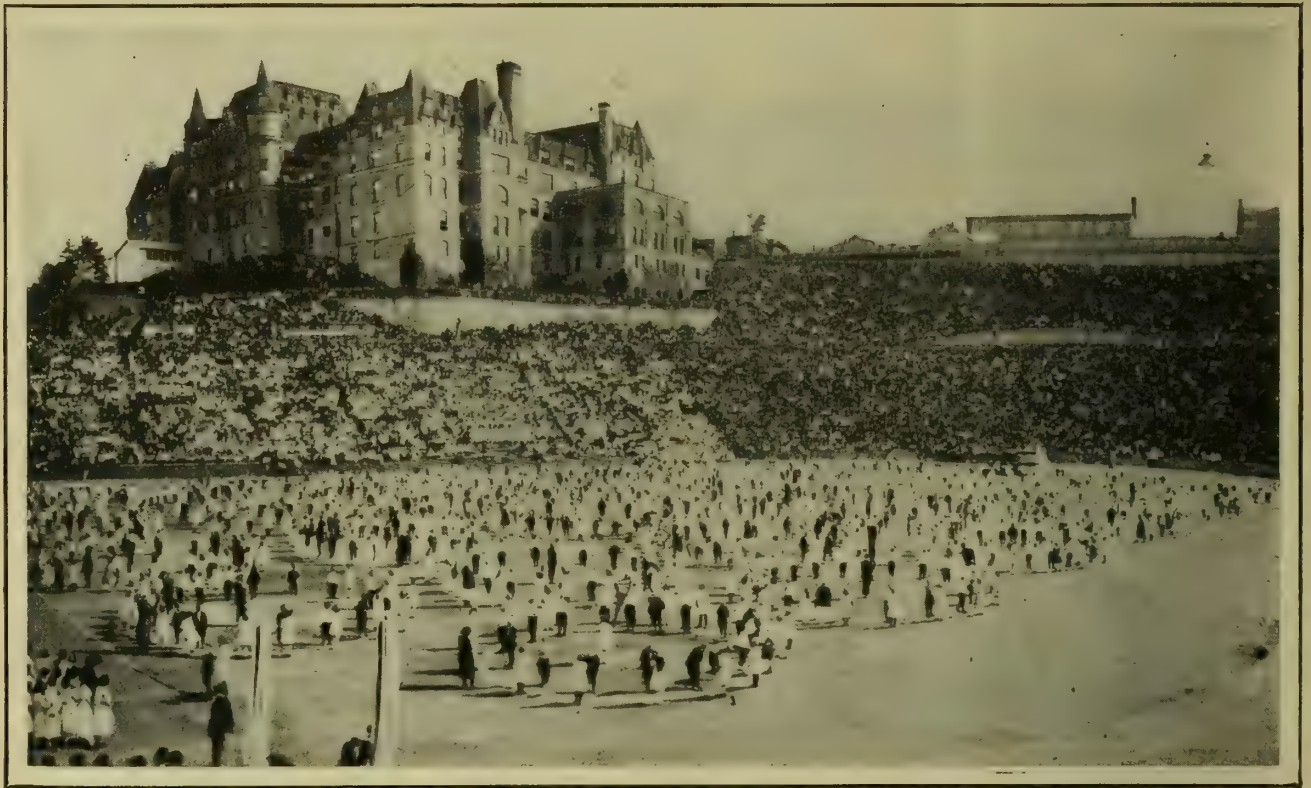
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



THE SPEED KING

From Frederick Eisler, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPORTS AND PAGEANTS



Wide World Photos

ATHLETIC PAGEANT FOR THE CONGRESS OF MOTHERS IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

The school-children of Tacoma, Washington, in honor of the National Congress of Mothers in session in that city, took part in a great gymnastic and athletic demonstration. Over 16,000 school-children took part in the events, the delegates to the Congress viewing the proceedings from specially reserved seats. The photograph gives a general view of the exercises.



Underwood

AMERICAN SOLDIERS HAVE THEIR LAST ATHLETIC MEET ON THE RHINE

Here is the latest view of the model athletic field at Carnival Island, near the city of Coblenz, with the 8th Infantry regimental mass games being played. The field will remain as a gift of the United States to Coblenz. The Army first turned over the equipment to the Y. M. C. A., and the "Y" in turn decided to present the field to the city of Coblenz.

AT HOME AND ABROAD



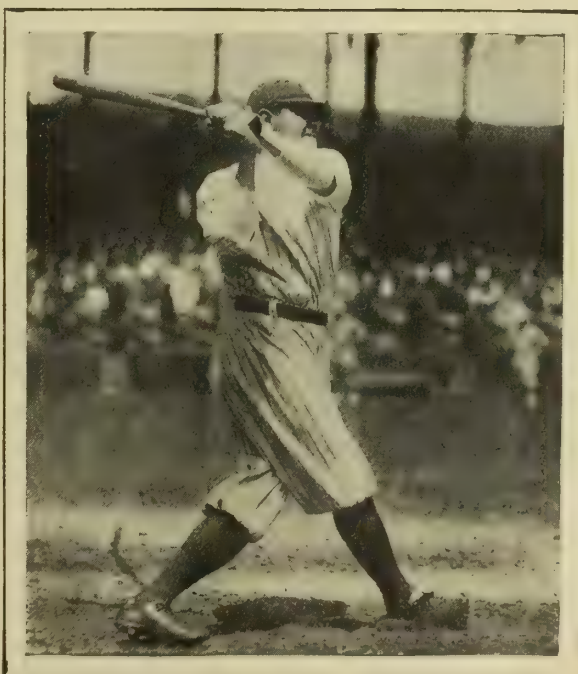
International

A CHAMPIONSHIP GAME OF MARBLES

Frank McQuade, of Baltimore, is the marble-shooting champion of the country. Here is a picture of the finals in which he won the title, vanquishing his opponents from Philadelphia, Newark, and New York, in which places the competitors of the local champions had been eliminated in trial games. Young McQuade is here seen beginning his game with Nicky Markoff, New York City champion

A PEEVISH HERO

Babe Ruth returned to the baseball world on May 20, after having been suspended for several weeks by Judge Landis. His reception from nearly forty thousand fans at the Polo Grounds was one of great enthusiasm. But a baseball crowd is fickle. It uncrowned its "home run king" by hooting when he made only one home run in several games. Then the hero turned quarrelsome, chased a hooting critic out of the grand stand, threw gravel at the umpire, and was promptly "sent to the showers" and later was fined \$200 and deposed as captain of the "Yankees"



International

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

SHARP COMMENTS BY UNDERGRADUATES

IN this third group of prize-winning letters from undergraduates of American colleges the readers who have followed this expression of student opinion will find, we feel sure, quite as representative and interesting contributions to the debate as in the two groups already published. All of the writers were winners of fourth prizes, but in frankness and in sharp comment and free and direct criticism their letters are quite as noteworthy as were the letters from the winners of the higher prizes, even if not as thorough in presenting a well-thought-out line of argument.

We think that athletic graduate committees in colleges can get some shrewd and practical hints from the points made here by these four undergraduates.

Among the things that the writers whose letters we present herewith caustically criticize are the stressing of star players, the desire of the grand stand to see the side it favors

win at any price, the lack of appreciation of the student who studies while the athlete is idolized, the spirit of professionalism in college rivalry, the backing of one's team by betting. How far such things are general or typical is another matter. So far as they do exist, such protests as appear in these letters from students must, we are confident, exercise an influence in making college athletics independent and wholesome.

As we said in estimating the general trend of these letters from one hundred and twenty-five colleges in all parts of the country, "Undergraduate opinion not only favors athletics as a source of recreation and pleasure, but, and beyond that, because athletics foster the college spirit, and loyalty to the college is as essential for the functioning of college life as loyalty to the country is essential to the functioning of citizenship."

THE LURE OF ATHLETICS

ABOVE the door of State Gym at the Iowa State College hangs a copper plate bearing these words: "If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless in our hands. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold or silver or precious stones, will give its owner but an ill account of his voyage." Its purpose is to instill into each red-blooded student passing under it the necessity of a well-rounded development. It has served in the past, but to-day the pendulum is slowly but surely moving towards athletics with a physical development at the expense of the mental. Ten years ago John —, now county agent of a western Iowa county, was the star quarterback of the Ames football team. On the field he "hit the line hard," played up and played the game; at his study table he learned the fundamentals of his profession. He never sacrificed football for studies or *vice versa*. When he was graduated, he was prepared to face both the world and his chosen vocation—the two situations which every college graduate must face. Last year a number of fine athletes were graduated from the same institution, but only a small percentage of them took up the work which they had majored in while in college. Instead they are instructing or coaching athletics in high school or college, thus continuing to spread the development of the physical at the sacrifice of the mental side of a man's development. But herein lies the trouble. The professions to-day need technically trained men who can face the world, but too large a number of them are going back onto the athletic field. Why is this true? I believe that the colleges of to-day are so thoroughly inoculated with "jazz" that students are thinking in lighter channels. Sports are over-emphasized; victory must be had at any price, the champions are worshiped for their ability until they become gods before the eyes of the

junior college. The real spirit of the game is forgotten; the primary purpose of athletics is sacrificed for the big headlines in the daily paper. The "star" write-ups furnish excellent incentives for individual play rather than for teamwork, and too often co-operation is sacrificed for the "grand-stand plays." I would not have the understanding that the players are entirely to blame; the spectators often influence the action and plays on the field. During the recent Ames-Iowa homecoming game, played at Ames, many were the hoots and jabs hurled at "Duke" Slater, the colored All-American tackle of the opposing team. The spectators' ethics were to win at any price, to win whether right or wrong. The practice of betting has recently reached college athletics and has spread like wildfire. Unless soon checked the result to college sports will not be far different from what it has been to horse-racing and to professional baseball. The smuggling in of professional players has placed a question-mark upon the ethics of true athletic spirit. Just lately have examples of this been exposed to the eyes of the public. If the present situation affected only the players themselves, the result wouldn't be so bad, but its evil effect is noticeable upon the younger students as well. Until the pendulum swings back from the physical to a corresponding level in mental development, the colleges and universities will fail to turn out men of the same caliber and type as they did a decade in the past.

Donald Twalm,

Iowa State College, Class of 1923.

THE CHEAT WHO GOT BY

AS I shall be severely criticised by many undergraduates, I wish to state my view-point in advance. At the age of fifteen I quit school and went to work. A disability incurred in the service placed me back in school. I am now a sophomore in an engineering col-

lege, but I look at this question with the benefit of eleven years' experience with the man in the street.

When a college man thinks of sports, he thinks of the one real sport—football. Personally, I love the game, but common sense tells me that football is a decided menace to learning and development of worth-while character traits.

Every college has an alumni body. Most colleges have a graduate manager of athletics. This man's job is to keep tabs on the promising high school athlete and induce him to enter college. The alumni provide the funds, and from these funds the man's expenses are paid. He may or may not get spending money, but he does get his tuition and his living expenses. This man has his choice of the social fraternities; when candidates are selected for the honoraries, the football player is taken and the merely successful student is passed by. When other students are dropped, the football player is kept on. In extreme cases he will be dropped too, but this seldom occurs.

At the Christmas examinations one of our star half-backs was caught cheating. The penalty is dismissal. But this man's place next year cannot be filled easily. As a result he was placed on probation for one year by a Faculty committee who lacked the sand to fire him. Incidentally, a misguided student body fought hard against this man's dismissal and influenced the Faculty's decision.

This is not an exception. I don't have the space necessary to go into this matter further, but I want to say that the system is all wrong. Every college that I am personally acquainted with helps the athlete. If you say that they buy their players, you mortally offend them. They don't buy them; they just pay their expenses and give them a little pocket-money. I, personally, have friends in three of the large colleges who are getting a free education for their services on the ball field. I've con-

tributed to funds for this purpose myself, but I don't like the results from this system. It places a premium on athletics and knocks at the roots of a higher scholarship standing.

If a man makes good grades and happens to lead his class, then we say that he is a "grind" and we despise him. But is it right? An athlete is a campus idol; he makes all the honorary fraternities, and is lauded for what the profs call his leadership qualities. Ask any student. What counts—athletics or scholarship? It is athletics every time.

I'm a fraternity man myself, and I love football, but, although it is a great advertisement to any college, I'm against having a winning team at any cost. We are honoring the athlete and despising and belittling the successful student. But the colleges were built for learning, and learning and knowledge are the least prized things on the campus.

A heavy-weight championship prize-fight will draw sixty thousand people; so will a big football game; so will a war. Think it over.

Martin K. James,

A Pennsylvania Institution.

A PROGRAMME FOR ABOLISHING THE PROFESSIONAL SPIRIT

ENTIRELY too much emphasis has been placed recently upon the desire to win games and championships in inter-collegiate athletics. Such a feeling has developed a spirit of intense rivalry between different institutions, and this in turn has resulted in the commercializing of healthful sport. The larger universities have expended enormous sums of money for coaches, trainers, equipment, and stadia. The lust to win has spread so far that championship teams are sent across the continent to play single games. Such a trip not only involves a large sum of money, but takes the players away from their studies and detracts from the real incentive of college life. Here I ask, "Is this the aim of athletics in education?" The first intercollegiate game of football between Rutgers and Princeton was played for the pleasure derived from the contest. Now the aim seems to be anything but that.

Furthermore, this intense rivalry between schools has led in no small degree to the professionalizing of the college athlete. The alumni and others who are interested in athletics for the sake of winning games have paid the school expenses of star high school performers, and this has brought to our schools a type of undergraduate who is endowed with a different spirit than that which was prevalent in the past. A keenness to excel has been the cause of laxity in regard to scholarship and also in regard to eligibility rules in many colleges.

This professionalized rivalry has not only wormed its way into the morale of the players, but also among the students

and spectators who crowd the sidelines. The players are made a means to an end by many students, alumni, and other interested parties. Gambling has become prevalent, and respective teams are backed to the limit. Some no doubt think betting proves a man's college spirit, but if it is allowed to go on by the college authorities it will in the end cause the downfall of the truer feeling of clean sport for clean sport's sake. When a team loses under betting conditions, a spirit of animosity is always aroused, which is detrimental to the school. Players are severely criticised, and the coach loses his popularity and many times his position.

Therefore we see that the winning of games and championships, which seems to be the aim of the coach, players,



GUGLIELMO FERRERO

ORDER OR DISORDER?

BY

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

THE OUTLOOK will have the honor and pleasure of publishing in its next issue an article by the distinguished Italian historian, philosopher, and man of letters, Guglielmo Ferrero. As our readers know, Signor Ferrero is the author of one of the most noted and also most readable books of our time relating to the history of Rome, namely, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome."

The article will have the title "Order or Disorder?" It is a searching discussion of the conditions and dangers of European civilization under the stress of post-war conditions. It is admirably written and deserves the most careful consideration.

alumni, and undergraduate body at the present time, presents a serious problem. A spirit of rivalry is developed which has led to the commercializing and professionalizing of otherwise wholesome athletics. It has caused a laxity in scholarship standards and eligibility rules, all of which is undesirable in education. When coaches in some institutions receive higher salaries than the presidents of the same schools and manufacturing concerns present automobiles to the best players, then it is time that some plan of reconstruction be adopted.

My plan involves the following points:

1. Sever all connections with the alumni in regard to athletics.
2. Place all intercollegiate activities in charge of the college authorities through a department of physical education.
3. Place the financial side of athletics under the college treasurer with budget system;
 - (a) Limitation of gate receipts in relation to expenses;
 - (b) Do away with athletic scholarships.
4. Raise scholarship standards and enforce all eligibility rules.
5. Do away with seasonal coaches, spring football, summer camps, training tables, and lower the salaries of coaches.
6. Limit number of hours that a coach can require of players;
 - (a) Prevent coast trips and inter-sectional games.
7. Play different schools each year, thereby removing the tendency towards intense rivalry.
8. Form conference with these points in view.

ALFRED G. WHEELER,

Oberlin College, Class of 1922.

DISILLUSIONED, BUT—

I'M through with college athletics! For three years I've slaved, and strained, and sweated, on grid, and ice, and diamond. I've grinned at knocks and bruises. I've scoffed at pains and aches. I've bowed to censure and blame. I've sacrificed amusement and pleasure. I've denied myself smokes and eats. I've neglected studies and ambitions. I've subordinated all to sport.

And to what end? The love of Alma Mater—bunk! The respect of student and faculty—a vain hope! The praise of press and public—nothing to it! The satisfaction of personal desire—idle vanity!

Yet these are the things I strived for. And with what success? A collection of campus distinctions that are useless. A respect that amounts to nothing. A scholastic record that is abominable. A broken nose that is a reminder of my folly. A bunch of press clippings that contain more knocks than boosts. That's all.

What a miserable and stupid fool I've been! Why should I have been so willing to give of my strength and of my time, while hundreds of other students

sat back refusing even to raise their voices in a cheer of encouragement for the team that was representing them; while the Faculty looked on and did its best to flunk the men who were doing more to advertise and popularize the college than all the other agencies put together; while the public smirked in smug satisfaction at mere idle rumors of crookedness and professionalism; and while the college itself held up its hands in horror at the hint of a scholarship in lieu of services for the needy?

So I'm off athletics for good. I'm going out after a little joy in life. I'm going to do as I please, and eat what I like, and sleep when I feel like it—for a change. I'm going to get down to some real work. No more training quarters for me. I'm through.

I suppose I'll miss the old life of activity a little. That feeling of elation with which one responds to the first call for candidates. The satisfaction of being retained on the first squad. The glow of perfect physical condition. The pride of seeing one's name posted on the first team line-up. The thrill of the first game, with a thousand voices urging one on to greater effort. The flush of victory. The glory of having done one's best. The suppressed excitement with which one scans eagerly down the sports sheet to see what the writers have to say. The congratulations of one's fellow-students.

Yes, I shall certainly miss all these things. And how stupid it is to stand on the sidelines and watch others trying to play the game!

I hear they're up against it for material this year. No worth-while recruits, and some of the old chaps leaving. I was talking to the coach to-day. I didn't have the heart to tell him I'm quitting.

Gad, I wonder if I can quit! There's something about it that seems to hold right onto me. It gets into one's system. The sporting blood, I guess, and there's no beating it out. I've only got one more year of college. Aw, what's the use of trying to be a piker? I guess I wasn't built to grind into books, and go to the movies, and the cabaret, and out to parties, and all that sort of thing. The devil! I won't quit. Hurrah, I'm going out for the team again!

D. B. R.,

Columbia University, Class of 1923.

IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION

BY JAMES J. DAVIS

UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF LABOR

IF I had the time, I should like nothing better than to study the histories of the nations and the races of the earth away back as far as our records of early civilization go. I should like still better to go beyond these records and help in the great research work that is still being done in an effort to bring to light the stories of primeval life and struggle for existence among the tribes of this old world of ours long before the oldest of the nations now existing boasted of a semblance of civilization. But I have been deprived of the opportunity of delving far even into the labyrinths of comparatively modern history.

Strange to say, I was prevented from learning a great deal of history as a boy because of the very fact that makes that subject so interesting for me—I was an immigrant boy. The struggle for a livelihood in a new country was so full of what some people call hardships, but what I call experience, that at an early age I was working as a puddler in a steel mill, contributing a small share toward keeping our family happy and contented.

I have no idea when it was that man first migrated from "the cradle of humanity." It is enough to say that it was a long time ago that men first felt the pinch for room and began to go out to seek new fortunes, bigger herds, and larger and greener pastures. They found wild beasts and barriers of mountains and of waters and forests. The more daring and courageous ventured far and found keen pleasure in the adventures of wild lands. Feats of strength and endurance were the pride of the leaders of their bands. And so it came about that the strong explored into far countries, set up their own kingdoms, and prospered, while the weaker of mind and body, the lazy and dependent, stayed behind, only moving when conditions in



JAMES J. DAVIS AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION OF IRON, STEEL, AND TIN WORKERS OF AMERICA, AT ELWOOD, INDIANA, AT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE

their old localities—crowding, scourges of disease and filth, or of exploitation of more ambitious hostile foes—forced them on in the direction the more energetic of their races had gone before.

One after another great pioneering nations have risen and fallen. We are all familiar enough with ancient and modern history to have heard of periods of Roman, Danish, Norwegian, Spanish, British, and other international conquests. Long before Christopher Columbus discovered America the Norwegians had been here, and before them, according to Chinese history, Buddhist priests had visited the coast of California as early as the fifth century.

Early immigration to every new country consisted of the very bravest, stanch-

est, and most loyal subjects or citizens of their mother countries. It was necessarily so, because of the great hardships and dangers of travel. It took courage to sail the viking ships of the Norsemen on their journeys of thousands of miles, battling the tempestuous northern seas of cold and ice, and strength to pull the oars they used.

It took the same courage and strength in the days of the Pilgrim settlers who came to our shores, but of still more importance in building the foundation for our advanced civilization was the strength of character which prompted their coming. Peace-loving, fearless, and conscientious, as well as strong physical beings, ready to battle for what they believed was right, strong in Christian faith—these were the people who began the work of construction of the greatest nation of the world. A greater love for liberty and a greater respect for the rights of individuals, together with a determination and willingness to endure the hardships of pioneer life, drew to America the very best blood of every nation of Europe.

Conditions of emigration to America have changed. No longer is ocean travel beset with danger and hardships nor sacrifice of wealth. Steamship travel is luxurious; the steerage of a steam liner even forty years ago was superior to many, many homes of the poorer classes of Europe; and this travel when the new immigration started became cheap—at times passage from Hamburg to Chicago has been offered as low as \$10 a person, and at this price any one could afford to travel.

Every inducement for emigration was offered: A big and new country, money to be had for the asking. It required very little work to become wealthy, as these peasants counted wealth, in America. At least such were the stories

circulated, and are even now being told in Europe.

Needless to say, the type of immigrants coming to America after the difficulties were removed and the thought of hardships eliminated changed, and they began to come in increasing numbers. To the European immigration was also added a large influx of Oriental life, until finally Congress found it necessary to place restriction upon immigration for the protection of American citizens.

First were barred Chinese laborers by prohibiting their immigration here for a period of ten years. Later Congress passed a permanent Oriental Exclusion Act, which prohibited immigration from certain prescribed areas of the earth's surface, and this Exclusion Law is in force to-day, its efficiency impaired somewhat by subterfuges resorted to for the purpose of violating the laws and the court decisions which have modified apparently the original intent of the law.

We excluded the Oriental because we believe that his lower standard of living, the low wages for which he was willing to work, would impair our own standards and the efficiency of our institutions. This was right; but no less correct was the attitude of our Congress in advocating and adopting certain standards of health to be required of all our immigrants. Experience has taught us that if we let into our country men and women physically incapable of self-support they become public charges. Sooner or later they drain upon the National or community wealth—they take everything and give nothing, while those really responsible, those who received what benefits they have conferred, or who would have received the benefits had there been any, are relieved of responsibility, and we pay the bill.

But it was not primarily the expense of keeping public charges we objected to. We feared a more serious menace—that from dangerous and loathsome contagious disease. Life in foreign lands among filth and dirt brought upon the countries of the Old World great plagues of typhus, cholera, leprosy, tuberculosis, and many other diseases.

The United States was a new and clean country, it was vast, and there was room for expansion, but to permit every disease of Europe and Asia to come in meant ruin. No one doubts the wisdom of our policy of weeding out the sick, the maimed, the halt, the blind, the imbecile, the feeble-minded, and those convicted of crimes.

But even with the selective system of immigration, by which process we weed out the defectives, there have come in many aliens undesirable for various reasons. Large numbers of nationals of certain countries have established themselves in communities, setting up their own standards and holding aloof from the institutions and facilities which work toward assimilation, preventing a thorough boiling of the melting-pot. Especially during very recent years has there been a noticeable clotting in the



SECRETARY DAVIS AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, JEAN

boiling process. Either we have put too much in the pot or we have not stirred fast enough, but, at any rate, we have got to take out the lumps or break them up and smooth out the mass.

I attribute most of our difficulties to ignorance. We all know that the facilities for education in many of the countries of Europe are not what they might be. None of them equal the facilities offered in the United States to every person. In most States here it is compulsory that every child should be well grounded in fundamental subjects. I do not hesitate in saying that our high schools of to-day are equal, and perhaps superior, to many of the universities of only a few generations ago. There is a very large percentage of illiteracy in Europe, and of late years, and prior to the enactment of the Literacy Test Law, we drew heavily upon these illiterate classes. Lack of education breeds misunderstanding, and this misunderstanding is responsible for much of the strife, the civil war, and turmoil in social and industrial affairs all over the world.

As an illustration of how ignorance transplanted from Europe endangers our political and industrial life, I want to cite a case which was brought to my attention only recently. A Russian was about to be deported to his native land for the distribution of Anarchistic literature. He had a wife and several children, the children born in America. A delegation waited upon me and pleaded the hardship which this deportation would mean to the family. I immediately telegraphed to Washington for the records in the case. He spoke but a word or two of English, although he had been in America for eleven years. He had been convicted of spreading Anarchistic doctrines. In fact, he was the head and feet of a subdivision of a big Red organization. He made the statement at the time of his arrest that Russia had the ideal Government, and that

the Government of the United States ought to be overthrown and be made over just as the Russian had been. In other words, he would have us go through all the strife and civil war that that country has passed and is passing through! It would mean that our citizens would have no property rights and human life would be held at almost nothing. I said that it might be a hardship to this man's family, but not nearly so great a hardship as it would be for our country to allow him to carry on his Red activities here. There was nothing to prevent his taking his family to Russia if he wished, and if that country was so much better than ours, then he had the privilege of enjoying it. We as Americans want America to be governed as we want it. That is our privilege. If this man had only had the proper education, so that he could have understood a representative form of government, he might have been saved deportation, because undoubtedly he would have entered whole-heartedly into our scheme of things.

There are thousands of other aliens in the United States who are in just that same position. At present there are over 13,000,000 foreign-born whites here. Approximately 1,750,000 of those over ten years of age are illiterate.

Our present naturalization laws, with the addition of a few amendments added from time to time for the purpose of clarifying their provisions, were adopted in 1906. Prior to that time our naturalization system amounted to very little less than an international scandal. Citizenship could be bought or sold. It became almost a commodity to be purchased in the open market. The present laws have changed this to a large extent, and now we have an orderly, although I believe still inefficient, method of naturalizing foreigners. Since the enactment of the 1906 law nearly 1,500,000 foreign-born were naturalized. This

represented the clothing with citizenship of something over 3,000,000. At present there are well over 6,000,000 more who are eligible for citizenship.

There is no doubt in my mind that we should provide more and better facilities for educating and Americanizing the immigrant. We have too many unnaturalized foreigners here for their own and our good. We ought to teach them the meaning of citizenship and then give them a chance to qualify by properly educating them for the duties and privileges which that honor confers. There should be co-operation between our Naturalization Service and the public schools, a co-operation whereby one may know the needs of the other to the benefit of our foreign-born brother and sister who have come here, we must assume, for the purpose of becoming one of us. If, on the other hand, it is the intention of these aliens to take from us only, to tear down our institutions, wreck our Government, and assume none of the duties imposed upon us as citizens, then we do not want them.

There is only one way in which we can get behind this movement in an efficient manner, and that is to know who is the alien, where he is, and what he needs; and there is only one way in which we can properly survey the work—that is, by requiring each and every alien to report, or to enroll, at a specified time at a designated place and give us the necessary information to enable us intelligently to determine just what solvents we should place in our melting-pot and just how much fire it will take to boil it.

I have advocated this enrollment for a long time. I do so with a full knowledge of all that confronts the immigrant, for I was one of them. Under all the tests which we might give looking toward a sifting out or a selection of immigrants, whether in the United States or in Europe, we would be sure to get Red leaders from Europe, while thousands of hard-working, good, honest immigrants, capable of becoming real assets, would be barred. Education for citizenship by enlarging the Bureau of Naturalization in the Department of Labor so as to make it a Bureau of Citizenship will do more for the protection of America and the aid of the alien or immigrant than any other one thing that I know of.

The fact that immigration has changed—that the men now coming to us are not as hardy and determined as before—does not mean that they cannot become desirable citizens. They merely need more opportunity, a more definite programme for education and assistance in following it. The Bureau of Citizenship is the natural agency for the carrying out of such a programme, for citizenship means more than the legal process of naturalization.

The following editorial from the Chicago "Courier," a Jewish newspaper, indicates how the thinking foreign-born themselves feel toward a Government



THE HOUSE IN WHICH JAMES J. DAVIS WAS BORN, IN TREDEGAR, WALES

programme for educating immigrants and aliens:

OUR DUTY TOWARD THE IMMIGRANT

The present policy of our Government in the restriction of immigration has of course materially reduced the number of Jewish immigrants, yet immigration is still going on. In the pre-bellum days the admission of twelve or fifteen thousand Jewish immigrants monthly was an average record. At present only six or seven thousand Jewish immigrants land on our shores in the same period of time. The fact that Jewish immigration continues, though not on the old scale, imposes upon us certain definite duties. The experience of several decades should enable us to manage our immigration problem better than in previous years. The well-being of the immigrant and his future relationship with our institutions depends largely upon the character of the reception and aid we extend to him during the first few months after his landing. By showing him the right road and by enlightening him in the matter of his work, we direct him in the path of his welfare and future success.

The Americanization of the immigrant should begin the moment he sets foot on American soil. Tens of millions of dollars are spent annually

on domestic charities. One million dollars a year spent on the Americanization of the immigrant would not only save the latter from economic difficulties later on, but would actually save the millions spent on domestic charities for work of a more constructive and permanent character. Night schools for immigrants should be established in every Jewish community and attendance should be made compulsory as much as possible.

The major number of immigrants admitted to this country have to work for their living after landing. They must seek employment. Their employer sees that they do his work, but has no concern as to whether the immigrant is making progress in other matters. This is a short-sighted point of view, for we do not live by bread alone, and the employers' own welfare is dependent upon the general welfare of the Nation and the full appreciation by all people of the character of American institutions. No matter how skilled in his own line of work the employee may become, the employer must realize the fact that a knowledge of the English language would make for a better production and thus for a greater demand of the product. If any employer should fail to realize this essential of the Americanization of the immigrants, it is possible for the Government to bring pressure to bear on them to make each job of the immigrant employees dependent on attendance of night school. If necessary, Congress could enact a law imposing upon the employer the duty to see to it that his immigrant employees attend night school for a certain definite time.

We must establish plenty of night schools for immigrants and compel them to attend them. The immigrant might perhaps consider this coercion. But what if he does? Children consider vaccination coercion and sometimes school attendance as well, but since these are good things for the child, we compel the child to accept our decision in the matter. After all, a grown-up man or woman need not be coerced, but only persuaded. From his point of view, as well as from the American point of view, the sooner the immigrant knows our language and our institutions and becomes an American, the better for him and the better for America.

The first essential in educating for citizenship is the teaching of English. The alien cannot understand America until he understands her language. Neither can the American understand the alien, because he has no means of communicating with him. They live apart. Only by knowing English can the alien understand his job. He becomes more efficient by being able to understand the instructions and orders given to him. Accidents are fewer for the same reason, so that this knowledge is a kind of insurance.

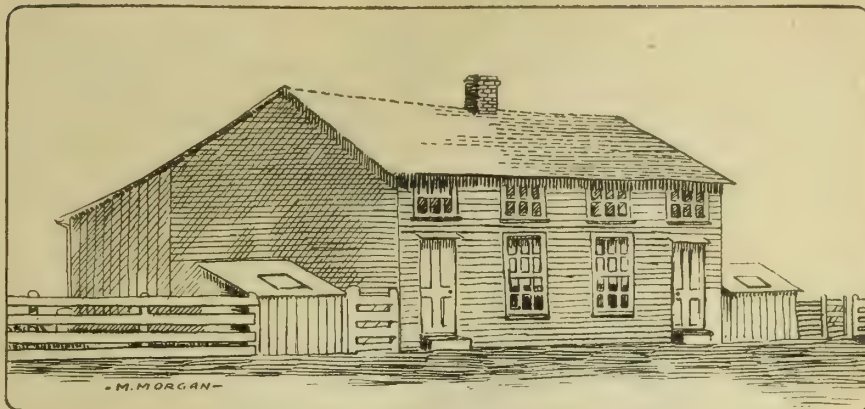
It also opens greater opportunities for industrial and commercial advancement, for only by knowing what is going on about him can one take advantage of the many opportunities presented to

him. In all our large cities educational advantages are offered for the learning of new trades or improving the one which a worker has already selected for his life's work. The Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, and other private organizations, and even the public schools, carry on this work so that the instruction may be obtained after the regular hours of labor and at such a small cost that practically every one can afford it. But unless the alien intelligently understands English, this opportunity for self-help is denied him.

The material benefit which comes from knowing English is not the only one secured. Many nationalities with different tongues make up the population of the United States. Under Old World conditions, there are national hatreds one for another, and these are not left behind when the immigrant leaves his home. How can a changed heart come unless they all speak a common language, the language of the country of whose citizenship they desire to become a part? All the old hatreds and misunderstandings, to my mind, were largely due to lack of a common means of communication. Unless this obstacle is removed there is bound to be friction here as well as there.

We do not need to worry so much about the children of the aliens, who by our laws are compelled to go to school and acquire an education. Our problem is largely with the adult alien. The child will eventually be absorbed, because we compel him to learn our language, our ideals, our institutions, and prepare him in that way for the duties of citizenship.

And this brings a new danger—the danger of estranging the child from the parent. Unfortunately, not all of the younger generation have that feeling for parents which should make them honor and respect their mothers and fathers, uncouth and ignorant, after they themselves have secured an Ameri-



THE HOUSE IN WHICH JAMES J. DAVIS LIVED AT SHARON, PENNSYLVANIA

can education with all the refinement which goes with it.

And the adult should feel the responsibility toward the child. His lack of an education makes it more difficult for the children to learn their lessons at school. It puts an added burden upon them in their play as well as their work. How often we hear the slurs of American children against their fellow-pupils and playmates because of the ignorance of their parents! We ought to put them all in a class and give the parents the chance which they have never had to enjoy the privileges of an education. They came to this country in search of something better. The more we can give them, the more we will get in return. The English language is the basis for all of this.

As Secretary of Labor, I am called upon in many, many cases to try to effect settlements in industrial disputes. Last year there were more than 460 such cases brought to me, so that I have had a great opportunity to observe the causes of industrial warfare. One of the noticeable factors, I find, is the ignorance of the alien workmen in industry. There are more difficulties to adjust where they are employed, and in analyz-

ing the situation I attribute most of them to lack of understanding, not only of our language and of the conditions of employment, but also of the institutions of our Government. You cannot blame these men, for they never had the opportunity of learning the fundamentals of economic law. Many of them can neither read nor write, and under these conditions no other result can be expected.

Our great problem, then, is to educate the alien, and I believe that in the majority of cases the alien is not only anxious to use facilities for education if they are given him, but is also willing and able to pay for the privilege; and so I say, enroll every alien. Charge every wage-earner a small fee and provide the very best advantages of education for him. Then let our citizenship officers give each alien a card which he should present periodically for notations as to the progress made in his studies as well as his character and conduct in the community. At the time of the enrollment the officer will direct him to the proper school and see that he gets the proper training through the educational authorities.

Under the immigration laws, the immigration authorities take into custody for deportation such aliens as become public charges within five years after their entry into this country. Many of the aliens are in hazardous employment. The wage-earner may become totally disabled, killed, or perhaps die of disease, leaving a family deportable under our laws. It strikes me that it would be far better if a part of the fund collected from the alien through enrollment were to be used for the purpose of taking care of these dependents rather than deporting them to the countries from which they came. I would like to see this done, because I know how the father undoubtedly felt when he came here; that he came in order that his family might have the benefit of the opportunities here in our country not offered in his own. He came, not only for his personal enjoyment of our political life, but for the advantages which were held out for his family. Surely he would be glad of the opportunity to invest in that type of insurance which would provide facilities for taking care of his family should



PEDDLING FURNACE "DRAWING A HEAT." MR. DAVIS ONCE WORKED IN SUCH A MILL

they be likely to become public charges. With this money we could, if necessary, pay for their keep or build large homes and schools to take care of these people. They would be under our direction and we would know that the potential citizens there raised would be fully qualified for the privilege of citizenship which they seek.

Another very important feature of the enrollment of aliens is in the administration of the naturalization laws. Under the present law, when a declarant proves up on his petition, he must produce two witnesses who have known him for five years and can testify as to his character and fitness. That is a provision which is exceedingly difficult for many aliens to comply with. Often the alien's employment carries him from one jurisdiction to another, or perhaps the moving of those about him makes it impossible to secure a satisfactory witness for many, many years. When he can, in many cases it is at great expense. Under the enrollment plan, a

certificate of enrollment with notation upon its face could be used as a substitute for the two witnesses and would certainly facilitate final action on citizenship petitions.

When the petitioner receives his final certificate of citizenship, he will come into court and demonstrate his knowledge of the country and our Government. He will speak English, and understand those about him. The court session will be impressive, and turned into what we term in fraternal societies a testimonial meeting, and each one will give a testimonial of what citizenship will mean to him, and what he will do to further the good of the cause. These meetings will be highly inspirational, and will do much to place citizenship upon a higher plane.

In the old days of the Roman civilization no greater honor could be conferred upon a man than to make him a citizen of Rome. Is our own country any less great than Rome or should it be any less an honor for a foreign-born person to be

granted the privilege of American citizenship than was the privilege of Roman citizenship centuries ago? Let every safeguard be put upon it.

I have heard some opposition to the enrollment features provided for in the Naturalization Law which is now pending in Congress. The radical papers and radical leaders oppose it. Other foreign-language papers and foreign leaders have heartily indorsed the plan, which goes to show that this new method of Americanization and naturalization will do more for the country than merely confer citizenship upon foreign-born people. The immigrant who comes here with a purpose of becoming one of us, abiding by our laws and contributing to our welfare as well as his own, will find the new law of vast benefit to him. The Red leader and the Anarchist will find in it only Governmental protective machinery to thwart his plans for alienizing America. Our whole purpose must be to Americanize the alien before the alien alienizes America.

AND NOW THE FLAPPER TEACHER

BY ANGELA M. KEYES

THIS is the day of the flapper and the period of after the war; more particularly and significantly, after the Great War. It is a strongly marked period, like and radically different from other after-the-war times, just as the recent war, the Great War, was like yet frightfully different from other wars. It is natural that social manners and ways should undergo an upheaval, that society itself, its men and women, but more particularly its boys and girls, should react in astonishing if not alarming forms of outlook and conduct. It was their only slightly older brothers and sisters that played the chief part in the war; it was their impressionable young souls that were shocked with the spectacle of the ruin of order, decency, the apparent insignificance of human life, the wholesale destruction of beauty, use, genius. It is natural that they should be thrown off their base, and should develop a recklessness, a worldliness, a disregard for custom and convention, that amazes and disturbs their elders.

For the elders too have been changed by the Great War. Them too it has given a new scale of values, and it is well that, on the whole, it is a better scale. If it had not deepened and spiritualized the elders, the youngsters might justify their defiance. It has deepened the meaning of life for the elders, but without disturbing for them the importance of certain outward codes or conventions. They do not always recognize that the youngsters too have caught a glimpse of life so clear, so terrifying, that they shut it from their eyes with gayer dress and from their

ears with louder jazz. So the two groups repel and misunderstand each other. The more rabid of the youngsters turn themselves into flappers and pronounce as out and out frumps the more hopeless of their elders.

Some of the flappers are attracted by the profession of teaching and are entering the city's training schools for teachers. History repeats itself. The training school and the flapper will modify each other. Will it be for good or for ill?

The training schools are receiving the flapper cordially. They are wisely shutting their eyes to her extravagances and crudities. For the Great War has taught the schools and the experienced teacher perhaps more than it has taught the mother or father. The school, which has developed from its work a more reflective habit, accounts more easily for the present "hectic" state of society than does the home and is less alarmed at it. So it does not make too much of the wild bob, the short skirt, even the ugly flesh-colored stockings.

The flapper has brought into the serious, often over-weary, sometimes all but discouraged, training schools of our crowded cities vigor, daring, directness, and withal unmistakable braininess, fine practical ability. She has brought back hope itself. Why look too curiously at her outer aspect? Why listen too critically to her dialogue? Why lift the eyebrows or draw down the lips at her manners? No, the wily training schools are biding their time, but for the present they are engaged chiefly in sunning themselves in her care-free gayety and relaxing their tension in her zestful teachableness.

The flapper will make a good teacher. She is abler than her predecessor of a decade ago. She has been startled into a more alert and vigorous mentality. She is stronger and more active physically. She is less given to hysteria. Suffrage and war need have emancipated her. She has gone to excess in some directions; but in the history of this very imperfect world who has used new freedom with entire wisdom?

The student of teaching to-day is better educated and trained than was her more ladylike elder sister of a decade ago. She knows more history, geography, literature, social science. She is, in fact, a return to the classics, though this change she would repudiate hotly, her idea of being well educated, whether she hails from England or America, being to be well grounded in the great English tongue and well steeped in the great English literature rather than befuddled with a smattering of Greek and Latin.

I mean a return to the classics in another sense. In the days of Æsop, the pedagogue was the learned man of the community. The day is not far distant when every teacher of even the smallest children will be a college graduate; Virginia already requires that her teachers shall be full-fledged bachelors. This will mean, not only a fuller and more accurate scholarship, but a greater maturity in the inexperienced teacher.

To-day's graduate of the training school will know more, too, about children and teaching them. The flapper is doing more scientifically than ever what old Plato hundreds of years ago suggested should be done before laying

down courses of study and dogmatizing about methods of teaching. She is studying the pupil at first hand. And she is really getting together a lot of sound first-hand information and making intelligent use of it in her practice teaching. She is taking heartily to the scientific doctrine that a teacher must constantly watch the reactions of her pupils and must keep abreast of the best pedagogical thought. She reads more of the pedagogical literature, direct and indirect, than did her amiable predecessor. She belongs to teacher clubs; she identifies herself more openly with her profession. This is all the fruit of her expanding outlook on life; she learns that to be constructively useful is at least as desirable as to be ornamental.

In my opinion, the anxious parent and the thrifty taxpayer, looking to the provident outlay of his money in terms of the flapper's coming salary, may sleep o' nights.

"But," say the indignant taxpayers in chorus, "what about her rôle of model to the child? Let her remember that as a teacher she will not be a free agent."

There's the rub. This D'Artagnan, Joe Brooksy, swaggering young person knocking, or rather merely walking in without the ceremony, is but making a gesture of protest before toning down her liberty.

Do not fear; she will tone down. A very few years in New York City's crowded class-rooms will dull her bright plumage. And that she will still remain of her period, O taxpayer, is all to the good for Young Hopeful. She will sympathize with him all the more.

Flapper or not, the modern student of education is really making a good job of learning to teach. If Sammy Bernstein should go to pieces in her spelling class when writing a letter, after he has netted a hundred per cent in a column of words test, she doesn't stay in after school to see that Sammy spells each word a hundred times, each time more incorrectly than the preceding. Nor does Sammy. Oh, no! She intends that both shall go out into the sunshine on schedule time. She may breeze into the class-room like a boy, but she understands what is meant by functional standards of teaching and she tries to live up to them by training her pupils to spell in the process of composing a letter, to talk on their feet, to speak distinctly and healthfully, to practice community civics. Her pupils hailing from crowded tenements do keep the fire-escape free from left-over food that should be in the ice-box, and they do come to school with shining morning faces from a liberal application of soap. She may wear red earrings for a week after the "long wake," but she knows how to arouse the purposeful self-activity of the learner, how to form and use the apperceptive mass when teaching seventh-year boys to thrill when Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

And for all the taxpayer's anxiety about it, the flapper teachers are every



"SIMPLY FLAPPERISH"

bit as strong on the Ten Commandments as their predecessors. Honor thy father and thy mother? Well, I should say so. Listen to Miss Teacher-To-Be Flapper Student practicing opening school in the year of grace 1922:

"I hope that every boy in this class helped his mother before coming to school this morning. You need not tell me whether you did or not." Here the pious one of twenty years ago would have instituted an orgy of fibbing. "John Patullo, I shall be ashamed of you if you did not carry up coal enough to keep your poor sick mother warm this cold day. Give her my love and tell her I am coming to see her Wednesday afternoon."

Yes, I think the main chance will be as safe in the hands of the flapper of

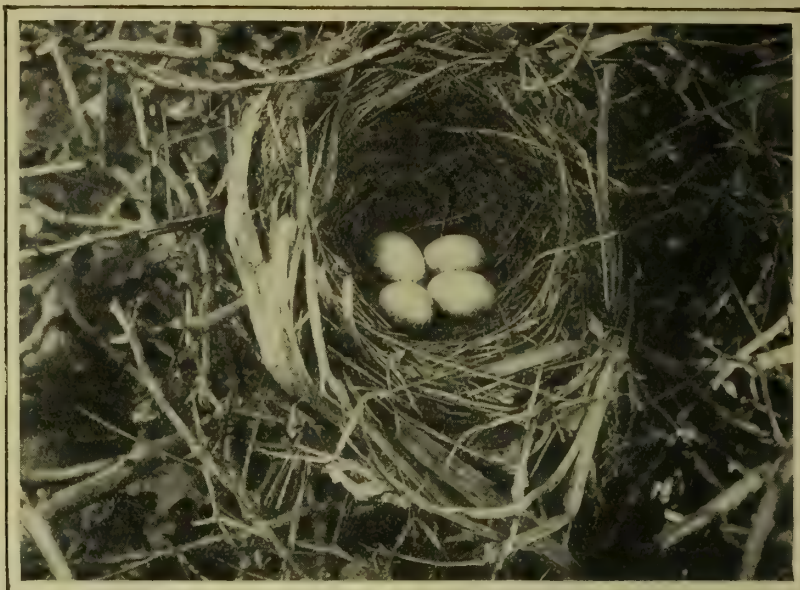
to-day at whose feet your adoring children will sit, dear taxpayer, as it was before the war. The flapper teacher-to-be is young, she is breezy, she is even risky in attire; but she has scrapped hysterics and the vapors and, believe me who live with her, she is sound at the core.

As for my contention that she is a better practitioner of the art of teaching, "I trust," said a recent writer, "now that teaching is becoming a science, they will take it out of the hands of giggling girls of eighteen." They have. The flappers of 1922 have. They have taken it into their own capable hands. And they are not giggling. But how would you describe them? Are they boyish? mannish? No; they are simply flapperish.

EGGS THAT KEEP WITHOUT BLOWING



PEWEE'S NEST



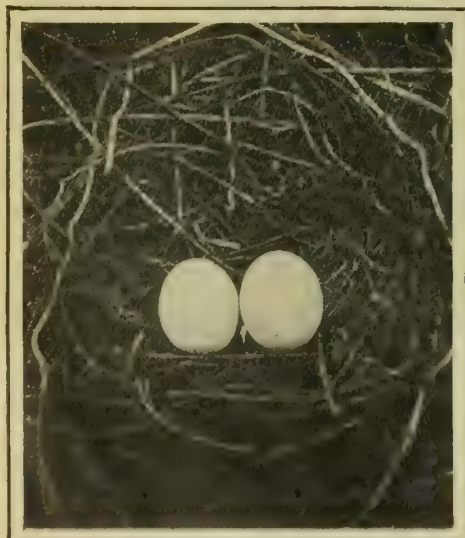
BROWN THRASHER'S NEST IN A HAWTHORN BUSH



ROBIN REDBREAST'S NEST

Boys with an instinct for the joys of the naturalist's vocation formerly took delight in robbing birds' nests of their eggs. They may now get equal joy for themselves, while leaving the eggs to their rightful owners, by going photograph-hunting for the eggs. To do this successfully requires a camera with a ground-glass back, so that the nest and eggs may be properly focused. Various inexpensive forms of this kind of camera may be obtained. With such a camera, a tripod, a box of plates or a film-pack, and a focusing cloth, the amateur is equipped for starting an interesting collection of birds to be.

Photographs from G. D. Smith, Richmond, Ky.



HERMIT DOVE'S NEST

(This is the bird that sportsmen hunt in the hemp fields of Kentucky.)



NEST OF THE SHUTEYE, OR LITTLE GREEN HERON



NEST OF THE PURPLE GRACKLE (COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE BLACKBIRD)

THE BOOK TABLE

NEW NOVELS AND CLEVER TALES

IT is always a pleasure to recognize distinction of manner in writing, and when the writer is new to the field of fiction the reader's feeling is one of gratified surprise also; for it is a quality rarely found in the hurly-burly or machine-gun fire of current fiction. Mr. Jay William Hudson, the author of "Abbé Pierre,"¹ is, like his Abbé, a professor of philosophy. Evidently also he is a kindly observer and quiet lover of human nature—again like his Abbé. Indeed, one of the noteworthy things about this romance is that author and imaginary narrator are inseparable in the reader's mind; as one reads along he becomes unconscious of the artifice of fiction and for the time feels that he is listening to a real Abbé Pierre. With him as guide and through his friendly comment and description, we see the little Gascon village where the modest, gentle abbé lives in his childhood home; we enjoy with him the charming gardens and the picturesque beauty of southern France; we join in his love of quaint old customs and legends; we spend a happy hour with him among his ancient books; we listen with him to "the clatter of wooden shoes on the hard, white road outside, or a peasant rattling by with his ox cart, or children driving by, their cows and geese;" we appreciate his wise optimism and his keen-witted comment; we follow with him the simple, happy romance of the charming village girl and the young American poet, whose cheerful brusqueness first startles the professor, but whose manliness soon gains his respect. The little story is as perfect a piece of workmanship as we have had for many a long day. It gains our affection by its honest simplicity, its ever-present but restrained humor, and its unobtrusive sentiment—not sentimentalism. It shows once more that romance and reality are no more opposed in fiction than they are in life; or, as Don Marquis said the other day in his column, "What we currently term realism is an effort to get into touch with a deeper or more fundamental romance; a romance acceptable to minds that have progressed beyond the age of twelve—it is that or it is nothing. Too often, as you were about to say. . ."

When in Mr. Wells's new story, "The Secret Places of the Heart,"² Sir Richmond Hardy enters the office of Dr. Martineau and is told that his trouble is that the current of his thoughts is fermenting, not mere fatigue, and when we learn that Dr. Martineau aspires to be the psychologist of the New Age and is an adept at psychoanalyzing the psychoanalysts, the reader is a bit ap-



JAY WILLIAM HUDSON

prehensive. But he cheers up when the doctor prescribes "peripatetic treatment," a simple motor-car tour through English byways with the doctor as guide, philosopher, and friend. Mr. Wells out of doors is always a delight. "We could talk on the road, in the evenings by the wayside." And they do talk—of the new philosophy, of individual responsibility, of collective action for the world's future, and (much the best) of what they see. The talk is good talk—not an open attempt to convert one to social theories, but with much human give and take. They go to places bound up with early British history—Avebury, Sudbury, Stonehenge—all mystically suggestive of progress from the prehistoric to the present and of questions as to the New Age. All this is enjoyable in movement and description. It reminds one of the days when Mr. Wells wrote "Wheels of Chance" and other stories redolent of English country charm.

But when Sir Richmond meets most unconventionally a beautiful young American woman as much interested for the moment as he is in the significance of ancient British archaeology, he forgets his proposed "treatment," lets the indignant doctor return to his patients, and becomes more interested in the girl than in his deep-set conviction of the world's need of a Permanent Fuel Commission, or in his wife, or in his mistress and her child. For as regards personal conduct Sir Richmond is apparently quite devoid of any drive of conscience or any sense of his cruelty to those whom he should protect. His sudden death ends but does not solve his problems.

Is Sir Richmond meant to represent a modern type of forceful man? Rather, perhaps, Mr. Wells has been captivated with the idea of showing what contra-

dictory strands of nature can easily and consistently coexist in one man. Sir Richmond is tremendously earnest in his wrath at his fellow-men because they will not see that they must work and plan for mankind's future, yet he cares nothing whatever for the unhappiness of those dependent on him. He knows his inconsistency, he rages and fumes about life as "a tangle of accumulations," and attributes his own indecision to "tangled heredity." He almost beats the doctor at philosophizing. But his temper is beyond control, his power of work blazes and fags alternately, and when the American lady meets his vision at Stonehenge, work, world's future, and plain human duty cease to exist. One strongly suspects that in this story Mr. Wells's heart is more in the dramatic depiction of this one inconsistent but tremendously real and vital person than it is in any theory whatsoever—psychic, social, or moral.

Mrs. Seymour's "Intrusion"³ has added to the reputation earned by her last year's book, "Invisible Tides." It is not a happy book, but even as the reader resents the ruin wrought by one brainless girl, vulgar, ignorant, sexually cold but avidly eager for men's admiration, he admits that "Bobbie" is painted with exactness and searching realism. We hate her and understand her perfectly. Equal care is taken with Allan, the man she hypnotizes and marries, something in the way, as we used to be told, the snake hypnotizes the bird—only in this case the bird knows what is happening to him and hates himself for yielding to the charm. The reader balks at the idea that just sexual attraction can avail against the knowledge, taste, and culture of a man like Allan; it doesn't blind him at all; he knows his utter folly; he is infected as with a disease germ. But the reader, balk as he may, admits that Allan also is made consistent. Bobbie's "intrusion" into the circle of Allan's intellectual family cuts a deep gash (worse than most war losses), for three of its members fall victims in one way or another. She dashes in for shelter in a rainstorm with a casual young officer who promptly disappears from the tale, and in the end the "intrusion" becomes a deadly invasion. Apart from Bobbie and Allan, the characters are a little sketchy, as if they had walked in a while from one of Rose Macaulay's novels to talk cleverly and vanish. The book is decidedly well written and it is the reverse of being tedious, but perhaps one gets a little too much of sex attraction as an unavoidable contagion.

Mr. Dodd's "Lilia Chenoworth"⁴ is an advance on his "Book of Susan" in that

¹Abbé Pierre. By Jay William Hudson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

²The Secret Places of the Heart. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.

³Intrusion. By Beatrice Kean Seymour Thomas Seltzer. New York. \$2.

⁴Lilia Chenoworth. By Lee Wilson Dodd. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.



(C) S. O. Hoppé
BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR

it has more plausibility and depth of character without losing the liveliness of dialogue and quick-moving incident that made the Susan book such good reading. Much care and pains have been taken here with Lilia herself and with the college professor who is her very imperfect admirer, but, agreeing that their portrayal is sound art, I, for one, delight more in the minor characters. How true and enjoyable are the President of the woman's college where Lilia makes such a stir and the New England woman who boards Lilia's professor lover! The story is capital reading up to the *dénouement*; then there is a feeling of disappointment, not at all because the ending is unhappy in the

conventional sense, but because, when the tragedy comes, it follows too closely upon a tragic-ridiculous incident and because it is too elaborately precluded.

Mr. Booth Tarkington has just gained a second time the prize of the Columbia University Pulitzer School of Journalism for the novel of the year that best presents "the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." The present award is for Mr. Tarkington's "Alice Adams;" the former award was for his "The Magnificent Ambersons." If any one hasn't read both of these stories, he or she will do well to include it or them in the vacation kit. And it will not make said kit heavier, but lighter, to add to it Mr. Tarkington's just-published "Gentle Julia"⁵—with whom are thrown in the not so gentle and quite a little younger Herbert and Florence. I cannot possibly improve on what the publishers say of Julia: "Gentle Julia" is not in the 'Alice Adams' manner—not a 'serious book' in the solemn sense of 'serious'; not a book to be taken as succeeding 'Alice Adams' in intentional gravity. It might be characterized as a story of exuberant and irrepressible youth."

This is the time of year when "light summer reading" is in demand. Wabbly, gushy, sentimental, or hectic stories aren't really light; they are just stupid. But there are tales which are non-introspective and non-ultra-modern that are good fun and well done. Here are three that I have just enjoyed: "Through the Shadows," by Cyril Alington (Macmillan). It is farce, but clever farce;

⁵ Gentle Julia. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$1.75.



LEE WILSON DODD

its plot is pretty shaky at the end, but one reads for the laughs and not for the plot. "Happy Rascals," by F. M. Howard (Dutton). Mr. Howard seems to have borrowed Mr. W. W. Jacobs's mantle; his sailors are just what the title says; the vendetta between the crews of two schooners involves deep scheming and ends in deep potations. "Men of Affairs," by Roland Pertwee (Knopf). It is not at all the usual murder and detective combination; the events turn around the efforts of a man to get out of London and reach unobserved a huge deposit of radium he has located. Here, contrary to most plot tales, not the reader but the opposing plotters are mystified; the book is a foreordained big seller.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY MEXICO ON THE VERGE. By E. J. Dillon. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$3.

TRADING WITH MEXICO. By Wallace Thompson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

MEXICO AND ITS RECONSTRUCTION. By Chester Lloyd Jones. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

Here are three notable volumes on Mexico. Dr. Dillon's book is the most vivid and pungent, and therefore appears the most readable of the three, but its manner is pontifical and its conclusions are sometimes remarkable. For instance:

President Wilson's moral scruples on the subject of Huerta doubtless do him credit, but the foreign policy of a great people cannot be usefully carried on by mere scruples and intentions. Nor is that all. Even those admirers of Mr. Wilson who approved that particular act must admit that it is wholly out of keeping with other moves of his, and also with the measures and utterances of his successor.

Secretary Hughes, on the other hand, "is understood to be ready to recognize any Mexican Government whatsoever, provided it will sign his pet treaty and bow to the god of private property." He

is an "upright public worker," Dr. Dillon graciously concedes, but—

While hoping to further American interests, which he appears to have partly identified with those of the oil corporations, Mr. Hughes has failed to take due account of those of humanity at large which occupy such a prominent place in his public utterances.

Far less personal than this author are Mr. Thompson and Mr. Jones. What Mr. Thompson tells us about Mexican resources or needs does not impress us so much as does his emphasis on the secrets of Mexican governments, the predatory *caciques*, and the horrors of Mexican degeneracy. His is a painful story of graft, greed, ignorance, and the application of political remedies for economic ills. His own remedy lies in a co-operation by the business men of America and Mexico. His book is readable, practical, and to the point.

Mr. Jones finds that if Mexico's political power does not rest in the hands of some new dictator it must lie in the hands of a small but widening group, which, with or without foreign aid, will undertake to prepare the people for

the responsibilities of self-government. Hitherto orderly government there has meant one-man rule. Henceforth, if Mexico is to work out her own political salvation, responsibility must rest on that small class which, by its education, social position, and wealth, is free from the limitations that surround the electorate as a whole.

TWENTY-ONE DEMANDS (THE): JAPAN VERSUS CHINA. By G. Zay Wood. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$2.

CHINO-JAPANESE TREATIES OF MAY 25TH, 1915 (THE). By G. Zay Wood. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$2.

CHINA, THE UNITED STATES, AND THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE. By G. Zay Wood. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$2.

In spite of their detail, in these three little volumes there is in compact form much information concerning the recent relations between China and Japan. It covers a period during which Japanese statesmanship committed some of its worst blunders and Chinese statesmanship was feeble and helpless. The tone of the books is one of suspicion of Japanese aims. The lack of indexes is a serious blemish.



So great and extraordinary a strain has been imposed upon human eyesight by the pressure of modern life that thirty-four out of every hundred adults in large cities are found to wear glasses all or part of the time

GUARDING THE EYESIGHT OF THE WORLD

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

EVERY seat in the club car of the Congressional Limited was taken when the train pulled out of Washington. Among the last of the passengers to get aboard was a foreign diplomat; he was to deliver an address that night in New York, and counted on the five hours' journey to put the final polish on his manuscript. A half-hour's smoke, and he would be ready for the task.

Passing through the club car, he stepped onto the observation platform, where he found a camp-chair vacant. But ill luck lay in wait. A sudden gust of wind and a forty-mile swerve round a curve cost him his eye-glasses. Fifty feet down the track they struck and splintered.

During his entire career this diplomat had been expounding preparedness, but here he was caught unprepared. For he carried no duplicate pair of glasses.

Retreating to the interior of the car, he was at once recognized and was soon surrounded by a sympathetic group.

"If your Excellency will pardon me," said one of the group, "I should like to make a suggestion. Why don't you wire from Baltimore to your oculist in Washington? Request him to wire your prescription to a New York optician, asking him to fill it and to deliver the glasses to you by the station-master when you arrive in New York. Have your oculist wire you at Philadelphia if the plan is feasible."

"Is it possible that this might really be done?" demanded the foreigner in amazement.

"I think so, your Excellency," smiled the other confidently. He was an optical specialist, and was not given to guess-work.

The story of the distinguished traveler's misfortune and of the novel project to overcome it ran through the car. There was eager speculation as to the outcome. And when, at Philadelphia, a

telegram was delivered which read, "Your glasses will be at Pennsylvania Station as requested," everybody looked happy and relieved.

"Ah, you Americans!" said the diplomat, wringing the hand of the man who had made the fortunate suggestion. "In my country such resourcefulness would never have been thought of."

A score of conversations had in the meantime been turned loose on the subject of glasses. Comment turned to the number of men in the car who were wearing glasses—twenty-one out of thirty. The men discussed the reasons for the greatly increased wearing of glasses over ten or twenty years ago. Human eyesight and the effects of strenuous modern life upon it were thoroughly aired until the train pulled into New York.

It was brought out that there were more children in the schools, and that they were spending more years in school than previously, with more strain and injury to eyes resulting from study. More people than ever before were engaged in closer tasks at office desks and machines. The nervous, fast-moving character of modern life seemed to affect the eyesight. Food was probably deficient in the vital elements needed by the nerves and tissues of the eye. The abrupt changes of illumination due to the general use and misuse of electric lights were cited. The tax of motion pictures on eyesight was argued. Some one explained that there was a rapidly growing understanding of visual defects and weaknesses, instead of the neglect of eyes that was so general in the past. Another cited the steady increase of competent optical specialists, not only in the cities but in small towns.

Views were fired back and forth in lively fashion, and interest in the diplomat's mishap and its happy outcome drew a curious group trailing after



Scientists in the Wellsworth plant have contributed largely during the past twenty years to the world's knowledge of how to discover and correct the errors in team work of a pair of eyes

him on the train's arrival to see him receive a small package from the station-master.

THE DIRECTING BRAINS OF THE NEW WIDESPREAD USE OF GLASSES

It is estimated that one person out of every four in this country over five years of age wears glasses, and that 1,704,000 children wear them. It is estimated, moreover, that two people out of four who now wear glasses ought to have their present glasses changed.

The present enormous prevalence of glasses and the skill and exactness with which eyesight specialists everywhere are able to discover and measure the needs of eyes and to provide the correction could not just have happened.

Lodged in the green hills of Massachusetts stands an old and important fortress. It is a fortress of science and industry. Its guns keep up a heavy and continuous fire and their range is world-wide. They are interposing a vast, protective barrage of glass between the world's eyes and the destructive strain that assails them.

This industrial fortress is the Wellsworth plant. It leads the world in output of eye-glass lenses, frames, and optical machinery. But the world cares less about who leads in quantity output than it does about who leads the way to beneficial discoveries and inventions.



Lodged in the green hills of Massachusetts, stands an old fortress dedicated to science and industry—the Wellsworth plant

That kind of leadership is what I hope to bring out to readers just as I saw it and learned it. The location of this plant at Southbridge is peculiarly appropriate to its tasks. The skies above it are smokeless, and every approach to Southbridge is over roads that wind past hemlocks, pines, and mountain laurel, past rivers and glistening lakes, through luminous air, fragrant with leaves and bark and rugged earth.

The importance of this New England plant to the mentality, nerves, and comfort of the world is literally beyond computation. It has laid multitudinous tracks of clarified sight and perception that penetrate every realm of recorded knowledge. Reverent eyes that labor in the library of the Vatican, genius toiling over its manuscripts, *savants* scrutinizing the progress of their experiments in the laboratories—six out of ten of all these, and six out of ten of all eyes that wear glasses, are indebted for better sight to the American Optical Company.

So quietly and unobtrusively has this institution carried on its work that, although it was founded in 1833, and was the first firm to manufacture spectacles in this country, the public knows but little about its researches or its momentous contributions to the welfare of the human machine. Even the specialists who prescribe and dispense these lenses and frames at the rate of one million pairs each month have been kept so busy looking after their cus-

tomers' needs that but few of these specialists have had time to visit the place where their materials are made and to watch the dramatic production of their wares. For out of a seeming welter of fire and pitch and earth, out of the red twilight of the polishing rooms, out of an ordeal that has hugely taxed human ingenuity, spring the gleaming, perfect lenses and the delicate parts which support them before the eyes.

This fascinating plant is the center and headquarters of the world's knowledge of optics. It has contributed largely to the improvement during the last twenty years of the knowledge, skill, and equipment of the profession. It has enabled eyesight specialists to discover and correct the real errors in team-work of a pair of eyes to a degree that has at last come very near to perfection.

"SLIPPERS" AND "LOUNGING ROBES" FOR THE EYES

The eye is the most delicate motor apparatus of the human body, and yet its muscles are subjected to a degree of abuse that no one would think of inflicting even upon his feet.

When Nature rolled up her cosmic sleeves and made human eyes, she designed the mechanism and arranged its delicate adjustments for the requirements of primitive outdoor life. That

kind of life prevailed on the planet for so many thousands of years that the abrupt modern migration of the majority of the race to desks and work-benches has imposed close-range tasks upon eyes for which they are neither built nor adapted. Conditions of life have undergone great upheavals, but the eye has remained essentially unchanged. To adapt the eye to the strange, new requirements causes strain which, although unfelt, often ends in poor vision and poor health. Optical science has labored unremittingly to provide help in this modern emergency.

If the normal eye tax upon the mysterious force known as nervous energy consumes one-half of the total supply, then consider the surtax that is levied by incorrect eyesight. Even as little as one diopter of error of eyesight is computed to cause a wastage of twenty-five per cent of the entire nervous energy of the human body. Half of the people of the country are blundering along with uncorrected or improperly corrected eyesight, and are therefore wasting twenty-five per cent of their nervous capital. It is as if one spent four dollars every time one should be spending three dollars. This wastage drains energy away from the heart, the stomach, the brain, and from the entire muscular mechanism. It causes a terrific amount of fatigue and harm, and ninety per cent of all headaches. Its usurpation of man's allotted amount of nervous energy



In one building alone, daylight through two and one-half acres of glass illuminates the work of grinding, polishing, and inspecting lenses



The predominating colors on the work-benches are crystal and gold

often causes neuritis and severe indigestion and probably shortens life itself.

Thus the therapeutic value of the right pair of glasses is very great, since it restores the flow of nervous energy into its natural channels. Digestive disturbances, hysteria, vertigo, and St. Vitus's dance have often been remedied or relieved by glasses.

New and amazing evidence of the physiological benefits of correct eye-glasses is piling up every day. Epilepsy in its early stages has been relieved and diminished by proper glasses.

We are a neurasthenic nation because we don't know how to relax. We put slippers on our feet and lounging robes on our backs for the sake of comfort and relaxation, but most of us do nothing to relax our eyes after the strain of the day's work. Yet there are "slippers" and "lounging robes" for the eyes, and even eyes free from serious optical error are learning the value of occasionally wearing "comfort glasses" to rest them.

FROM EMPEROR NERO
TO GEORGE W. WELLS

As far back as ancient Babylon and China it had begun to dawn upon mankind that eyesight might perhaps be aided by artificial means; and from that time on students of natural sciences have little by little been digging out of the unknown and piecing together stray fragments of the science of optics and the art of spectacle-making. Emperor Nero, who was near-sighted, watched his gladiators through an emerald, and thus originated the lorgnette. Roger Bacon, "father of science," was the first to describe convex lenses, but to his religious contemporaries it was but the jargon of

"black magic." A Florentine named d'Armati, who died in 1317, is believed to have invented spectacles. Several years later Galileo laid down common rules for finding the focal length of single lenses; Sir Isaac Newton discovered the refraction of light through prisms; Benjamin Franklin invented the first crude bifocal spectacles.

And destiny singled out another American in whom to embody great foresight and in whom to muster the energy required to assemble all existing knowledge of optics and apply it to lens-making, to organize the accumulated mass of fact and theory, and to combine it with the modern idea of quantity production. His name was George W. Wells.

Wells perceived that quantity production was imperative if the benefits of optical science were ever to be extensively conferred upon mankind. He also realized that the principles of quantity production must be employed in a way that would not diminish but would heighten precision and exactitude of manufacture. A man was required who was aware of the primitive state of optical science, and who would do his utmost to advance it. And just as critical hours in history have always produced the man to meet the needs, so this period of optical history produced its man of the hour, George W. Wells. What he did was to harmonize optical science with quantity production when the application of quantity production might easily have caused a dangerous discord.

In 1864, having been rejected on account of physical unfitness for service in the Civil War, he went to Southbridge and became one of the eleven employees in an optical shop, where, to the amazement of his companions, he was the first boy to take up the spectacle-maker's art without having served the usual apprenticeship of three years. One year sufficed, and thenceforth he devoted himself with resourcefulness and vigor to designing spectacle-making tools, dies, and machinery. In 1869 he and his brother determined to enter the optical business for themselves. Wells became secretary of the new enterprise, which was called the American Optical Company.

And now strange and surprising things began to happen. Heretofore a spectacle-maker had ground his own lenses and made the entire frame. It



Six out of ten of all eyes that wear glasses are indebted for better sight to the researches of these laboratories

was a slow and laborious manual process. The first optical machine tools had been invented in France, and had been made practical in England, but it remained for America, under the impetus generated by George W. Wells, to make them effective to benefit the masses.

The Wells idea meant specialization. And by degrees each worker was given the one special task that he could perform the best. Thus the industry acquired speed and marvelous accuracy. Handwork gave way to accurate and standardized machine work. There were no machines in existence to do much of the work, and so Wells had to invent and design a multitude of tools and machines; and modern spectacle-making began to acquire an accomplished momentum that astounded its British founders.

Until the time of his death ten years ago George W. Wells mingled almost daily with his craftsmen in the shops, inspecting the machines, alert to improve every process. For a long time he took an annual swing over the country, visiting optical specialists and looking after the correct use of his products. His physical might enabled him to work almost incessantly. He left nothing to chance. When he set his three sons to work in the shops, he told them that they could expect no favors, but that they would have to make their way solely by their own merits. To-day those three sons—Channing M. Wells, Albert B. Wells, and J. Cheney Wells—are directing the business and carrying out the ideals of the founder.

But the American genius for quantity production does not alone account for



Founded here in 1833, it was the first firm to manufacture spectacles in this country

An Institutional Story Advertisement

the pre-eminent world position of the American Optical Company. That can only be explained by the genius of George W. Wells for combining with the principles of unerring quantity production the most searching and scholarly of scientific research.

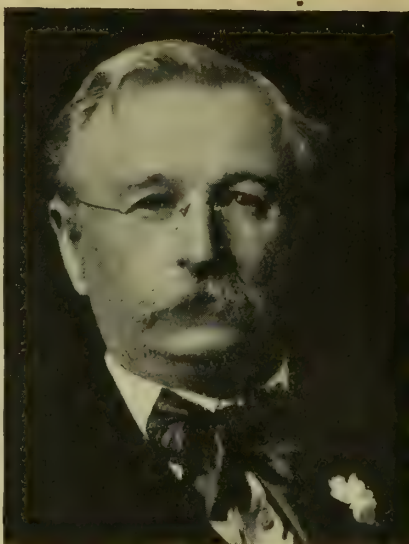
ROYAL SOCIETY INSPIRES WELLS TO ASSEMBLE DISTINGUISHED SCIENTISTS

He had long admired the courageous and brilliant pursuits of the Royal Society of London, and was a fascinated student of this, the oldest scientific society in Europe, which since its founding in 1660 had led the world in improving natural knowledge. In its quest for lenses for the relief of cataract the Society had turned to Sir William Crookes, who, at the age of eighty-one, responded with the remarkable glass that bears his name.

Inspired by the Society's achievements, George W. Wells, having become the world's greatest manufacturer of glasses, adopted a policy thirty years ago that has brought into being a distinguished research group known as the Wellsworth Scientific Staff, whose members have been permitted to spend profits without stint to gain knowledge and apply it to the correction and relief of eyes.

England, which once led the world in this branch of optics, yielded with appropriate deference to the wizards of Wellsworth. England has produced many optical scientists since Sir Thomas Young, discoverer of astigmatism and the first to prove that light is a wave vibration, over one hundred years ago. Last October Dr. Charles Sheard, head of the Ocular Division of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff, appeared before the Imperial College and delivered the Sir Thomas Young Memorial Lecture—the fourth lecture in fifteen years. He was the first American interested in physiological optics to receive this highest of honors that the British Optical Society can bestow.

Sheard joined the Wellsworth Scientific Staff after he had made his course in optics at Ohio State University famous. Volume after volume of distinguished treatises have come from his pen. He has devoted himself vigorously and resourcefully to helping vision specialists to amplify their technique. The "Journal of Physiological Optics," published quarterly by the American Optical Company, embodies the illuminating record of his studies and is eagerly consulted by hundreds of oculists.



George W. Wells—the directing brain that founded and guided this evolution of the science and art of fitting defective eyes with proper lenses and their frames

Sheard is most famous for his dynamic ocular tests, and for laying down methods to discover whether a pair of eyes work together in comfort, and whether they can economically and efficiently carry on the function of seeing. He is the author of the only book originally written in the English language on physiological optics. He has written another book on ocular accommodation. He has gone deeply into the nervous innervations which cause the eyes of many children to be as old at the age of four or five as eyes at the age of forty-five or fifty.

The placard of letters used by the optical profession to test eyes was developed in 1862 at the University of Utrecht, and has been accepted ever since, but Sheard has disclosed some serious defects, and has developed up-to-date improvements. At the moment he is also developing important new trial frames used in ocular examinations in co-operation with other members of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff.

Seven years ago the only part of most lenses that was fairly right was a spot near the center. Science had striven for years to perfect the center and improve the outer areas—a baffling job in higher mathematics. It remained for Edgar Tillyer, of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff, to attain the goal. It took him three years to complete the calculations of better lens curves in all possible combinations, and now millions of the new lenses are being produced with "effective power" to take the place of inferior old-style lenses.

Tillyer designed better periscopes for submarines and developed the gun-sights for the French 37's. He is the man who made the bombing calculations for airplanes. At the United States Naval Observatory he computed the curves for new telescope lenses; it took him six hundred days to reduce one lens alone to its correct formula.

His contributions to the invention of the lensometer, just completed, provides optical specialists with an instrument of surpassing value. It is the world's first perfect lens-measuring instrument. It detects and discloses the minutest deviations from the perfect lens power prescribed.

RESEARCH BRINGS EYE COMFORT

At heavy expense the Wellsworth Scientific Staff developed a set of master lenses for testing eyes which has been certified to by the United States Bureau of Standards. Not only have these scientists created this standard of trial lenses, but they can duplicate that set to its own accuracy, an accuracy demonstrable down to five one hundred thousandths ($5/100,000$) of a millimeter—and a millimeter is one twenty-fifth of an inch. There are 28,000,000 people living to-day who have had their eyes tested by Wellsworth trial lenses.

The absorptive glass developed by this staff of scientists is unique. It is the most efficient ever produced, and is an improvement over the famous absorptive glass invented by Sir William Crookes, which absorbs the ultra-violet rays and has proved so beneficial in bringing comfort to uncomfortable eyes. The American Optical Company has its own instruments for the precise measurement of absorptive power of lenses, and these respective Wellsworth lenses are kept at identical absorptive points in order to provide a reliable basis of comparison of their benefits to the eye. There are elements



Lensdale, in the center of beautiful Wellsworth Park, where lenses are produced at the rate of a million pairs a month

of radiant energy that are "poisonous" to certain eyes, and the shielding effects of the right absorptive lenses have fascinated Wellsworth research men. They have likewise developed a tremendously hard and tempered glass for the protection of workers' eyes against flying chips of metal.

The researches, inventions, and results achieved by the American Optical Company cannot begin to be recorded in terms of only the individual efforts of Wells, Sheard, and Tillyer. To these names must be added Wrighton, Styll, Parsons, Clancy, Schumacher, Hill, and Maynard—all outstanding experts in their various fields.

Continuous pains are taken by the management to make each worker in the plants think of himself as a potential inventor; and inventions of valuable merit have often originated at the workers' benches.

NO LONGER DEPENDS ON FOREIGN SUPPLIES

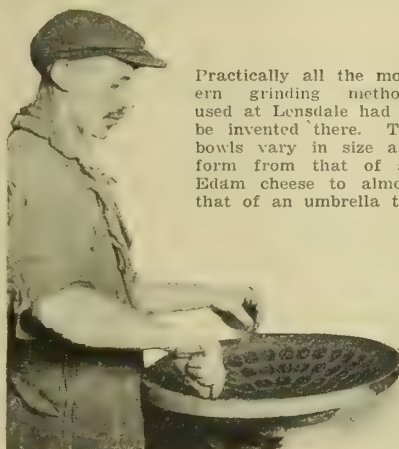
Up until five years ago the raw glass used for Wellsworth lenses was all supplied by a great firm of ophthalmic-glass makers in England. Only this famous glass plant could be depended upon to provide the quality of raw material needed. The outbreak of the World War naturally cut off the supply, and the Wellsworth staff promptly decided that no such stoppage of supplies, if preventable, should ever occur again. They began a long programme of experimental work with the glassmakers in this country, which resulted in the production of a highly perfected optical glass.

Lensdale is the name of the plant in which Wellsworth lenses are produced; and here is carried a supply of 1,500,000 pounds of raw glass at a time. It is molded in 1,600 degrees of oven heat, whence it is conducted through a succession of processes, many of which are unique.

Having inaugurated the quantity production of lenses, the American Optical Company has had to invent practically all the modern grinding methods it em-

ploy, together with the machines. Rows of the molded glass are affixed to the inside of shallow steel bowls and to the outside of similar bowls. Some bowls are tube shaped. They vary in size and form from that of an Edam cheese to almost that of an umbrella top, depending upon the various degrees of curvature required for the lenses. Each bowl revolves and sways in another bowl with an eccentric, double motion. On long rows of grinding machines filling a vast room they present a weird sight as the gigantic mechanical hands rub the lenses between their palms. Where emery is used as a grinding agent, it is the finest that Turkey produces, and even the process of washing and grading the emery had to be invented at Lensdale.

There are 70,000 window-panes in the luminous building where the finished lenses undergo their final inspections at the rate of 1,000,000 pairs every month.



Practically all the modern grinding methods used at Lensdale had to be invented there. The bowls vary in size and form from that of an Edam cheese to almost that of an umbrella top



Last October Dr. Charles Sheard, of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff, appeared before the Imperial College of London and delivered the Sir Thomas Young Memorial Lecture. He was the first American to receive this highest of honors that the British Optical Society can bestow

in this department there are contrivances that protect it against even minute particles of dust that might interfere with a perfect product.

Practically all of the optical machinery used in England and the continent has been invented and made by the American Optical Company, which manufactures a complete line of lens-cutting, drilling, surfacing, and edging machines, some of them automatic.

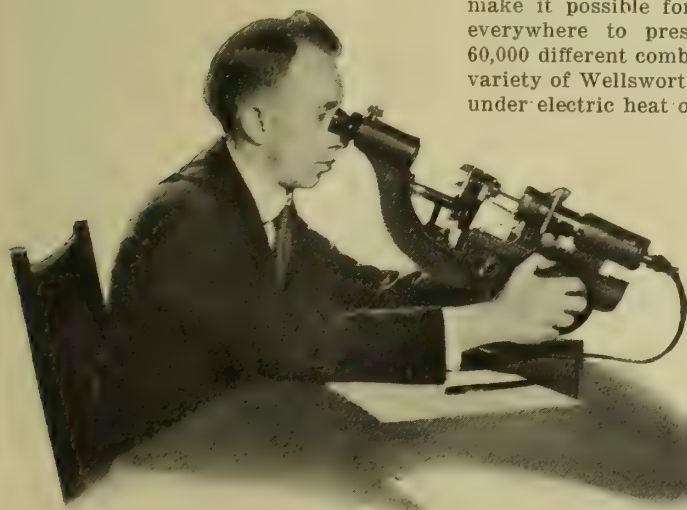
These machines are noted for great speed, accuracy, and ingenuity. A new lens-cutting machine is now being developed that will cut a lens in any odd shape required.

STEEL GIVES WAY TO GOLD

George W. Wells held that the best lenses in the world were comparatively useless unless they were properly adjusted to the bridge of the nose, and a trip through the great frame-making departments is a revelation of painstaking methods and extraordinary equipment. Frames are made for every conceivable facial structure; 137 different styles of temples are made, of which the most popular is the comfort cable temple made of wire twisted around a thin core wire.

The present tendency toward zylonite, or "tortoise shell," frames required the invention of new Wellsworth machinery to handle the new material. The difficulty with zylonite was to secure correct adjustment to the wearer, and this has been overcome by the Wellsworth plant by designing forty different bridge dimensions.

The company's continuous research in metallurgy and alloys long ago made steel spectacles a thing of the past; "white metal," a new alloy, took their place; and then gold and gold-filled frames were popularized by the company's labors. Green gold and white gold have been added to the extensive line. The company has ushered the spectacle-wearing world from the age of steel to the age of gold, and its inven-



Edgar Tillyer, of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff, inventor of the lensometer, which detects and discloses the minutest deviations from the perfect lens power prescribed



Wellsworth scientists studying and testing a new type of lens

tories show a half million dollars' worth or more of gold in its vaults at one time, received from the United States Mint in the form of bars and \$20 gold pieces.

A multitude of astonishing machines and intriguing processes contribute their transformations to the materials employed before the countless little assortments of parts reach the workmen who assemble them. A few random impressions will convey an idea of the novelty and ingenuity of machines and methods.

The company's gold-filled frames, for example, are the result of a highly developed and remarkable process. Between the bar of gold alloy and its core is placed a third metal, all of the same ductility, so that they cannot pull apart and so that when drawn down to even the thinness of a pin the three metals maintain the same relative thicknesses. Thus the original bar, a foot in length and a trifle more than an inch in diameter, is sometimes drawn into as much as five and one-half miles of wire destined for spectacle frames.

Through the roaring batteries of bridge-reducing machines, lubricated by their continuous geysers of sperm oil, sweeps the precious yellow metal. It emerges from the automatic temple reducing machines a marvel of flexibility. The diminutive hammers of the automatic peening machines are the utter opposites of the deafening automatics used on steel girders; these minute hammers operate with only the faintest whisper of a sound; and one Wellsworth inventor has devoted himself for twenty-six years entirely to the development and improvement of these and other amazing little hammers. There are uncanny little automatic saws that nip through metal with an accuracy adjusted to a thousandth of an inch. Soldering is accomplished by sparks from little electric "pencils." One of the polishing processes is applied by min-

gling the delicate parts with little steel balls in a soapy solution in revolving tubs. The minute screws that go into Wellsworth frames come through at the rate of a million a week, and automatic screw-drivers drive them into their places.

A gambler out West once wrote to Southbridge wanting to place an order for a pair of glasses containing lenses powerful enough to enable him to see through the back of a playing-card. He was willing to pay any price. That is a sample of the inquiries that roll in continuously to the special order department. A man in New Orleans had a false nose and wanted to wear eyeglasses; and Wellsworth ingenuity promptly designed and made him a pair equipped with a little spike that entered the bridge of the nose. This department has designed special spectacle frames for horses that are to become high-steppers by having prismatic lenses placed before their eyes.

The pure refinements of mountings and frames that have been embodied in Wellsworth products have added vastly to the comfort, stability, and correct alignment of glasses, thus enabling the prescribed lenses to do their maximum work for the human eye.

The company's expert metallurgists are sponsors for the metal; the physicists guarantee correct lens curvature and correct transmission of light rays; the chemists guard every process that touches every class of material in the world. But the chief metallurgists, physicists, and chemists are thinking of what will be done next, not about what has been accomplished.

THE FINAL CUSTOM-MADE PRODUCT

The quick replacement of a pair of broken glasses always seems remarkable. Likewise how can these specialists in any town so quickly accomplish the tasks of final grinding, polishing,

trimming, assembling, and mounting all the parts of a pair of spectacles or eyeglasses so they come forth a beautiful custom-made article, fitting the owner without a change?

The answer lies largely in the historic programme of the American Optical Company, namely, to shoulder the whole responsibility of spectacle-making without dependence upon outsiders. It has ever been painstakingly mindful of the fact that the lens manufacturer must realize that ophthalmic lenses cannot fulfill their function unless they are accurately and becomingly held in place before the eyes. So it has elected to devote itself to the making of each item of eyeglasses under its own roofs, and to co-ordinate them all under the careful direction of its own experts.

Eyesight specialists everywhere are thereby able to secure all of their equipment, including optical machines, from one authoritative source, which contributes greatly to the speed and precision of their work.

In the quantity production of ophthalmic lenses only one side of special lenses is ground, leaving the final grinding to local eyesight specialists after the correct individual formula has been arrived at. In like manner, the fitting of the frame to the individual's features crowns the whole process of the manufacture of frames and mountings. For the right pair of glasses must be the custom-made product of the local eyesight specialist.

The enormous value to humankind of the optical lenses, frames, and mountings that bear the Wellsworth stamp of exactitude is translated into its final terms of service to the individual by the local profession. And the company's manufacturing efforts and research are constantly focused upon providing eyesight specialists in every locality with the most highly perfected equipment that it is possible for science to produce.



LATEST TYPE, GASOLINE-PROPELLED, SEMI-STEEL RAIL COACH

GASOLINE CARS ON RAILS

WE have heard recently of Henry Ford's "trackless trolley." Now we have the reverse development in transportation—the gasoline car on rails. A few years ago the idea of operating a motor truck on rails would have been laughed at, yet now we have gas-propelled cars in city railway service to replace electric trolley cars.

The illustration below shows two gasoline cars in actual operation on the streets of Manhattan, Kansas.

The excessive cost of operating the heavy electric cars for a patronage which has decreased considerably since the war was the deciding reason which influenced officials of the Manhattan City and Interurban Railway Company into buying lighter equipment. It cost them between forty and fifty cents per mile to operate electric cars, and they give the public just as good service now at a cost of about fifteen cents per mile. But they gained more than simply a reduction in operating costs by installing motor equipment. They reduced their number of employees, one man operating a car instead of two; they eliminated the expense involved in the operation of a power plant and three substations; they are able to operate their motor equipment with less noise and less annoyance to the public; they re-

duced their cost of maintaining their right of way, the new equipment being much lighter and less destructive to the rails than the heavy electric cars; they reduced the liability of damage suits resulting from accidents, which were quite frequent when the electric cars jumped the tracks. Besides all of these advantages this company has done its bit toward beautifying Manhattan through the removal of overhead trolley wires and poles from the city streets.

When the first snow of the winter arrived at Manhattan, citizens were doubtful as to the ability of the cars to operate without the use of a snow-plow, as had been the custom with the electric cars. But all doubt was cleared away when the trucks, with little difficulty, plowed through the deep snow, which was drifted in places to a depth of two feet.

Another development along this line has been in the use of gasoline cars for short hauls by the railways. A number of short-line railways have been operating gasoline rail cars successfully for several years, and this is now securing wide attention on the part of officials of many of the large transportation systems.

A gasoline rail coach was recently run over the Pennsylvania Railroad from



CARS IN RESIDENCE DISTRICT



Why the Judge Named a Trust Company

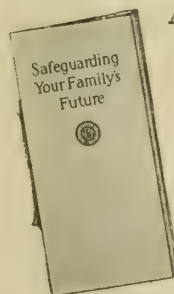
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GASOLINE CARS ON RAILS

(Continued)

Philadelphia to Washington, a distance of 136 miles. This car maintained a speed of 33 miles an hour on the run. It has a seating capacity of 41 persons and a baggage compartment.

This experimental trip of the gas coach much impressed the railway men who were given the opportunity of testing its operation.

Railways are watching with keen interest developments in the gasoline rail

car, recognizing that equipment of this type offers an opportunity of better serving the traveling public and at a cost far below that involved in steam train operation.

Railway men are pretty well agreed that the expensive part of the railway business is the running of thousands of miles of unprofitable passenger service on small branches of main lines where traffic is light but where the people demand service. Once established, it is a difficult thing for the railways to curtail

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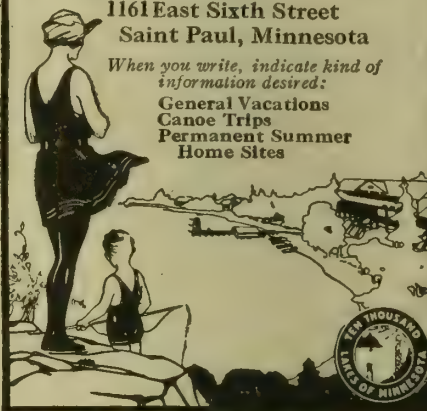
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such service, even though it be unprofitable.

With recent improvements in the gasoline rail car before them, railway executives are alive to the situation and are now genuinely interested in the possibilities of the rail car as a solution to the problem of being forced to operate passenger trains where business does not justify doing so. They are convinced that the rail car, because of its light weight and low first cost, coupled with simplicity in operation and maintenance, is worthy of serious consideration.



CAR ON CITY STREETS

KILLING OFF THE KILLERS

BY PAUL A. WESTERBERG

UNCLE SAM is killing off the killers—which is to say that the Federal Government is obliged to wage persistent and aggressive war against the predatory animals in defense of the wild animal life of National Park and National Forest and of the herds of the cattlemen and sheepmen. More than 150,000 wolves, coyotes, bobcats, lynx, mountain lions, and "killer" bears have been killed in the six years since this warfare began.

Yet the beasts of prey persist, in spite of the fact that the hand of every man is against them night and day, year in and year out. The coyote is even widening its range. Nobody knows just why the coyote howls at night. As good a guess as any is that it is his way of notifying civilized man that he is still on the job and intends to stay, in spite of the rifle, trap, and poison. Every one who has heard the coyote give voice at night knows that a large part of the weird performance strikingly resembles mocking laughter.

Government hunters in the last six years have killed with trap and gun 156,150 wild animals that roamed the Western ranges and preyed on live stock. The campaign against these animals was begun by the Government in 1915, and now all the States except Arkansas, Oklahoma, and South Dakota are co-operating.

The list includes 406 bears, 17,842 bobcats and lynx, 133,604 coyotes, 668 mountain lions, and 3,630 wolves. The total shows the number of scalps taken; it does not include the large number of animals killed by poison. The figures would be greatly increased if those animals, too, were in the list. Many poisoned animals are never found.

THEIR DESTRUCTIVENESS

In the fiscal year of 1921 the total number of predatory animals killed was 27,637, classified as follows: 128 mountain lions, 549 wolves, 89 bears, 2,468 bobcats and lynx, 24,258 coyotes.

The average destruction of these animals is estimated to have been for each wolf and mountain lion about \$1,000 worth of live stock; each coyote and bobcat, \$50 worth; and each stock-killing bear, \$500 worth. In view of these estimates, an idea is obtained of the tremendous figure averted by the Government's skilled hunters. These figures are averages; in some cases, notably the Custer wolf (Custer, South Dakota), the depredations of individual predatory animals have reached much higher figures. The Custer wolf is estimated to have killed at least \$25,000 worth of cattle before it was disposed of not long ago.

The figures given represent the Government's activities along this line in Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming. During the six years' campaign more predatory animals were killed in Nevada than in any other State,

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A Common Sense Magazine of Business

Edited by

Theodore H. Price

and

Alan H. Temple
M'Cready SykesStephen Bell
E. L. Barnes

It is dated, April 10, 1922

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largely because that State was the first to conduct a co-operative campaign with the Government, starting in 1916. The total killed in Nevada, not including animals poisoned, is put at 32,068. Utah comes second, with 21,712; Texas third, with 18,602; Idaho fourth, with 16,018; Oregon fifth, with 12,524; and Washington sixth, with 10,015.

Texas leads the sixteen States in number of wolves disposed of, the total being 1,566 during the six years' campaign, or more than forty per cent of the total number of wolves killed in all sixteen States. Wyoming ranks second in number of wolves killed, with 480; New Mexico third, with 441; Montana fourth,

with 339; Arizona fifth, with 183; and Utah sixth, with 170.

In the number of coyotes whose scalps have been taken by the Government hunters and in co-operative campaigns, Nevada leads, with 27,173; Utah second, with 18,767; Texas third, with 14,830; Idaho fourth, with 14,454; Oregon fifth, with 10,351; and Washington sixth, with 9,631.

Arizona and New Mexico account for nearly two-thirds of the total number of mountain lions killed, their totals being 255 and 170, respectively. In Utah 71 mountain lions were killed; in Oregon, 43; in Colorado, 36; in California, 29; and in Nevada, 24.

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PORTRAIT OF A TENDERFOOT

SPLASH! A beaver dived from the top of his house in the middle of the large pond in the heart of the forest; a lynx, one of the lesser variety, shrank into the shadow of the pine tree in which he was hiding and stiffened himself against the bark; the whisky-jacks, the plague of the Northern lumber camps, stopped their incessant chatter and skulked into the hemlocks; the porcupine stopped his gnawing and moved higher up the tree; and all the forest creatures that five minutes before had been busy in the quest of food seemed to stop and seek a hiding-place.

For full ten minutes not a sound disturbed the silence, then a heavy tramp became audible far down an old deer trail. A man of short, stock appearance passed underneath the tree wherein the lynx cat crouched. He was clad in a new khaki hunting coat with large pockets, and over his shoulder swung a Winchester rifle of a large caliber—in fact, entirely too large for the woods he was hunting in, for, although this was in southern New Brunswick, the large game, such as wolves, panthers, bears, etc., had been cleaned out by sportsmen, lumbermen, and trappers. The only signs of game he saw were when a cock partridge would rise on whirring wings and catapult out of sight over the tops of the hemlocks or a red squirrel would flash around a tree and quirk his tail at him.

Once he saw something through the branches and fired at it, but it turned out to be a Canada jay, much to his disgust, and he had shot off some of its tail feathers.

Finally he saw a rabbit, and, taking careful (?) aim, fired. He succeeded in making the rabbit navigate under full head of steam toward some unknown region and in disturbing the landscape generally, but it was plain that the result was not very satisfactory to him. He reloaded the gun with somewhat impolite language; and meanwhile a rabbit was watching him from the shadow of a near-by tree, a pair of red squirrels chattered above his head, a lynx cat glared at him from a hemlock fifty feet away, and a beaver slept snugly in his house in the near-by pond. However, the unseeing eyes of the tenderfoot saw nothing but the somber pines, the rotten logs, and a dull sheet of water in the distance.

His footsteps had hardly died away when the forest once more awoke; the lynx came out of his hemlock into the fading twilight and returned to his hunting, a fox came trotting along leisurely and sniffed at the tracks in the deer trail and then started to trail a rabbit, the mice began to scamper about in the leaves, a mink came hunting rabbits along the edge of the stream, a rabbit went hopping along, nibbling here and there, a great-horned owl screamed his warning to all the smaller forest folk, and there was a resounding crash as a beaver cut a six-inch poplar near the bank.

CHARLES B. BARR.

Litchfield, Connecticut.



How was she to know?

FINALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

* * *

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

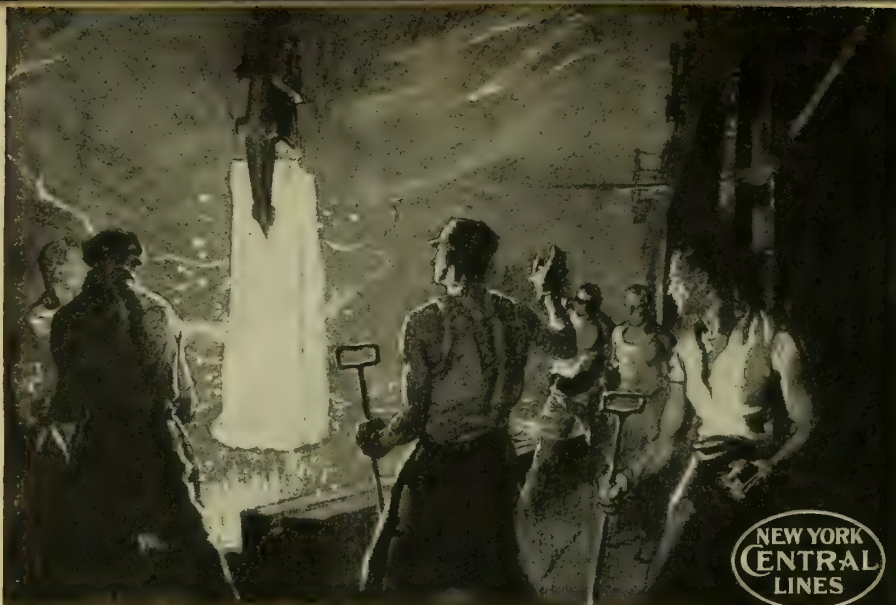
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Steel ingot being taken from reheating furnace preparatory to rolling into rails

Rails and Research

THE New York Central Lines have placed orders for 172,400 tons of heavy open-hearth rails for 1922 delivery, enough to lay a new single track from Chicago to New York. In 1921 more than a thousand miles of rails were replaced.

In the New York Central research laboratories, out of the experience of never-ending road tests, has been developed the highest type of rail used in this country.

This search for absolute dependability in rails, to carry the weight of more and more powerful locomotives and heavier trains, insures the safety and comfort of the millions of passengers who ride each year on the New York Central Lines.

The rail ingots are made on precise physical and chemical specifications. From the time the ore enters the furnaces until the rails emerge from the great rollers, every step in the process is in conformity to the most rigid scientific requirements and under the eyes of New York Central rail experts.

When fabricated, the rails are subjected at the steel mills to exacting tests in machines of scientific precision. These tests are for the purpose of making certain that the finished rails are as nearly flawless as it is humanly possible to make them, and will withstand the strains of the heaviest traffic.

The 1922 rail order is an important part of the program undertaken by these Lines that they may efficiently perform a maximum share of the work of national transportation.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL-AND-SUBSIDIARY LINES

BY THE WAY

BIG department stores try to be absolutely truthful in their advertising. An instance is pointed out in a new book called "The Romance of a Great Store." An advertisement featured coats for small boys at \$8.74. These were advertised as "wool chinchilla," and so potent was the appeal that by ten o'clock on the morning when the advertisement appeared the entire stock of nine hundred coats was sold. Then one of the store executives discovered that the coats were not all wool and things began to hum. The big boss said "wool" means "all wool" except where it is clearly specified that the garment contains cotton. Another advertisement was inserted the following day in the newspapers. It apologized for the misstatement and said, "We would deem it a favor if our customers would bring in these coats and accept a return of their money." But out of the nine hundred coats only two were returned, for the customers realized that they were getting good value for the price charged.

Belgian industries, hard hit by the war, are slowly coming back. An example is that of the "Wagons-Lits," a company which controlled almost entirely the international sleeping car business in Europe before the war. Many of its cars, which were replete with devices for the comfort and safety of passengers, were confiscated by the Germans when the war began. These ill-gotten gains have lately been restored, according to the "Railway Gazette" of London, and the company's business is approaching its pre-war proportions.

The trouble with communism as a social system has rarely been more tersely set forth than in the following extract from an article on Russia in the "Chase Economic Bulletin:"

The great advantage of a system of private enterprise, where a large number of competing firms conduct the business of the country, over a unified communistic system is that less ability is required to make it work right. A communistic system, undertaking to control the industries of a country, must be guided by a central brain of such extraordinary grasp and power that it can visualize the industrial situation as a whole, and can work out the co-ordinations required to keep things in proper proportions. Under a capitalistic system, industry is kept in proper proportions by the automatic regulations which market prices supply.

"A subscriber wants to know what we think of the proposed deal between Uncle Sam and Henry Ford," the "National Stockman and Farmer" observes. "We are certain of only two things about it. One of them is that the place should be spelled Mussel Shoals. That is the way it was spelled during the Civil War, when some of the hungry boys of both armies tried to eat the mussels after much and various cook-

ing. The only trouble with this comment is that the word "mussel," denoting a bivalve mollusk, is also spelled "muscle" by the dictionaries. The man who tries to get a bet on "mussel" as the only spelling is in nearly the same case as the joker who asked, "How do you spell the word that describes singers in a church—it's q-u-i-r-e, isn't it?" The "certain" man says, "No, it's c-h-o-i-r, of course," and loses his bet on a sure thing when the dictionaries are consulted and quire is found to be a legitimate variant.

An English missionary preacher, the late Archibald Brown, told this story on himself, according to the London "Chronicle." A representative of the East London Mission visited a sick man who had been influenced by Brown. "Ah," said the man, "before Archibald Brown came I feared neither God nor the devil. But now, under his blessed teaching, I've learned to love 'em both."

One of the great burdens on our National transportation system, the "Railway Age" says, is involved in the necessary renewal of city terminals, for roads whose mileage has not measurably increased. It cites work of this character in Chicago alone which involves many millions—that of the North Western, now completed, costing \$20,000,000; what is known as the Union Station group, to cost over \$65,000,000; that of the Illinois Central, to cost \$85,000,000; and plans for other stations involving an expenditure of \$50,000,000. Besides this, the railways of Chicago are carrying out a vast scheme of track elevation to cost \$150,000,000. Against these immense sums must be set, however, the intangible assets of beauty, convenience, and safety which are associated with these stupendous improvements, as well as their tangible value in handling increased traffic.

A teacher asked, as reported by a London comic paper, "What would King Alfred, if he were alive now, think of the Home Rule Bill?" and the boy answered, "If King Alfred were alive now he would be too old to be interested in politics."

The numbers seven and nine seem to have been regarded as lucky or sacred in the older days, judging from the numerous entries under these numbers in a recently published reference book. There are the seven ages of man, the seven arts, the seven bibles of the seven religions, the seven bodies in alchemy, the seven champions of Christendom, the seven churches of Asia, the seven deadly sins, the seven sages of Greece, the seven seas, the seven senses, the seven virtues, the seven wonders of the world, etc. Then there are the nine gods, the nine Muses, the nine orders of angels, the nine spheres, the nine worthies, and a "nine days' wonder." The last-named phrase receives this curious explanation: "Said to be derived from the interest and excitement of children over the nine days' blindness of a newly born kitten."

ASIA

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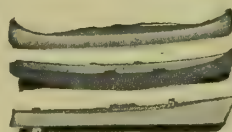
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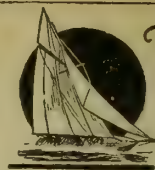
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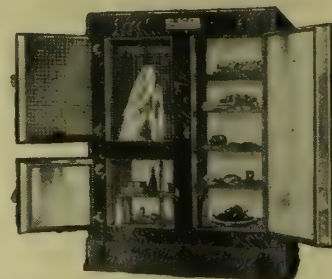
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JUN 13 1922

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1922



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Specially taken for The Outlook

THE MAIL BAG

"CLEAR THE WAY"

A LITTLE inquiry in "By the Way" in The Outlook of May 31 awakens old memories. A subscriber asks who wrote "Men of Thought and Men of Action, Clear the Way." My mother used to recite this sixty years ago at Civil War rallies back in Michigan. Charles Mackay wrote it in 1845 for the London "Daily News," when Charles Dickens was the editor of it. Mackay, himself editor of the Glasgow "Argus," was the poet of the stirring, forward-looking days around 1848. He wrote hundreds of battle paeans of progress. Henry Russell and Sir Henry Bishop set them to music. They were sung all over the world. My father and mother, with many other immigrants coming from Scotland, recited and sang these pieces at anti-slavery meetings, war gatherings, prohibition rallies, and woman's rights assemblies in the old days. The favorite Mackay songs were "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The Cry of the People," "The Watcher on the Tower," "The Good Time Coming," "To the West, to the West," "A Dream of Coming Years," "Said I to Myself, Said I."

The line your correspondent quotes is from Mackay's song, "Clear the Way," published, like most of his compositions, in a newspaper first, and then in a book, "Voices from the Crowd," a collection of the verses printed between 1845 and 1846. In 1876 Frederick Warne & Co., London, printed "The Poetical Works of Charles Mackay," containing two hundred of his most popular songs.

"Clear the Way" has three stanzas.

In these troubled times The Outlook might do worse than reprint the whole of it:

CLEAR THE WAY

Men of thought! be up, and stirring
Night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way.

Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness chang-
ing

Into gray;

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say

What the unimagined glories

Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;

Aid it, paper; aid it, type;

Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken

Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish

From the day;

And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.

Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way.

With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;

With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,

That for ages long have held us
For their prey.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

In June, 1886, Bishop Potter, of New York, delivered the baccalaureate address at the University of Michigan. His theme was the university's duty to deliver to the Nation an output of men concerned with more than athletics, dances, fraternities, and passing examinations. He pleaded for public-minded youth, trained to a desire and ability to serve the general welfare as the Fathers of the Republic expected public education would do. When he came to the close of his moving appeal and swung into Mackay's verse,

"Aid it, paper; aid it, type;

Aid it, for the time is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken
Into play,"

the little gray woman beside me became more and more excited. She took up the words with the eminent orator, spoke them more and more distinctly with him, until the recitation was a duet, and when he finished she rose and waved her parasol and shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah!" much to the enthusiastic approval of the auditors. Old friends still remind me how my little mother helped the eminent Bishop conclude his address.

WILLIAM McANDREW.

Board of Education, New York City.

THE FARMERS AND CANADIAN RECIPROCITY

THE purpose of the protective tariff system as laid down in the Republican party's National platform is to afford the industries of the United States protection equal to the difference between the labor cost of production here and in foreign countries. It has been clearly shown that in so far as Canada is concerned this principle does not justify even the present tariff rates on goods imported from that country, since in practically all the important industries wages are as high as in the United States. The old-time high-tariff argument based on the competition of alleged "pauper labor" has therefore no application to Canadian products.

Whether it will be possible to secure the adoption of a tariff agreement similar to the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty

of 1911 will depend almost entirely upon the attitude taken by the American farmers. Their opposition to that measure was generally misunderstood, as it was popularly supposed that they were actuated by a belief in protection as a principle. In reality, their position was simply that so long as the country adhered to the protective policy they would insist that farm products should receive the same measure of protection that was accorded to manufactured articles, and their chief objection to the treaty was that it made no material reduction in the duties on Canadian manufactures that would be of benefit to them through lessening the cost of what they had to buy. Many of the farm leaders were, and are, free-traders, who believe that high protection has unduly increased prices of manufactured goods and has therefore injured, instead of helping, the farmer, but they do not want what they term a "jug-handled" tariff, with free trade for the farmer and protection for the manufacturer.

The practical failure of the Fordney Embargo Tariff Law to give relief to the farmers, coupled with their recognition of the fact that if we are to find foreign markets for our surplus farm products we must be prepared to accept payment in goods, since the foreign buyer cannot pay in gold, has shaken the faith of many farmers in the protective theory, and their influence has already been shown in opposition to some of the schedules of the Fordney permanent Tariff Bill. The action of the Senate Finance Committee in announcing its abandonment of the "American valuation plan," provided for in that measure as passed by the House, was largely due to protests made by influential farmers.

Should the Senate approve the pending Tariff Bill in substantially its present form, with its generally higher rates than those of the existing tariff, the farmers may be inclined to ask for continued protection, in the hope that it will give them higher prices for their products to compensate for the increased prices they will be forced to pay for manufactured articles. To be logical, they should repudiate the high-tariff policy, but farmers are not more logical than other people; for instance, the leaders in Congress who favor large appropriations for ship subsidies while approving the imposition of customs duties that will assuredly restrict foreign trade and make less traffic for the subsidized steamships. It will be unfortunate for both the United States and Canada if the adoption of higher protection for manufactures by Congress should result in the maintenance between the two countries of tariff walls that serve no useful purpose.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

New York City.

The Outlook

JUNE 14, 1922

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT IN JAPAN

FROM fragmentary and not yet wholly verifiable despatches from Japan we learn that there are welcome signs of the growing spirit of democracy and progress there. Already the Japanese Government has ratified the Shantung Treaty with China and is putting it into execution. Those observers at the Washington Conference who believed that in the Shantung conversations Japan was proceeding in good faith, of which her caution in giving her word concerning each item in the agreement was strong evidence, have so far been vindicated by the events. The unhappy adventure of Japan in that Chinese province (for Japan's effort to out-German the Germans along the line of the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway was an unhappy adventure) is apparently concluding happily. China's state of disorganization is a serious obstacle to clearing this matter up; but apparently Japan is doing all that could possibly be expected of her to end the whole Shantung question.

In the meantime there has been news of a shake-up in the Japanese Cabinet. Premier Takahashi, according to rumors which reached this country a few days ago, had resigned with several members of his Cabinet. Among those reported to have resigned were some of the more elderly and conservative peers, and there was some speculation as to the political consequences. It is now reported by the Associated Press that the leaders of the majority party have continued Premier Takahashi in office, with authority to expel members of the Cabinet that refuse to follow his policy. It is another one of those steps which Japan has been taking away from control of the Government by the military power and in the direction of party control of the Government.

When Mr. Hara became Prime Minister, he proceeded to translate into practice his idea of party control. Up to his accession the real control in Japan was in the hands of the army and navy. The fact that that control was often exercised with restraint and to the advantage of Japan does not alter the fact that the ultimate power in Japan was practically militaristic. It was the rule, for example, that the Minister of Marine (i.e., the Navy) should be an admiral and the Minister of War should be a general. The real power, in fact, was with



Keystone
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, FORMER PUBLISHER OF "JOHN BULL," FOUND GUILTY OF MISAPPROPRIATION OF FUNDS

the naval group. No matter what popular support the Government might have, the navy could veto any Government policy by refusing to let any admiral serve in the Cabinet. Mr. Hara, with great ingenuity, broke into this naval control by sending Admiral Baron Kato, the Minister of Marine, as head of the delegation to Washington, and took the vacated office himself. Thus for the first time the Minister of Marine was a civilian. When Mr. Hara was assassinated, Mr. Takahashi, his successor as Prime Minister, became his successor also as Minister of Marine, and held the office until Admiral Baron Kato returned. Thus was established a precedent of the utmost significance, but one which has been largely overlooked.

Now comes another piece of evidence that popular self-government is growing stronger in the Japanese Empire. The Seiyukai party, which is in control by a large majority in the Parliament of Japan, appears to recognize the fact that if it is to stay in power it must encourage responses to popular feeling. The failure of the Cabinet as formerly composed to respond to Premier Takahashi's policies had to end either in the defeat or the victory of the recalcitrant members. That it has ended in their defeat through pressure from the leaders of the majority party is an important indica-

tion of the progress of Japan toward government by the representatives of the people.

BOTTOMLEY PASSES

PICTURESQUE Englishman has gone into at least temporary eclipse. He is Horatio Bottomley, financial necromancer, orator extraordinary, journalist amazing, and hater of things American. Bottomley has had a career of the type which makes some people despair of popular government. The type has been known in all ages wherever government has existed capable of being swayed by popular appeal. Rome knew the type well, and we are not without examples on this side of the water.

Bottomley began his career as the supporter of Charles Bradlaugh, the atheist, in the House of Commons. While a member of the House of Commons he became a promoter of Australian gold-mining stock. When the gold craze bubble burst, most of Bottomley's fellow-promoters went into well-deserved oblivion. Bottomley's bankruptcy was pleasantly condoned and he himself returned to the House of Commons.

Mr. P. W. Wilson, who sat with Bottomley in Parliament, gives in the New York "Times" a striking account of his personality and his peculiar genius.

It was after Bottomley's bankruptcy

that he started his weekly "John Bull," which ran up to a circulation of two million and a half. Of this weekly Mr. Wilson writes:

What Bottomley offered was the pointed paragraph, the impudent but amusing sneer, the exposure of petty scandal, and great swelling words of discontent, denunciation, and vague aspiration. For his enemies he had a morgue, where week by week he published their epitaphs. Among the first whom he buried, if in modesty I may recall the fact, was myself; more illustrious corpses were soon discovered, for instance, Lady Astor. Any one, indeed, who loved America had to die. The neutrality of the United States was to Bottomley "a monument of infamy," and to all anti-American sentiment he pandered without scruple.

Of his power as a speaker Mr. Wilson says:

Short and thick-set, Bottomley, like Spurgeon, the preacher, is endowed with a voice of exquisite timbre. It is soft, resonant, musical, a voice equally effective in a court of law, the Albert Hall, or the House of Commons. Beyond question, Bottomley is among the greatest orators of our day. He is persuasive. He always seems to be lucid. He can explain any point that he wants to make clear. But he has also humor, sarcasm, and a command of rich eloquence, which may be and doubtless is mere acting, but reveals none the less the actor's sincerity in his art. Bottomley is neither ill-read nor inaccurate. He displays all the skeptic's knowledge of the Bible; and in the choice of words, at any rate, his taste is unerring.

Bottomley's downfall came from his personal extravagance and his expansive financial imagination. He established bond clubs in which people of limited means invested their all to the extent of some \$3,000,000. Complaints as to the difficulty of securing money owed to investors resulted in Bottomley's suing his critics for libel. One critic was acquitted, and this acquittal was the beginning of the end. Mr. Wilson says that the decline of Bottomley was speeded by the continuous comments of "Truth," the journal which still carries on the tradition of its founder, Labouchère. Bottomley was tried and found guilty of a misdemeanor. Mr. Wilson justly says:

Investing the money of soldiers and their dependents was, of course, an enterprise too mean to be tolerated unless the investments proved to be sound. In Bottomley the workers of England have had a severe lesson, and his conviction by a jury cannot fail to be salutary.

At least Bottomley has one advantage over some men of similar stripe in the United States. He was loyal in the war. Our demagogues have not hesitated at disloyalty to the Nation in their efforts to further their personal ends. They

have sought to arouse blood against blood. They have sold the birthright of the Nation for a mess of alien votes.

IRELAND'S QUARRELS

THE troubles of Ireland continue to occupy a disproportionate amount of the world's attention. Ireland's population was only 3,242,670 at her last census (1911), not much more than half the population of the State of Illinois or a third of that of the State of New York. The quarrelsome spirit, the lack of recognition of minority rights, the ancient bitterness between religious zealots, the habit, so to speak, of war by assassination, are largely responsible.

Neither the London agreement as to the Irish Free State nor the recent pact between Sinn Feiners who want the Free State and De Valera's irreconcilables who will not stop their outcry for a Republic has settled the trouble. The pact's main point was that the anti-Free State leaders should have four Cabinet Ministers in the Government to be formed after the coming election. This would be a minority of the Ministry. The agreement was a great concession by Collins and Griffith, of the Free Staters, and was defended by them in their recent conference in London with Winston Churchill on the ground that it was the only way to avoid a clash that might entail another state of guerrilla war in Southern Ireland. But Churchill pointed out that Article XVII of the London treaty requires that every member of the Free State Ministry must sign a written pledge of modified allegiance to the King—a thing which De Valera and his associates positively refuse to do. It is thought that some way may be found of adjusting this difficulty. The vitally important thing in Southern Ireland is to get an acceptance by the people at the polls of the Free State plan, which makes of Ireland a self-governing Dominion like Canada. The exact terms of the Constitution to be adopted thereafter may well be left until after that election and later submitted in a referendum election. The one thing that stops the way in Southern Ireland is the obstinacy of the minority in refusing to accept what the majority of their Sinn Fein body has approved.

Ulster is still under British law. She has the Home Rule Government, Cabinet and Prime Minister she put in power under the provisions of the Home Rule Bill. Southern Ireland elected Parliamentary representatives under that bill, just to show that the Sinn Fein could carry the elections; but they refused to organize. The men elected have practically made up the Sinn Fein's Dail Eireann. But Ulster has been unable to keep the peace within her own bor-

ders. Therefore Great Britain has done her plain duty by driving back from Ulster's borders invaders of the so-called Irish Republican army and their Ulster Sinn Fein adherents. There was a miniature battle last week about the little town of Pettigo in which several thousand British troops were used; infantry, cavalry, artillery, and whippet tanks are said to have taken part, not so much in actual fighting as in clearing the territory. The casualties were slight; only one of the British force was killed; the insurgents' loss is put variously at from seven to fifty. Hereafter the border will be held by British forces against sporadic invasions from either side, all made under the guise of retaliation for injuries inflicted. Irresponsible fighting and local rioting have brought Ulster, and especially Belfast, into a pitiable state of anarchy. Only a strong hand can put down the semi-political crimes that are committed from day to day by lawless men of both factions.

BELGIUM AND AMERICA: AN INTELLECTUAL EXCHANGE

FEW people are aware of the fact that a quite extensive system of fellowships exists between Belgium and America. The plan of an exchange of intellectual ideas between two free countries brought into such close sympathy during the war drew its origin from the fact that when the Commission for Relief in Belgium closed its five years of work unspent balances were in the hands of the Commission. Mr. Hoover and all concerned agreed that these balances really were the property of the people of Belgium. What should be done with the money? The Belgian Premier, M. Delacroix, urged that it should be so used as to be of lasting benefit to the people and at the same time should commemorate worthily the relief organizations of the war. Mr. Hoover in turn suggested that the extension of education in Belgium was exactly such a method. It was decided to apply the money to the needs of Belgian universities and technical schools and also in enabling sons and daughters of those without means to undertake such higher training. Thus grew up what is formally called the C. R. B. Educational Foundation, and out of that in turn developed the Fondation Universitaire.

A most interesting work has been the plan for exchange fellowships. First, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, California, and Stanford Universities agreed to receive each two Belgian fellows for graduate study, while the four Belgian universities in turn offered to receive an equal number of Americans. This plan has increased and broadened. We have

before us a list of the Belgian exchange fellows for the current year, which is quite surprising in the variety of subjects which these Belgian scholars propose to study in America and in the wide choice they have made of American colleges. From fifteen to twenty different American universities have been indicated as the choice of these young men.

There is also an exchange of American and Belgian professors under the same general plan that has grown up between the United States and other foreign countries. One such American exchange professor is now in Belgium—Professor Millikan, of the California Institute of Technology; he is lecturing on physics in the four Belgian universities; Professor Pirenne, former Director of the University of Ghent, is to lecture in exchange in America this fall on mediæval history.

Evidently there is practical value in this interchange of intellectual ideas and intellectual scholarship. There is also a pleasing and gratifying indication of permanent friendliness and helpfulness as between America and Belgium.

HOW MUCH OF AN ASS IS THE LAW?

FROM very early times the law has been an object of derisive comment and of criticism as an instrument of injustice. A dictionary of quotations affords any inquirer examples. Bacon's statement that "one of the Seven was wont to say: 'That laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through,'" is paraphrased by Swift. Goldsmith puts it in a line:

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

Mr. Bumble is not the only one who has thought that "the law is a ass—a idiot," and has said as much; and though perhaps there be few except rogues who would go so far as Jack Cade's follower, Dick the Butcher, who when confronted with a vision of England reformed and made glorious shouted, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers," yet there are many perhaps who in their hearts are sure it would not be the last thing they would do.

Such disregard for the law's dignity and such disrespect for claims to legal infallibility may not be surprising as coming from the Bumbles or the Cades of the day; but it is somewhat surprising when criticism of the law's delays and the law's ineffectiveness is reported as coming from the mouth of one of the most conservative leaders of the bar. In the New York "Times's" report of a discussion before the Committee on Law Enforcement of the American Bar Association recently, in which Mr. Henry W. Taft, of New York, took part, it is stated that:

Mr. Taft offered statistics showing that murder was twenty times as common in this country as in the British Empire, a fact which he laid largely to maladministration of criminal justice in this country. His statistics showed 2,200 executions in this country over a period of years for 131,000 crimes, or about one conviction for every sixty-five murders, while in England and Canada there was almost an average of one execution for every two crimes. He held this to be due partly to a sentimental attitude on the part of the community toward criminals and to such rules as that which excused the defendant from taking the stand or from being assailed by the prosecutor for his failure.

"Rather than keep some of them," he continued, "I would wipe off the books every rule relating to evidence. I think we would come out better."

Such a statement as this attributed to a radical might well have aroused remonstrances from many citizens and from newspapers of both parties; for certainly the suggestion that the admission of hearsay evidence to a court of law in the trial of those accused of crime would be better than the present conditions is very little, if anything, short of revolutionary; but attributed to one of the leading lawyers of the country it apparently has aroused no stir. Whether Mr. Taft was accurately quoted or not is aside from this point. What is significant is that these words as coming from him have caused no sensation. The reason, it seems to us, is clear. Those words represent substantially an opinion that is widespread. It is very generally believed to be true that technicalities have so interfered with the administration of justice, have so obstructed legal measures for the safety of society, have so prevented the courts from acting as safeguards against the criminal, that the ancient rights of the liberty of the individual which the courts have preserved have been obscured by the practices which lawyers and judges have employed for the undeserved benefit of men really guilty.

It is not our purpose here to report the various proposals made for improving the administration of the law. Many such proposals have been made before the Committee on Law Enforcement of the American Bar Association. Some of these proposals concern rules of evidence. Some concern the attitude of judges. Some concern the methods of attorneys, including members of the District Attorney's staff. Some concern the provisions of statutes. And some of these proposals concern the unreasonable or sentimental or emotional attitude of the public. It is a long process to modify so cumbersome a machine as

the law; but it is a process which should be pushed with energy; for the greatest lawyers recognize the fact that there is much in the administration of the law which defeats the law's ends. It is time that something were done to put an end to conditions which enable a city magistrate of New York to say, even though it be recognized as an exaggeration: "As soon as a man gets to be a rascal, he runs to the Constitution. An honest man that has been robbed has no Constitutional rights."

LABOR UNIONS NOT EXEMPT FROM THE SHERMAN LAW

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court, announced last week by Chief Justice Taft, in the case of the United Mine Workers of America vs. the Coronado Coal Company is of Nation-wide importance because it affirms that labor unions, although not incorporated, may be sued for damages to property by their members, and that their funds, including strike funds, may be attached. But if such an action is brought (as was the one in question) under the Sherman Law, it is necessary to show that the wrongful acts committed have been part of a conspiracy to restrain or monopolize inter-State commerce. The finding as to the liability of unions to seizure of their funds and prosecution of their members was in this case a secondary rather than the primary issue. The Supreme Court found as to the facts that those accused of illegal acts had not violated the Sherman Law, because they had not interfered with inter-State commerce, for the Court held that the actual mining work at and near the mine is local in character, not part of the inter-State coal industry. This does not at all, however, affect the extent and seriousness of the ruling that now positively makes unincorporated labor organizations responsible legally and financially for illegal acts of their members. Chief Justice Taft declared as to this:

Congress was passing drastic legislation to remedy a threatening danger to the public welfare and did not intend that any persons or combinations of persons should escape its applications. Their thought was especially directed against business associations and combines that were unincorporated to do the things forbidden by the act, but they used language broad enough to include all associations which might violate its provisions recognized by the statutes of the United States or the States or the Territories or foreign countries as lawfully existing, and this, of course, includes labor unions, as the legislation referred to shows.

In the case in question the lower Court had held that the unions were liable for over \$600,000 for injury to mining property in an Arkansas strike.



International

THE "PROSPERITY SPECIAL" ON ITS WAY WEST

The United Mine Workers appealed to the Supreme Court, and the former decision was reversed. Thus, so far as this case goes, the labor organization wins a victory, but the ruling as to responsibility will be a hard blow to the contentions of leaders like Mr. Gompers who have opposed the incorporation of unions on the ground that they ought not to be made financially responsible. A principal part of the contention of the miners' counsel was that both the National and local unions involved were unincorporated, and therefore not subject to suit, so that the ruling on that point was, we judge, a substantial part of the decision, and not *obiter dicta*.

Apart from the legal aspects of this decision, it will be welcomed by the very large number of people who have long believed that legal and financial responsibility by unions for acts committed by their members under the sanction of the unions would tend to reasonableness and security of industrial conditions.

THE "PROSPERITY SPECIAL"

AMONG the signs of returning and increasing prosperity that shrewd observers are noting in many directions, not the least significant is the recent journey of a great train of oil-burning locomotives from the East to the West. The train pulled out from Eddystone, near Chester, Pennsylvania, on May 26, bound for East St. Louis. It consisted of twenty enormous machines, each nearly one hundred feet long and each weighing 621,000 pounds. They are destined to haul vast loads of freight on steep grades of the lines of the Southern Pacific system. Thirty more of these locomotives of the same pattern and dimensions are to follow.

The sending of this great addition to the freight-carrying capacity of a Western railway system was regarded as of much more than local interest by the President of the United States, who sent a congratulatory message to the Baldwin Locomotive Works on the under-

taking. Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania, also recognized the occasion by a message. Mr. Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the locomotive company, in an address during the ceremonies that accompanied the departure of the train, said: "This special is to inspire the confidence of the people in their own country and in themselves; and it will demonstrate another thing—that the two great shores of this country are in harmony with each other. The Pacific comes to the Atlantic to get the best locomotives, produced at the lowest cost."

Each locomotive in this train, which was nearly half a mile long, bore on its side a large sign, "Prosperity Special." The train traveled only in the daytime, and, to promote the object suggested by its name, the locomotives were exhibited at the principal cities on its route, circulars being sent in advance calling the proposed exhibition to the attention of boards of trade, school authorities, public officials, and citizens generally. The great weight of the train (over 6,000 tons) made several detours necessary on its way to the West, in order to avoid certain narrow tunnels and to transport the train over bridges of the requisite strength.

NORTH CAROLINA SPEEDS A GOOD CAUSE—AND THE CLOCK

NORTH CAROLINA seems to have made a good start in the direction of supplying "athletics for every one," which is the aim of the National Amateur Athletic Federation—the organization which has locked horns with the Amateur Athletic Union on the issue of selecting athletes to represent America in the next Olympic Games. Apparently North Carolina is going to have its own athletic records in good shape by 1924. For it has just completed a successful State-wide tournament which enlisted the efforts of more than a thousand athletes, representing colleges, universities, high schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, military com-

panies, and industrial plants. The State-wide games were held at Durham, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, and the Merchants Association. Accommodations for the visiting athletes were well organized and each competitor provided with a comfortable bed and meals at less than cost.

Nine divisions of sports were on the schedule: Track and field, boxing, wrestling, golf, tennis, baseball, volley ball, swimming, trap shooting, and horseshoe pitching. Every man, before being permitted to compete, had to have his amateur standing certified by the president or the athletic head of the organization that he represented.

We are told that it is the intention of the organization which has been created as a result of these games to hold yearly Olympics hereafter. Certainly this shows how earnestly North Carolina has entered into the movement for "athletics for every one." It also shows the rapidity of life in the "Old North" State. Who knows but that in time a State which is ambitious enough to hold Olympic Games every year may progress to the holding of annual games once a week?

MARION HARLAND

JUST as Mark Twain was so universally known by that name that it is hard to think of him as Samuel Clemens, so has Marion Harland been a name far more familiar than that of Mary Virginia Terhune, who died on June 3 at the age of ninety-one. It is probably practically correct to say, as one writer does, that "there was no American city so great, no crossroads village so remote, but that the name of Marion Harland was as familiar there as if she had been a President of the United States."

This is not because she was a great writer; her stories were mild, friendly, and gentle—the reverse of the high-flown fiction of her contemporaries Ouida, Augusta Evans, and Mrs. Southworth. It was rather because of her long-continued, sincere interest in American home life. She edited or ran departments in periodicals like "Babyhood" and the "Home Maker," wrote for newspapers, sent out a large number of syndicated home articles, edited a famous cook-book, collaborated with several members of her family in books relating to the nursery and the kitchen, and wrote much and wisely about married life and home-making. In a special sense "Marion Harland" became a household word.

It is doubtful whether any other American woman has had a longer career as a writer. Mrs. Terhune began

to write when she was sixteen, and kept on writing for almost seventy-five years. When an accident crippled her wrist, she learned, at the age of eighty-five, to use a typewriter and kept on working. Quiet, steady persistence in continuing her usefulness was the predominating feature of her life. Her influence always made for good because she was persuasive rather than dogmatic, and because she dealt with the common things of life in a helpful fashion.

PUNDITA RAMABAI

It would be hard to exaggerate the extent and value of the work for Hindu women accomplished by a Hindu woman. Ramabai, in education, in social knowledge, and in the development of that spiritual quality that underlies all religion.

Ramabai's father was a man of liberal views for his time and country; yet she was married when only nine years of age. Fortunately, her husband, a learned Brahman Pundit, took the almost unheard-of course of giving his wife a scholarly education. In time she became the foremost woman Sanskrit scholar of India. After her husband's death, she conceived the idea of helping child widows in India. This plan brought her to America, where she saw and talked with many people of influence and addressed audiences in scores of churches and lecture-rooms. The result was the organization of the Ramabai Association, which had the cordial support of Edward Everett Hale, Phillips Brooks, Frances Willard, Lyman Abbott, and many others. For thirty-five years it has helped to carry on the school instituted by Pundita Ramabai in the city of Poona, its Hindu name signifying the "Home of Wisdom." Ramabai's own name, we are told, means "Delight Giver." At first it was open only to high-caste child widows, and was carried on under the rigid rules of Hindustan as to cooking, living, and worship. Later Ramabai herself adopted the Christian faith.

A period of persecution from some of the Hindus of influence who had at first approved the enterprise was followed by the gradual winning over of many of the leaders of her people. In a terrible famine that swept over India and left thousands of orphan children the service done by Ramabai was notable, and it was this that led to the extension of the service of the school to girls not of a high caste. It is said that at times over eighteen hundred women and girls were under her care, although no assurance existed for the support of more than eighty or one hundred girls in the institution itself.

The Shāradāc Sadan, as the school was originally called, expanded so that



RAMABAI—HER LAST PORTRAIT

Ramabai's entire mission included a large orphanage, a rescue home, a school for the blind, and the teaching of many industries—farming, weaving, printing, dyeing, and so on. A task of almost unbelievable difficulty was her translation of the only Hindu edition of the Scriptures available from the classic form, in which it was useless to the village people, into a popular version.

The work that this remarkable woman started and extended in India will survive her death, which took place recently, and provision has been made for that purpose. In this country the Ramabai Association will continue to forward funds for the purpose of carrying that work on through a well-known American missionary in India, the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Hume.

At a memorial service held in Bombay representatives of the Indian Government and press and of the women of India declared by resolution that the death of Pundita Ramabai was a loss to the whole country, and particularly to the Christian community.

WHAT IS
SUMMER READING?

TAKE along a book," is the excellent slogan of the summer reading campaign now in active progress—but why "a book"? "Fiction for Vacation Satchels" is a newspaper headline for a review of a dozen and a half novels which have just one thing in common—they are all new. But if this is over-inclusive, the next headline we meet is too restricted, for under the broad title "Summer-time Fiction" a paper reviews three books, two of which are detective tales and one a "placid, gentle narrative of an autumn wooing"! If any editor has a particularly vapid lot of fiction on hand, he heads it "Vac-

tion Reading." But one worthy religious board of publication very soundly advises us (in its summer advertising) to avoid "Feather-Weight Fiction or Millstone Philosophy."

In the main, the advertisers who are urging people not to forget to read something in vacation lay too much stress on the idea that only the lightest of light fiction can be read with enjoyment during the summer. If they mean by light reading entertaining reading, well and good; but the emphasis seems to be laid on the idea that nothing is not "light" that does not deal with murders or flappers. The intelligent person doesn't lose his intellect or his taste during the months which have no R in their names. The book for a real vacationist, says one propagandist in the "Take a Book" campaign, "mustn't occupy the mind much, for then it would not be a real vacation or week-end. It should occupy the mind just a little bit, sort of titillate it, as it were."

Why not assume, on the other hand, that if one wants entertainment he wants it to be of good quality in summer as well as in winter; that he wants a first-class novel, a book of real humor, or a book of reminiscence abounding in stories? Don't let any of us encourage the over-production of silly fiction under the notion that anything is good enough for the dear old summer-time.

In an article by Marguerite Wilkinson in the "Summer Reading" special number of the "Publishers' Weekly" we find two interesting suggestions. The first is a little fantastic, perhaps, but it has a logical point:

The right sort of book to take on a vacation is the sort of book that we seldom or never read at home, or the sort of book that tells of a life remote from the moods and thoughts of our own workaday existence. Teachers should find books of the most devastating humor, or the wildest detective stories. Clerks, stenographers, salesmen, and others who work in figures should read the world's dearest old romances and much poetry. Tired ministers should get hold of tales of adventure in the open air and books of exploration into far countries. Perhaps Shackleton's "South" would be a good beginning. Poets should have sedative literature in the summer-time—preferably garden manuals and cook-books, say "Things Mother Used to Make." Honest lawyers should read fairy tales, perhaps "Irish Fairy Tales," by James Stephens. The nervous stock-broker should fill his pockets full to bulging with the poetry of Walter de la Mare. . . . William Jennings Bryan should buy a whole library of modern books on biology.

The other suggestion is one that we enthusiastically indorse—that the vacationist take with him at least some books he has always wanted to read and hasn't. We know that this entails a lit-

tle trouble and thought, but it will be worth while. It is not necessary to go back to the Victorian age and read Dickens or Thackeray. Probably most people could pick out three or four books published within the last three years which they know to be worth while but haven't happened to see. Or take the last year alone; here is an off-hand list of a dozen or more books which have made a distinct success. Perhaps you have read them all; if not, now is your chance; they are not out of print:

John Burroughs's "Boyhood," Depew's "Memories of Eighty Years," Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," "The Mirrors of Downing Street," Raymond's "Life of Balfour," Strachey's "Queen Victoria;" and in fiction Tarlington's "Alice Adams," Sabatini's "Scaramouche," Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes," Galsworthy's "To Let," Louis Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine," Kaye-Smith's "Joanna Godden," Caine's "Mendoza and a Little Lady," Quick's "Vandemark's Folly."

Every one of these books has entertainment in it. The point is for each vacationist to think out for himself or herself something that will increase the pleasure of vacation time and not grab the first thing that offers because it is said to be "light" (meaning feathery) or because it was published day before yesterday.

And, by the way, how about re-reading an old book that you rejoiced in greatly when you first read it? There are those who in the realm of adventure would a hundred times sooner re-read "Kim" or "The Cloister and the Hearth" than all the Zane Grey or E. P. Oppenheim literature that may flow fresh from the press for the next twenty years.

THE TRUE REACTIONARIES

AMERICA has inherited its principles and institutions of liberty from two sources. One of these sources is English; the other, French. And for the preservation and increase of that inheritance America is under obligation to her own sons from the days of the wilderness, through the days of the Revolution and the Civil War, to the present.

Many Americans, some of them professing to be intellectual guides and some of them in position of political leadership, seem to have forgotten this.

It is as a reminder to such as these that a letter recently published in the newspapers from Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, deserves the widest circulation. We print it herewith in full.

A people whose rights, won slowly

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA

OUR National Administration is apparently acting on the belief that the American people wishes to avoid entering into European politics, though willing to join in economic measures for the restoration of European industries and European national budgets and credits. I submit that this separation of politics and economics is not expedient, or even possible, in the case of Russia.

The fundamental proposition on which the Bolshevik Government was based is, to be sure, an economic one, namely, no private property, no family property, and no transmission of property in a family; but on that foundation a political Government was suddenly created by savage violence on the part of a small minority of the population, and that Government proceeded to rob and kill a considerable proportion of the property-holders of the country, large and small, and finally to rob and enslave the labor employed in the manufacturing industries of the country. This same Government undertook to win the support of the agricultural peasantry by giving them elusive deeds of the lands they had been accustomed to cultivate as tenants; but the great agricultural class, while they accepted these deeds, refused to accept or support the Bolshevik Government. That Government has also crushed completely, both physically and morally, the educated middle class in Russia, which has not only been deprived of its property but of all intercourse with thinking people in neighboring nations, and in America also.

This Bolshevik Government now finds itself in dire straits without credit, and without power to reconstruct Russian factories or Russian transportation; and yet it still insists at Genoa and elsewhere on all its monstrous social and economic fallacies, and proposes that other governments or peoples shall lend it billions of dollars without any security whatever for the repayment of the loans.

I submit that the United States should neither forget nor forgive the monstrous crimes, cruelties, and follies of this Bolshevik Government, and should wait to give aid to Russia, except food for the starving, until that Government is dead and buried. In this sense, and in regard to this nation, it seems to me impossible to separate in American National action European politics from European economics. The American democracy should not only take to heart the lessons of the Bolshevik horror for the present generation, but should do its full part in making and recording the history of the Bolshevik crime to the end of the chapter.

In that course of conduct the present Administration can rely on the well-nigh unanimous support of the American people, who heartily detest the political as well as the economic theories of Bolshevism.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 17, 1922.

and painfully through the centuries, are recorded in such historic documents as the Coronation Oath and Charter of Henry I, the Magna Charta of 1215, the Petition of Rights of 1628, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Bill of Rights of 1689, the Virginia Bill of Rights of 1776, the Declaration of Independence of the same year, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States, and are embedded in the common law, should be unable to witness the violation of those rights anywhere in the world without repugnance and a sense of outrage. Certainly no American ought willingly to lend himself to any scheme or plan or proposal that tends to lend the countenance of his country to men anywhere in the world who, having seized power by the violation of such human rights, seek to maintain their power by gaining the recognition of the Government of this free country.

Besides this love of liberty as a right, which Americans have inherited with

free institutions from England, they have also inherited from France a love for liberty as an ideal. If the spirit of freedom which has come from the British Isles is the more sturdy, the spirit of freedom which has come from France is the finer and more generous. This is the spirit that raises freedom from the plane of privilege to the plane of duty. Liberty is something more than a definite prerogative that the citizen has obtained and will not let go; it is also a goal toward which he knows the nation of which he is a part is moving. As liberty has come to America from France, it is not merely an individual possession which each citizen prizes; it is a common possession demanding reciprocal service. Liberty thus conceived is incomplete without equality, and equality is incomplete without fraternity. It is this ideal, derived from France in the early days of the two republics, that has made of America a nation of idealists. For this reason Americans who have received their full

THE INDIFFERENT CHILDREN OF THE EARTH

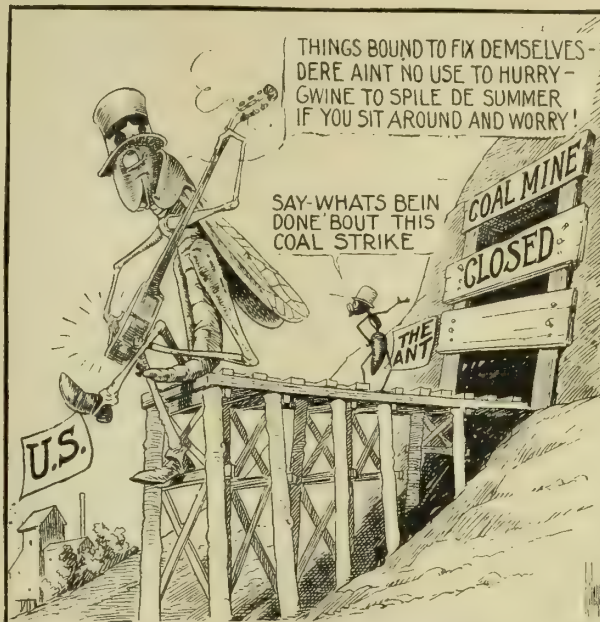
(Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2)

Thomas in the Detroit News



INDIFFERENCE AS A FINE ART

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



UNCLE SAMUEL GRASSHOPPER

From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, Ohio

Louis Racmackers in Le Soir, of Brussels



AT GENOA

Belgium: "I want the purse that he stole from me."
Lloyd George: "Not so loud! He has nationalized it."

From Stephen Child, Boston, Mass.

From the Buffalo Commercial



"WHOA, BILLY!"

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

inheritance are not only jealous of their own rights but responsive to appeals for the defense of the rights of others.

It is not altogether strange that Englishmen, who themselves are free, but who are not necessarily jealous for the freedom of other people, can contemplate with comparative equanimity the oppression of the Russians under their Bolshevik tyrants; but it is strange almost beyond belief that there should be Americans, particularly Americans who call themselves liberals, who can go so far as to support the proposed policy of giving aid and comfort to these worst enemies of liberty that have risen to power in modern times. The Bolsheviks are even more dangerous than the Czar and his Black Hundreds, for they have employed the art of the demagogue as well as the force of the tyrant in destroying what there was in Russia of free speech, free press, free assembly, courts of justice, and every other element or form of popular liberty. Tyrants sometimes excuse their practices on the ground that they are the necessary instruments for the preservation for order and prosperity; but the Bolsheviks have not this excuse, for their dictatorship has involved their country in turbulence and economic ruin. This is something which no one any longer pretends to deny. Those Americans who, like Senator Borah and the editors of some so-called liberal journals, would give to these tyrants the invaluable reinforcement of America's official recognition are in the minority. The Government of the United States, alike under the Democratic Administration of President Wilson and the Republican Administration of President Harding, in refusing to recognize the Bolsheviks, has been moved by American love of liberty as well as American common sense.

Naturally America at this time finds herself more in sympathy on the Russian question with France than with England. Under Lloyd George, England is as free from the danger of Bolshevism within her own borders as any country well could be, for Englishmen would make short work of any English Lenins or Trotskys; but England is not averse to getting trade where she can find it, even though in the process she makes bargains which strengthen the hold of dictators. France, on the other hand, is distinctly uncomfortable in even sitting across the table from the Russian Bolsheviks. The French lent their money to the Russian Government of the Czar, not because they loved Czarism, but because even Czarism was a bulwark against the worse tyranny of a menacing Prussia; but they distrust Bolshevism, not only because it is a repudiator of justice, but because, after the

Russian people had overthrown the Czar, Bolshevism established in its place a more cynical and remorseless tyranny. On another page Mr. Baldwin, of The Outlook's staff, writing from Genoa, reports, not merely the point of view of the French Government with regard to Russia, but the point of view of the French people. Ever since the peace of Brest-Litovsk the French as a nation have viewed the rulers of Russia with loathing, because those rulers have proved themselves disloyal to the cause of liberty not only in their own land but throughout the world.

In a note to the Powers, the Premier of France, M. Poincaré, has recently marshaled arguments to show the uselessness of attempting a solution of Russia's economic troubles and conflicts with the rest of Europe until Russia through its Government recognizes principles of "public law and honor about which there can be no bargaining." Even in this economic argument, however, there is implicit something more fundamental than questions of economic interest, for it is plain that beneath it all is the feeling of France for that "human solidarity," to use M. Poincaré's own phrase, "which impelled the democracies of western Europe to help the Russian democracy," and the consequent resentment against those dictators in Russia who have done their best to destroy the Russian democracy and to that extent thwart the purposes of those who fought for the ideal of liberty.

To-day the true reactionaries are those, whatever their guise, who would give aid and comfort to the Bolshevik tyrants, and thus attempt to turn the world backward into the age of despotism.

THE COST OF CAMPAIGNING

SENATOR HARRISON, of Mississippi, has had a severe shock to his sense of political morality. He has discovered that Gifford Pinchot spent approximately \$120,000 in the course of the recent pre-primary campaign in Pennsylvania which won for the former Forester of the United States the Republican nomination for the Governorship.

Senator Harrison does not allege that any of this money was spent corruptly. He does not allege that any votes were bought or any political leaders subsidized. The mere fact that Mr. Pinchot spent this horrendous sum for publicity and that he happens to be rich enough to finance his own campaign has been sufficient to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the junior Senator from Mississippi. Whether the Senator would

have blushed quite so furiously had Mr. Pinchot been running in a Democratic primary we do not venture to state.

The trouble with Senator Harrison and those who support his attitude, whether from pseudo-liberalism or political expediency, is that their conception of modern political needs is limited by standards set by the campaign necessities of a village politician.

Pennsylvania is not a village; it is a great Commonwealth numbering nearly 9,000,000 souls. At the last Presidential election the voters of the Keystone State cast more than 1,800,000 ballots. To send a single circular to each of these voters would cost at least \$54,000. Of course there are more voters in Pennsylvania than put in an appearance at the polls during the last election, and all of them might properly be circularized. It would require a political clairvoyant of no mean order to determine which sovereign electors would attend the polls on election day and which would spend those hours on a baseball diamond or on a golf course. They must all have the issues of the campaign put before them.

We have given the cost for circularization as an indication of the size of one item of legitimate political expenditure. The reader can easily imagine how much more might be advantageously and properly used in an advertising campaign in local newspapers and in the hiring of public halls.

Since we have adopted the primary system, the elector is certainly entitled to know as fully as possible the qualifications of the various candidates. The question at issue is not, "Shall these primary elections be costly?" but, "How shall that cost be met?" In the case of a Pinchot the candidate can draw upon his own ample means. In the case of a Leonard Wood friends of the candidate willingly bear the expense. Those who have criticised Pinchot in the present campaign and Leonard Wood in the last Presidential campaign are futilely barking up the wrong tree. They should set their brains at work devising a system under which both the poor and the wealthy candidates will have an approximately equal chance to reach the ears of the public. Possibly a modification of the Oregon plan, under which candidates are given space to print their objects and platforms in a pamphlet issued at the expense of the State, may some time be applied all over the country to primaries as well as general elections. The plan offers at least a hope of a solution, without the need of the expenditure of large sums from private funds, in accordance with the public right to know the facts and the public need of giving every candidate his or her day in court.

"THE QUESTION OF THE PACIFIC"

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY HENRY L. SWEINHART



(C) Harris & Ewing

OPENING SESSION OF THE CONFERENCE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF CHILE AND PERU IN THE HALL OF THE AMERICAS, PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING, WASHINGTON

On the platform, left to right (front), are: Señor Carlos Aldunate (Chile), Dr. Luis Izquierdo (Chile), Secretary of State Hughes, who delivered the address of welcome; Dr. Melton I. Porras (Peru), and Hernan Velarde (Peru)

WASHINGTON, which was the scene only a few months ago of a great international meeting in which problems of the Pacific were discussed and settled in connection with an agreement on the limitation of armament among the leading Powers of the world, is to-day playing host to another conference at which "the question of the Pacific" is being debated. This time it relates, not to the Far East, but to South America.

The territorial controversy over which Chile and Peru have been divided for almost forty years past, and in which Bolivia also claims an interest, is commonly known in the countries interested, as well as in a large part of South America, as "the Question of the Pacific." It is a debate as to whether the geographically small departments of Tacna and Arica, constituting together the province of Tacna, shall be assigned permanently to Chile or to Peru. Originally they were Peruvian territory; since the war between Chile on one side and Peru and Bolivia on the other, ended by the Treaty of Ancon in 1884, they have been in the possession of Chile, subject on the question of final ownership, however, to a plebiscite which was to have been held in 1894, but which it has never been possible to hold because of failure of the two countries to agree on the conditions under

which the plebiscite should be conducted, the principal contention being over the question as to who should be eligible to vote.

Now Chilean and Peruvian delegates are in Washington trying to find a means of settling this problem which has been of such long duration and which has been by far the most difficult and delicate which has been faced by any of the South American countries. In this Tacna-Arica dispute practically all of the nations of South America are interested; in fact, it is a matter of vital concern to the future of Pan-Americanism. For the South American countries it was a perpetually threatening firebrand which might at any moment start a conflagration which would involve a number of the nations.

Should it be left to the possible arbitrament of arms, or settled by the arbitration of peace? That was the question which has been in the minds of many students of international affairs for years past. A propitious moment offered shortly after the adjournment of the Conference on the Limitation of Armament, and President Harding seized the opportunity to invite Chile and Peru to Washington to conduct their negotiations. Chile and Peru, although having no direct diplomatic relations, had started telegraphic communications between their Foreign Of-

fices in an effort to reach a direct agreement on the Tacna-Arica question. They reached an *impasse* and would have been obliged to break the negotiations which they had begun, when President Harding informed them he "would be pleased to welcome in Washington representatives which the Governments of Chile and Peru may see fit to appoint, to the end that such representatives may settle, if happily it may be, the existing difficulties, or may arrange for the settlement of them by arbitration."

The invitation was accepted, and the conference opened in Washington on May 15. The scene of its meeting is the Pan-American Union building, where the principal committee meetings of the Conference on Limitation of Armament were held, and where the Japanese and Chinese settled the Shantung question.

The Chilean and Peruvian delegates came to Washington with the purpose of trying to reach a "direct settlement" of their differences. The American Government was only the host, offering a friendly atmosphere in which the delegates could pursue their discussions. The United States has not participated, to date, in any of the conferences of the delegates, and has not even had an "unofficial observer" in attendance at any of their meetings. It has remained entirely outside the efforts which the delegates of the two South American countries have been making to reach a direct settlement, and has been maintaining an entirely open and impartial view on the subject.

The position of the Chilean Government, which meets with popular support, both before the conference started and since has been that the basis of settlement must be the "unfulfilled provisions of the Treaty of Ancon," providing for the holding of a plebiscite to determine the ultimate sovereignty of the disputed territory.

The Peruvians, on the other hand, took the stand that there should be revision of Article III of the treaty, the principal "unfulfilled provision," because of the fact that the plebiscite, which should have taken place in 1894, had been postponed indefinitely; and that conditions since that time had so changed that a ballot to-day in Tacna-Arica might be the reverse of what it would have been if carried out at the date fixed by the treaty, or even at some intervening period.

These two points of view are so far apart on a vital feature of the whole issue that, in the opinion of many close observers, it is believed a "direct settlement" of the problem is not possible and that arbitration is the only way out. The delegates of Chile and Peru met, and after a number of informal conver-

sations presented to each other their proposals as to methods by which they thought the problem might be solved.

The Chileans submitted four optional proposals: namely, hold a plebiscite according to the conditions of the agreement entered into by both Governments in 1912, Peru, should she think fit, to propose a modification of the time limit; or adopt as a basis of discussion the proposals presented in 1909 by Dr. Porras, then Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs and now chairman of the Peruvian delegation to the Washington conference, with such modifications as the Chilean delegates might propose; or submit to arbitration the differences which have arisen during previous negotiations in regard to holding the plebiscite; or, finally, putting aside pre-

vious negotiations, discuss conditions for holding the plebiscite, submitting all differences to arbitration.

The Peruvian proposals, submitted at the same meeting, suggested, first, that Chile surrender Tacna and Arica because more than twenty-eight years have elapsed since the date when the plebiscite should have been held, Peru claiming that a popular vote at that time would have been in her favor; or, second, that an arbitrator should decide if under present circumstances a plebiscite should be held or not. In case of a negative decision, the arbitrator to decide which country should have possession of the controverted territory. In case of an affirmative decision, the arbitrator to decide on the conditions under which the plebiscite should be held.

Both sides have declined to accept the other's proposals; and here they stand. Apparently they have reached an *impasse* which remains to be broken.

The means for breaking this *impasse* is contained in the proposals themselves, in which both Governments accept the principle of arbitration. What remains now to be accomplished is to find a way satisfactory to both sides of submitting their differences to this arbitration.

What will be the exact formula of arbitration remains to be decided. Who will be the arbitrator is known.

Although no official approach has yet been made, it can be stated authoritatively that the United States alone will be asked by Chile and Peru, after they have signed a protocol of submission, to arbitrate their differences.

A SOCIAL GOSPEL—TWO VIEWS

114 Centennial Avenue,
Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

DEAR DR. ABBOTT:—I have with interest read your paper on "A Social Gospel." I was surprised that you should say that the Gospel of Christ is primarily social. Let us test the correctness of this. According to Matthew and Mark, the first two texts of Christ were: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and "Repent, and believe the gospel." But repentance and faith are both individual duties and experiences. The first conversation of Christ recorded by John was with Nicodemus, in which Christ told him he "must be born again," that a new birth by the agency of the Holy Ghost was necessary to his being admitted into the kingdom. Regeneration is an individual experience essential to a place and usefulness in the society which Christ came to establish. Christ early in his ministry met two men who were fishing, and said to them, "Follow me," and they left all and followed Christ. Following Christ is certainly primarily individual.

In all this Christ was laying a foundation, was dealing with primary religious duties and experiences, and nothing is said as yet about their social bearing. Christ gave his Apostles individual treatment for three years before they were regarded as fitted for their social work. He tells them when they pray to "enter into their closet, and having shut the door, to pray to their Father in secret." There is no influence in its purifying effect on the heart comparable with that of having it come into a hand-to-hand encounter with God. The first step which the prodigal son takes is to be reconciled through repentance to his father, the second is to enter into social service in the family.

Of course it may be said that all Christ's work—his calling men to believe and repent as well as his ministry to the sick—was social work. But Christ needed no special preparation for

that work except to be clothed in our human nature. The case is different with us. He needed no repentance, no new birth. There are ways in which we cannot imitate Christ. It was such facts as I have alluded to that led Vinet to say, "Christ came to establish individual religion," and that led Professor George Adam Smith to say, "The individual is the religious unit." One must become something in himself before he is fitted for the social service that Christ requires. I trust that I shall not be misunderstood. Christ came not only to establish individual, but also social religion.

The two elements rightly understood are in perfect harmony. The two elements are both necessary, they are mutually complementary. They act and react on each other to a degree of which, as of the physical law, it may almost be said that "action and reaction are equal." But let us keep things in their right order, in their divinely arranged relations. There is truth in the arrangement of truth as in particular truths. The disarrangement of truth impairs the force of truth, may lead ultimately to the denial of it. To put in the second place a truth or an element of the religious life which Christ and all genuine religious experience place first is to impair Christianity. It is to revert to a preparatory and imperfect dispensation. The prophets spoke to society, that is, to the nation, and only through the nation to individuals. This was done as a divine accommodation to the imperfect conception of individuality which prevailed in that age. The method failed. The nation became corrupt, and its doom was sealed. At the exile religion was in danger of becoming a stranger in the earth. It was cast in dependence for its life on the hearts of individuals. A new covenant was to be given, written not on tables of stone, but on the fleshy tables of the heart. This prepared the way for individual religion and the ministry of Christ, who comes

to each man and calls his "sheep by name."

Our fathers may have erred in not laying sufficient emphasis on social religion. Our present-day pulpit is in danger of emphasizing too little the importance of individual religion. The true method is not only Christian, it is democratic. The Socialist must hail with joy a method of preaching which sacrifices the individual to society. They who do that will find in the end that they have not only sacrificed the individual, but society itself.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM O. CAMPBELL.

April 28, 1922.

This letter seems to me to supplement rather than to contradict the article which it criticises.

The contrast so frequently drawn between an individual and a social Gospel seems to me unreal. We cannot build a seaworthy ship out of rotten timber, nor an efficient army out of cowardly and unpatriotic soldiers, nor a kingdom of God out of men who acknowledge no loyalty to God. The character of its members determines the character of the society; but it is also true that the character of the society forms and fashions the character of its members.

The unity of the social and the individual obligation is a distinctive characteristic of the religion of the Bible. That religion is the only one which emphasizes the truth that only by perceiving and performing our duties toward our neighbors can we perceive and fulfill our duties toward God. Nicodemus needed to be born again because he was a teacher of the philosophy of Pharisaism, and the Pharisaism which he represented recognized no social duties. The people of Israel needed to repent because they did not believe in a kingdom of God, they only believed in a kingdom of Israel from which all pagans would be cast out. Of the Ten Commandments, six relate to social du-

ties: respect for parents; regard for the four fundamental rights of man—his right to his person, his property, his family, and his reputation—and this a heartfelt regard. Two-thirds of Micah's definition of religion involves social duties—doing justly and loving mercy. One-half of Christ's religion involves social duties: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Inhumanity to man is customarily treated both in the Old Testament and in the New Testament as the greatest of crimes against God.

If one turns from this general survey to a more special study of Christ's ministry, the social Gospel occupies in his preaching a not less prominent place. He came proclaiming that the kingdom of God is at hand, and to Jew and pagan alike a kingdom of God was a new social order. In his first recorded sermon he declared what he had come to do: to proclaim good tidings to the poor, release to the captives, sight to the blind, liberty to the oppressed. And if any reader will turn to the Sermon on the Mount as reported in the fifth, sixth,

and seventh chapters of Matthew, he will possibly be surprised to see how largely it deals with social duties.

My correspondent thinks that "our present-day pulpit is in danger of emphasizing too little the importance of individual religion." I think it is in danger of emphasizing too little the importance of any religion and substituting therefor social theories, and theological theories, new and old. The author of "Painted Windows" says of Miss Maude Royden, just returning to her English home after a brief visit to this country: "Miss Royden preaches Christ as a Power, . . . a Power that works miracles, that can change the habits of a lifetime, perhaps the very tissues of a poisoned body, and can give both peace and guidance to the soul that is dragged this way and that," and the author adds: "One may be pardoned for remarking that this is a rather unusual form of preaching in any of the respectable churches." Whether this is true I do not know. But certainly there never has been a time when so many young men and young women wanted this

Power as now. But they want it to use in social service. Because the Church has failed to give them the Power and the opportunity to use it, they have in my lifetime created four new organizations: the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, and the Red Cross.

Christ condemned the Pharisees because they could not read the signs of the times. The signs of the times in our age and our country appear to me unmistakable. The questions which have compelled our attention have been not theological but social. They have been such as the Slavery Question, the Temperance Question, the Educational Question, the Immigrant Question, the Labor Question, the International Question. They have been questions of human brotherhood. To study these questions, to see their relation to the kingdom of God and so to preach as to give the congregations some understanding of them and some Power to deal justly and wisely with them, appears to me a primary duty of the Church of Christ.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE VOICE OF FRANCE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM GENOA

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

IN certain circles you hear talk to the effect that France went to Washington and has come to Genoa really wanting to wreck the Conferences at these places.

France wanted to wreck neither. Nor has she wrecked either.

What she has done in the two Conferences is (1) to describe what she sees and (2) to tell what she thinks that she and the other nations ought to do.

In seeking information on these two subjects, I have talked every day with members of the French delegation and with French journalists and observers here. They willingly accorded me this privilege because in their publicity they wanted above everything to see published, not so much what more or less informed American and other foreign journalists think, as what the French themselves say from their own point of view. As I have understood it, here is the collective voice of these diplomats, journalists, and observers.

WE French have the power of seeing clearly. Hence our policy is a policy of reality. It is precise and concise.

In Germany we behold our hereditary enemy. Three times in a century Germany has invaded our soil. Our frontier is not favored and protected like England's, surrounded by water; ours is a frontier in large part contiguous with that of other countries—Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, but especially

Germany. Across our eastern frontier we see our enemy, Germany. With her powerful and untiring economic force, her continual increase of population (Germany's population is more than 60,000,000 now as against our 37,000,000), and, above all, with her tenacious ambitions, she counts on avenging one day her defeat of 1918.

In 1914 she let loose a war the greatest and bloodiest in world history. She has had to suffer the consequences of her defeat.

One of these consequences was to see her army reduced by her conquerors, as per the Treaty of Versailles, to 100,000 men. But she is not really disarmed, because she has always at command police forces, well organized under local authorities, that could swell her army within a week or two to about 2,000,000 men. France has already reduced the term of military service from three years to eighteen months, and under this régime it now numbers some 450,000 men. She would like to reduce it further to a year, but, in face of this German preparation, finds it impossible.

Another of the consequences of German defeat was the necessity of paying reparations, though by the Versailles Treaty with her the victors in the war condemned her to pay only small damages in proportion to the losses she caused. But what do we see? Germany declines to honor her own signature! Making use of a bankrupt's tricks, she tries to escape her treaty promises.

Here at Genoa we recognize three of Germany's aims in coming:

First, by the Russo-German treaty (concluded before the beginning of the Conference, but signed here after the Conference had convened) she wishes to make of Russia an instrument of her vengeance.

Second, Germany, as well as Russia, wishes to betray the conditions and principles accepted in coming here.

Third, Germany wishes, as a chief aim, to break up the Entente, and specially to separate England and France.

As to Russia, we think first of all of the great Russian people. During the first years of the war the Russians fought nobly for the common cause, and in keeping such a large part of the German army on the German eastern frontier contributed much to our victories in our eastern provinces. The Russian people should not be blamed in any way for what occurred during the Revolution of 1917; that Revolution was engineered by less than one per cent of the population. We should now aid the Russian people to emerge from their present misery.

When we speak of the Bolshevik Government, we know that it is only a façade. Behind this façade there is nothing with much possibility of long duration. The Bolsheviks have turned Russia upside down. Her real enemies are her actual dominators.

And they are the real enemies of

Europe and of the world. Germany, in coming to the Genoa Conference, had as an aim to divide the Entente. So had the Bolsheviks. But they had also another aim. They wanted to see France respond to a German *non possumus* as to promised payments by measures of coercion which would deliver Germany into the hands of Anarchists and Bolsheviks. So the conflict between Bolshevism and civilization is still to continue!

The Bolsheviks are now at the end of their tether. Hence, with their hands still dripping with the blood of their victims, they ask the capitalists to return to Russia. Despite what the Bolsheviks say, the Russians have really nothing to sell abroad. The aim of the Bolsheviks, therefore, is to obtain a loan and—what impudence!—from victims like ourselves, to whom Russia owes money, for in Czarist times we lent her many billions of gold francs. In those times Russia was great and prosperous, but the Bolsheviks have now destroyed all her wealth.

In England we see a friendly Allied nation, but also a nation, above all, commercial. She has lost two clients, Germany and Russia. She wants to get them back. But at what a price! At the Conference at Paris English influence opened to the Germans more than one way of escape in the Treaty of Versailles; later, in the Upper Silesian question, England acted as if she wanted to sustain German claims.

As to the Bolsheviks, England indicated to Poland the desirability of signing a peace treaty which would have given over that country to those brigands, hoping thus to put herself in their favor; later England herself concluded a separate commercial arrangement with them.

When we reproach our English friends with all this, they retort that we occupied Frankfort separately and that recently, in violation of formal engagements, we concluded an arrangement in Asia Minor with the Kemalists. But the provisional occupation of Frankfort was authorized by the Treaty of Versailles. The occupation had been provoked by an infraction of the Treaty. Without authorization, Germany sent her troops into the neutralized zone. In such a case the Treaty authorizes the respective Governments to take what measures are necessary in the circumstances. As to the Kemalist arrangement, England was aware of our preparations.

In any case, here is our duty towards the nations represented at this Conference. We have thought that we ought to come to Genoa, not to oppress any nation, but to have a little more justice for ourselves and for the whole of Europe.

Having been a rampart to the Allied armies in the war, the reconstruction of our devastated regions, we have the right to think, is an essential part of

the reconstruction of Europe. But we have no notion of sacrificing this reconstruction to our own. All the European nations ought to become prosperous.

For the reconstruction of Europe we want to obtain guaranties. For example, for the remaking of Russia a work of international co-ordination would not only furnish aid to encourage the production of her own elementary products, but would give by reason of commercial exchanges additional opportunity for the employment of labor in industries throughout the world.

In thus speaking, our duty is to think only of the great Russian people, and not at all of the Bolsheviks. We shall not capitulate to Communist doctrines. We shall not recognize the actual, unreformed Government. Such a recognition would basely betray civilization.

But the Bolsheviks ostentatiously declare themselves reformed! We know that the reform is not sincere. But suppose it lasts a certain time. Very well; then we demand a certain time in which to see proofs of the fulfillment of present promises.

Russia has always needed the rest of Europe more than the rest of Europe has needed her. Russia cannot do much without Western capital and products. And now it is that part of Russia which calls itself Bolshevik which wants European aid to prolong the Bolshevik Government's existence. Europe, therefore, has a right to show herself justly severe. Europe demands, among other things, that:

(1) The Bolshevik Government shall recognize the debts of the preceding Russian Governments.

(2) The Bolsheviks shall recognize the obligation of returning the properties confiscated or nationalized or shall give complete compensation.

(3) The Bolsheviks shall give guaranty that foreign commerce will be free from Government tyranny. Though the cupidity of certain traders impels them to "talk business" with the Russians, no government can encourage the shipment of its goods to Russia without guaranties concerning freedom of commerce.

With a really reformed Bolshevik Government something along these lines might be done.

In the same way, in Germany we recognize not only an enemy, but also the fact that, despite her military ambitions, she has been, and will be yet, a factor of progress and civilization. Nevertheless here also our duty is to demand guaranties, whether as to treaties or commerce. The Germano-Russian treaty recently signed (disloyal both to the Treaty of Versailles and to the principles on which the invitation to Genoa was based) has tried the patience of all the other nations. Naturally, such a treaty has resulted in encouraging pan-Germanism in Germany and Bolshevism in Russia. It is a warning for the rest of us. This treaty ought to have immediately been faced by, not a mere

Entente, but a Franco-Belgo-English alliance—a frank, energetic, intimate, sincere collaboration, a material but, above all, a moral solidarity. And so much the better if Italy were there too!

Great Britain and France are the main pillars of the European edifice. As Mr. Lloyd George said the other day, no accord can be obtained at this Conference without an intimate understanding between these two nations. They can save the situation. But for that they must be united.

Up to this point we are in accord with our English friends. But we want to obtain from them a firmer policy; no policy of retreat with regard to treaties and reparation. We want an alliance between England on the one side and France and Belgium on the other, on a footing of equality. By such an alliance France and Belgium should count on English protection against Germany and on Bolshevik recognition of Russian debts; by it England should count on the certainty of constant consultation with her by France and Belgium in everything concerning the peace of Europe, on their co-operation with her to the greatest extent possible, and specially on their acceptance of the English proposition of non-aggression with its respect toward existing treaties and sanctions.

Otherwise, France and Belgium will be forced to fulfill their duty as it seems just to them. They are not for a policy of isolation. They know that it would be a poor advantage for the European family. But, in order to have any alliance, they have no notion of making concessions in disregard of treaties to the conquered nations represented at Genoa, or of preparing the triumphal return of Communism. There is no endeavor to wreck a Conference in refusing adherence to not entirely moral principles, and, be it remembered, moral principles have been the foundation of this Conference. You would have acted as we have had you been officially represented here. But when other Powers see a check to certain of their enterprises, founded on unjust principles, it is not difficult for them to throw the responsibility upon us when we withhold our approval of their course.

Despite this, we are always ready for any reasonable negotiation with any loyal government.

So the voice of France sounds to me. Personally I would like to see in such an alliance as that above outlined also the nations of the Little Entente, with whom Poland is collaborating more and more. A good understanding between these nations and the Great Entente, if not an alliance, is more than desirable; in my opinion, it is necessary.

All this union ought to form a solid international block. On it one should count both for resistance to deceit and wrong and for strength in the reconstruction of Europe.

THE SHRINE OF A GREAT SPIRIT

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(C) Harris & Ewing

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT DURING THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES, MAY 30, WITH THE VIRGINIA HILLS IN THE DISTANCE

THE AMENITIES OF SCHOOLMASTERING

BY HOWARD BEMENT

THOSE who can, do; those who can't do, teach." So said some one whose name I have forgotten, and do not care much to remember. If his were the only slur cast upon schoolmasters, I should be content to let this paper remain unwritten; but even the most casual reader cannot go far without tripping over some allusion to the base-born character of my profession. Dionysius the Younger, Tyrant of Syracuse, fell in popular esteem to the bottom of the ladder when, banished from his city, he went to Corinth and turned schoolmaster, "remaining a tyrant still," as one contemptuous writer avers. Charles Lamb devoted a whole whimsical essay to the schoolmaster, from which that dignitary emerges a badly damaged article. "Passing from infancy to age," says the genial essayist, the schoolmaster "dreams away all [his] days as in a grammar school, . . . revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies. . . . He must be superficially omniscient. . . . Nothing comes to him not spoilt by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. The Universe—that great Book, as it has been called—is to him indeed a book out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasteful schoolboys. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy. . . . We are never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster, because we are conscious that he is not quite at ease in ours. He is awkward and out of place in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot quite fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching you. . . . The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not tell out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy in company. . . . He is forlorn among his co-evals; his juniors cannot be his friends." Thus, and much more, Charles Lamb.

"But this is a hundred-year-old picture," you may say. "We live in a more enlightened age, and the schoolmaster has come into his own." I wonder if he has. In a recent number of a popular weekly I lighted with eager interest upon an article entitled, "The Motive of the Critic." In the second paragraph I read: "Then he remains a mere reviewer of and valet to the ideas of his betters, and is of little more importance to the world than a schoolmaster, a newsmonger, or an auctioneer." Farther down that brilliant dismal page I read: "The young literatus just out of the university is put to writing reviews of

books, or plays, or music, or painting. Very often he does it extremely well, for even decayed pedagogues often do it. . . . Gradually he becomes, whether in or out of the academic grove, a pedagogue, which is to say, an artisan devoted to diluting and retailing the ideas of his superiors—not an artist, not even a bad artist, but almost the antithesis of an artist." As though this were not enough, I read toward the end of the article (not an article on schoolmasters, remember, but an article on "The Motive of the Critic"): "Pedagogues believe in immutable truths and spend their lives trying to determine them and propagate them; the intellectual progress of man consists largely of a concrete effort to block and destroy their enterprise"—the most unkindest cut of all. I tried to find comfort in the fact that the author of these strictures was a notorious iconoclast, who would rather round out an apothegm at the expense of the truth than utter a wise saw based on the verities. But I confess I was shaken, for I realized that I could compile, if I chose, a whole anthology of this sort of thing; and realized, worse still, that the anthology is already writ in two words redolent of the world's contempt—"pedagogue" and "pedant." And yet "pedagogue" is from the Greek, meaning "to lead a child"—surely the one word in all the descriptive terminology of my profession which ought to have preserved its inherent nobility; the one word more than any other descriptive of the teacher that has its patent in the dicta of the One Great Master: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe on me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea."

THERE are those, however, in these later and degenerate days who dare to uphold the dignity of the schoolmaster in both press and forum; but most of these defenders are teachers themselves or their cousins german, or their wife's relatives, or college professors, whose attitude is too often that of a rich retainer condescending to patronize a poor relation. In strange and seemingly incongruous opposition to this prevalent view of the schoolmaster—the view of the many who curl the lip over "pedagogue" and "pedant"—is the generally popular conception of the dignity and worth of education. The poorest man consents to be taxed and the richest consents to be "touched" that education may not perish from the earth. The Rockefellers and the Carnegies give their millions and the States their tens of millions to support the schools. The

newspapers, the weeklies, and the magazines all unite to plead for fewer battleships that we may have more schools, as though every cent diverted from armor-plate would, as a matter of course, find its way into the brick and mortar of cloister or class-room. I shall not attempt to reconcile these anomalous views—the contempt for the workman and the respect paid to his work—but I shall attempt to rescue my profession from some of the odium attaching to it. The dignity of any work should dignify the worker; and teachers should therefore be able to find in their profession attributes of sufficient worth to save their pride and stipulate their courage. Let us consider, then, the real returns upon their investment of life in this hazardous enterprise of pedagogy—"child-leading." Let me point out what I conceive to be the amenities of schoolmastering, speaking first of its obligations, and then of its rewards and privileges. If I cannot dignify the profession in the eyes of scoffing critics (who taught them to write, I should like to know?), perhaps I can at least reconcile teachers to the position in which, by circumstance fortuitous or by choice determined, they now find themselves.

THE Obligations. The teacher must first prepare to teach, then sacrifice, by teaching, and then continue, ever and always, preparing to teach and making the perennial sacrifice. This is the perfect circle of his professional life. But he should never twice tread the same arc. Each new circle of preparation and sacrifice should be larger than the last, until his life describes as many concentrics as he has lived years; until each new circle, to paraphrase Holmes, nobler than the last, shuts him from heaven with a dome more vast, till he at length is free, finding his daily, hourly preparation a vast spiritual experience, and his daily, hourly sacrifice a noble self-emancipation. To vary the figure, the teacher must daily fill the reservoirs of his mind and heart, and daily must draw off the waters for the healing of his little nation of intellectually and spiritually sick pupils. He must perpetually be pumping and turning the spigot. He must daily acquire virtue, for daily is virtue going out of him at the touch of sick youth, maimed youth, lost youth. Christ healed the idiot boy when he came down from the Mount of Transfiguration. May we not assume that he could never have healed that lad in the valley had he not first spent the night upon the mountain-top?

What do I mean by preparation? The preparation should of course begin in college, but too often does not. The current stigma cast on teachers is too often attributable to those who do teach

because they cannot find anything else to do. They drift into the profession unprepared, and desultorily take up their duties; and they remain in the profession because they do not seem able to get out of it. They are the quasi-teachers, the pseudo-schoolmasters, pedagogues by courtesy. But not every man who comes to teaching with no special preparation but an A.B. degree is doomed to be a pariah of the caste; were that so, where should I be, and many another? The obligation resting upon each teacher is that he should spend some of every working day and much of every play day in preparing, not the lesson of the day, but the *subject* he is teaching; not the subject either as a thing remote and apart, but the background of that subject, with all its multifarious lights and shades, its foreground and its background. Imagine the cheap, imitation drops against which some teachers are daily miming before their classes! The rich setting that ought to adorn their stage is, I fear, a thing that even the most ignorant pupil is quick to miss if it be not there. How can a man teach, with the enthusiasm and vitality that ought to mark all teaching, the deadly grind of English grammar if he be ignorant of Shakespeare's syntax or of Chaucer's quaint inflections? How can a Latin master hope to vitalize his paradigms if he be ignorant of Cicero and Catullus, of Ovid and Horace? How can the French master hope to raise from the dead a French irregular if he be ignorant of the magic touch of French literature from Montaigne to Rostand? Not one of these things may be mentioned in the day's "perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies;" but the teacher knows that he knows, and the boy knows that the teacher knows or does not know—knows it through some kind of canine nostril sense—and there you have all the difference. But there are not many classes in which the rich treasures of the teacher's background may not be rifled for the pupil's enrichment—and there, again, you have all the difference.

Nor does the teacher's obligation end with never-ceasing preparation of his subject. Lamb was right when he said that the schoolmaster must be superficially omniscient. He must know something of other subjects than his own. More than that, he must know much of professional technic. The history of education, the results of the study of child psychology, the recent development in the science of pedagogy, should be his mental pabulum. The plea that the teacher has no time for many, perhaps for any, of these things is a natural rejoinder. The answer, I suppose, is that he seems to take time for many things that are less worth while. In so far as he does so, is he not confessing that he is only a teacher by sufferance, and that he is not so wholly and interestedly devoted to his profession as are most lawyers and physicians and

preachers to theirs? I hold the profession of teaching second to none of these. Should I, then, absolve the teacher from reading his professional literature when I should berate that physician who did not keep up with the latest practice in appendectomy? Should you employ a doctor who did not subscribe to and regularly read the "Medical Journal"? Should you employ a lawyer whom you knew to be ignorant of the latest principles of legal practice? Should you pay \$1,000 a year to send your son to a school whose masters were ignorant of the best thought of ancient and modern authorities on how to do the thing you paid them to do; who were confessedly ignorant of those principles knowledge of which alone can qualify a man as an expert in the thing he undertakes to do? Teachers owe it to themselves, to their pupils, to their school, to their profession, to make of themselves skilled artisans, qualified to work in the materials they are set to fashion.

This stern regimen should be in no wise a damper to enthusiasm nor a lion in the path. It should be, and will be, to every right-thinking teacher a challenge and an inspiration. If earnest and never-ceasing thirst for knowledge is not his, how can he, in all conscience, ever again speak word of reproof to dull, reluctant youth? Let him not, in any event, be hypocritical; let him not strive to cast out the mote from the student's astigmatic eye until he has first cast out the beam from his own purblind one. May we not, then, summarize the whole matter of the obligation of the teacher, and do it simply and broadly? *It is his duty to grow, and to become increasingly productive.*

THE Privileges and the Rewards. "Yes," says the disgruntled schoolmaster, "it is a rare privilege to 'have a boy at your board, in your path, in all your movements; to be boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.' It is a privilege, indeed, to live a life of killing routine, the body-slave of bells, the servile minion of monotony. It is a privilege to be 'the hired man of an autocratic principal,' seldom praised, often blamed, and in danger each year of summary or of polite dismissal. It is a privilege, I suppose, to grub for a pittance and die in a poorhouse, content to accept my final reward in heaven, since none has been vouchsafed me here."

Now, every one of these complaints is literally true; and yet I quarrel with the schoolmaster who makes them, for the very reason that in the making he has deliberately classified himself in that group of pedagogues described by Lamb and sneered at by the critics. Unless the schoolmaster can magnify his joys and minimize his sorrows, play a strong crescendo on the theme of his privileges and rewards and soft-pedal his misfortunes—unless he can do these things in a spirit of essential optimism, he might as well part company with his pupils and, like poor old Mr. Mell, fold up his

flute and steal out into the night. But any right-minded teacher will maximize his blessings, and a count of these will certainly be a long one.

In the first place, ours (and here, you see, I adopt the first person) is a consecrated profession. We are set apart for a great and a notable work. We should never for a moment forget this fact; its fundamental character is too obvious. We are priests before the altar-fires of childhood and youth, and it is ours to see that the incense burned is fragrant and that it is not offered up to Baal or Dagon. Some may object to the Levitical character of the figure; they can hardly object, however, to the fundamental truth of the imagery. I have long remembered and often repeated what a high school teacher said to me when I was a boy: "The profession of teaching is more important than the profession of preaching; the teacher *forms*, the preacher *reforms*. When the time shall have come that the teacher does his work as it should be done, the preacher will have left him little or nothing to do." I place first, therefore, among the amenities of our profession this sense of satisfaction that comes (or ought to come) from the realization of the importance of the work we have to do. There is no greater work, for it is work upon the foundations of human society. To vary the figure, we are preparing the soil, planting the seed, cultivating the growing plant. Without us there could be no harvest, no reaping and gathering into barns, no food for the nourishing of human society, no onward progress in the strength of that nourishment. Let every teacher, then—not in conceit, but in humility—remember the importance of his work, and take comfort therein.

Closely analogous to my first point is my second: we are active in a profession whose work is the most widely discussed of any in the world to-day. As I remarked earlier, whatever the contempt in which the pedagogue is held, there is a generally popular conception of the dignity and worth of education. This popular conception is fostered by the widest possible publicity given by press, forum, and pulpit. From these sources come discussions of education in its wider aspects; from our own multifarious journals, pamphlets, and papers come discussions of education in its narrower aspects—method, technic, procedure. It is generally felt, both in and out of the profession, that education is the largest single problem with which the world wrestles to-day; that it is the cure for all national ills and the panacea for world sickness. There is prevalent, too, the feeling that we are on the threshold of new discoveries in educational method; that there will burst a great and sudden light which will illumine the whole field; that there will be turned up the philosopher's stone, which shall transmute all educational endeavor into the gold of intellectualism. To live and to work in the midst of this universal glow is worth something; to

be active in a profession dealing with problems acknowledged so great is surely rich compensation in itself.

In the third place, it is given us, if we choose to embrace the opportunity, to contribute to that universal discussion which has made the problem of education the most talked of problem in the world. We are able to write papers for this or that learned (or quasi-learned) society; to compose diatribes to be read at clubs; to edit a book or deliver an address; to kick up a little dust in the world, and watch it settle on quite inoffensive and indifferent people, who are thus made aware of our existence; to exhibit our bit of *ego*, in other words, in such a way as to stir our pride, soothe our vanity, and heal our wounds. The President of the United States can really get no more out of his activities than we out of ours—and I fancy he works much harder than we to get what he gets in the way of egotistical satisfactions.

LET us progress, then, to my fourth of the schoolmaster's amenities: he works in an unusually congenial atmosphere. Boys and girls are good fun, after all, and a man's colleagues in most good schools are men and women of parts. The least attractive of us has something of social grace; the most stupid has something of intellectual interest. We are, moreover, at work as a unit on a common problem, and that a fascinating one. There is *esprit de corps* among us. We like one another, despite occasional bickerings; and we trust one another, despite occasional interdepartmental jealousies. Let us not underrate the value of this congenial atmosphere when we come to list our assets and liabilities as teachers.

We may regard, in the next place, our good fortune in being out of the uncongenial atmosphere of modern industrial life. The world is money-mad. It is filled with the inane strife and senseless racket of money-grubbing and money-grabbing. And money was never before so eagerly sought as an end in itself, not as a means to an end. The fortune is the thing, not the durable satisfactions of life which money may, when rightly spent, assist in buying. When I left my home in the Middle West eighteen years ago, I left a city of 20,000 people whose paramount characteristic was simple tastes and simple pleasures. When I go back now, I find a city of 70,000 people; a city grimy with factory smoke, reeking with gasoline fumes, a city aping metropolitan ways and seeking metropolitan pleasures. A few of the simple old friends remain; but many have grown rich, and with their riches have purchased the cheap pleasures which only the rich can buy. It is on the occasions of these visits that I am glad to be poor, glad to have preserved the old simple tastes, glad to be a teacher.

This, then, is my sixth of the amenities: the fact that we are compelled to

cultivate simple tastes and to find our pleasures in the simple but real satisfactions of life. We may be poor in this world's goods, but we are rich in the moral and spiritual benefits that necessarily accrue from that very poverty. We do not have to be constantly reminding ourselves that happiness is not a purchasable commodity, but comes from within, out of the rich fullness of heart and soul. That is a truism which we daily accept because of its personal demonstration in our lives. We are spared the classic plaint of poor old Bridget Elia. "I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. . . . A purchase is but a purchase now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. . . . A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it. . . . There was pleasure in eating strawberries before they became quite common. . . . What treat can we have now?" As teachers, our treasures are of the heart, our pleasures are of the mind. We are rich indeed.

Akin to the last is another substantial benefit that is ours. We are constantly under the goad to live cleanly, constantly under strong moral pressure to be our best, for we are constantly under the fiercest scrutiny as examples for the young. "This makes for hypocrisy," you say. I can only enter my strong denial. This fact prompts the right kind of teacher not so much to cover his faults in hypocritical fashion as to strive to make his real self square with his outward bearing. Such an impulse, long continued, is bound to bear fruit in better impulses, nobler aspirations. Let us be grateful, as we summarize our blessings, that we are spared some of the moral pitfalls so prevalent in business and in many of the professions.

Another, perhaps one of the greatest, of our advantages is that we are conscious of intellectual growth in the very prosecution of our professional duties. Those of my friends who have any intellectual interests at all are constantly reminding me of my conspicuous advantage over them. I live in an atmosphere of books; but they, if they are to acquire any bookishness whatever, must snatch a moment here and a moment there as a pittance of time is allowed them from the treadmill of their daily occupation. Perhaps teachers are, as the critic quoted says, "diluters and retailers of the ideas of their superiors." But this should prove no very great stigma, after all. The infant takes his cow's milk diluted when he is weaned; and surely this same critic himself would not advocate feeding an adolescent on "Prejudices, First and Second Series." The point here is that, while we may constantly be stooping to inferior minds in our class-rooms, we are constantly too in the presence of our superiors, whose ideas we "dilute and retail." Ours is a profession which lives, through books, with the great minds of every age. We

do lead intellectual lives—or at least we may. I understand fully, therefore, the tone of envy that is heard from every one of my old business friends who comes to visit me: "If only I could live in an atmosphere such as surrounds you!"

Not only do we find intellectual growth in the pursuit of our profession but also do we find a large part of every year ours to do with as we please—to study, to travel, to grow. The poorest teacher in the world is rich in time. "The cost of a thing," says Thoreau, "is the amount of what I call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." And Robert Louis Stevenson adds: "The price we have to pay for money is paid in liberty." If liberty be the great human medium of exchange, the gold standard of human values, then are we rich indeed, for of liberty we have more than four full months every year—a third of every twelvemonth. How pitiful seems the "two weeks off" of the usual young man of business! How inadequate the month to which he treats himself when he has achieved some measure of independence! We are millionaires—in time. It is only a question as to how we squander our patrimony. But if we will, we can use it to purchase the best that life has to offer.

I HAVE come to my last point—and the most important. It is this: We are in our daily tasks at work with the most valuable of all materials set to men's hands for fashioning, and it is, of all materials, the most plastic. We may sometimes doubt the plastic character of our raw material, but it is clay to the potter's hand nevertheless. We do fashion lives. We do accomplish things with human souls. This is the prime privilege, the chief reward, in one. I have elsewhere said that "work with boys is at once the most inspiring and the most discouraging of labors. In no other profession do results come so slowly or seem so uncertain; in no other field of labor does fruitage seem so long deferred." But the fruitage does come and come in ways that are often past our comprehension. We curse day by day the sievelike memories of our pupils and as we continue to pour we wonder if anything is ever going to stick. But who can estimate how much remains or of what kind? I had the pertinence of this query borne in on me some weeks ago when a friend was telling me in simple and undramatic fashion of the recent death of his only daughter, a girl of eighteen. She knew she was to die that day, and just before dawn sent for each of the members of the family to say good-by. To her older brother nearly twice her age, she said: "You have been the best brother in the world. You never even scolded me when I turned over your type." Her allusion was not clear to those about the bedside until they remembered that when the girl was a child of three she had, in mere mischievousness, turned over a

full font of type which her brother had just been distributing. He patiently picked up the type and redistributed them, with no word of reproof to the child. Through all the fifteen years that had elapsed no mention of this incident had ever been made; it was nearly forgotten. But the girl of eighteen remembered it on her deathbed as one of the salient impressions of her whole life; and on that incident of her babyhood hung the sum total of her impressions of her brother.

The fruitage of our work, though many times long deferred, is real.

Definite satisfactions come to teachers who see their old pupils, perhaps many, perhaps few, but always some, taking a real part on the stage of the world's affairs. The teacher's name is not blazoned in electric bulbs as producer or manager before the theater of the pupil's achievements; but the teacher is conscious of being in the wings, somewhere behind the footlights. Something of the drama he prepared is being enacted there upon the stage, and he is satisfied not to be under the spotlight. He is content, with Milton, to remember that—

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad
rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those
pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging
Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect
thy meed.

The teacher, the true teacher, is willing to work and to wait. The teacher, the true teacher, knows the worth of what he is doing, and is content.

GLASS BOTTLES AND COMMON SENSE

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

THE rights of one citizen end where those of another begin." This statement was not made by a college professor, a community worker, a politician, not even by a judicially inclined lawyer, but it was made by James Maloney, Vice-President of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association.

The labor leader was quoting a Frenchman, adding, however, that he believed it was the best definition of the rights and duties of organized labor members as men. That isn't all. This spirit prevails in general throughout the

glass bottle industry from both manufacturers and workers.

I delivered an address before the Pennsylvania State Industrial Association at Harrisburg recently, and just preceding my address John A. Voll, President of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association of the United States and Canada, delivered a wonderful address that greatly impressed me. The meat of his address was a plea for co-operation between the employer and the employee, for a thorough understanding between those two parties and a settle-

ment of all serious disputes by voluntary arbitration. His speech was more or less of the "cross of service" variety. His plea for good wages was based on the declaration that labor was entitled to good wages, but was at the same time under obligation to do an honest full day's work. The labor leader was just as emphatic that the employer must do the square thing. He must play fair with both the worker and the public.

Half an hour later we were seated in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car bound from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. Mr. Voll looked me over and said:

"Mr. Rogers, I agree with a great deal of your speech. We have most of the fundamental principles you talked of in our organization. We have industrial representation. That is, each shop has its own committee to deal with the management. The business agent exists, but his power for autocratic practice is curbed. I will explain to you, a little later on, why and how. This shop committee, composed of workmen inside the factory, takes up all grievances arising with the management. If, however, they fail to agree after thrashing the matter out thoroughly, the International President of the union is called in. He settles about ninety per cent of the disputes that he is requested to adjudicate. If, however, the management and the President are unable to arrive at an agreement, the President temporarily makes a decision in the matter and the dispute is carried before the sessions of the Final Wage Conference. In other words, in the glass bottle industry, composed of nearly 10,000 workers and many manufacturers both large and small, we have an arbitration committee that has functioned for a great many years.

"This arbitration board is composed of about ten union leaders who are selected at the Glass Bottle Blowers Workers' annual Convention and the same number of manufacturers who are appointed by the Chairman of the National Bottle Manufacturers' Association.



Keystone

BOTTLE-MAKING.—THE BATCH IS DRAWN FROM THE FURNACE AS A WHITE-HOT LIQUID. AN OPERATOR DIPS IT OUT, PANNING THE THICK LIQUID FROM A METAL SCOOP, WHILE ANOTHER OPERATOR WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS CUTS OFF A PROPER AMOUNT WHICH FALLS INTO THE MOLD. COMPRESSED AIR BLOWS THE BOTTLE INTO SHAPE

We have this annual arbitration conference to settle all disputes instead of resorting to strikes, and for the last twenty years we have not had one generally affecting the industry.

"The twenty members that meet at this general conference select a chairman. We have always, by unanimous approval, selected the Chairman of the Manufacturers' Association for that position. The decisions have always been fair. Many times when the conference would deadlock we have called on the Chairman to hand down a decision, and it has practically always been favorable to us. In fact, I think it always has been—but our industry is organized on a basis whereby there is no loose talk on either side. When we get to our general conference, every statement made is a statement of sincerity, and the party making the statement, whether he represents the employers or employees, finds out where he stands before he makes it. Several times delegates of both workers and manufacturers have made statements in the final wage conference that were not based on fact. They were quickly eliminated from the picture, and, as a result, we have no rash statements made by either side in our industry.

"Now I'll explain what I mean by the 'curbing' of the business agent. The shop committee, or direct representation between the committee of workmen and the manufacturer, does not eliminate the business agent as an official, but it does place him in a position where he cannot call men out; it also places him in a position where he cannot make a misstatement regarding the worker to the employer or the employer to the worker. His hand would be immediately 'called' if he did. It has not curbed him in his legitimate authority. Grievances between the men and management are adjudicated by the workmen's committee and the management, instead of the business agent being the sole arbiter between the men and the management. The workmen's committee, the business agent, and the management, naturally, have got to predicate their contentions on facts, because they know that, in event of a dispute, the case is reviewed by the final arbitration board, and if either side has made any misstatements they are going to be brought to light and the offending parties are not only censured but quickly lose their established position. Therefore we have had harmony in our industry because we have established a relationship that engenders both confidence and respect and compels conservative deliberation."

By this time I was doubly interested in the organization Mr. Voll represented. Here was a union and a manufacturers' association working on a basis where the prosperity of the industry was the first consideration and where the prosperity of both the worker and the company was not jeopardized by hasty, ill-considered, or ill-informed action by either side. Here was an arbitration

board set up for an entire industry which brought the possibility of a strike to a negligible minimum.

There was a very interesting story told about one of the recent conventions. Concessions had been asked by the manufacturers of the union.

The wage conference arbitration board had been in session for a week. Nothing had been accomplished. The leaders of both sides were on "feather edge." They were irascible and unconciliatory. Finally, on Saturday night, several of the delegates had their transportation engaged. A motion was made that the conference adjourn, which would mean that anything might happen in the interim. The manufacturers' organization might break up; open shop might be declared or disintegration of the workers' organization might take place. Yet, in the face of this, both sides in their distraught mental condition were unable to reach a compromise. A manufacturer proposed a resolution to adjourn. The resolution was seconded.

At this juncture another manufacturer arose and said:

"Gentlemen, my conscience would bother me a great deal if we were to adjourn this conference in this manner. We are not so far apart but what we can agree on a solution. Our nerves are all on edge. I propose that we adjourn the meeting for the day and meet again next Monday morning. That will give us all of to-night, to-morrow, and to-morrow night to think this matter over. We will meet Monday morning feeling different than we do now. I don't think we have a moral right to bring this conference to a close without coming to some agreement on the question involved."

His proposal was accepted. The meeting adjourned and the men left for their respective hotels. Monday morning, when the session was resumed, it took only a very few moments for the board to reach an amicable adjustment.

The most noteworthy feature of this permanent, annual arbitration conference is the fact that both sides speak their hearts out. They are cool, clear, and each side puts up a strong argument. They leave nothing unsaid, but the fact that they must tell the truth places a ban on unnecessary misunderstanding.

The relationship that has been established in the glass bottle industry means a great deal to me. It settles one of the contentions that have been brought to my attention rather forcibly during the last two years by union labor leaders. These leaders have pointed out that industrial representation should work just as successfully under union conditions as under conditions where men were not unionized. I have always agreed with them, but I could not find a place where they had it in operation—that is, where closed-shop conditions existed. I know of several labor organizations that practically work on an open-shop basis with committee representation and it is successful, but here

it works out in both an efficient and successful manner under closed-shop rules.

I have for several years bitterly opposed the czarlike authority vested by many local unions in the business agent or "walking delegate." He has been able to keep the employer and employee from understanding each other. Providing that he was mentally dishonest, it was very easy for him to make a lot of rash, untruthful statements to the workmen, because they would have no way of learning the truth. But in the case of the glass bottle industry the contact established between the office and the shop prevents the business agent from making false statements to the men about the employer and *vice versa*.

If the American Federation of Labor would apply this same system all over the country, about nine-tenths of public prejudice would be immediately eliminated. If they had industrial representation as the basic principle of adjudicating shop troubles, with an arbitration board to settle cases that the management and men could not settle, the workers would at once gain the confidence and sympathy of the public, and there is no employer big enough to ignore, at the present time, an adverse public sentiment.

The remarkable part of the glass bottle workers' arbitration conference is in the fact that the minutes of the meetings, are published by the union and distributed broadcast among their membership. This gives every worker in the industry a chance to realize the difficulties confronting the employers; knowing this, they base their wage agreements and working conditions on facts instead of some agitator's imagination. In other words, the glass bottle workers have a thorough knowledge of the industry, and therefore have no illusions about criminal profits on the part of the employer. A wonderful result is only natural. There is no body of workmen in America where the efficiency is greater than in the glass bottle industry. Men work because they know why they must work. They know the amount of work they must do to give themselves a decent wage.

The glass bottle worker has three protections: First, he is immune from I. W. W. doctrines—he knows better because he knows the truth. Second, he has confidence in his wage schedules because he understands the conditions existing throughout the industry that he is engaged in. Third, he is satisfied because he knows that his employer cannot take advantage of him, even if he wants to. In other words, he knows he can get justice without striking for it; therefore he is not thinking about a strike.

The glass bottle manufacturers and workers have made a great step in the direction of peace and progress in industry. They recognize the most important factor in industrial relations by realizing that "the rights of one citizen end where those of another begin."

A GREAT SCENIC HIGHWAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY HOYT MOORE



The new Storm King Highway will be part of the State road running along the west shore of the Hudson River from New York City to Albany. The section of the highway here illustrated runs from West Point to Cornwall, through the finest part of the Highlands of the Hudson. The above photograph shows the road as it runs along the precipitous side of Storm King Mountain. A noble view of Newburgh Bay lies behind the observer standing at this point. The highway has been under construction for several years; it is a triumph of engineering skill, and will take its place with the Corniche Road, the Amalfi Drive, the road in the Crimea along the Black Sea near Yalta, the Columbia River Highway, and other splendid scenic roads of the world. The highway, it is planned, will be open to the public this summer, in July or August.



THE HIGHWAY ON STORM
KING MOUNTAIN, SEEN FROM
BELOW, LOOKING NORTH



LOOKING ACROSS THE HUDSON
RIVER TOWARD BREAKNECK
MOUNTAIN ON THE EAST SHORE



LOOKING DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER FROM STORM KING



ROAD CONSTRUCTION DURING THE FINAL STAGES OF WORK

AIR FORCES AND BRITISH EMPIRE DEFENSE

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

CERTAIN facts disclosed in recent House of Commons debates should be of interest not only in the United Kingdom but elsewhere. In 1918, when the Great War came to an end, Britain possessed about 22,000 aircraft, compared with France with 20,000 and Germany with 18,000. Some idea of the wastage of machines and the tremendous output for replacement and reinforcement may be gathered from the figures given a short time ago by Brigadier-General Groves in the London "Times." Between January and October, 1918, the figures for the Royal Air Force show an output of 26,685 machines and 29,561 engines. Captain Guest's figures for the Air Force showed that we were lately keeping up 31½ squadrons, of which 6 were in India, 8 in Irak (Mesopotamia), 3 in Egypt, 1 in Palestine, 1½ in the Mediterranean co-operating with the navy, and only 12 in the United Kingdom. There are 12 machines in a British squadron. France, we were told, maintains an air force for home defense of about 62 squadrons, and a French squadron includes 8 airplanes for fighting and 12 for bombing. Germany is developing commercial flying on a large scale and establishing a number of new air routes. Captain Guest claimed in his speech on the estimates that 200 miles an hour is a normal speed for airplanes and 560 miles continuous flight an ordinary performance. That gives a radius of action of under 300 miles, so the disturbing statistics for European developments are of more direct interest to the people of Great Britain than to those in other parts of the Empire. The people of Great Britain showed their confidence in the future by cutting down the air estimates by £7,500,000, and the number of air officers and men originally proposed for 1922-3 by 9,700.

At present no one in the United Kingdom is taking much interest in the "next war," or, at all events, most people are content to accept the assumption that it will not come for at least ten years, so that under present conditions it is better to balance the Budget, improve our credit, reduce taxation, and so develop industries and reduce the number of unemployed. It is thought to be better to face uncertain risks of European war than the certainty of bankruptcy involved in spending enough upon armaments to secure us from air attack by our neighbors, besides keeping up a one-Power standard in capital ships and a strong enough army to police the Empire and defend its land frontiers. As matters stand at present, if we assume the existence of an enemy in Europe within petrol range of airplanes—say 300 miles to-day, which may be indefinitely increased during the above-mentioned ten years—and if we

assume the possession by such a prospective enemy of sufficient resources to conduct air attacks on a large scale upon the United Kingdom, then we are not in a position to meet the menace. Let me hasten to add that I do not believe that any such prospective enemy at present exists.

After careful investigation of expert opinion, we are driven to the conclusion that any great industrial nation acting upon the principles of Clausewitz and the German War Book would be able

THE BLACK HEARTHSTONE

"If you go to the movies, or if you read stories in magazines that have a few million a week circulation, or if you see him on the minstrel stage, you will get nothing but a pitiful caricature of the Negro. Inevitably he will be shown to be cowardly, absurd, pilfering, scheming, credulous, preposterous. If the characterizations were true, they might be ludicrous; but nearly all of them are shamelessly false. Long have I been amazed that the American public could be for so great a length of time so deeply deluded. Of course it depends on what the public wants: the truth or merely something to create laughter, a portrait or a cartoon—and even the cartoon lacking that crude sapience of justice that a good cartoon has; the mirror held up to nature or merely buffoonery and burlesque. If you would hear the oracle, go to the shrine; if you would know the present truth, and through it come to a clear understanding of it, and therefore to a sane vision of the future, visit the black hearthstone."

Archibald Rutledge, a Southerner by birth and training, carries the reader to this "black hearthstone" in a forthcoming Outlook article. It is as vivid and distinctive a piece of writing as Mr. Rutledge's other essays on Southern life which have previously appeared in these columns.

within a few hours of the order being given to devastate whole cities with poison gas and explosives in any foreign country within the radius of action of aircraft. There would be no adequate "defense" against such danger. Anti-aircraft guns could not give sufficient protection, and defending aircraft could not always be in the air at the right place. The only deterrent would be the prospect of reprisals.

One of the other principles of Empire defense accepted by the representatives of the British Empire in 1907 was that of individual responsibility for local de-

fense. We are not at present making provision in the United Kingdom for local defense against the gruesome form of warfare which air enthusiasts tell us will be adopted in the "next war." It is only fair that that point should be made clear to all peoples having the good fortune to be out of range of such European communities as may not yet be heartily sick of the bestial horror of modern scientific warfare.

So much for the air-defense problem, which experts tell us is now confronting the population of the United Kingdom. Another of the axioms of British Empire defense is that by sea power the food supply of that population must be secured. Food would be of little use to people poisoned or bombed. Let us hope that our European neighbors have not forgotten the ultimate issue of a war conducted on similar principles by the Germans in 1914-18. In that hope we are contemplating air attacks upon the United Kingdom in the immediate future with equanimity. The controversy, started by Sir Percy Scott, in the "Times," on the influence of air forces upon the problem of sea power is of greater direct interest to other parts of the Empire. It arose over the proposal to begin in 1922-3 the construction of two British capital ships of about 35,000 tons each in order to maintain a one-Power standard, and to keep up to the 5-5-3 proportion in capital ships between ourselves, the United States, and Japan, as agreed upon at Washington. We read of airplanes capable of dropping 3,000-pound, 4,000-pound, and even 5,000-pound delay-action bombs capable of sinking big ships if dropped by airplanes in their vicinity. We also read of experiments by squadrons of torpedo-dropping airplanes attacking ships from behind smoke screens emitted by buoys dropped by other airplanes. We read of fast vessels capable of carrying such airplanes and taking them all over the world for use against war-vessels, merchant shipping, and industrial towns on the coast. There are no limits to the horrors predicted for the "next war," but, to my mind, a fatal mistake is being made in assuming that, owing to air developments, such a war would be quickly decided. A similar error about armies did much towards bringing about the great catastrophe of 1914. With this mistake is being revived the "great illusion" that war in these days of economic interdependence of nations can bring profit either to victors or vanquished. Let us hope that the air enthusiasts will never in any country be given as free a hand in the initiation or conduct of war as the German militarists were given in 1914. We have had enough of that sort of thing to last us for a generation.

ORDER OR DISORDER

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

THE question confronting us all to-day is this: "Does order or disorder prevail in the world we live in?" Not such an easy question to answer if we are willing to consider arguments and facts. "The world is crumbling about us," cry those born to despair, while our smiling optimists reply that the world is jogging along as well as ever it did.

Nevertheless we have seen too many old régimes, that we had come to look upon as century-seasoned oaks, blown down like rotten tree-trunks by a sudden wind.

The decade from 1908 to 1918 is the biggest graveyard that history has yet had to provide for deceased republics and monarchies. It is a Potters' Field where Asia, Europe, and America, Christians and Mussulmans, the white and yellow races, have thrown *pêle-mêle* the corpses of their governments, dead of a sudden revolution.

The Turks inaugurated the burial-ground by throwing into it the absolutism of the Caliphate. Mexico provided the next funeral cortège, burying an ancient, Roman-style dictatorship that had grown old with him in whose person it lived. China then hastened to bring up her dead Manchu dynasty, that had breathed its last at the proclamation of the Yellow Republic.

At the first unexpected shot of the Turkish and Chinese revolutions a quiver of hope penetrated Europe's deepest fibers, and America's. The dawn-light of liberty and democracy was penetrating now even to the most distant horizons, and everywhere even the most obstinate shadows of despotism were fleeing. But the illusion did not last long. The old régime had no longer the strength to govern; the new régime was not yet strong enough. In Turkey, in Mexico, in China, it tried to move itself along by sudden starts and jerks—*coups d'état*, martial law, dictatorships hostile to one another. Three immense states, no longer wishing nor able to govern themselves according to their old code, fell into the ghastly sickness of chronic civil war.

But the Potters' Field was not yet full. . . . The Great War began. One after the other the corpses of the Russian, Austro-Hungarian, and German Empires were thrown into the common grave.

Even the most ancient and illustrious dynasty in Europe, which for three centuries had worn the crown of Diocletian or Constantine, was to disappear. The red flag that Lamartine had refused to hoist on the Hôtel de Ville in 1848 now rippled in the breeze at Potsdam and Schoenbrunn. And again for a moment America and Europe saw the promise of marvelous new epochs, and the dawn of unknown happiness lighting a world

freed now from the tyrannies of the past. At a stroke the great dream of 1848 seemed reality; Poland restored, republics at Moscow, Berlin, and Vienna, kings deposed, nations called to govern themselves, and universal suffrage crowned at last as sovereign of a liberated Europe!

But this illusion too was short-lived. In Russia and in Hungary the democratic revolution, after taking a few lurching steps, suddenly stumbled and fell. In a few months universal suffrage gave way to military dictatorship, whose sole title to the right to govern is force; and force is, of all the elements of governmental authority, the most uncertain, the most capricious, the most subject to change, and, when all is said and done, the weakest. In the other states which have sprung up on the ruins of the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern Empires the will of the people, expressed through the vote, still rules. But, called upon overnight to put on the crown and grasp the scepter, the people's will is weak, uncertain, vacillating. It hesitates, perplexed before its tremendous responsibility; it does not command, it stammers; and with great difficulty it now and then recognizes itself. But in all new states it is torn by discords, at war with itself partly because of old party hatreds inherited from deceased régimes, partly because of inveterate class rivalries and conflicting interests, partly through religious differences and diversities of language and race.

All must needs be uncertain in these new governments—their title to authority, the forces they are able to control, the real will that animates and impels them. Their whisperings, their ambiguous acts, make it impossible for others to understand what is perhaps unintelligible to themselves. No one knows where they came from, where they are going, how long they will last, what they want, nor what they can do; no one knows what obligations to assume towards them, nor in what degree to fulfill them. Their nature is uncertainty, and their uncertainty affects and weakens the few governments that are still sound. With nations as with individuals, it is hard to think, to will, and to act resolutely towards those who do not know what they want nor even what they are.

And it may well be that even to-day the Potters' Field is not full, and is still waiting for other corpses. The explosion in Europe was felt even in Asia. The oldest buildings there already show cracks. England's statesmen had dreamed a dream. Their dream had told them that, though the Russian Empire fell, England would without stirring from her island home remain

mistress of Asia, that she would take possession of it by simply lifting a finger. The British statesmen were wrong. The Russian Empire is dragging England along with it to the abyss. Just as long as the Russian Colossus continued to be in its far northern haunt the terror of Asia, England had supporters, friends, political groups eager for her aid and protection in Turkey, Persia, and India. Of two evils one always chooses the lesser. Now that Russia no longer inspires fear, Asia is in revolt even against England. When the greater evil is removed, then the lesser becomes intolerable. England is tottering in India, has not been able to maintain herself in Persia, will not rule long in either Mesopotamia or Constantinople, for the very reason that her powerful rival is no longer there to dispute her prey.

Just as European domination is tottering in Egypt, so it is tottering in Asia. For a double impossibility arose in the Oriental world from the mingling of its ancient traditions with the teachings and customs of the Occident; the impossibility, on the one hand, of continuing to live with its own institutions, and, on the other, that of adopting the institutions of the Western world. Asia's insomnia comes from this double impossibility. The political pharmacopœia of the Occident will seek in vain for a narcotic to put it to sleep again.

Nations whose bones are still healthy and hard are few. For, like its governments, institutions, and principles, the whole world is suffering from a softening of the bony structure, which for the most part is degenerating to pulp.

A government is nothing more nor less than a reply to the question, "Who has the right to control and to what degree? Whose is it to obey and within what limits?" On the answer to this question our solution to all the other questions of life depends.

Every now and then some portion of mankind succeeds in convincing itself that it has solved this problem to perfection; but the ages never grow weary of propounding it again and of trying some new solution.

Yet to-day an unwonted and very curious state of affairs has come about. The entire human race seems to feel dissatisfaction with all the solutions that it has found, no matter where nor in what century. No one of them satisfies, because no one of them seems just, nor honest, nor free from insidious deceptions. Mankind no longer puts its trust in any of them; and that is why it cannot sleep, why it has lost confidence in itself, that is why it hates the present and despairs of the future.

And in truth those of us who cry out

that the world is falling to pieces are not entirely mad; we are, as a matter of fact, living in the midst of general and complete disorder; and yet—

And yet every morning our old servant, who but a century ago became our master and our god, our erstwhile slave, Fire, wakes up and summons us all to our tasks. The furnaces are lit, the chimneys smoke, wheels and belts, interlaced, revolve. The farm-hand returns to the field, the workman to the shop, the clerk to the store, the banker to his office. They do not all go to their work as willingly as they did ten years ago; but they do go to work, even though they grumble.

And every day and all day, in Europe as in America, our gigantic production machine goes round ceaselessly and indefatigably, maintaining in the world a kind of order, in place of ancient authorities now shaken or fallen away. Fire and the machines into which it breathes life are our tyrannous masters, obliging us to produce and consume even after our needs are satisfied and our exhausted nerves need rest. The labor of the men of our times is a kind of dull slavery. But, by way of compensation, the slave is no longer alone. He works in herds now, not solitary, as in ancient times. For present-day labor has its chain gangs, links classes and professions together, unites city with country, and binds citizens and states, provinces, peoples, and continents to one another. And so long as this chain does not break, a certain amount of order will prevail in the world, even though all civil and criminal law should be thrown to the dogs, even though philosophy and literature should go mad, even though no government should be able any longer to command obedience, even though civilizations grown too old should fall into dotage.

Fire has to-day become the guardian of law and order in place of King-by-the-grace-of-God, now deposed. The revolutions and wars of the twentieth century have overturned many sanctions and many states that believed themselves immortal. But merely breaking a few wheels and levers does not suffice to destroy the powerful production machine constructed by the twentieth century. For those peoples and nations whose bones are soft, work is a kind of corselet and prop, an external bony structure to support the flesh of those unfortunates whose framework has turned to pulp.

True as it is that the order of the world is disintegrating, it is also true that order still prevails to an almost miraculous degree. One has but to think of the number and venerable age of the governments and princes that within the last fifteen years have crashed to their doom. The world has found a new principle of order; it is the discipline of work, imposed by fire and the mechanisms fire moves. Hence the question confronting us, For how long and to what degree will this new prin-

ciple play the part of those it has superseded?

Only the future will be able to answer. But whoever, without prejudice or passion, studies the events developing before our eyes will discern two fatal errors which it is possible for the peoples of the earth to commit, but which it is also possible for them to avoid.

The first is that which the Russians are now expiating with hunger and death. In a few weeks the Russians overturned the columns of the old régime; the monarchy, the Church, the bureaucracy, the army. The dynasty removed, the administration decapitated, the Church abandoned to its own tender mercies, the army dissolved or nearly so, there remained of the old order nothing but the great production machine, agriculture, industries, banks, and railways; in other words, property stood alone and naked, no longer protected by the Imperial Guards, by authority, by the Church, by the State and its thou-

sands of bayonets. The temptation to finish the job was irresistible. "Down with property too! What did we have our revolution for if not to destroy property?" Thousands of throats took up the cry, thousands of frantic fools.

The tragedy of that Russian Revolution which began in March and lasted to November, 1918, and which the world does not yet understand, began with that cry. The masses, deaf to reason, wanted the goods of the rich. But the Revolution, having dethroned God and the Czar, still hesitated, as though property were more sacred to it than the cross or the scepter. In that moment of hesitation it showed itself supremely and unconsciously wise. For, having swept away all the other authorities which had for so long maintained order in the Empire, the supreme exigency of the situation was *not to touch* the production machine, to which now fell the task, not only of feeding, but also of binding together the whole social structure.

During six months the Revolution hesitated, paralyzed by its instinctive wisdom. But wisdom was its ruin when Folly arrived, for Folly had read somewhere in a German book that no part of the defective world is so fatally defective as its production mechanism, which creates riches at the cost of pain and distributes them unjustly. She had read also that in order to recreate the world this monstrous creature must be destroyed; and, finding it alone one day, no longer well guarded by either spiritual or temporal authority, Folly made quick work of it.

And in the conditions that resulted complete disintegration of the social fabric took place; for men could no longer work. They were deprived of even this restraint and discipline. There no longer remained any principles of order or cohesion. The destroyers tried in vain to improvise a crude military dictatorship with the remnants of the army and police system of the old order. In three years more ruins accumulated in the Russian Empire than three centuries would have brought about in times of less rapid decay. Cities abandoned, roads destroyed, fields devastated, arts and industries exhausted, thousands of men wiped out by pestilence and poverty. And then Famine began.

I say "began" advisedly. For all that is at present laying waste the Russian Empire is merely the precursor of devastation. There is no charity whose purse and heart will suffice, no matter how big they may be, to check the disintegration of a whole society. A part of the Russian people will perish.

The second error is that which the Germans seem bent on committing. It is the opposite of the first. It is the belief that the discipline of work can alone uphold the social order, even when the state is falling into ruins.

In Germany, too, Socialist doctrines have taken up a position within the



THE SPRINTER—A BRONZE BY DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE

DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE, sculptor, physician, and Director of Physical Training at the University of Pennsylvania, contributes an article to next week's issue of *The Outlook* on "Variations of Athletic Types." Dr. McKenzie strongly supports Mr. C. K. Taylor's recent plea for a new basis of judging physical development and growth. The article will be profusely illustrated.

In subsequent issues Mr. C. K. Taylor, whose discussions of physical standards in these pages have aroused Nation-wide interest, will contribute two articles of great constructive value to all those concerned with the development of a better boyhood and girlhood. One article deals with height-weight standards for girls; the other is a pioneer classification of children according to behavioristic standards.

state. But they have not followed the example of the Russian Revolution. Rather, one might say that, disarmed, isolated, despoiled of her colonies, as she is, Germany has identified herself with that gigantic production machine that she has been perfecting these last twenty-five years to the envy and admiration of the world. Germany has gone back to work, and with redoubled fury. Her ships are the only ones in the world not rotting idle in port, her furnaces are the only ones going at full blast. Her workers are the only ones in the world who are working more than a third of the work day; and withal they are receiving, with due deduction for the falling off of the currency, lower wages than before the war.

And this people, which ten years ago was ruled by a Government superlatively strong in authority, force of arms, and that resoluteness that comes from the knowledge that one is respected and feared, not only has no government today, but has not even the chance of having one. Germany no longer wants the old régime. But neither does she like nor understand the new. The former is hateful to her because it recalls a frightful catastrophe. For the latter she feels indifference when she does not feel repugnance. Her Republic is nothing but an expedient due to increasing

desperation; and she knows that the tyranny of circumstances will force this unwelcome expedient upon her for a long time to come.

Brought to birth outside the limits of tradition, the daughter of misfortune, possessing neither authority nor prestige, ruled by nonentities, served unwillingly by the bureaucracy, a slave of the past, the German Republic is nothing more than the instrument which is to bring about the final colossal downfall of the public fortunes. It cannot last. Every day it goes deeper into debt, and every day it falsifies a little more the economic values that it possesses. The people wait, resigned, indifferent, as if this frantic destruction were some one else's business, and as though the ruin of the state in no way affected the happiness of its citizens!

It appears, then, that in addition to the Russian catastrophe another surprise is being prepared in Germany. The Russian Revolution committed suicide by destroying, in addition to the state authority, the machinery of production; Germany may commit suicide more slowly by going to the opposite extreme, letting the state fall to ruins by working without ceasing. Fire is a powerful god, but it cannot govern the world alone. It cannot check all the

passions hostile to order. A nation cannot long maintain itself by means of external props; it needs sound bone tissue, firm, and elastic withal.

Whether we wish it or not, we shall have once more to answer the eternal question, "Who is to govern, and within what limits? Who is to obey, and to what extent?" The world needs an authority in which it can believe, it needs governments that will govern. This is the need of every race and nation; of Mohammedans and Christians, of whites and blacks, the need of Europe as of America. In this sense the order of the world is profoundly shaken, because this time it is not merely a group of nations and a part of the world that is affected, but the whole world is condemned to begin again the never-ending work of Sisyphus, which is nothing more nor less than the creation of spiritual principles of authority.

The framework of economic relations still supports Western civilization; that is to say, the greater part of Europe and America. But it is useless to pretend that it can support it a long time and alone. We, in our own times, are to learn that it is easier to create great riches than to find a principle of authority capable of imposing reason and justice on passions and interests perpetually at war.

WASHINGTON AT WAR OVER CIVIL SERVICE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

IMAGINE yourself a newly appointed Assistant Secretary of War, the Navy, Commerce, Agriculture, or any of the big Federal departments.

You are pleased with your impressive desk, your spacious office, the portraits of statesmen on your walls, and with the official dignity of your position. You take a deep breath and get to work, eager to make an efficient and distinguished record.

You buzz for your secretary, and after a while she strolls leisurely in and starts taking dictation. Your day is crowded with callers, but at about 4 p.m. they cease arriving, and you re-collect your thoughts, draft some more plans, and again summon your secretary. Nobody answers. You glance at your watch. It is 4:31 p.m. You cross to the broad windows, and see floods of employees issuing from the various buildings, all kinds of clerks and attachés, ranging from sprightly flappers to lame and grizzled warriors who were old-timers on the job even when Cleveland was in the White House.

You stalk out of your office in search of some one who can take dictation, but your search is futile. No one with an inkling of shorthand has lingered. Your first contact with the Federal Civil Ser-



WILLIAM D. RITER, ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL, A LEADER IN THE ATTACK

vice has left you a little bewildered. It isn't the sort of thing you have been accustomed to in your business. You clean up your work single-handed as

best you can and finally leave your desk, disappointed and chagrined.

Next morning you get an early start, determined to make things hum. You look forward with relish to a heavy programme for the rest of the week. But that afternoon your secretary, who knows all the ropes of the department, strolls in and casually remarks:

"I sha'n't be in to-morrow or the next day. I'm going to Baltimore to visit friends."

You look at her in a dumfounded sort of way. She hasn't inquired whether it will suit your convenience to have her be absent on these next two particular days. She has stated her intention with such assurance and finality that you are at a loss for a moment for a reply. And during that moment she sweeps grandly out of your presence.

As the weeks go by you begin to grow more accustomed to the arrogance and indifference of your clerks. With a sinking sensation, you begin to realize that there is something wrong with the operation of Civil Service, and that because of its red tape you cannot possibly execute the amount of work you hoped to accomplish in Washington.

In conversation with some of your colleagues, you find that you are not



International

"QUITTING WORK ON THE DOT" AT VETERANS' OFFICE, WAR RISK BUREAU

alone in your suspicion that Civil Service, operating under its present rules, is not what it has been cracked up to be. You are shocked at the short hours and criminal waste of time. You cannot imagine private business being conducted under such a system.

THE PRESIDENT'S "RAID"

Behind President Harding's recent "raid" on the Bureau of Engraving there is a powerful undercurrent of official resentment against the Federal system of Civil Service.

While but few openly favor the spoils system as against Government employment subject to control by Federal laws, official Washington, however, is largely impatient and disgusted with, and up in arms against, the accumulation of defects in the present Civil Service regulations.

It is among the officials who were swept into office with the new Administration that the present protest has originated. Many of these officials, coming from private business and professional careers into Governmental responsibility, confess that they find themselves bewildered, baffled, and fairly hamstrung by the insolence and indifference of Civil Service employees, who consider that their jobs are life jobs and most of whom go about their duties with lazy inefficiency.

Assistant Attorney-General William D. Riter is one of the leading insurgents against the defects of the system. He hails from the Rocky Mountains and is a fighter. Another energetic assailant of the system's defects is former Governor William Spry, of Utah, now Commissioner of the General Land Office. These officials, who are apparently the spokesmen for a large number of their colleagues who have been staggered by their first year of contact with Civil

Service employees, contend that the system is full of inefficiency and waste.

It is charged that the Civil Service employees in Washington constitute the most powerful and autocratic labor union in the world. They have used their numerical strength to wring one concession after another out of Congress. It seems that clerks working for private enterprises do not know what they are missing. If they are intent on knocking out a reasonably good living with the minimum of effort, they would do better to resign their jobs, pack their bags, and take the first train to Washington.

Since the law provides that no Federal Civil Service employee shall be dismissed unless formal charges have been preferred and submitted to the employee, there has been speculation as to whether President Harding's action in removing from office numerous people in the Bureau of Engraving was entirely legal. But the President actually discharged no one. What he did was to abolish a number of offices. For example, he abolished the office of chief of the Bureau, and then created the office of superintendent of the Bureau. With the previous offices no longer existing, their incumbents automatically no longer had jobs. McKinley is said to have employed the same device. It is a "trick" frequently resorted to by States. At times the change in nomenclature is so trivial as from "the department" to "a department."

"A HINDRANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT"

Attorney-General Daugherty appeared last March before the House Committee on Appropriations, and expressed the opinion that the present operation of Civil Service offers "an interference in the discharge of public business" and a "hindrance to the Government." He

declared that clerks under the present system "are not as anxious, generally, to be in place to commence work on the dot as they are to quit work on the dot."

"I believe if it were not for the Civil Service," he said, "we could get along with less than two-thirds of the number of employees under Civil Service and probably get twice as much work out of them. I discovered, both before I came here as Attorney-General and since, that Civil Service employees spend too much time in trying to work out plans to make themselves secure in their positions."

Referring to a pending piece of litigation, Mr. Daugherty said: "The attorneys that the Government attorneys are expected to meet in preparation, in negotiation, and in court are the best men, the ablest men, that the bar affords. We are compelled to send, in a case involving millions of dollars, one man, two men, sometimes three men, to whom the Government pays \$2,500, possibly \$7,500 a year. They are meeting two men, three men, five men, ten men, sitting across the trial table, the best men in the country, whose earning capacity is ten times as much as the Government pays. They do well. I want to compliment the men who are in the Department of Justice now for the splendid work they are doing; but they are not under the Civil Service; they work night and day. I was myself at the Department yesterday (Sunday) a good portion of the day and all evening, and there were many men in the Department at work. They were not under the Civil Service."

The Federal Employees' Union promptly passed resolutions condemning the Attorney-General for his remarks and branded them as unwarranted and unfair.

In 1898 Congress passed a law giving

Civil Service clerks thirty days' vacation each year. The Attorney-General having given the opinion that Sundays and holidays must be counted, Congress was at once importuned to pass legislation nullifying this interpretation. Unable to withstand the pressure, that body passed a statute the following year to the effect that Sundays and holidays must be excluded; in other words, that a thirty-day vacation period means an aggregate of thirty working days. By an Executive Order issued in 1914, the working hours on Saturdays are limited to four hours during the three summer months; and in calculating the vacation period, the Government employee is charged on those days with merely four hours. By these means the net vacation period in each year runs close to one and one-half months—which no business institution in the country would tolerate.

Thirty days of sick leave are also permitted under the law. To take advantage of such sick leave one must present a doctor's certificate; but it appears that these are not very difficult to obtain. A clerk with a disposition to shirk can easily manage to be absent from his desk for nine weeks during the year, with pay. A department's forces have to be doubled during the vacation period if any semblance of work is to be maintained.

In striking contrast to the favoritism shown the Civil Service employee, attention is directed to the Congressional legislation enacted at substantially the same time dealing with employees at the Government navy yards, gun factories, naval stations, and arsenals. These employees are allowed an annual leave of absence of but fifteen working days. Absence on account of sickness is deducted, and not added, as in the former case.

"To add to the iniquity," said Mr. Riter to me, "Congress passed a law providing that Civil Service clerks shall work not less than seven hours per day, with a proviso—artfully inserted to disguise the meaning of the words just mentioned—that executive heads may, by special order in which the reasons shall be stated, extend these hours. The practical effect and meaning of this legislation is that Civil Service employees must not work in excess of seven hours a day. Laborers and mechanics on any Government project, whose work is just as hard and for the most part equally as concentrated, are, however, required to work eight hours a day. No other body of employees in the whole country are treated with such tender but ridiculous solicitude. I am strongly opposed to the abolition of the Civil Service system, but something must be done to improve its efficiency."

HOW A FORMER UTAH GOVERNOR MANAGES THE PROBLEM

Commissioner Spry, of the General Land Office, is a short, stocky executive with a military bearing, a genial eye,

and a gentle voice. He used to be United States Marshal of Utah, and was Governor of his State from 1909 to 1917. His extensive executive experience enables him to cope effectively with Civil Service red tape. The Commissioner has reorganized what was once a rigid and unwieldy staff into a flexible and competent organization. He keeps a continuous record of the work and efficiency of each employee, and from time to time readjusts their salary ratings accordingly. He says he does not tolerate "trouble-making, gossip, chatter, or loafing."

"Civil Service red tape robs young men of initiative," he told me. "The clerk says to himself: 'I am good until I am seventy, and then I get a pension. My future is assured, and I have nothing to worry about.' He gets into a rut and he stays there."

"A Government clerk is retired at the age of seventy unless the chief of the department requests that he stay. It is often difficult for a department head to resist the appeals of elderly clerks who want to remain at work. As a result there are numerous seventy-year-old clerks in Federal Civil Service doing long-hand work that might be done much faster and better on typewriters."

"Judicious executives sometimes persuade aged and disabled employees to take a demotion and the smaller pay that goes with it, in order to remain at work and to be paid more nearly what they are able to earn."

"I have discovered no examples of brain fag among Government clerks," continues Commissioner Spry. "Advantage is constantly being taken of the Government's leniency, and the present Civil Service laws and rules do not insure a reasonable return of effort for money paid out."

CLOGGED WITH DEAD-WOOD

"The trouble with the Civil Service is that it has been accumulating dead-wood for twenty-five years," declares another official. "Government departments are training schools, and the best men graduate into the business or college world. In the long run this clogs the bureaus and departments with the less successful, less aggressive, less able men, who can't be removed except for what is tantamount to criminal offenses. The offense of inefficiency simply can't be reached at all."

"The Civil Service doesn't go into the character and experience of the men it carries on its rolls. Recently, in connection with several appointments, the men who took the Civil Service examinations and passed were practically without exception men who came to Washington and 'crammed' with professional tutors exactly as college men often do. The work they were to be in charge of is such that it requires something like the experience of a ship captain to fit one for, and it offers temptations to graft which only men of character should be subjected to. The records showed

nothing as to these two all-important matters."

"The case of the Bureau of Engraving is simply another example of the last straw breaking the camel's back. I could cite other examples where the camel is still limping along loaded with straw, his vertebrae parting gradually and the cord showing, but no break yet."

"Now why can't the officers be given the power of discharge and still protect the Civil Service by being required to draw replacements from its rolls? I think the editorial policy of all forward-looking papers and magazines should be based on defense of the Civil Service, but that does not preclude, I think, championship of the right of Government officers of Cabinet rank to shift the personnel of their teams and to get new blood into their teams where the old blood is anemic—as it certainly is in most of the bureaus to-day."

"INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO SPOILS SYSTEM"

Possibly it is their own fault that some of the opponents of the system haven't found out how to make reasonably competent use of the equipment at their disposal, but it looks to me as if it takes the ex-Governor of a virile Western State to govern a Civil Service crowd and to throw a lariat round the neck of the system and make it perform.

Defenders of the present system claim that it is infinitely superior to the spoils system, and contend that if an executive is resourceful he can always get the desired results.

"Railroad clerks and clerks in corporations generally," argues one Government official, "get just as rusty as Government clerks. It is the size and tonnage of Civil Service that makes it so rigid, unwieldy, and difficult to handle except under stiff and formal rulings. But even if it is true that Government clerks do not measure up to the efficiency of clerks in private enterprises, this deficiency is largely compensated for by the lower pay of Government clerks, which runs from \$900 to \$1,600 a year. On Armistice Day there were 917,000 employees in the Federal Civil Service. On July 31, 1921, that number had been cut down to 597,000, and on December 31, 1921, it had been further reduced to 568,000. So, you see, it is always possible to get rid of Civil Service employees when the work is not there."

Another official expressed surprise that Civil Service was under fire, and declared that the only objection to it was the system of rating and classification.

Some of the critics of the present system urge the inauguration of periodic examinations to determine whether employees should be retained or dismissed. Others believe that a system of bonuses for specially good work might help break up clerical indifference. But the present resentful protest of officials who find themselves at the mercy of the system is almost sure to result in important changes and improvements.

Washington, D. C., May 29, 1922.

POEMS BY ELINOR WYLIE

NOW THAT YOUR EYES ARE SHUT . . .

Now that your eyes are shut
Not even a dusty butterfly may brush them;
My flickering knife has cut
Life from sonorous lion throats to hush them.

If pigeons croon too loud
Or lambs bleat proudly, they must come to slaughter,
And I command each cloud
To be precise in spilling silent water.

Let light forbear those lids;
I have forbidden the feathery ash to smutch them;
The spider thread that thrids
The gray-plumed grass has not my leave to touch them.

My casual ghost may slip,
Issuing tiptoe, from the pure inhuman;
The tissues of my lip
Will bruise your eyelids, while I am a woman.

LILLIPUTIAN

SHE hoards green cheeses
On a high moonlight shelf;
Her tea-kettle freezes;
The child is an elf.

Her shiny mind is peopled
By brisk goblins, but
Though castled and steepled
The place is Lilliput:

Where I lie bound by subtle
Spider-web and hair,
And the small feet scuttle,
And the gold eyes stare.

PARTING GIFT

I CANNOT give you the Metropolitan Tower;
I cannot give you heaven;
Nor the nine Visigoth crowns in the Cluny Museum;
Nor happiness, even.
But I can give you a very small purse
Made out of field-mouse skin.
With a painted picture of the universe
And seven blue tears therein.

I cannot give you the island of Capri;
I cannot give you beauty;
Nor bake you marvelous crusty cherry pies
With love and duty.
But I can give you a very little locket
Made out of wildcat hide:
Put it into your left-hand pocket
And never look inside.

FRANCIE'S FINGERS

"Oh, Francie, sell me your fingers
And I will pay you well!"
Sweet flowed that voice, the singer's,
As gillyflowers smell.

"Your fingers are a witch's,
White as china clay,
Thin as willow switches
Pointed up to pray.

For your dinted knuckles
And blue printed wrist
I'll give you my buckles
Of paste and amethyst."

"I will sell my fingers
If you will sell your tongue;
Your voice is a singer's
Whose veins run song.

If apples sprang from heaven
Instead of from the ground,
Their juice could not even
Be sweet as that sound."

"Oh, sell your smallest finger!"
"Your voice is all I fancy!"
"No, no!" replied the singer;
"Oh, no, no!" cried Francie.

THE BOOK TABLE

AMERICAN NOVELISTS AND AN AMERICAN CRITIC

BY LLOYD R. MORRIS

IN a volume published last year Carl Van Doren made an admirable study of "The American Novel," following the development of the form from its inception in our National literature to the close of the nineteenth century. The present book,¹ in which Dr. Van Doren undertakes a discussion of contemporary American novelists, is, in a sense, a sequel to the earlier volume; together they give a picture of American experience and the American mind as they have found reflection in our fiction.

Dr. Van Doren's "Contemporary American Novelists" is unquestionably an interesting, stimulating, and provocative book. It reveals the salient characteristics of his critical equipment: a vigorous and independent judgment, a capacity for acute analysis, fine insight. It reveals likewise an intelligent interest in ideas for their own sake and a receptivity to innovation and to vitality from which our criticism cannot help but benefit.

In some ways the publication of such a book as Dr. Van Doren's is very significant. It shows, in the first place, that we are beginning to have a foundation in criticism for our creative writing. And it indicates that our criticism is becoming intellectually aware of literature as a going concern. For many years the bulk of American criticism has been confused and embarrassed by any reference to contemporary thought or expression; its familiar province has been the past, its atmosphere a dingy and moribund pedantry. Under the influence of the doctrine that "criticism of one's contemporaries is merely conversation," it has largely spent its energy fighting sham battles with antique tactics and obsolete weapons. Under these conditions, to expect from our critics any interpretation of or contact with literature as a vital experience has been almost futile. But within the past few years there have been signs of a change; criticism has had a belated revival of consciousness. Regardless of any agreement with its conclusions, a book like Dr. Van Doren's, in which insight and scholarship have been brought to bear upon the material and the problems of current activity, is assuredly a symptom of health.

That lack of agreement with some of Dr. Van Doren's conclusions is likely to occur is in itself only an indication that they are stimulating and provocative. The book is divided into four sections, of which the first discusses at some length the schools of local color and romance in the American novel with which the nineteenth century was brought to a close. "The prevailing

school of naturalism," Dr. Van Doren observes, "has made its principal advance upon the passing school of local color by a sacrifice of genial neighborliness; no less exacting and detailed than their predecessors, the naturalists have insisted upon bringing criticism in and measuring the most amiable locality by wider standards. Here lies the essential point of difference between the old style and the new."

From his consideration of the matrix of naturalism Dr. Van Doren proceeds to a thorough and penetrating discussion of each of "ten living novelists who seem to him most distinguished or significant," closing his book with "some account of the school of fiction just now predominant." The novelists whom he has selected for extended comment are Hamlin Garland, Winston Churchill, Robert Herrick, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, whom he groups together in a chapter suggestively entitled "Argument;" and Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton, James Branch Cabell, Willa Cather, and Joseph Hergesheimer, who are dealt with in a chapter entitled "Art." Into these two chapters have gone much discriminating analysis and balanced sympathy, and they are full of brilliant flashes of penetration. For example, of Winston Churchill Dr. Van Doren says: "He came during a moment of national expansiveness. Patriotism and jingoism, altruism and imperialism, passion and sentimentalism, shook the temper which had been slowly stiffening since the Civil War. Now, with a rush of unaccustomed emotions, the national imagination sought out its own past, luxuriating in it, not to say wallowing in it. In Mr. Churchill it found a romancer full of consolation to any one who might fear or suspect that the country's history did not quite match its destiny. . . . Morally he [Mr. Churchill] has been strenuous and eager; intellectually he has been belated. Whether he has been writing what was avowedly romance or what was intended to be sober criticism, he has always been the romancer first and the critic afterwards. And yet since the vogue of historical romance passed nearly a score of years ago Mr. Churchill has honestly striven to keep up with the world by thinking about it. . . . Once taken by an idea for a novel, he has always burned with it as if it were as new to the world as to him. Here lies, without much question, the secret of that genuine earnestness which pervades all his books: he writes out of the contagious passion of a recent convert or a still excited discoverer. Here lies, too, without much question, the secret of Mr. Churchill's success in holding his audiences: a sort of unconscious politician among novelists, he gathers his premonitions at happy mo-

ments, when the drift is already setting in. Never once has Mr. Churchill, like a philosopher or a seer, run off alone."

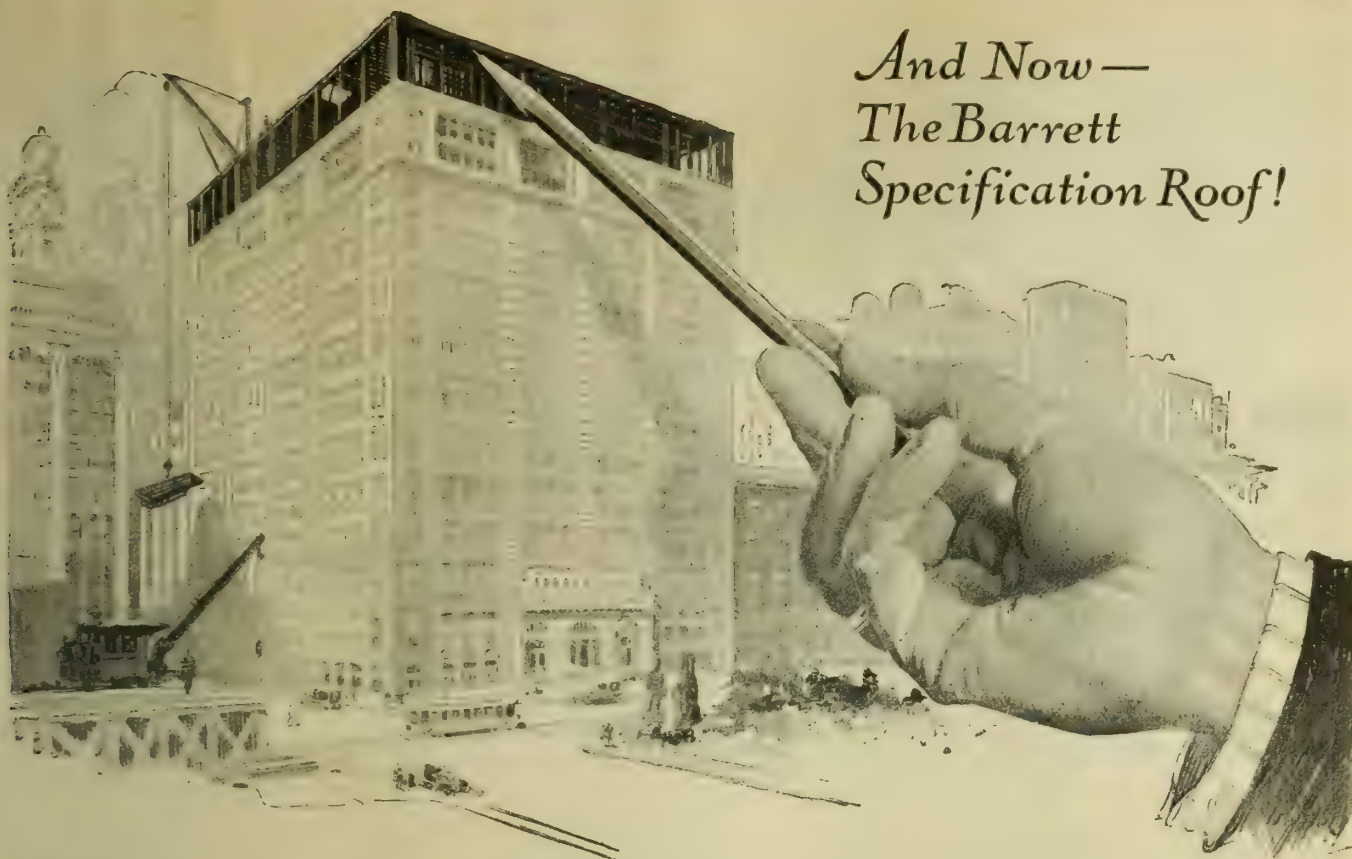
Of Theodore Dreiser Dr. Van Doren says: "Not only has Mr. Dreiser never allowed any one else to make up his mind for him regarding the significance and aims and obligations of mankind, but he has never made up his mind himself. A large dubitancy colors all his reflections. . . . That the sincerity which Mr. Dreiser practices differs in some respects from that of any other American novelist, no matter how truthful, must be referred to one special quality of his own temperament. Historically he has his fellows: he belongs with the movement toward naturalism which came to America when Hamlin Garland and Stephen Crane and Frank Norris, partly as a protest against the bland realism which Howells expounded, were dissenting in their various dialects from the reticences and the romances then current. Personally Mr. Dreiser displays, almost alone among American novelists, the characteristics of what for lack of a better native term we have to call the peasant type—the type to which Gorki belongs and which Tolstoy wanted to belong to. Enlarged by genius though Mr. Dreiser is; little as he is bound by the rigor of village habits and prejudices—still he carries wherever he goes the true peasant simplicity of outlook, speaks with a peasant's bald frankness, and suffers a peasant confusion in the face of complexity."

"The author of 'Penrod,' 'Penrod and Sam,' and of 'Seventeen,'" writes Dr. Van Doren, "passes for an expert in youth; rarely has so persistent a reputation been so insecurely founded. What all these books primarily recall is the winks that adults exchange over the heads of children who are minding their own business, as the adults are not; the winks, moreover, of adults who have forgotten the inner concerns of adolescence and now observe only its surface awkwardnesses." "In contemporary American fiction," he says elsewhere, "Mr. Tarkington is the perennial sophomore."

Rarely has any critic more aptly summed up the special contribution to our literature of Mrs. Wharton than Dr. Van Doren: "From the first Mrs. Wharton's power has lain in the ability to reproduce in fiction the circumstances of a compact community in a way that illustrates the various oppressions which such communities put upon individual vagaries, whether viewed as sin, or ignorance, or folly, or merely as social impossibility." Equally incisive is this comment on James Branch Cabell: "If there is anything as remarkable about Mr. Cabell as the fact that he has represented the chivalrous and the gallant attitudes toward love with nearly equal sympathy, it is the fact that in an era of militant naturalism and of renascent moralism he has blithely adhered to an affection for unconcerned worldliness

¹ Contemporary American Novelists, 1900-1920. By Carl Van Doren. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.

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THE BOOK TABLE

(Continued)

and has airily played Congreve in the midst of the clamorous, serious, disquisitive bassoons of the national orchestra." And as a last illustration of the quality of Dr. Van Doren's critical comment, this concerning Joseph Hergesheimer: "One comes tolerably close to the secret of Mr. Hergesheimer's career by perceiving that, with an admirable style of which he is both conscious and—very properly—proud, he has looked luxuriously through the world for subjects which his style will fit."

In his final chapter Dr. Van Doren considers the novelists of the "New Style," such "emergent types" as Ellen Glasgow, William Allen White, Ernest Poole, and others; the movement of revolt from the village begun by E. W. Howe, continued with Edgar Lee Masters, whom Dr. Van Doren rightly considers as a novelist, and at its apex in the work of Sinclair Lewis, Zona Gale, and others. A brief postscript on the most significant work of 1921 brings this admirably lucid volume to a close.

Dr. Van Doren's book will prove of decided interest to readers of current fiction who seek an interpretation of the

main currents of significant activity in this field of our literature. It provides the critical and intellectual background in terms of which the accomplishment of our chief contemporary novelists may be reckoned. If there are any defects in Dr. Van Doren's book, the most conspicuous perhaps is the fact that he takes no account of the almost pitiable dearth of an interest in ideas among our contemporary novelists. If the naturalistic account of experience is to make any pretensions to completeness, it certainly cannot forever treat as either negligible or non-existent intellectual experience. Equally it may be urged that the novels of naturalism, largely because they are a product of a revolt from the sentimental tradition, have suppressed all feeling so completely that their content of emotional experience seems limited and impoverished. That the drift toward naturalism has produced a more honest and more competent reflection of American life in American novels is indubitable. But even here the solution of problems of intelligence by means of moral indignation is a characteristic confusion which only a more profoundly integrated self-consciousness is likely to dissipate.

THE NEW BOOKS

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

UNNOTICED LONDON. By E. Montizambert. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

"Is there anything old left in London?" an old lady asked the author of this book when told that he was writing a book about old London. He conclusively shows that there are abundant remains of old London left undisturbed by modern improvements, and his chapters will impart to his readers some of his own enthusiasm for and love of the great city.

WILD FOLK. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Illustrated. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$2.

The wild life of the forest makes a varied appeal. To the hunter with the shotgun it gives scope for the exercise of skill; to the hunter with a camera or a pencil it furnishes an ever-varied art gallery, fascinating by its inimitable beauty; to the naturalist it is a living book, a more inspiring object of study than a printed book; to Mr. Scoville it appeals to friendship. It is astonishing how quickly wild animals, especially birds, discern the friend in the man or the child and how readily they respond to human friendship. The friend has, or may have, the joy of the artist and the naturalist and add thereto the joy of the friend. And he to whom circumstances forbid first-hand excursions will get an excellent substitute in Mr. Scoville's graphic and sympathetic writing in "Wild Folk," and its predecessor, "Every Day Adventures."

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CONQUEST OF FEAR (THE). By Basil King. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$1.75.

The theme of this book is much larger than its title. Its opening sentence indicates the reason: "When I say that during most of my conscious life I have

been a prey to fears, I take it for granted that I am expressing the case of a majority of people." That is, we think, a mistake. The majority of Americans are too audacious. They like to try experiments, to take risks, to confront danger. Perils attract them. In our Army when volunteers are asked for a perilous enterprise more offer than can be accepted. In a crowded thoroughfare most Americans prefer to dodge the automobiles rather than wait two minutes for a clear pathway made for pedestrians by the traffic policeman. But Americans value courage and want power. Their ambition is often greater than their capacity. This book presents religion as affording power and endowing with courage. It presents faith as it is presented in the Eleventh Chapter of Hebrews, as a call to endeavor and an inspiration to heroism. It offers much more than a prescription for the constitutionally timid. It offers a divine companionship which to all who accept it inspires the courage to undertake and the power to achieve the impossible. Its motto might well be General Armstrong's saying, "Doing what can't be done is the glory of living."

MISCELLANEOUS

PRINCIPLES OF INTERIOR DECORATION (THE). By Bernard C. Jakway. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

Without being especially original, this book presents in simple, orderly, lucid fashion the accepted canons of decorative art in their application to household belongings. It will prove extremely helpful to a host of seekers after light on the problems of home decoration. It is intended for such students rather than for the artist or the professional designer.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

GUGLIELMO FERRERO, the eminent historian and *savant*, was born in 1872. He has traveled throughout Europe, lecturing on militarism and Roman history. He is the author of "Symbols" and "The Greatness and Decline of Rome" and collaborated with Professor Lombroso in "The Female Offender."

ELINOR WYLIE is a distinctive voice among the younger poets. Her first volume, "Nets to Catch the Wind," was published in 1921, and was promptly heralded as one of the important books of verse of the year. This is the second time that Mrs. Wylie's work has appeared in The Outlook. Many of our readers will remember her "Spring Pastoral," which was printed in our issue of August 4, 1920.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON again favors The Outlook with one of his authoritative articles from England. He has had a distinguished military and naval career; he has seen hard service in India, South Africa, and the Sudan; and yet he can find joy and relaxation in his favorite pastime—that of fishing.

NEWTON FUESSELE contributes to this issue the inside story of Washington's war on civil service. His last Outlook article, based on an interview with General Pierce, President of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, brought to National attention one of the most important athletic controversies of recent years.

HOWARD BEMENT rises to the defense of his own profession in a spirited article entitled "The Amenities of Schoolmastering." Mr. Bement has been a member of the English faculty of the Hill School, at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, since 1905, and for the last ten years has been head of the English Department. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan and has studied at the Leland Stanford University and at the University of California.

HENRY HOYT MOORE, whose photographs of the Storm King Highway appear in this issue, has long been a devotee of the advanced movement in photography. His photographs have within the past year or two been exhibited in the London Salon of Photography, the International Photographic Exhibitions at Copenhagen and at Los Angeles, etc., and have appeared in the Annual of the Pictorial Photographers of America, of which organization he is an officer. He is Art Manager of The Outlook.

By a regrettable oversight acknowledgment to the Republic Iron and Steel Company was omitted from the caption of the picture of a puddling furnace in last week's issue of The Outlook. We wish to extend our tardy thanks for the privilege of publishing this picture.



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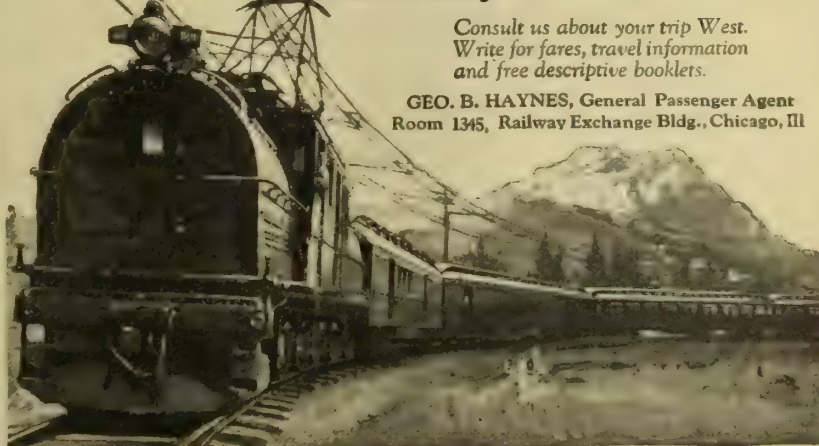
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

"CONSISTENT WITH SAFETY"

MORE than half of the many letters which reach the Financial Department from people seeking investments ask us to mention securities returning as high a yield as is "consistent with safety." This is only natural, for safety of principal and high yield is the ideal combination, and a high yield can be obtained if the investor's definition of the word "high" is not too exacting. It should be borne in mind, however, that a high yield under present conditions may have been regarded as a low yield some years ago. High and low are

comparative terms, and as applied to investments must be regarded in the light of conditions obtaining at the time the investment is made.

When money rates are high yields too are high, and when money rates go down yields keep pace. It is essential that investors remember this fact, and any attempt to obtain a yield on an investment to-day which is equal to that of three years ago is liable to be risky business. The post-war inflation years brought with them investment opportunities such as few people

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of dividends. Our services as registrar are desirable as a check against over-issue of securities.

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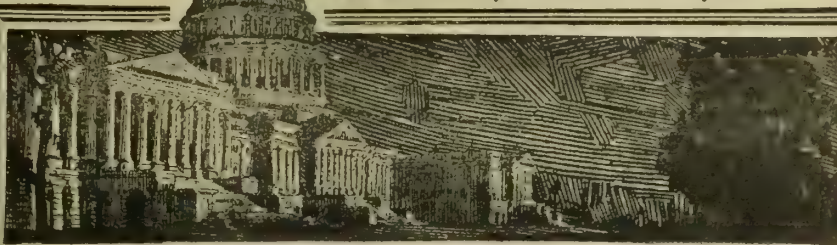
had ever seen before, and of a sort that in all probability few will ever see again. Times have changed since then and yields are now comparatively low. The investor will do well, therefore, to forget what used to be and confine his attention to what is. The general rule that the higher the yield the greater the risk still holds good, and simply because the best-grade securities used to return from 6 to 7 per cent is no guaranty that 6 to 7 per cent can be had to-day without a certain risk attached.

Some of the people who write to us specify bonds, some stocks, and some merely "investments." But in practically every case they want as high a yield as is consistent with safety. Certainly it is not worth while sacrificing safety for yield. For example, if a man puts \$1,000 into an investment his first concern should be the protection of his thousand dollars. Suppose two investments are offered him, one yielding 5½ per cent and the other 7; naturally he would like to buy the one yielding 7 per cent. Seven per cent a year on \$1,000 is \$70, and 5½ per cent amounts to \$55. The difference is \$15 a year, not a sufficiently large sum to justify him in risking his principal. Get the higher yield if it is consistent with safety, but if risks are involved remember that the difference between 5 and 6 per cent and 6 per cent and 7 is, after all, only \$10 a year. When people figure it out on that basis and there are any doubts in their minds, they are often more agreeable to the lower yield.

There are other factors than safety which play their part in determining the yield of an investment. Marketability is a characteristic which is regarded as valuable enough to make the yield of a readily salable security less than that of one for which there is little demand. Lower yield of course means a higher selling price. There is no denying that it is worth something to know that there is a good demand for one's securities, and that in case you wish to sell there are plenty of people eager to buy. We believe investors should give marketability their careful attention, and that enough of their investments should be in this class of securities to supply them with enough ready cash to provide for any emergency. Beyond this point it is not essential and many persons believe that an investment worth buying is worth keeping. There is much to be said for this point of view, and if it is possible to forego marketability the yield consistent with safety may often be increased appreciably.

Bond yields generally are lower than the return from investments in stocks. Patently the explanation of this fact is that bonds are, as a class, safer investments. What security has a stockholder for the payment of dividends other than the margin of the company's earnings over requirements? Bond interest is a charge on earnings ahead of any claim that stockholders have; if interest is not paid, the bondholders can sell the property pledged as security for their bonds, but what recourse have stockholders

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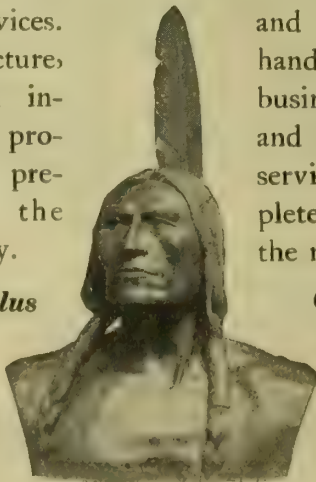


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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

when no dividend disbursements are forthcoming?

Many inexperienced persons seem to have the idea in their heads that stock on which dividends are cumulative is in some way secured like a mortgage bond. Only recently we had a letter from a man who owned a number of shares of cumulative preferred stock of one of our newly reorganized railways. He had received no dividends for several years and several hundred dollars due on his stock had accumulated. He needed the money, and he wanted to know if there was any way in which he could force payment. We looked into the records. Let alone earning anything for dividends, the road in question had not earned the interest on its bonds for some time and had been obliged to borrow from the Government in order to meet its fixed charges. Naturally there are no dividends unless there are sufficient earnings. Cumulative dividends apply to preferred stocks, and all they mean is that payments must be made on the preferred issues before anything can be distributed to the common stockholders. A 6 per cent cumulative preferred stock may not be worth much more than the common which follows it if there are no earnings.

A stockholder is a partner and a bondholder is a creditor. It is profitable to be a partner in a prosperous concern, but expensive if operations result in losses rather than profits. A bondholder, on the other hand, loans his money to the company, and certain property is usually pledged for the repayment of the loan, and the company further obligates itself to pay him a fixed rate of interest for the use of his money. Profits are of relatively slight importance so far as a bondholder is concerned, and correspondingly he is not so vitally concerned in a lack of profits. The return on his investment is fixed; he expects no more, and in case any less is offered him can take matters into his own hands and force payment. The price of sound bonds—and price of course determines yield—fluctuates with conditions in the money market rather than with earnings, although obviously the margin of earnings over dividend requirements is an important consideration. Stock quotations, however, are largely governed by earnings, and earnings are bound to fluctuate.

One of our friends told us recently that in settling up his father's estate he found that all the stocks had greatly appreciated in value over their purchase price, while most of the bonds are worth less now than when they were bought. Our friend had immediately made up his mind to buy no more bonds, but to confine his investments in the future to stocks. He had not considered the case dispassionately, however. At the time his father bought most of the bonds money rates were exceedingly low, bond prices were high—higher than they are to-day—and yields of course away down. Conditions have changed since then and

high-class bonds are selling for less than they were twenty years ago. This does not necessarily mean that the bonds in question are less safe than they were, however, and our friend had overlooked the fact that his father had been receiving his interest on them regularly. Stocks purchased twenty years ago in sound, well-managed companies should naturally be worth more now than then, because if the companies have lasted that long their businesses would in the ordinary course of events have expanded and developed and earnings increased. At the time of purchase, however, it is a fairly safe assumption that they were more of a risk than the bonds and required closer attention. Likely enough, there were years when no dividends were paid. Evidently the father was a shrewd investor, but he must have kept in close touch with his stock holdings, and of course there is no record of the stocks he may have sold at a loss.

The conclusion is that as a general proposition bonds are safer investments than stocks. There are good bonds and bad bonds, just as there are good and bad stocks, but, granting that bonds are better, the yield of a bond "consistent with safety" should be judged by the yield on bonds generally, and the yield on stocks by the standard of stock yields. Some people are in a position to accept the risks involved in the ownership of stocks, while others cannot afford any chances at all. Safety, in other words, is a relative term, depending upon the circumstances of the investor. The proper method of procedure, therefore, is for the investor to decide, first of all, whether he wants to buy bonds or stocks. With this point settled, it is much easier to tell what kind of yield he can get "consistent with safety."

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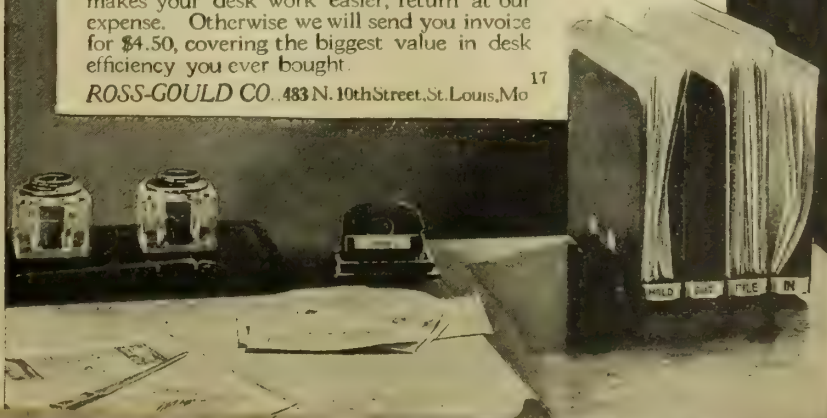
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Summer estate, in the unspoiled country of the Northern Berkshires, for sale. Charming retired in the beautiful town of Heath, six miles from the famous Mohawk Trail. An eight-room brick house, just renovated; running spring water in house; stable and room for two cars. Ice and wood for the season. Also large garden. At an elevation of 1,700 feet, this estate of 220 acres offers every variety of deep woodland, fern filled lanes and wide outlook. An ideal spot for rest and recreation. \$7,500. M. W. HOSMER, Heath, Mass.

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Sault Ste. Marie is the most attractive part of this scenically lovely resort region, a wonderland of virgin forests, lakes and streams. For Sale—Islands, shore frontage and cottage locations. For Rent—Cottages, house-boats and town houses. Special—One of the finest homes north of Chicago, modern in every particular, perfect hill-top site, overlooking St. Mary's River. Price \$35,000. CHARLES E. CHIPLEY, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

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wood, garage, fruit, abundant flow of pure water piped into house. Lake front; 1,200 ft. altitude; good fishing; house fully furnished; 4 miles from main line B. & M. R. R. \$450. H. W. DOUGHTY, Amherst, Mass.

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BASS LAKE Bungalows, 3,

rooms, rent season, month or week; 1 1/2 hours Lackawanna. D. O. MILLER, Blairstown, N. J.

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FOR RENT

On Metedeconk River, near Bayhead; new, furnished 6-room house; 2-car garage; hot and cold water. Address 6,939, Outlook.

At Upper Montclair. For Rent, 9-

room house, 2 baths, sleeping-porch, garage; vegetable, fruit, and flower gardens. Near station and trolley. Beautiful location. Rent reasonable. COLE, 371 Upper Mountain Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J. Tel. 811 W. Montclair.

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Owner compelled to change place of residence. Must sacrifice beautiful country home, 90 acres; Colonial house; modern conveniences; fruit and hay will pay for investment. Half-mile from State road in beautiful Ramapo Valley. Commuting distance. Buy direct from owner. At 21 Walther Ave., Ridgewood, N. J. Phone 102 M. James M. Taylor.

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ADIRONDACKS, The CRATER CLUB, Essex-on-Lake-Champlain. Cottages with central club house where meals are served. References required. For circular or information address JOHN B. BURNHAM, 233 Broadway, New York.

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Furnished. 4 to 6 rooms and bath. \$150 to \$195 for season. Also four-room camp from July 17, \$125 balance of season. Surrounded by mountains. Fine center for touring. Supplies convenient. ALMON WARD, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y.

Adirondacks. Rent by season, fully furnished cottage, 4 sleeping-rooms and bath, living-room, open fire, large veranda. A quiet and pleasant location. Altitude 1,571 ft. For particulars write Oren G. Fenton, No. 4, N. Y.

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FOR RENT. Beautifully located in wood. Very modern, furnished throughout. From \$400 to \$1,200. W. H. OTIS.



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Lake George one mile from Huletts. For rent, full season. 8-room shore cottage. Fully furnished; running water, ice, wood, garden, boats, fireplace, large porch. Restricted community. Mrs. J. F. KEMP, 32 Nassau Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

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Sillworth

Real Estate
MATTITUCK, L. I.

Property Wanted

Wanted to Rent—August cottage; Maine coast, near Boothbay preferred. A. L. Dunlap, Holland Patent, N. Y.

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BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED! Any subject immediate reading and report. Dorance, Publishers, 308 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

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BOARD AND ROOMS

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Business woman would sub-let desirable room with board July and August. 1,683, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DICTATORS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents, Miss Richards, Providence, R. I., Box 5 East Side, Boston, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

MEN and women teachers in schools for young children. Middle South. Interviews in New York. Address 1,688, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED—Woman for work in Girls' Friendly Society, Diocese of Massachusetts. Woman trained for work with girls and young women—some practical experience desirable. Must be communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 25 to 35 years of age. Write Mrs. K. R. Forbes, Sec. of Com., 9 Akron St., Roxbury, Mass., stating training and references.

GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerks, \$133 to \$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institution, B-4, Columbus, O.

AGENTS can make big profits introducing to business and club men the only practical mechanical pencil ever made; outlasts all others; sells on sight; pleasant association. Write Dura Pencil Co., 115 Broad St., New York City.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

INTELLIGENT young woman to assist in care of house and work with girls. Y. W. C. A. Residence. Allentown, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

PHYSICIAN (lady), teacher physical culture, desires position girls' camp. Exceptional personality. Credentials. Hopkins' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Business Situations

SECRETARY—stenographer, six years' experience, desires European position. Speaks French, educated abroad, traveled extensively. References. 1,685, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GRADUATE nurse, English, German, sunny disposition, useful companion, excellent traveler, desires position. Couple or gentleman. Quality references. 1,528, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, 6 years high school teacher, Catholic, desires position for summer as companion, tutor, secretary. Likes to travel. Excellent references. 1,582, Outlook.

PRINCETON University student desires position for summer as companion for boy, or to tutor in science, French, German, Italian, elementary Latin or mathematics. Excellent references if desired. 1,631, Outlook.

TRAVELING companion, abroad, highly recommended young teacher. Address Parsons School, Essex Villa, N. J.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG man, university graduate, wishes position to travel in Europe this summer or year. Now instructor in boys' boarding school. 1,653, Outlook.

YOUNG lady of refinement, college graduate, teacher, experienced traveler, desires position as companion or tutor. References. 1,653, Outlook.

YOUNG Harvard graduate (Protestant) desires position as companion during summer. Other positions considered. Box 144, Merion, Pa.

GRADUATE of Eastern college, with two years' experience as high school teacher, desires position as companion and tutor to one or more children, or camp work. References exchanged. Reply 1,693, Outlook.

SMITH College senior would like position as traveling companion and tutor for the summer months. 1,696, Outlook.

COMPANION, secretary, tutor, for July and August, by young lady of unusual ability and personality. College graduate, English teacher. Would travel. Jane Roberts, 304 Union St., Springfield, Mass.

FRENCH WOMAN, high school teacher, would act as companion or tutor during summer in exchange for pleasant home. Leconte, 262 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

YOUNG man of native refinement and culture desires position as companion to invalid boy or man. Any other position considered. Excellent references. 1,678, Outlook.

SECRETARY, companion. Well bred. Fine art graduate. Will travel either long or short period. References. 1,673, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN unusual ability seeks position chaperon or companion. Experienced traveler; understands household management. Several years in last position. Exceptional references. 1,672, Outlook.

REFINED French lady, young, highest references. Spanish, English, piano, wants position. Go anywhere. 1,681, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper, good seamstress. Suburban New York preferred. 1,682, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of education and refinement desires summer position. Companion-chaperon-tutor. Travel or mountains. 1,686, Outlook.

LADY of refinement, tact, social position, wishes to place herself as nursery governess or companion. Willing to make herself useful in all ways. 1,691, Outlook.

YOUNG lady wants work for summer. Chauffeuse, camp counselor. References given and required. Write 1,693, Outlook.

WANTED—A position for July and August in summer camp as housemother or assistant housekeeper by capable young Scotch woman of experience and pleasing personality. Would also act as companion to elderly lady—any position of trust. The best of references furnished upon request. 1,697, Outlook.

REFINED young lady desires position as companion for July to Protestant lady spending month at mountains or seashore. No salary required if all expenses are paid. 1,701, Outlook.

WIDOW, middle-aged, wants work. Professional nurse, seventeen years' experience; good housekeeper, sewer, reader, cheerful, adaptable. Well educated, traveled. J. Stone, One Hundred Seventeen Shady Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apartment Three Hundred Two.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED, educated woman desires engagement as housekeeper. Would manage gentleman's home and children. Capable taking full charge. References. 1,702, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

INSPIRING college tutor, preferably traveling abroad, desires position immediately. 1,667, Outlook.

WESLEYAN senior desires position tutor-companion for summer. Willing travel. Excellent references. 1,677, Outlook.

TUTOR or companion—Southern girl, woman, college training, successful experience. Exceptional references. 1,674, Outlook.

YOUNG French teacher desires position, tutor or companion. Excellent references. 1,680, Outlook.

TUTOR, experienced, desires position private family summer months; will travel. 1,684, Outlook.

TEACHER desires summer employment as tutor or companion. Excellent references. 1,690, Outlook.

YOUNG English teacher desires position for July or August or earlier. 1,694, Outlook.

SPANISH-American, 30, as interpreter, tutor-companion. Good habits; will teach Spanish. Go anywhere. First class reference 15 Eppit St., East Orange, N. J.

GOVERNESS—companion by Christian Scientist who loves and understands child and has been successful in working with the Salary \$30. Miss Greaves, Hotel Coolidge, Brookline, Mass.

HARVARD student desires position tutor-companion. Harding T. Mason, East 37th St., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered at the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, who shop for you, services free. No sample references. 308 West 94th St.

FOR sale. "Nouveau Larousse Illustré," vols. \$40. "The Historians' History of the World," 25 vols. \$20. 40 ft. of land—care open bookcases, Italian walnut, \$800; Duncan Phyfe table, antique hall chairs, mirror, etc. at great sacrifice. Mrs. R. A. Lawrence, West 68th St., New York City.

STUDY HUMAN NATURE. Know people. Make more money. Send 5 cents stamp for "Personal Power," a little book that points the way. PROGRESS LEAGUE, W-31 Union Square, New York.

HOME work by expert typist—go penman. Mary Flaherty, 1692 Gates Ave., Brooklyn.

WANTED: Home for very slightly abnormal young woman where there are other sub-normal inmates. New York State, New England States preferred. Address with qualifications and price. 1,687, Outlook.

EXCELLENT home for elderly lady (semi-invalid). Rates reasonable. Mrs. I. Fischer, Route 3, Box 109, Vineland, N. J.

PHYSICIAN and experienced travel wishes to take patient abroad. Excellent references. 1,704, Outlook.

BY THE WAY

“ONE of the last pleas made to me when I left Russia,” says George Barr Baker in a Bulletin of the American Relief Administration, “was for at least one food remittance a month and some small sums of money for two daughters of Tolstoy, who are permitted to maintain their father’s home in the country as a public museum, but who are continually taking in young literary people and putting them to work around the grounds or in the library, without sufficient funds to pay them or adequate food for themselves or their people. I was informed that it would be foolish to give these ladies much at any one time, as they would use it in the relief and support of others.”

Of every 1,000 automobiles in the world, 843 are owned in the United States and 37 in Canada. This means that eighty-eight per cent of all the automobiles are found in these two countries. Great Britain has four per cent of the total number of auto vehicles, France two per cent, and in all other countries combined are found the remaining six per cent.

The race for records in transatlantic travel seems fairly on again, with the many new and splendid oil-burning steamships that are now in commission. These ships make the port of New York, as “Shipping” says, the supreme port of the world. The Mauretania, refitted as an oil-burner, recently made the voyage from New York to Cherbourg in five days ten hours and nine minutes. This is believed to be “the fastest time made by any transatlantic liner since the beginning of the war in 1914.”

An advertisement in a San Francisco paper reads: “Lost—Average diamond Engagement Ring. Reward to finder,” etc. What is an “average” engagement ring? Is it the regulation style that the lady receives when she gets engaged for the dozenth time—or that the man gives to his latest fiancée? Or does “average” refer to the size of the stone? Is half a carat the average, or a carat and a half? Perhaps some expert can answer one or all of these questions.

A London newspaper contains an advertisement of an old English home to be sold, which begins in the familiar style—“12 bedrooms, 4 sitting-rooms, paneled dining room, ingle nooks, dower chests,” etc., and suddenly breaks off from the catalogue of ancient blessings with this modernism: “But, owing to electric light, No Ghost.” One hardly knows whether this exception will add to or detract from the “pulling” power of the announcement.

Apropos of a catalogue of bulbs sent recently to “Th. Roosevelt, Esq., The Outlook, New York City,” by a Dutch firm of florists, a subscriber sends us a circular from another Dutch firm which contains this announcement: “We guarantee our bulbs to be free from any disease. Our stock is thoroughly in-



Sermons in Wood

IT is a well recognized fact that no material lends itself so effectively to the adornment of the church as beautifully carved wood. Some of the most interesting art treasures of the past are preserved in this expressive medium.

The giving to the church of a pulpit, an altar, a lectern, or other suitable fitment in carved wood, either as a memorial or simply as a tribute to beautify the edifice, is an old and revered custom.

A recent publication of our Ecclesiastical Department is intended to show both the scope of our work and the wealth of opportunity for effective pieces of all kinds, available from our wood carving studios.

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are either "Onyx Pointex" or the
three-quarter length "Soxings"
shown below.



Emery & Beers Company, Inc. Wholesale Distributors New York

BY THE WAY—(Continued)
spected by the Netherlands Phytapato-
logical Service before shipment."

A man, lying on his death bed, called his chauffeur who had been in his service for years, and said, as reported in the "American Legion Weekly:" "Ah, Sykes, I am going on a long, and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me." "Well, sir," consoled the chauffeur, "there's one comfort. It's all down hill."

"Are you going any farther West?" "I planned to," said the foreign visitor, as reported by the Birmingham "Age-Herald." "Is there any danger from Indians?" "Not if you keep out of the way of their motor-cars."

This from the "Virginia Reel," of the University of Virginia, is a fair hit by an insider:

St. Peter—"You say you were a writer on a college comic magazine?" Applicant—"Yes, St. Peter." St. Peter—"Step into the elevator, please." Applicant—"How soon does it go up?" St. Peter—"It doesn't go up; it goes down."

Why does half the world read and write from left to right, and the other half from right to left? Perhaps this is not a perfectly correct wording of the question, for a quarter of the world (the Chinese) read from top to bottom, and the ancient Mexicans wrote from bottom to top. Professor Ege, of the Cleveland School of Art, says, apropos of the question, in the "American Printer:"

The Japanese and Chinese do everything "backward" to our way of thinking, for they pull instead of push a saw, they unlock their doors by turning in the opposite direction, they read "backward" and also write "backward." In 80 per cent of Western art we enter a painting from the left and explore toward the right. Our center of interest is slightly left of the physical center. In the Orient, 90 per cent of their pictorial art will "read" from the right to the left, with chief attraction to right of center. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn "claims the oppositeness probably implies experiences evolutionally younger than our own." To complete the vagaries, the Mexican picture writing starts at the bottom of the column and reads upward.

The primates closest to man are ambidextrous, and primitive people are frequently so. Left-handedness is common to only 2 or 4 per cent of people East and West, so that cannot account for the difference in the direction of writing. Left-to-right order permits the eye to follow the text easily, and when writing liquids are used it is certainly the only logical way. Common sense seems to be the reason for writing left to right, but that same common sense should dictate that our printed books should be executed in boustrophedon order.

Boustrophedon writing, it may be explained, means writing like that of the Ionian Greeks, the first line reading from left to right, the next line from right to left. This saves the time involved in going back from the end of a long line to begin again at the left.



X61—White Gold Filled, 17 jewels, Precision movement, \$47.50; solid white gold, \$62.50.

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THE MAIL BAG

THE "HEIGHT-WEIGHT" CONTROVERSY

I—LETTERS TO MR. TAYLOR

"DELUSION" is the word. They have made a fetish of their tables. It has become an obsession. I want all your publications, please. I have been weighing and measuring Chinese, Japanese, and Hawaiians for five or six years. The average weight—height for height—for Chinese is eight per cent below the American children. Obviously, if, using American standards, you notify parents as requiring special attention all under-weights of seven per cent or more, you are notifying Chinese who by appropriate standards of their racial build are a good average, or even one per cent above normal average. ISAAC M. COX.

Hawaii.

I am interested in your method of selection of the cases upon which are based the measurements which you give in these tables. From your statement, about one in ten boys is well developed. I infer that the standard measurements for shoulder girth, chest girth, etc., are based on individuals who are in good health and who have good muscular development.

It seems to me that you have made an important contribution to the methods of judging the physical condition and development of children.

ROBERT M. WOODBURY,
Director, Statistical Research,
Children's Bureau,
U. S. Department of Labor,
Washington, D. C.

Kindly enter our order for your handbook containing your tables, which we understand is to appear in three weeks or a month. We are interested in obtaining these tables on account of the fact that we have lowered our age limit for writing standard policies down to ten years. We believe we are the first company to issue a standard policy for an applicant of that age and up. No reliable figures or statistics are available so far as measurements and weights of boys and girls of the lower ages are concerned, and we believe, with you, that mere slenderness and apparent under-weight are not disadvantages and can in many cases be considered as normal weight for insurance.

CLINE F. RAMEY,
National Fidelity Life Insurance Company,
Sioux City, Iowa.

II—FIELD WORK VS. LABORATORY THEORY

THE country school-ma'am, whose letter was published in The Outlook for April 19, willfully ignored Mr. Taylor's emphasis on his form of examination of school-children because for the 12,000,000 or more rural school-children in the United States such an examination is so very rarely possible as to be not worth considering.

Mr. Taylor is viewing health educa-

tional work from a position that is near ideal. He was not fair in so ruthlessly condemning the most effective tool that we pioneer health workers have.

Our county nurse has a territory of about 900 square miles, with 78 rural schools, 5 villages, and the county seat. In her dust-covered Ford, with scales and the condemned weight tables, making such superficial physical examinations as she can, she has in less than two years' time created a real interest in the heritage due the children as regards physical development. Without a definite standard such as this weight table she could not have done this.

If she and all her co-workers accept Mr. Taylor's theory that this standard is a delusion, what are they to use instead? Would you have us teachers explain to our pupils and the parents when the Red Cross Ford has left our school that the thin ones are not under-weight, but specimens of the tall, slender type?

Viewing the question from the first round of the ladder that leads to practical and adequate health education, don't you think Mr. Taylor might have been less severe in voicing his disapproval of the weighing and measuring of school-children? We have no McCurdys nor Dr. Lipperts to stimulate wholesome ideas or ideals among these 12,000,000 sons and daughters of the soil. Why hold the public health nurses up to ridicule when we all know that they are doing what they can do while they wait for better things to come?

Incidentally, I am wondering how many of Mr. Taylor's supporters are "under-weight" or the parents of "under-weight children." I have noticed in school that they or the fat types are the ones to most quickly condemn the tables when weight reports are sent home.

Sincerely yours for better health education,

PEARL E. WILSON.

El Reno, Oklahoma.

A LETTER THAT WAS GOOD FOR A SUBSCRIPTION

A DAY or so ago I received a notice that my subscription to The Outlook was about to expire. I observe that a man in the State of Maine is trading several jars of wild-blackberry jelly for The Outlook. Pretty soft for the man in Maine. I wish also that I had some wild-blackberry jelly. Pretty nice to be on The Outlook staff! Were I a baker, I would offer you cookies in quantity for my Outlook. But I am not a baker. You will have to get your bread or cookies elsewhere then.

I have the misfortune, just at present, to be broke. Thus I am, at present, unable to dig up the needful wherewith to renew my subscription. Fortunately, my credit is good at a local drug store, where I can either buy The Outlook on time or, better yet, can peer carefully through it while some old lady keeps the clerk busy at the drug counter. I

am not at all Scotch; but the Scotch are good folk to follow when you are broke. Later on I shall send you my subscription for The Outlook. Just now I will have to mosey about in search of the needed moidores. I have so many bills to pay; and the wife and child have to be fed and more or less clothed. Also our dog, Trouble, has to be fed. He is a ravenous animal and one of the family. It seems foolish to feed a dog when one is broke to many people, I know. But for dogs I have an affection. I once had a dog of whom I thought almost more than I thought of my wife. My wife was in the same fix. She thought almost more of the dog than of me. That old dog is no more—not, that is to say, here. Conan Doyle may have some information as to where he sits to whimper at the moon. I do not know. He and I (and the wife) saw troublous times together. Trouble brings folks into close company. Trouble is a fine thing in this old world. I would not be without trouble even had I to forego my Outlook.

Ah—speaking of being broke, and of trouble, and of dogs, and of people in general, reminds me of a Christmas pudding. It is odd how a person wanders when he sits down to explain to an editor why he cannot at once renew his subscription, is it not? Editors must have a great time.

I have a sympathy, not unmixed with a hatred, and an affection also, for Editors. I do not know why I give them a capital E. I believe them to be fiercely carnivorous.

But about that Christmas pudding.

I was at that time remarkably hard up, indeed. I was far worse off than I now am, for I had no credit at all anywhere. It was very close to Christmas, and after a good deal of confabulation my wife and I had decided that, as I had seen a holly tree in a rich man's garden, the garden having a very low and easy-to-climb wall about it, we must at all costs have a regular old style Christmas pudding. The holly was there.

But this is a story interesting alone to myself and my wife and the ghost of our departed dog, who was accused by neighbors yet poorer than ourselves of having stolen their Christmas cake. We made it up, knowing all the time that our dog was innocent, by presenting them with our cherished Christmas pudding.

They returned the pudding toward mid afternoon (the people who are hard up eat "dinner" at noon—I fancy dudes call the midday meal "lunch"), saying, "We don't have no use fer rich things." They had used only half of it.

Later the dog who stole their cake was discovered. But too late to retrieve a Christmas spoiled for two families.

This has nothing at all to do with anything; but Editors were especially made to suffer and to torment.

Thus, with the very best wishes imag-

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

inable, and assuring you that I shall quite likely come by (either honestly or otherwise) the sum needed to renew my Outlook, I close, sincerely,

BILL ADAMS.

P. S.—I don't know how he got that way; but the last alienist said that I was perfectly sane.

[Maybe we can publish the full story of that pudding later. Next Christmas, perhaps.—THE EDITORS.]

THE WIDOWER

BY VICTOR STARBUCK

HE does the same old things: three times a day
Sits down to meat, and once climbs up to bed,
Just as he did before his wife was dead.
Grief has not changed him much, the neighbors say:
He knots his tie the same fastidious way,
And still likes jam and butter on his bread
And syrup on his cakes. Well-groomed, well-fed—
As jaunty as a sparrow cock in May.

And one would think him quite indifferent, save
For that unconscious groping of his hand
That seeks but never finds. I half believe
His mind sits always by a new-made grave,
And that perhaps he wears a mourning-band
Around his heart, instead of on his sleeve.

THE RESTLESS DEAD

BY ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

SAID Death, the king, unto the jester, Fate:
"My subjects chafe, those who have come of late—
They say their narrow beds are hard and cold;
And they would wander, as they did of old!"

Said Fate, the jester, unto Death, the king:
"Let them go free, let them go wandering;
Let them go back and visit once again
The scenes they loved there in the world of men.

"Yes, give them freedom—let them have their hour
And give to each returning ghost the power
To stay among his loved ones as of old,
Provided he shall find them—unconsoled!"

So spake the jester, Fate, to Death, the king,
And all the troubled ghosts went wandering.—
Next day Fate asked: "How fare the restless dead?"
"Now all are quiet in their graves!"
Death said.



Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company

AN OUTLOOK EDITOR AT WJZ

READERS of The Outlook already know that The Outlook has been co-operating with the Westinghouse Company in the preparation of its radio broadcasting programmes. Since the last of April, members of the editorial staff of The Outlook have journeyed weekly to Newark, where the broadcasting plant of the Westinghouse Company is located, for talks over the radio phone on current events. It is estimated that these radio programmes are probably heard by three or four hundred thousand people. The Westinghouse Company has had reports from as far west as the Pacific coast and as far south as Cuba of the successful receipt of its lectures and music. The Outlook would like to know how far its talks on current events have carried and will welcome information from any of its subscribers who have heard the voices of its editorial staff at a distance. We publish on this page a picture of Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott talking over the radio in the Westinghouse broadcasting room.

WITH the closing of the schools many letters have come to The Outlook from teachers, telling of the help which The Outlook has given them in the teaching of civics and current events. We publish herewith a few extracts from the many letters which we have received:

I first became acquainted with The Outlook about five years ago when I was attending high school, and it was here that I found the value of The Outlook as a current history magazine. This year when I began to teach American history I saw the need of a good current history magazine, and so I examined several leading magazines, but I found that The Outlook was best suited for my purpose. I want to say that the students

enjoy reading The Outlook and they were anxious for the day to come when The Outlook came. I found that The Outlook filled the place I expected and in some cases it went beyond what I expected of it. I intend to use The Outlook next year and can highly recommend it to any one in search of a good current history magazine, both as a home magazine and a school magazine.

H. A. PARKER,
Principal of High School,
Oran, Missouri.

We have used your magazine for a great many things during the past year and shall continue to use it. We used it for current history in our history classes, for current events work in English classes, for short stories and essay work in English classes, and found it exceedingly valuable in coaching our current events team for our annual current events contest in the Wabash Valley Association.

E. O. MAY,
Principal of High School,
Robinson, Illinois.

We have used The Outlook in our high school for the last half year. Teachers and students alike have nothing but commendation for it.

P. O. WAGNER,
Superintendent of Schools,
Oak Hill, Ohio.

I shall ask my students to subscribe to The Outlook during the summer, for I shall be glad to have your influence over them during vacation. If I were an English instead of a history teacher, I should insist upon The Outlook first. Personally, I am glad to be taught by an editorial staff whose judgment I trust and whose inspiration I am glad to acknowledge as one of the joys of my teaching.

GENEVIEVE MARSH,
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The Outlook

JUNE 21, 1922

AN ADMIRAL-PREMIER WITH ANTI-MILITARISTIC POLICIES

FURTHER developments in the political situation in Japan confirm the impression made by the earlier reports that the Japanese Government is committed to both domestic and foreign policies of a progressive character.

Perhaps American readers of the newspaper despatches from Japan may, at first, receive the impression that the Japanese Government is reverting to the control of the militarists because the new Prime Minister of Japan, who succeeds Mr. Takahashi, is an Admiral and a Baron. As a matter of fact, however, Admiral Baron Kato, who is now at the head of the Japanese Cabinet, is a man of liberal mind. He was a close friend of Mr. Hara, Mr. Takahashi's predecessor, who quietly brought about a great change in the Government of Japan by establishing more than one democratic precedent. As we said last week, Mr. Hara was virtually the first Japanese Prime Minister to substitute for military control of Japanese foreign policies and even domestic matters the precedent of party control. In carrying out his purpose, he sent Admiral Baron Kato to Washington as head of the Japanese delegation and assumed the naval portfolio himself; and in that he had Admiral Baron Kato's co-operation. Admiral Baron Kato, upon his return after Mr. Hara's death, resumed the naval portfolio, which (in spite of the Constitutional provision that ministries of the navy and army should be in the hands of officers of the respective services) had been held for the first time in civilian hands, first by Mr. Hara, and then by Mr. Takahashi. The fact that Admiral Baron Kato is now Prime Minister does not indicate a return toward militarism, but may, on the contrary, result in further progress toward genuine party control and more truly representative government.

The Seiyukai party, with which Admiral Baron Kato is virtually identified, faces a general election in May of next year. In order to maintain its power it recognizes that it must keep up with the developments of the democratic feeling in Japan, and must therefore promote measures of reform. The leaders of that party have watched with interest the result of Admiral Baron Kato's labors at the Washington Armament Conference and have observed the reception which he got upon his return to Japan. At first the Japanese people felt

that the Japanese delegates had sacrificed too much, and public opinion showed itself in the cool reception given to Prince Tokugawa, who was the first of the Japanese delegates to return. Gradually, however, the real purpose and spirit of that Conference became known, and when Admiral Baron Kato returned he persuaded the people of Japan that the nation had not been sacrificed, but, on the contrary, had made a great gain through the spirit of conciliation and friendship which had been developed by the mutual naval sacrifices voluntarily made at Washington by the nations there represented. Though there are strong opponents of Admiral Baron Kato, he has the support, not only of his party, but of a preponderant opinion of the people. The Seiyukai party, naturally cautious with the forthcoming election in prospect, has chosen Admiral Baron Kato, not primarily because he is a naval man, but because he is a supporter of the party's programme in favor of representative government, and because of his popularity.

It is expected that the new Premier will adopt the ratification and carrying out of the Washington treaties and will cut down the expenses of the Government, particularly for military purposes.

Among those who have left the Cabinet are Nakabashi, Motoda, Yamamoto, and Noda, who are all elderly and more conservative men. Their places in the Ministries of Education, Railway Transportation, Agriculture and Commerce, and Communications, respectively, have been taken by Kamada (President of Keio University), Oki (who was Minister of Justice in the former Cabinet), Arai, and Maeda (a young radical peer).

Admiral Baron Kato, besides being Premier, is Minister of Marine (that is, of the navy); Viscount Uchida is Minister of Foreign Affairs (as he was under the Hara and Takahashi Governments); Mizuno is Minister of Home Affairs (a proved, able man, formerly vice-Governor of Korea); Ichiki (a leading Kenseikai man in the House of Peers) is Minister of Finance; Yamanashi (a general) is Minister of War; and Okano (recently President of Chuo University) is Minister of Justice.

Not all the members of this Cabinet are members of the Seiyukai, for some are non-Seiyukai men from the House of Peers; but the Cabinet has the support of the Seiyukai party, which has a large majority in the Japanese Diet. The majority of this Cabinet are members

of the House of Peers, which is not a merely aristocratic body like the British House of Lords, but is in some respects more radical than the Diet. It thus happens paradoxically that a Cabinet composed chiefly of Peers represents a step in the development of the democratic spirit in Japan; that a Cabinet constituting what is virtually a coalition Government represents a step in the development of a responsible party system; and that a Cabinet under the Premiership of a member of the military class represents a step in the development of civilian control.

ADAMANT—FRENCH AND AMERICAN STYLE

A GROUP of bankers, forming an international committee of which Mr. J. P. Morgan is a member, considered in Paris the floating of a loan to Germany. The purpose of such a loan would be to enable Germany to pay the amounts due from her in reparation of the wanton damage which she did during the war.

Under the treaty which Germany signed at Versailles, she is obliged to pay in accordance with terms arranged by the Reparations Commission. When the bankers examined the situation, they found that they were not willing to recommend a loan to Germany except on terms which would almost inevitably lead to a reduction in the amount of reparations demanded from Germany. If Germany were willing to pay the reparations demanded of her, the situation would be different; but Germany is unwilling. From the point of view of those who would like to float a loan, the alternative seems, therefore, further reduction in the demands upon Germany. The Reparations Commission were willing to give the bankers the liberty to set their own terms—that is, all the Reparations Commission were willing except the representative of France. This perhaps is human nature, as France was the chief sufferer from the war. We are all perhaps more ready than we ought to be to forgive those who trespass against—our neighbors.

France probably would be willing to release Germany from some of the damages she should pay if France in turn could be released from some of the obligations which she incurred in driving back the German bandits. Her principal debt is to Great Britain and the United States. Great Britain would be glad to release France from her debt, but she in turn owes something to the United

States, and first wishes to be relieved herself. But the United States is adamant. Not without reason. Why should Americans forego billions of dollars because the European nations find it inconvenient to pay their notes? Didn't America do her share in the war as it was? What seems odd, however, is that Americans, while remaining adamant themselves, are criticising the French for being adamant. Those Americans who are anxious to see Germany released from paying damages for the consequences of her crimes, on the ground perhaps that she was criminally insane, ought to be willing to put their hands in their own pockets, and not expect France to do all the renouncing. As a matter of fact, both France and America have done enough renouncing on Germany's account.

TURKISH ATROCITIES

WHEN that delightful pilgrim from England, Lady Astor, returned home, she is reported to have said, on embarking at the pier in New York, that the American Government had declined the invitation of the British Government to join in official investigation of Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor. This she regretted as an evidence of a lack of humane co-operation among the English-speaking peoples. Lady Astor's native American sense of humor is so refreshing that she will not resent, we are sure, being reminded of the trenchant saying of another native American humorist: "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so!" For Lady Astor was wrong. The United States is going to co-operate with Great Britain, France, and Italy in the proposed investigation.

Three weeks ago we reported the invitation of Great Britain and expressed the hope that the United States would participate in the investigation, even if it could not commit itself to any forcible action to put an end to the cruelties and massacres which the Armenians are suffering from the hands of the Turks.

Secretary Hughes has now issued an official statement announcing, as the following quotation shows, that this is the course which our Government is prepared to pursue:

The situation of the Christian minorities in Turkey has enlisted to a marked degree the sympathies of the American people and it has been noted with deep concern that the work of benevolent and educational institutions in Turkey has steadily been hampered, that the rights which American citizens have long enjoyed in Turkey in common with the nationals of other Powers have often been disregarded and the property rights and interests of Americans and other foreigners placed in jeopardy.

In view of the humanitarian considerations which are involved and of the desire of this Government to have adequate information through a thorough and impartial investigation of the actual conditions prevailing in Anatolia, in order that this Government may determine its future policy in relation to the authorities concerned, the President is prepared to designate an officer or officers to take part in the proposed inquiry.

In informing the British Government of the foregoing the Government of the United States has made it clear that the proposed action is limited in scope to an inquiry to obtain accurate data as to the situation in Anatolia for the information of the Governments participating therein, and has stated that this Government assumes no further obligation and enters into no commitment.

In order that the investigation may be thoroughly unpartisan the State Department has suggested that the inquiry be extended to those districts under Greek control as well as to territory dominated by the Turks.

We welcome this official decision voiced by Secretary Hughes (the first of its kind, we think, in the history of the United States) for two reasons. It will give the world the actual facts, backed by the word and authority of four great civilized Governments—France, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States; and it is another proof that the people and Government of the United States do not wish to remain aloof from a humane participation in world problems. A League of Human Help is a very different thing from a hard and fast, legislative, political, military League of Nations.

NEW THREATS OF RAILWAY STRIKES

SOMETHING like a million men are employed in those divisions of railway work which have to do with the maintenance of way and with shop work. These men have been asked by their organization committees to vote on the question of a strike after July 1, in resistance to the recent order of the Railway Labor Board for a reduction of wages in these departments. The results of the ballot have not been announced as we write. Even if the men vote in favor of a strike, it by no means follows that a strike will take place, any more than after the last threat of an extended railway strike.

This question of railway wages is part of the very large problem of the reduction of labor wages to meet the demand for lower prices of goods and lower freights. The Railway Labor Board is in this industry the expert body acting for the public and the Government to determine just such questions. Public

opinion, therefore, will accept the Board's decision that such reductions as are now ordered are necessary unless a clear case of error or injustice is established.

On their part, the workers assert that the cost of living has not been reduced in any such measure as to compensate for the proposed reduction. For instance, the Executive Council of the maintenance-of-way workers says that the slash in pay for their men is a little over 13 per cent, while the workers' cost of living has not declined more than 3 per cent; but the last figure is certainly not consonant with most economic statistics. Probably, however, the real opposition to this reduction comes, first, from the general reluctance of any workers to receive less pay; secondly, to the fact that those now subject to reduction are the lowest-paid classes of railway workers, because their labor is less skilled than that of the engineers, conductors, and others. Moreover, the men concerned with the maintenance of way, and in less degree those working in the shops, are difficult to organize, because their places can be comparatively easily filled. As a matter of fact, these two unions are of comparatively recent organization. Every one will remember when, not so many years ago, the lowest-paid men used to complain that Mr. Gompers and the Federation leaders always said in effect, "If you want better pay, organize."—Now they have organized; but it is an open question whether the great Brotherhoods of the more skilled employees will sustain them in their resistance.

Railway officials are reported in the press to characterize the threatened strike as pure bluff. A statement signed by several railway presidents says, "Men in the railroad service work under more favorable conditions than in outside shops and industries, and no other men doing the same class of work have better homes or surroundings." On the other hand, the leaders of the men state that the new rates proposed are totally inadequate to allow a man to live decently and support a family. The new schedule would give a maintenance-of-way man from \$11.04 to \$16.80 for six days' work of eight hours each; while the shop workers would receive from \$25.92 to \$33.60 for the same number of days and hours; in both cases the pay would vary in accordance with the nature of the work done.

WHAT DO WE KNOW OF HENRY FORD'S GREAT-GRANDSON?

WHEN Henry Ford offered to take over the vast water power and nitrate manufacturing project at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, agreeing to produce,

BUBBLES IN A LATE DISTURBED STREAM

(1 Henry IV, Act III, Scene 3)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



READY

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Craig Fox in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle



THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

From Julius J. H. Hayn, 58 Cary St., Buffalo, N. Y.

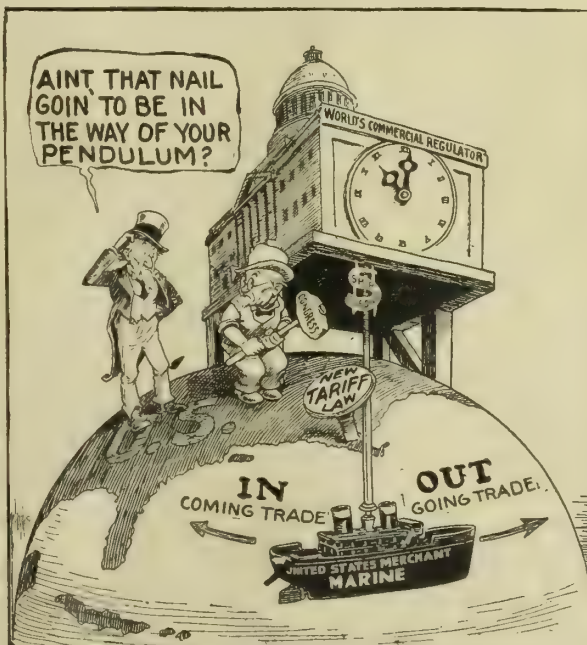
Bushnell in the St. Petersburg Times



FABLE OF THE FOOLISH FROG THAT TRIED TO SWELL UP AS BIG AS AN ON

From H. R. Olney, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



A PENDULUM MUST SWING BOTH WAYS

From Esther Marshall, Columbus, Ohio



P. and A. Photos

SPECIAL COMMITTEE TO CONSIDER THE FORD MUSCLE SHOALS OFFER

Left to right: J. W. Worthington, Washington representative for Henry Ford; W. B. Mayo, Ford's chief engineer; Congressman Wright, of Georgia; Congressman Morin, of Pennsylvania; Congressman Miller, of Washington; Chief Clerk of the sessions (standing); Congressman Fisher, of Tennessee; Congressman Crago, of Pennsylvania

sell, and distribute commercial fertilizers in consideration of the acceptance of the offer by the United States Government, the farmers of the country showed unmistakably that they were overwhelmingly in favor of Mr. Ford's plan. They believe that the man who built the flivver at such a price that almost any farmer can own one, the man who built the small tractor which solved for thousands of farmers the question of power on the farm, the man who has taken over a railway and made it profitable at reduced rates, is the man to provide them with fertilizer. There is no doubt that the great majority of farmers in this country trust Henry Ford.

It is in response undoubtedly to this powerful public opinion that the Military Committee of the House of Representatives has virtually recommended to the House the adoption, in a somewhat modified form, of Mr. Ford's offer.

On the technical matters involved the public is not competent to form an opinion. Whether commercial fertilizers can be produced at Muscle Shoals under conditions that will bring about appreciable reduction to the cost of farming, whether the enormous power generated at Muscle Shoals can be used for that purpose to the best advantage or whether it should be employed in other ways, whether the price which Mr. Ford offers to pay is adequate for the property which he acquires—all these questions and others like them can be answered properly only by those who are in full possession of all the facts and are equipped with the technical knowledge to understand them. There is, however, a question which is involved in this offer that is distinctly within the competence of the public to decide.

According to Mr. Ford's offer, this enormous water power is to be handed over to Mr. Ford and his successors for a hundred years. If this is done, a grave exception will be made to the policy which after long debate has become, or is supposed to have become, the settled policy of the National Government. The Nation's resources belong to the Nation. They belong, not merely to the present

generation, but to future generations. They are the heritage which we of to-day hold in trust for our children and our children's children. They are not to be tied up and kept from use, neither are they to be squandered or to be allowed to pass from the Nation's control. Water power is one of the most valuable of these resources. More and more it will do the work of the world. In its discretion, the present generation can and ought to exercise the right of leasing water power to those who can develop it and use it for the public benefit at a price which will seem fair both to the user and to the public. But the lease of such power ought not to go beyond the life of the generation that makes the lease. At the outside, the period of such leases should not exceed fifty years. Indeed, such a period allows some encroachment upon the liberty of the succeeding generation. The present generation knows and trusts Henry Ford; but what does the present generation know about Henry Ford's great-grandson? Or the great-grandsons of Henry Ford's partners? Or the great-grandsons of Henry Ford's successors? What do we of to-day know about what our great-grandsons will think of Henry Ford's great-grandsons? No one, not even Henry Ford, should have the right to determine the disposal of that vast water power for a hundred years to come.

STILL LOOKING FOR THAT IMAGINARY RABBIT

THE Bonus Bill has been formally introduced in the Senate, and it has brought forth renewed assurances from the President that a Bonus Bill which does not provide for raising the funds necessary to make the payments called for does not satisfy him.

The Senate Committee which introduced the bill seems still to be hypnotized with the hope that it can draw rabbits from its hat without first providing for the insertion of the rabbits. The President is emphatically right in adhering to his opinion that imaginary rabbits will neither serve to pay political debts

nor be of any value to the veterans of the war.

The Congressmen who hope to secure re-election on the basis of their present bonus efforts should bear in mind the fact that it is always more disappointing to be paid with a bogus check than not to be paid at all.

JUSTICE FOR PERIODICALS

WE recently called attention to the fact that a combined effort is now being made by publishers of newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals to secure a partial reduction in the oppressive war rates involved in the present zone postage on second-class mail matter. A bill to accomplish this has now been introduced into the House by Representative Kelly, of Pennsylvania. It has been referred to the appropriate committee, and presumably will come up for action soon.

What is asked for is a simple act of justice and equity. Under the war legislation of 1917, the zone plan, as such, bore unevenly and unfairly upon periodicals which aim to disseminate information and good reading matter all over the country. The rates imposed, apart from the zone inequity, were so high as to handicap the basic idea of second-class rates. That idea always has been a recognition of the fact that there is something more than mere commerce in the issue and circulation of newspapers and magazines; that it is a function of government to help the common people everywhere to get in this way education, information, and even entertainment. An effort was made to soften the blow by dividing the total increase and raising the rates once every year for four years. The highest rate was reached some time ago and is now continuing. The proposal now is to retain the zone system, but to reduce the rates from the present highest level, which went into effect July 1, 1921, to the second advance in rates, which went into effect July 1, 1919.

In introducing this bill Congressman Kelly pointed out that the rates asked for would still give the Government 175 per cent more than the pre-war rates and would not relieve the publishing industry of one cent of the other Federal taxes paid by it in common with other industries.

The present second-class rates are no less than 325 per cent higher than they were before the war. It is stated that every other special war tax included in the War Revenue Act of 1917 has been modified or repealed. The war-time increases on second-class matter alone of that war legislation remain unchanged. It is asserted on statistical proof that these increases have driven millions of pounds of second-class matter from the



International
THE AMERICAN MODEL YACHT POLKA DOT, WITH HER DESIGNER AND OWNER, MR. E. A. BULL, FOLLOWING IN A ROWBOAT, IN THE FIRST DAY'S RACE AT BAYSIDE, LONG ISLAND



International
POLKA DOT, WITH HER DESIGNER, MR. E. A. BULL, AND ENDEAVOR, THE ENGLISH YACHT, WITH HER DESIGNER, MR. W. J. DANIELS

mail into private chanel of distribu-
tion.

The facts speak for themselves. The
action proposed should have the support
of the public at large, for the public is
most clearly and positively an interested
party.

A NEW RECORD FOR CLIMBING

A RECENT despatch from General Bruce,
in command of the party that is
attacking Mount Everest in the Him-
alayas, states that three members of the
Everest expedition—Mallory, Somerville,
and Norton—on May 21 reached an alti-
tude of 26,800 feet, the highest attained
on the earth's surface by man, and just
2,200 feet below the summit. English
papers state that this feat was accomp-
lished without the aid of oxygen, and
the London "Times" comments, "The
prospect of reaching the summit seems
now much less a forlorn hope than it
did." The record may be compared with
the airplane altitude record, 40,500 feet.

The attack on the highest mountain
on the earth's surface is to be pushed
by a series of efforts, in each of which
the object is to make some gain, estab-
lish a shelter, leave stores, and recon-
noiter the remaining ground. The plan
has a likeness to the attempts to reach
the North Pole; successive parties will
be pushed on, and, sooner or later, it is
hoped that a chance for the final dash
may open. The chief obstacle has been
regarded as the difficulty of breathing;
experts have said that oxygen (carried,
of course, in small portable tanks)
should be used above 22,000 feet; yet the
three men named seem to have gone

without it up to 26,800. It has been
thought probable that the last dash
might well be made by one man strong
enough to carry three or four bottles of
oxygen, enough to last him for perhaps
1,000 feet and back to a camp advanced
that distance from the top.

The utilitarian may ask what thing of
value will be attained by the conquest of
Mount Everest. The answer is that
there is something in the spirit of man
that urges him to attain the all but un-
attainable, and that it is this, more than
personal gain and ambition or specific
immediate results, that animates dis-
coverers, pioneers, and inventors.

COME ONE, COME ALL

TWO years ago, when Resolute and
Shamrock IV retired to a safe
anchorage in the face of a twenty-five-
mile breeze, sarcastic seamen suggested
hat the next Anglo-American yacht races
sshould be sailed with toy boats on the
lake in Central Park. These critics of
our modern racing machines were more
prophetic than they knew. An Anglo-
American race has just been sailed be-
tween model yachts, though the contest-
ants chose Long Island Sound for their
regatta rather than the safer seclusion
of metropolitan waterways.

Apparently English model yachtsmen
are to have no better fortune on this
side of the water than those who have
sought to carry America's cup back to
the British Isles. The British champion
Endeavor was defeated by the American
defender Polka Dot in three straight
races.

These model yachts are by no means

the toys which they may appear to some
to be. They are constructed with amaz-
ing skill and with all the minute regard
for details of displacement, wetted sur-
face, and sail area which animates the
minds of designers of practicable ves-
sels. Victory depends both upon their
design and the skill with which they
are handled. The miniature yachts must
in their contest obey all the rules of the
road which govern their larger sisters of
the sea.

In several cities and towns there are
enthusiastic clubs of model yachtsmen,
the members of which build their yachts
entire or buy the material for them in
various degrees of completeness. The
sport is an entrancing one and richly
deserves a greater popularity and a fur-
ther development.

GUARD THE EN-
TRANCE, BUT LEAVE
THE EXIT OPEN

LAST week we printed special cor-
respondence from Washington by
Newton Fuessle describing the re-
volt of responsible officials, with high
standards of executive efficiency, against
the system which keeps inefficient em-
ployees of the Government in place and
interferes with the work of efficient em-
ployees. It is not merely the spoilsman
who finds fault with the present opera-
tions of the Civil Service. Of course
a party manager who wants to get places
for party workers objects very strongly
to any regulations which keep those

places filled with people who have done no party service. His objections to Civil Service regulations may be properly ignored. Indeed, as Theodore Roosevelt said in his autobiography, "Patronage does not really help a party. It helps the bosses to get control of the machinery of the party, . . . but it does not help the party." The public service is not maintained for the sake of rewarding party workers. Cleveland's famous saying that public office is a public trust has become a doctrine too widely accepted for the spoilsman to nullify. The spoilsman can have no hope of weakening the widespread belief in that truth. What constitutes the evil against which high-minded officials protest is that the subordinate places are so hedged about with restrictions that not only is it impossible to get party hacks into them but it is equally impossible to get indifferent workers out of them. And what is even a worse evil, it is impossible to transfer work from overworked clerks to clerks that are idle.

The defect of the Civil Service system, devised for the public good, is thus twofold, and the remedy must be twofold. In the first place, provision should be made by law which will enable temporary transfers of subordinates from one department, or bureau, or office to another, so that when a special rush of work comes in one place it may be met by supplying from elsewhere some kind of reserve. In the second place, while maintaining all the safeguards necessary to secure a competent worker for every position, the law should give the greatest freedom to those in authority to dismiss from any place a worker whose work for any reason is, to that responsible official, unsatisfactory. There is no reason why public office should be a place of refuge for the inefficient or the indolent. There is no reason why the subordinate in a public position should be permitted to remain in office if incapable of co-operating with those in authority. Rules concerning the appointment to office may be too rigid. In some cases the mechanical requirement that the person who stands highest in passing an examination should be appointed works badly. The appointing power should have some choice among those who have proved themselves eligible. The important thing, however, is that the official responsible for the conduct of his department or bureau should, after giving in writing the reasons for his action, be free to discharge those who he has reason to believe are incompetent or shirk their work. The abuses that may arise under the exercise of such liberty are not as great as the abuses that have grown up under a hard

and fast system that keeps laggard or incompetent workers in places where they are supposed to serve the public. At present, it is frequently necessary to prove against a subordinate misconduct amounting to a misdemeanor in order to secure removal. No private organization could carry on its business on a basis like that. A Government clerk ought to have some other qualifications for remaining in office than merely innocence of crime. There should be a new reform in the Civil Service—a reform in the direction of competent and economic work. The public not only has the right to make sure by law that its servants are not employed for political purposes, but it also has the right to make sure that its servants really serve.

WHY THE PRESIDENT IS WATCHED

UPON every President bears the pressure of party factions. The factions do not need to be in open warfare. They do not even need to realize their own existence to make this pressure a fact. When the President is a dominating personality, his power of selection may be greater than the pressure of the various groups surrounding him. When a President is a team-worker, a man who subordinates his own personality to the power of his Administration as a whole, the question of factional influence becomes of increasing interest to the country at large.

In the long run, it is upon team-workers that the Nation must depend for carrying on its Government. It is therefore no disparagement of this type of mind to say that the country should concern itself with the influence of the men who surround the team-worker in public office.

The Taft Administration was wrecked because of the fact that the Old Guard gained the upper hand in the struggle for personal contact with the President. Signs are not wanting that this same struggle is under way for the ear of President Harding. The warring elements are present in his own Cabinet; on the one side represented by such men as Hoover, Hughes, and Mellon; on the other side by such men as Daugherty and Fall. The recent Republican primaries—in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Iowa—are indication enough as to the direction to which the country hopes the President will turn. If it were not for the record of 1912 and 1916, we should say that the warning was clear enough for even an Old Guard politician to understand; but there are some who never learn.

THE BAD OLD DAYS

THE pessimists who forever lament the good old days rarely stop to make comparisons. Was civic virtue, for instance, finer or civic corruption less offensive in New York City a third of a century ago than it is to-day? A vivid reminder of just what kind of people were governing the metropolis in 1890 cropped up the other day in an article about Mr. E. L. Godkin's journalistic fight against Tammany. Tweed and his gang were gone; Croker was Boss. (Mr. Godkin, if he were living to-day, would lift eyebrows at some of the eulogies of Croker's honesty that followed his death.) There was talk of a New Tammany, to be clean and virtuous. Hugh Grant was Mayor, and "Harper's Weekly," which had helped drive Tweed to jail, called Grant remarkable for personal honesty and trustworthiness. But Godkin didn't believe in a virtuous Tammany. He wrote: "The society is simply an organization of clever adventurers, most of them in some degree criminal, for the control of the ignorant and vicious vote of the city is an attack upon the property of the taxpayers." A sweeping indictment, this!

To prove his accusation Godkin published nine newspaper columns of biography about Tammany leaders; here is his statistical summary of its executive committee:

Professional politicians, 27; convicted murderer, 1; acquitted of murder, 1; convicted of felonious assault, 1; professional gamblers, 4; former dive-keepers, 5; liquor dealers, 4; former liquor dealers, 5; sons of liquor dealers, 3; former pugilists, 3; former toughs, 4; members of Tweed gang, 6; office-holders, 17.

Of the Tammany Committee on Organization (which numbered 1,070) Godkin asserted that 161 were rum-sellers, 133 were criminal rum-sellers (that is, they kept open on Sunday and after hours), and 235 were without occupation or not listed in the city directory—and Godkin pointed out that professional gamblers were usually without assigned occupation.

One would expect that dire penalties would have followed such an onslaught, for names were freely given, but while libel suits were brought they were not pressed. The uproar was great, the result was nil. Godkin, says Mr. Allan Nevins, who wrote the article from which we quote, compared the inquiry with the introduction of a ferret into a cellar. You knew the rats were there, but until the ferret appeared you did not know where. "When they become aware of his presence, out they scuttle, from the coal hole, the ash-barrel, the

garbage can, the woodpile, brown and black, big and little, squealing and showing their teeth." The three things a Tammany leader most dreaded, Godkin said, were, in the order of their repul-

siveness—biography, honest industry, and the penitentiary.

We are not particularly proud of our Tammany-governed New York of to-day, but when we look back to 1890 and re-

member that reformers enough couldn't be rallied that year to defeat the Tammany thus depicted we may admit that the bad new times are at least better than the bad old times.

RUSSIA AT GENOA

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM EUROPE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

BOLSHEVISM is the negation of civilization.

In order to put the Bolshevist system into practice, its promoters (who have all the arms though they represent less than one per cent of the actual Russian population of about 130,000,000 now that Finland, Poland, and the Baltic States have been lopped off) have massacred the Imperial family and some two million nobles and *bourgeois* and have confiscated their estates and belongings. The Bolsheviks have also looted the Russian Church. In place of the old courts of law they have instituted their secret Tcheka, a reign of terror. They have suppressed liberty of assembly, of elections, of the press. They have checked industry and transportation. They have oppressed the farmers and peasants by forced requisitions of crops until these people have been sowing the least amount of grain possible and are hiding the results of their harvests. Instead of being an economic self-sufficiency and furnishing much of Europe with grain besides, Russia is now suffering from famine and her people are perishing by the million. Those remaining have lost their power of resistance through starvation and misery.

So much for Russia. But there is something in the Bolshevist system for other countries also to be taken into consideration. The Bolsheviks have used their resources, not only for massacre, for theft, for oppression at home; they have also used their resources for propaganda abroad. In America, for instance, there are, according to Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, a thousand Bolshevist propagandists, whose aim is to destroy the Federation and put a Red dictatorship in its place. These propagandists are also openly opposed to all our social and political institutions.

In other countries we see something of the same thing. But emphatically in Germany and in Turkey we note an amazing success for the Bolsheviks. They have concluded alliances with the Berlin and Angora Governments. Hence the world is now threatened with a Germano-Turco-Bolshevist *bloc*, a menacing mass bringing doom to civilization. The *bloc* has already begun to move against French interests in Syria and English interests in Mesopotamia, with the inevitable repercussions along these



A cartoonist of the Italian humorous journal "Satyricon" made this portrait of Lloyd George as he appeared at the Genoa Conference.

"In the first place, Lloyd George is a stockier, sturdier, more closely knit person than I had supposed. My idea of him had of course been influenced by the caricatures in the illustrated press, where his hair is always too long and curly, his mustache too stubby, his eyes too watery, and his expression too all-things-to-all-men. As I spoke with him, I saw no very long, flowing locks, no bristling mustache, and eyes, not watery, but clear, sharp, shrewd eyes, looking at me with what you might call 'pondered assurance,' and 'eating me up,' as we used to say at school."

This pen portrait of Lloyd George is taken from an interview with the British Premier by Elbert F. Baldwin, editorial correspondent of The Outlook. The interview will be published in next week's issue of The Outlook.

two lines in Egypt and India. The *bloc* represents more than 200,000,000 inhabitants to the east of the Rhine. With Germany at its head, as the intellectual and the directing element, it is the most colossal anarchic instrument of domination which has ever threatened the world.

What have been the resources of the Bolshevist Government?

(1) The reserve of the Russian Imperial Bank.

(2) The treasury of the Russian Church.

(3) The gold reserve of the Bank of Rumania, together with the securities and jewels which had been sent to Russia before the Revolution there for safer keeping.

(4) The properties stolen from private persons and companies in Russia.

(5) The taxes and requisitions imposed on the people.

(6) The trillions of paper rubles put forth. This industry seems to have been the only really Bolshevist industry since the Revolution.

From all the foregoing the Bolshevist Government has had, I estimate, some 4,000,000,000 gold francs, or about \$800,000,000.

At first we were told that Bolshevism could last but a few months in Russia. It has lasted five years. But now the Bolsheviks are at the end of their tether.

Hence they stretch forth their bloody hands in invitation to the hated capitalists to return to Russia.

But, no matter what the Bolsheviks pretend, the Russians have really nothing to sell abroad. So, in order to keep going, the Bolsheviks must have a loan. What impudence! They are asking it from nations to which Russia owes money.

Before the war France, Russia's principal creditor, lent to the Imperial Government, to the municipalities, and to various Russian railway, banking, mining, and industrial companies about 19,000,000,000 gold francs. During the war and before the Revolution France lent to Russia a much smaller but still goodly sum.

In the period before the war and during the all too short period of the Provisional Republican Government, Russia was fairly prosperous. But now the Bolsheviks have destroyed all her riches.

They have even used up all Russian credit. This little group of crazy and criminal men have ruined Russia.

Bolshevism was born of the lowest Jew and Slav temperaments. (The Jewish part of this combination has not the slightest thing in common with the character of the excellent Hebrew citizens of America and other countries.) The solution of any questions is thus all the

more difficult when outsiders have to do with such a combination.

Here at Genoa the Bolshevik delegation sought to "save face" against their return to Moscow.

They wanted two things: (1) To return with their hands full of money, borrowed from the capitalist states represented here; but (2) to return with their voices still loudly proclaiming the triumph of Bolshevik "principles."

The other day the blunt Krassin, the chief "business man" among the Bolsheviks here, as Tchitcherin is the chief diplomat, said to some of us: "Why are we Russians here? The answer may be expressed in three words: *We want money. Let me repeat. We want money. We want money, first, last, and all the time.*"

Of course no civilized government could ask its taxpayers to consent to a loan to these bankrupt revolutionaries, especially as Russia has already "bled" some millions of French, Belgian, British, and Italian citizens in getting money from them. Mr. Lloyd George told us that in no case could the Governments of Europe consent to such credits, both because of the lack of character of the borrowers and because of the already outrageously overtaxed contributors.

Then the Bolshevik delegation thought to obtain a loan through the medium of the banks of various countries. The borrowers had the sublime assurance to ask for a billion-dollar loan. In exchange they offered to recognize the pre-war debts, but they would not recognize the entire right of the foreigners who had been engaged in manufacturing and mining in Russia to their former properties. In my opinion, the banks would throw a billion dollars out of the window rather than lend that amount without something better in return.

What, then, were the guaranties, which the Conference of Genoa asked in return for anything it might do to help the economic reconstruction of Russia? Of course for such a reconstruction there must be not only recognition of previous debts, but also of the entire right of private property. The Bolshevik delegation declared, however, that it could not accept the latter condition in its entirety, because it would subvert the sovereignty of the Soviet Republic. Yet in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk (1918) with Germany we read that the expropriated properties of German citizens shall be restored. Why do the Bolsheviks refuse in 1922 that which they accorded in 1918? Germany evidently began to be "the most favored nation" four years before the Russo-German treaty of 1922.

Russia needs Europe very much more than Europe needs Russia—indeed, Europe could get on perfectly well without any Russia at all. Russia needs capital now, and a lot of it. Europe could give it, not in loans, as the Bolsheviks have requested, but by means of a commercial international consortium, or the extension by the Powers, acting together, to

Russia of their system of credits, aiding the Russian industrial organizations. In this way a large amount of credit would turn towards Russia. Of course the immediate profits from the working of the consortium would be but a fraction of the huge sum demanded by the Bolshevik delegation.

To meet that delegation's pretensions it is not the proper course to make conciliatory propositions only. To blaze the trail towards the economic restoration of Europe there is only one course—an intimate co-operation, if not an alliance, among the nations of Europe who won the war. It is absolutely essential to save the Entente as an aggressive force. Then, and then only, shall we see Russia and Germany resign themselves to a final comprehension that, after all, their veritable interests do not lie in resistance.

The stoutest member of the Entente turns out to be one of the smallest—Belgium. In 1914 this brave little nation categorically refused to compromise with crime, and now again she has refused to sign the Allied memorandum to Russia which would have legitimized a little—or a good deal—the Bolshevik thefts. M. Jaspar, Belgian Foreign Minister and chief of the Belgian delegation in the Premier's absence, said in my hearing: "Respect for acquired rights is essential to the development of international relations. It is a principle of justice and order without which no spirit of confidence can be established. And on a spirit of confidence the resurrection of Europe depends." So M. Jaspar's resolution before the Conference proclaimed that all the Powers represented here should engage to hold as naught every concession of property of which the former owners had been dispossessed without their consent. The English proposal was to the effect that the Russian Government should restore the foreign properties or indemnify for damages. Alone among all the states represented here Belgium protested. Finally she obtained this addition: "Restore foreign properties or, *in default*, indemnify." It is instructive now to note that the Bolsheviks are declaring themselves disposed to restore ninety per cent of the confiscated properties.

Once the right of private property is recognized, the right of entire individual liberty will follow. Then will come political emancipation. That is what the Conference of Genoa tried to do for the Russian people.

The effort of the promoters of this Conference has been directed towards the conclusion of a general agreement with the Bolsheviks, in which agreement should be stated the conditions under which the countries of Europe would take part in the endeavor to reconstruct Russia.

Through a memorandum presented to them, the Bolsheviks knew just what these conditions would be. When the Russian reply came, its tone surprised only those who did not realize that, ac-

customed as they are to Oriental ways, the Bolsheviks were proceeding on the theory that the foreign nations asked a great deal more than they expected to receive. Hence the Bolsheviks thought that they could keep up a continual bargaining. The reply was a bitter, costly, but practical lesson to the Conference concerning the danger of trying to treat with the Bolsheviks at all.

Really, the Bolshevik delegation did want to come to some arrangement with Europe. MM. Tchitcherin, Krassin, Litvinov, and the rest did not want to go back to Moscow only to have their heads cut off. On the other hand, they did not want to accept the very reasonable conditions offered to them by the Conference because they feared the revenge of the same extremists who would be apt to cut off their heads in the other case. Should they accept the conditions, their Government would lose some of its power. Will they sacrifice to a continuance of all that power the reconstruction of their country?

Russian-American relations did not enter into this Conference. There are no legal obstacles to American trade with Russia. There are plenty of others, however, and they are due, as our Government says, to the domination of certain elements in the Bolshevik Government. Of course no credit can be given to Russia until a base for it has been created—a credit is a consequence, and not a condition. The creation of credits must take place in Russia itself. In the same way political recognition can never take place until a healthy, moral, solid base for international relations shall have been established. This depends on the existence of a government capable of honoring its international obligations and having given proof of the same. It goes without saying that the Bolshevik Government will also have to give proof for a considerable period of time of the re-establishment of freedom and order in Russia before the American Government will dream of recognizing it.

Pessimists here will tell you that so far for Russia the only great and positive results of the visit of the Bolshevik delegation to Italy have been (1) the signing at Rapallo of the Russo-German treaty, concluded at Berlin, and (2) the concord between Russia and the Holy See. If this be so, Russia certainly has gained two immense forces—the technical organization of the Germans and the favor of the Roman Catholic Church. The aim of that Church—the union of Christianity—is noble. But the Bolshevik aim in concluding a concord with her is ignoble. The Bolshevik aim is to fight the Russian Orthodox Church, to-day the only guardian of the traditions of the past; she is indeed a souvenir of "Holy Russia." To fight her the Bolsheviks must bring in one or more other religions. The Bolsheviks must break up the one great faith which has spread all over Russia among as many faiths as possible. They want to do this so as to dominate the Russians more easily, to

divide them into cliques and groups and so to control them entirely. Their ultimate aim is by no means to Christianize, but to dechristianize Russia.

The other day one of their tribunals summoned the Russian Orthodox Patriarch Tikhon before it. The President of the Tribunal asked:

"Who are under your authority?"

To which Monsignor Tikhon replied: "The faithful of all Russia."

Question. "Do you administer all the churches?"

Reply. "Naturally, all the churches are under my authority."

Question. "And the treasures of the churches also?"

Reply. "Yes, I also control the treasures of the churches."

Question. "Do you not know that the pretended treasures of the Church now constitute the property of the State?"

Reply. "Yes."

Question. "You administer, then, a property which does not belong to you?"

Reply. "That signifies nothing. The

Pope of Rome, you will say, also reigns over an empire which has no material existence. On the other hand, the property of the Church is material; it can be stolen."

Question. "Who has stolen anything from you?"

Reply. "It is not from me that one has stolen; it is from the Church, it is from God."

Question. "Who has stolen?"

Reply. "You well know; the Soviet Government."

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

TO A MOTHER

YOU have asked me to give you some suggestions which may help you in teaching your child the Bible. This letter is written in reply to that request.

The Bible is not a book, it is a library. It is composed of sixty-six different books, written by at least forty or fifty different writers. Over a thousand years elapsed between the writing of the first and the last of these books. They were gathered together by a process of natural selection out of a considerably larger number. The Church did not gather them, though it put its approval on the gathering which usage had made. This library contains a great variety of literature: legend, myth, folk-lore, fiction, drama, epic poetry, lyric poetry, practical ethics, oratory—written and spoken, essays, biography, letters, dream literature. Let me put this composite character of the Bible before you a little more clearly, in the main following an admirable statement given seven years ago to an audience in the Bedford Branch of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Genesis is a book of prehistoric beginnings, stories of the old world rewritten by an unknown prophet; Exodus narrates the birth of a nation; Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy give its laws, ecclesiastical and civil; Joshua and Judges, its colonial history; Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah, its later history down to the time of the return of Israel from the Exile; Ruth is an exquisite love story of primitive life; Esther, a historical romance of the Exile; Job, an "Epic of the Inner Life;" the Psalms, a book of religious lyrics analogous to our church hymn-books; Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are prudential and ethical counsels gathered from experience and observation; the Song of Songs is a love drama in which the supremacy of love over ambition reaches its splendidly simple conclusion, "Love is strong as death;" the Prophets are writings preserved to us from counsels given to kings and to people by teachers who

were both statesmen and preachers; the Gospels are four biographical reminiscences of the life and teachings of Jesus; Acts is a record of the early life of the Church; the Epistles are letters of counsel to the various churches adapted to their several needs; and, finally, Revelation is a piece of dream literature in its gorgeous imagery unsurpassed by that of either Milton or Dante.

There are two peculiarities about this collection which the reader is likely to overlook, but which are striking if he realizes that it is a national library and that the authors were men of different temperaments and training, wrote in at least two different languages, and in different epochs and without any conscious unity of purpose. It contains no science or art and very little that can properly be called philosophy; and it is all of it religious literature—that is, it is all written by authors who were interested in men's moral relation to each other and in their spiritual relation to God. It is this extraordinary spiritual unity which makes the library appear like a book. All its various books were written by men who believed in God, or at least in the divine life, and wrote to tell their readers their religious experience. It is not an infallible book *about* religion; it is a library *of* religion—that is, of religious experience. Indeed, a really infallible book is inconceivable, for the simple reason that language is not an infallible method of communicating ideas.

In introducing your child to the study of this library recognize frankly that it contains different types of literature. Recognize the difference between fact and truth, and do not forget that fiction is sometimes a better means than fact of communicating truth. If you should read in Greek literature a story of a garden with a talking serpent, a tree of life the fruit of which if eaten would give to the eater the knowledge of good and evil, and a god walking in the garden in the cool of the day, you would not think it history, but fable or para-

ble. Why should you think it to be history because you find it in Hebrew literature? If you read Jotham's parable in the Ninth Chapter of Judges beginning with the statement that "the trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them," you do not imagine that any such general town-meeting took place in the forest. Why the theological scholars have interpreted the Third Chapter of Genesis as history and the Ninth Chapter of Judges as parable, it is not easy for me, at least, to understand. On the face of it the story of Jonah is a satire on Jewish narrowness and the meaning of it is made clear by the conclusion to which it leads: "Then said the Lord, . . . should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" But we have forgotten the meaning of the satire while we have turned aside to discuss the question whether there is any fish big enough to swallow a man whole and if he were swallowed how he could compose a psalm in the big fish's belly.

I have made but a beginning in writing an article when I should like to write a book. The object of this article is to persuade the mother who is planning to teach her child the Bible to realize herself that it is a library, not a book, that it contains all types of literature which can be made vehicles for moral instruction, that she must not fear to recognize the difference between fact and fiction, that to do this is not skepticism but common sense, that in teaching a child the Bible it is well to begin with Bible stories and not always draw from them a moral, that she must never discourage her child from asking questions and never evade or conceal her convictions in her answers, that she must be true to herself and never forget that for her child to be skeptical about the Bible would do him no such injury as for him to learn to distrust his mother.

STEEDS OF THE



GENERAL
SHERIDAN'S
FAMOUS HORSE
"WINCHESTER"

Winchester, the famous horse that General Sheridan rode in the Civil War, was, after his death, mounted, saddled and equipped as he was ridden by General Sheridan on the day when horse and rider co-operated to save the Union troops in the famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, Virginia. Now the old horse is to be moved from Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, where he has been for several years, to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, to take his place there among historic relics of first importance. At the ceremony held on the island on June 3, old Grand Army men, some of whom had seen General Sheridan and his horse on the historic day in 1864, gathered to bid a last farewell to their comrade of old days.

International.

A FEATURE OF THE '49 CELEBRATION PARADE AT SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

An emigrant freight wagon drawn by ten oxen was one of the most picturesque sights in the revival of the scenes of California's early history which took place recently.

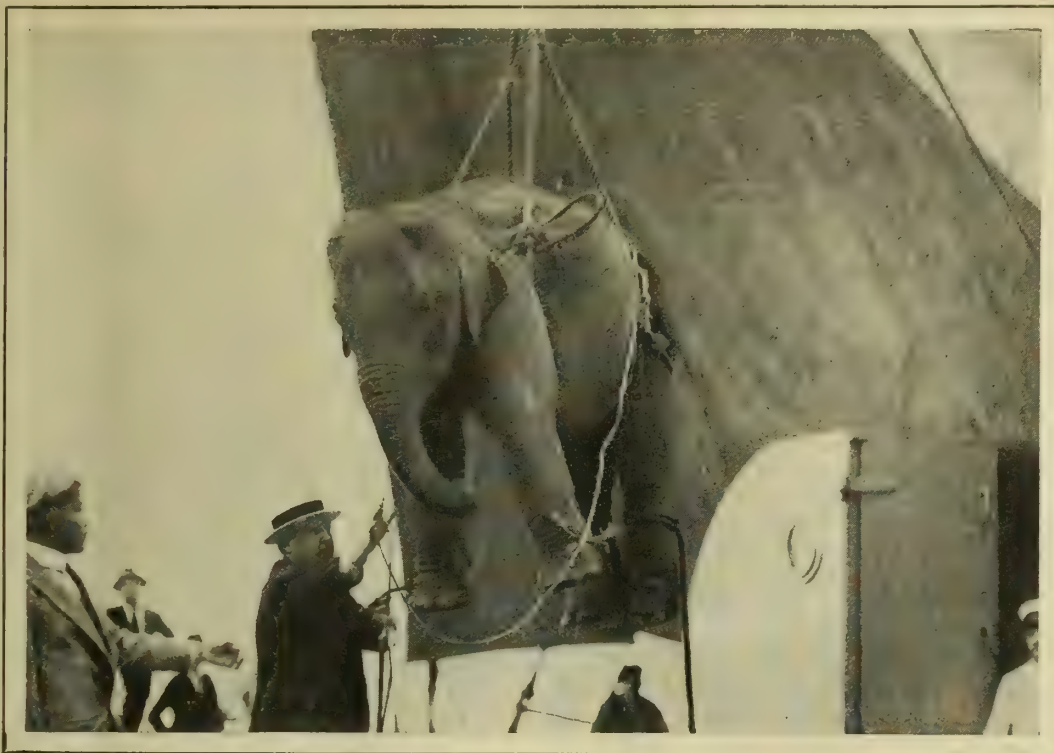


International

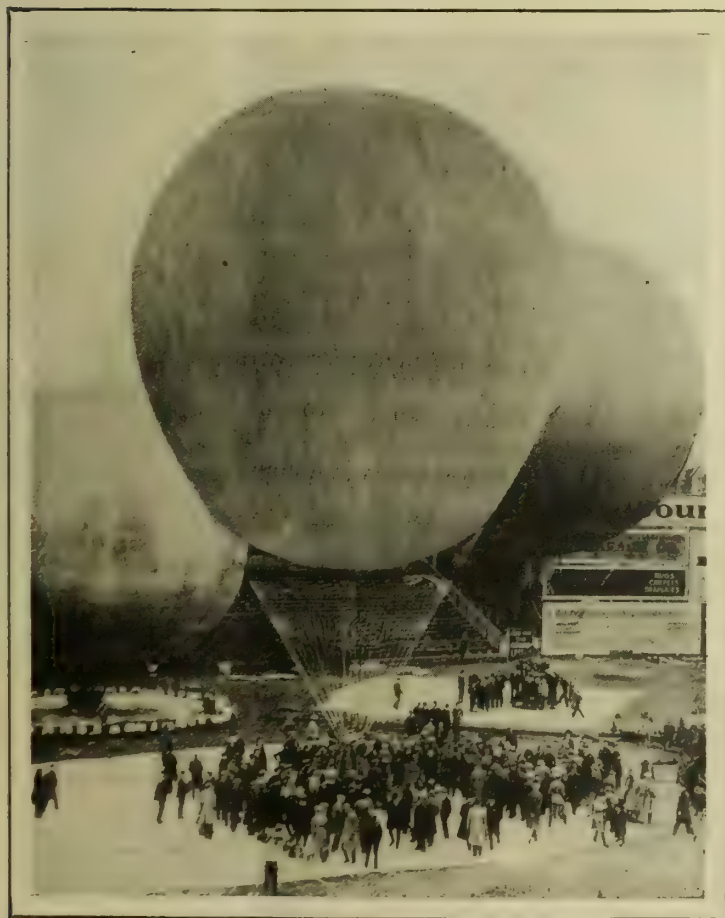
EARTH AND AIR

LANDING AN ELEPHANT FROM A BIG STEAMER IN NEW YORK CITY

Thirteen baby elephants, one of which is shown above as an unresisting victim of the necessities of modern transportation, were recently brought to New York for Coney Island's circus. The master of ceremonies seems to be more disturbed over the situation that is pictured here than the elephant itself.



Paul Thompson



Wide World Photos

STILL FOLLOWING IN THE AIR-STEPS OF MONTGOLFIER

The National Balloon Race, which started at Milwaukee May 31, was planned to select the United States entries in the International Balloon Race in France this fall. The photograph shows the smallest of the balloons just as it was getting under way, with Ralph H. Upson, one of the world's leading balloonist pilots, in charge.

THESE "MODERN SCHOOLS"

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL

WHAT is a "modern school"? Is it a play school? A freak school? A fad? Is it an institution for the sugar-coating of education? Does it play havoc with all the established principles of education? Does it totally abandon the theory that a child's mind needs the discipline of hard work on disagreeable tasks? Does it develop habits of heiter-skelter thinking and impulsive, unordered acting? Does it teach children to believe that they have the right to follow the dictates of their own wills, regardless of the rights of others? Are there a hundred other faults to be laid at its door?

One might almost think so, to hear the anathemas hurled at it by its critics.

Or, on the other hand, is the "modern school" a sort of heaven-sent "last word" in education? Have its "projects" and its "self-expression" methods created utopian education for the young people who are fortunate enough to get into such a school?

One might almost think so, to listen to the paeans of praise sung to it by its advocates.

Where, then, lies the truth?

Not very long ago I was recommending a school of my home city to a friend of mine.

"That's one of those freak schools, isn't it?" he asked. "The children never do any work unless they feel like it. Teachers aren't supposed to correct or punish them for fear of repressing them, and all that sort of thing."

I spent half an hour trying to give him a different idea of that little school. But it was a half-hour wasted. In the end he sent his children to the public school, not because it was nearer to him, not because he could not afford tuition fees, and not because he wanted to be democratic, but because he felt safer in sending his children to a school of the good, solid, substantial type familiar to all of us. And he still looks upon the school that I recommended as a "freak school" where the children "play all the time."

This is an unfortunate misconception of the modern progressive type of school that is all too common among people whose intellectual attainments ought to make them more searching in their examination of things that have such vital potentialities in the lives of our young people. Because enthusiasts bubble over with their delight in the wonderful new kind of education that they have come to know about, calmer people put on an armor of skepticism. Then when the enthusiasts speak of the outstanding features that please them the skeptics take it for granted that the enthusiasts have told the whole story—which they never have done.

"Oh," cries the enthusiast, "you should

see the delightful way in which they teach arithmetic—all by games, you know. My little girl is simply thrilled! How much better than the old way, sitting at our desks endlessly working at those meaningless sums!"

The skeptical listener, very properly convinced in his own mind that no real understanding of arithmetic can be gained without some pretty steady, concentrated drill, is greatly shocked at this attempt to sugar-coat arithmetic. He doesn't realize that the enthusiastic mother has told only one part of the story. He doesn't know that the arithmetic games which have so thrilled the little child all involve, first, a very clear, concrete explanation of the process that is being taught, and, second, an endless amount of real figuring during the course of the game. All this, indeed,

ion. To be sure, a game now and then is pleasant, especially in drill work, where it can be made competitive and rouse keen enthusiasm. But, paradoxical as it may seem, the older pupils of the so-called "play school" are extraordinarily alert mentally as a result of the stimulating nature of their previous training, and, instead of demanding more play, demand more work.

I remember an eighth-grade class which I once taught in a "progressive school" in which the pupils discovered that I was willfully eliminating square root from the course. They came to me in a body and insisted that they learn to do square root, because one of the girls had a cousin in a regular school who was learning square root, and none of these "progressively" trained girls was willing to be left behind. The amusing part of it was that I—like a good many others who are not trained to be arithmetic teachers—had gladly forgotten how to do square root myself. Being only a makeshift arithmetic teacher myself, I went to a real, old-fashioned arithmetic teacher for help. She very kindly wrote out the formula for me, and I presented it to the pupils. They could not understand it, and were not satisfied to go on using it until they could understand it. I went back to my old-fashioned teacher, and found that she did not understand it herself, though she had been teaching it for years! So the pupils and I together dug up all the arithmetic books we could get hold of, and finally found one which made square root perfectly clear and understandable. Then the class was satisfied. But it had been unwilling to be satisfied with anything less than real mastery, because mental activity had come to be a delight to that class, and mental activity to be really delightful must involve total mastery of all subjects encountered. Yet this school was called a "play school" by skeptics who had heard over-enthusiastic mothers praising it to the skies.

Many of the misunderstandings of the "modern school" are due to the acceptance by skeptics of the extravagant, narrow-visioned laudatory descriptions of extreme enthusiasts as accurate pictures of what really goes on in the "modern school." These misunderstandings are intensified by the caustic accounts occasionally forthcoming from rock-ribbed conservatives who visit the "modern schools" for an hour or two and go home utterly disgusted at the seeming helter-skelter disorder of some of the class-rooms. Such visitors know nothing of the purposes that lie back of the seeming disorder, know nothing of the lasting intellectual stimulation that each apparently disorderly child may be getting out of the thing he is doing,

If you are interested in
BOYS AND GIRLS
watch out for
C. K. TAYLOR'S
forthcoming articles
"THE GIRL AND HER MUSCLE"
and
"CHARACTER TYPES OF
CHILDREN"

seems purely incidental, perhaps, to the little child, who recounts to her mother only the delights of the game. But explanation and drill on the fundamental process are there all the same. Moreover, ten to one the next arithmetic period will be devoted to a more formal type of lesson, in which the teacher will check up results and make sure that nothing vital has been skipped. The mother will never hear of this lesson, because it carries with it no thrill to the pupil comparable to the thrill of the game lesson. So the mother proclaims broadcast, in good faith, that her little daughter goes to a school where arithmetic and all the other dry things are made pure delight by the playing of games. And her conservative hearers smile knowingly and conclude that such a "play school" can't be any good.

Nor is this the whole story. The type of lesson just described, which may be very common with little children, is altered decidedly as the children grow older and more mature. The game aspect of the thing is no longer altogether pleasing to the pupils. They know that they are at school to learn, and they insist that the teacher hand things out to them in clean-cut, man-to-man fash-

know nothing of the extremely orderly, quiet periods that may balance the extremely free periods, know nothing of the permanency of impressions on the brain gained through self-directing activities compared with impressions gained through teacher-imposed activities. They see only confusion and apparent disorder; and they say, "This is progressive education; this is the modern school; Heaven deliver us!"

There is one other group of people who help to bring about the present misunderstanding of progressive education. It is the group of blind, shallow, lip-service fetish worshipers whose fetish is the new and the bizarre. Some real progressive will discover the value of some particular device or method, and will lecture somewhere about it. Instantly the unbalanced chasers after the new will snatch at the idea, make it a part of their enraptured patter, and organize a school based on that one idea. The school will instantly be classified by the conservatives as "modern;" and immediately the modern schools of the sanely progressive type will be labeled once more as "dangerous."

Let us see how this works out in actual practice. One of the best recognized progressive methods of teaching history is through pageants and dramatizations. The fad-chasers decide that this is the only proper way to teach history. "Away with dull study!" they cry. "Our children must dramatize!" So they dramatize this and they dramatize that and they dramatize the other thing. And each time that they succeed in getting drama they think that they have succeeded in teaching history. They become sure that they are doing a wonderful bit of progressive teaching. They decide that the world must know about it. So they plan a dramatization still more elaborate than any yet conceived, and they invite patrons and possible patrons to come and witness it. Then suddenly they become superconscious of the crudeness of the thing that they have been planning. They decide to polish it. They call for more rehearsals than have seemed necessary before. They practice for weeks beforehand, knocking the systematic schedule of study (if there be any) galley-west, yanking children out of recitations here and study periods there in order to get the *ensembles*, drilling star pupils on long parts, while the less brilliant ones stand for accumulating hours as supernumeraries who often don't even know what they are supposed to represent until they are sent home with orders to get such and such a costume. Finally, the play is presented with a grand burst of glory which hides the endless number of individual strains and worries of teachers and pupils. The devotees of "Education by the Dramatic Method" preen themselves complacently, while the skeptics, who can't help but have an inkling of the facts, wonder dubiously if the game was worth the candle. "What did the children get out of it?"

they ask. "Nothing but nervous tension and a few meaningless pictures. Give us the good old-fashioned text-book. Away with these dramatizations!"

As a consequence of this, when some sanely progressive teacher, discovering a dramatic possibility in the day's lesson, lets the class work up a crude, spontaneous little drama on the spur of the moment, with every child at work creating his or her own part and devising his or her own costume and properties, the whole thing occupying a few of their own lesson periods and not disturbing other classes at all, the same skeptics, sickened by the other type of painfully worked up play, shake their heads and say: "More tommy-rot dramatizations. Why can't that school get down to brass tacks and do a little real work?" They have no conception of how hard those individual children have worked in their creative enthusiasm. They don't know of the histories and biographies and encyclopædias pored over with eyes that by reason of the enthusiasm make permanent records on the supersensitized brain-stuff. They haven't the faintest idea of the training in research that has come as a mere incidental to the preparation of that crudely presented little drama. So the truly progressive bit of education is scoffed at by the conservative, who has his mind soured by the monkey-like mummery of the faddists.

This is just a sample. Every truth of progressive education is similarly distorted by unthinking enthusiasts who mimic the forms without grasping the basic ideas at all. Hence the righteous scorn of the conservatives for the "modern school."

Those who really wish to be just must remember that there are "modern schools" and "modern schools," the one set run cautiously by real educators who admit that they are groping for "the real thing," who admit that they often miss it, who believe that they sometimes attain it, who never allow themselves to be fooled by shallow forms, who endlessly check up by common sense and educational measurements; the other set run by flashy imitators who mimic the form and miss the substance, who talk glibly of their "projects," and their "learning by doing," and their "education through plays and games," and so forth and so on. But because the sane progressives are for the most part too busy to advertise themselves and the mummery is so vociferous, they are all lumped together and looked upon with pity and disdain by the great mass of intelligent but conservative people of this world. To them "progressive education" is a joke at best.

But "progressive education" is not a joke; it is a serious effort on the part of earnest men and women to get at fundamental principles and put them into practice for the benefit of the children of the world, present and future. These experimental workers believe that true education is the arousing of the

powers and faculties of children into vigorous activity, the directing of the resulting enthusiasms into worth-while channels, and the training of the energies into efficient habits of work. They believe that vivid creative experiences burn deep into the brain-stuff and that one creative effort is worth a dozen coldly assigned tasks. They believe that mental and moral discipline comes from wanting so hard to accomplish something that no labor seems too great in bringing it about, and that one hard job completed because of the inner urge is better than a dozen hard jobs done to get marks or escape punishment. They believe that it is the teacher's job to study the inherent nature of children in general for general tendencies by giving them more freedom of choice in the things they study and do, and by observing the nature of their voluntary acts; and to study the particular nature of each individual child, harnessing his impulses and guiding his energies to successful creative accomplishments, which give the only real growth. They believe in less adult restraint and more play for little children; but they also believe in more social responsibility, more self-restraint on the part of the children. They believe that much in the present curriculum has no proper place in the education of most children, not because it is hard but because it simply doesn't fit; that some of it is useless for any children, for the same reason. But they do not wish to tear down; they wish to build up. They are not fanatics, but level-headed experimenters.

The real "modern school" is not a farce, a fad, a fake. It is just what the true advocates claim for it—merely a turning of the face in the direction of truth and a courageous attempt to go forward, expecting to make mistakes, but intending to profit by them, expecting to lose the path now and then, but pledged to come back faithfully to it after each discovery of departure from the true course.

We should support the modern "progressive education" movement with every means at our disposal. But we should remember that some "modern schools" are in the hands of shallow, fad-chasing mummerys, while others are in the hands of sane, forward-looking educators. We should learn to distinguish the real thing from its shadow. We should ignore the ill-founded criticisms of those who have been prejudiced by people who don't know the whole story, and we should equally reject the undue enthusiasms of those who think that the "modern school" has already solved all the problems of education. But let us watch with sympathetic interest the efforts of those who are going forward in modest courage toward the goal long pointed to by the greatest educators and philosophers of the world from Plato down to the present time. These are the real progressives in education, and they are the ones who conduct the real "modern schools."

VARIATIONS OF ATHLETIC TYPES

BY R. TAIT McKENZIE, M.D.



Shows the typical oarsman. Long in the limb, short in the trunk, with finely drawn lines and corresponding closely to the Apoxyomenos of the school of Lysippus, which represented the change in the Greek ideal to a more graceful and slender type

THE attempt to make the human animal conform to an average of height and weight by overfeeding the slender and starving the stout, by driving the fat and resting the thin, or by changing the surroundings of either, is naturally foredoomed to failure.

The variations within the normal are what give diversity and interest to the study of man and his measurements, and Sir Francis Galton, that great anthropologist, truly says: "It is difficult to understand why statisticians commonly limit their inquiry to averages and do not revel in more comprehensive views. Their souls seem as dull to the charm of variety as that of the native of one of our flat English counties,

whose retrospect of Switzerland was that if its mountains could be thrown into its lakes, two nuisances would be got rid of at once."

Nowhere can one find this divergence within the normal so beautifully shown as among athletes, whose type of figure must be adapted to the particular feat in which they excel.

The place of sport and exercise in



This is the finest example of the greyhound type, the figure slender and graceful. This man was a triple champion in the Olympic Games in the standing high jump, for which his long, slender muscles and light bony structure peculiarly fitted him



This photograph of a great guard in football shows the powerful neck and trunk and the short legs that denote great vitality and strength. He is the type represented by the Doryphoros, the early Greek ideal of manly beauty

changing the development of the body has been greatly misunderstood. It is a common belief that football develops large and burly men, that swimming develops fat men, that running makes men's legs long, and that jumping develops human kangaroos. This is, after all, putting the cart before the horse. A man will select naturally such events as will enable him to succeed through the particular structure of his individual body. The wrestler with a short neck, powerful shoulders and body, and great muscular strength has an enormous advantage over a competitor whose long neck lends itself to a good half Nelson. The hurdle runner, who must clear the ten yards between the hurdles in three



Here we see two champions, one a high jumper and the other a heavier of weights. The fine bones of the jumper and the slightness of his frame are unmistakable, while the solid torso, short sturdy legs and neck, and broad shoulders of the shot-putter account for his driving power.

Three champions in putting the shot and throwing the hammer. No training could change the Herculean type of these men and make them sprinters and jumpers. We suspect that not much attention would be paid to those who would be most likely to object to the build of these men. They are star athletes of the New York Police Department.

The fat boy is not debarred from athletics altogether. He may still be a plunger, as every spectator at a swimming meet well knows, but he cannot be changed into the greyhound.

strides, should have a certain height and length of stride if he is to have any chance of success in this particular competition. The hammer-thrower needs height, and the shot-putter has an advantage in being able to place great weight behind the missile. The jumper has, like the greyhound, an advantage whose light, airplane-like skeleton is driven by lithe but powerful muscles.

As far back as the time of Philostratus (B.C. 50) this division of men according to their muscular ability was made, and in this quaint way he divided them into classes according to the animals they most nearly represented, such as the bear, which would remind one of the wrestler; the lion, which would make us think of the football player and boxer; the greyhound, the sprinter; and the stag, the oarsman and perhaps the jumper. In spite of this, however, it is not always easy to choose from the physique alone the type that will succeed in any one form of muscular endeavor. The short legs of a jumper may be more than counterbalanced by a fine power of concentration which sends him over the bar far above his head. William Byrd Page jumped about eight inches over his own height. Sprinters are tall and short, stout and thin, counterbalancing physical defects by unusual intelligence or mental concentration, and it is only where the athlete comes in competition with certain immovable apparatus like the hurdles or implements like the shot and hammers that his type must conform to their requirements. The great athlete, then, is



There is as much individuality in the shape of the muscle as in the expression of the face, and, although a muscle may be developed within its limits, its form cannot be greatly changed. This man was a carpenter by trade, had never taken much exercise, and was no stronger than the average man of his height and weight, in spite of the beautiful muscular development shown in the picture.

perfect after his kind. Even the sprinter, whose range of variation is more than most athletes, is typically a man of five feet nine inches, with a square chest, well-muscled shoulders and torso, legs sturdy though not unusually muscular, with rather light bones, and always a fine power of mental concentration and a short latent period.

Future investigations will undoubtedly be directed toward discovering the ideal types of figure rather than in trying to drag these types up or down to the average, as the case may be.

The statuette the picture of which was published with the announcement of this article in last week's issue is modeled from the measurements of one hundred runners who could cover one hundred yards in ten seconds or less. It may be said to represent the athlete who has been most successful in trials of speed, long-limbed, small-boned, and well muscled.

An average of the fifty strongest men at college would not show a Hercules, but rather a well-developed young man whose proportions would go midway between the two extremes of slenderness and stockiness. Like most scientific investigations, it is disappointing from the spectacular standpoint because the individual peculiarities become obliterated in the mass of statistics.

I believe that Mr. Taylor's plan of classifying individuals according to type rather than according to general averages is much more interesting and much more sound than any plan that has hitherto been devised.

CLEAR THE CHANNELS

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

DIRECTOR, INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

THE channels of international trade are choked. Ships swing idly at their moorings, factories are at a standstill for lack of raw materials, jobless men walk the streets, while between the nations economic barriers kill trade. International traders, with no assurance of what conditions will be on the morrow, do not dare to risk any but spot transactions. Many treaties are made, but few are effectively carried out. The world draws a breath of relief only to find itself still in the chaos of international misunderstandings with little gained. Even in the United States millions are out of work. Minorities are restless and turbulent everywhere, and under democratic forms of government they are proving themselves capable of blocking each effort to restore the free play of amicable international relationship.

Trade cannot flow through channels blocked by exorbitant tariffs, governmental prohibitions, preferential export taxes, monopolistic control of basic raw materials, national attempts to secure or retain "war" industries regardless of economic justification, and all the other barriers to free economic intercourse attendant upon the violent outburst of nationalism in industry since the close of the war.

The commerce of the world has suffered more disastrously from the prevailing uncertainty as to what governments are going to do next in tampering with natural economic conditions than from any other one cause. If one country wants goods and another country can supply them, there is always some way that the trade can be arranged if conditions could only be made stable enough to eliminate the trade-destroying fear of new aggressions—of new wars, economic or military.

The war taught all the world the importance of basic products and key industries, and it is not surprising that the newer and weaker countries of Central Europe should erect economic barriers to control the one and encourage the other. Suspicion and jealousy reign as part of the economic war raging in Europe.

The Baltic states have erected barriers of export taxes, each hoping to prevent the outflow of its raw materials and to encourage the creation of industries within its own borders. The attempt is natural enough where leaders are inexperienced in statecraft and ignorant of economic laws.

What difference does it make, we ask, if Latvia, Esthonia, and Livonia vie with each other in the extent and height of their export tariff walls? They must protect themselves until they discover who are friends and who are enemies in

the countries around them. Naturally they are timid and cautious.

We may note with relief that the Balkan States have already passed through the stage of unrestrained use of export taxes and are modifying their artificial barriers. Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria have reduced or canceled many of the tariffs they imposed two years ago.

This might indicate that the use of these taxes was a passing whim and that finally these newer members of the world's community of nations would recognize generally the experience of the larger European countries in the eighteenth century, when more friction than good resulted from the use of export restrictions.

Export taxes, unlike import duties, throw the obvious burden on the purchaser. In theory as well as in fact the largest proportion of such taxes are paid by the purchasers in the other countries, and so these taxes are, in effect, "taxation without representation." Export taxes were in use extensively a century and a half ago, but bitter experience with the international differences resulting from them caused so strong a revulsion of feeling against them that our forefathers specifically forbade the use of export taxes in our Constitution. The United States, therefore, has never imposed an export tax and has had little experience with this type of control.

The ominous note, however, comes when we learn of the adoption of export taxes by British legislatures for the control of basic raw materials that are needed by all the world. Great Britain had accepted freedom of trade as its commercial policy and was teaching the whole world an amazing lesson in applied economics, prospering wonderfully without artificial trade restrictions.

Suddenly within the past few years the British Dominions have thrown over the whole structure of the Empire's former international policies. Offspring of the nation which has stood out boldly during the past half-century to demonstrate the advantages of free and friendly economic relations are now shutting themselves off from the rest of the world in order to maintain control

of basic commodities and to prevent other nations from getting these commodities without paying toll.

Lloyd George makes treaties in vain when New Zealand and Australia undertake to monopolize the phosphate output of the island of Nauru. Here is a little Pacific island, taken from Germany and given to these Dominions to administer for the Allied and Associated Powers under a mandate. Under German rule its phosphate production was sold freely to all countries of the world; it is one of the largest and richest deposits known, and the product of that little far-away island may become of immense importance as the world's farmers turn more and more to intensive cultivation. Under their present scheme, the British Dominions get all the phosphate production they want at cost price and other nations must stand around, hat in hand, waiting to see if there will be any phosphates left. If there is any surplus over the needs of the British Dominions, the other countries may then be permitted to buy at monopoly prices.

The influence of treaties to maintain peace on the Pacific is lessened when the Malay Peninsula places a prohibitive tax on the tin ore going anywhere except to British ports.

It is excellent to eliminate "sore spots" in China, but this is not enough. When India places a preferential export tax on hides and skins which is calculated to prove a death-blow to the newly established glazed-kid industry in this country, and when West Africa places a preferential export tax on palm kernels at the time when, cut off from her usual supply of vegetable oils, this country was building oil crushers of her own, it is clear that military treaties must be supplemented by some solution of the export-tax evil if international good will and commerce are to rehabilitate the world.

So far, as fast as one obstacle has been laboriously dragged from the channels of trade another has been shoved into the current.

If international distrust and jealousy are to be held in check, every nation must give up the idea of arbitrarily controlling or monopolizing any basic raw materials and must release them freely to all comers on equal terms. Unless discussion of the control of basic raw materials is permitted, economic conferences cannot accomplish the full measure of good expected of them for the restoration of the economic equilibrium of the world. Only careful study and free discussion will disclose the supreme danger threatening the world from this new poison gas of the economic war which is preventing the rehabilitation of our war-torn world.

LUCY FURMAN

will contribute a vivid sketch of the work of a courageous Kentuckian and of his warfare against moonshiners. Her forthcoming article is entitled

"A Right Sheriff"

HOW BIRDS MAY SAVE A BILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF FOODSTUFFS A YEAR

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

LOPPING a billion dollars off of the Nation's cost of living by the simple expedient of feeding and protecting our birds sounds a bit fantastical, yet there are economists, grain growers, and others in this country who believe that the scheme is entirely practicable. Authorities who have made a study of the subject say that the conservation of all insect-destroying birds would result in the saving of \$1,000,000,000 worth of grain and other foodstuff that otherwise is lost each year.

When the conservation of bird life is referred to as one of the greatest economic problems with which we have to deal, that statement carries with it proof indisputable that the subject is so great that few have any conception of the extent to which this country would benefit should an attempt to restore nature's balance between the bird and insect worlds become general. There have been any number of years when, it is estimated by competent authorities, a loss of more than \$900,000,000 has been inflicted on the crops of the country by insect pests—a matter of \$8 levied on every person in the United States over and above what would have been necessary had the ravages of these insects not taken place.

Now, nobody interested in the conservation of birds is sanguine enough to believe that this tremendous loss which the Nation suffers annually can be wiped out in a few years. There will never come a time, probably, when codling moths, potato bugs, locusts, and other pests that seem to spring up from nowhere and leave a trail of desolation in their wake will not exist to some extent. We have always had them, and there is little likelihood that they will ever become sufficiently rare to arouse curiosity.

But consider what a change would be wrought, what benefits would result, from the elimination of a fraction of this waste. Even one-quarter of this amount is \$225,000,000, a right tidy sum in this age. And there is no telling how much further the good work could be carried, until with proper attention it might ultimately approximate abolition of the industrious little destroyers that feast on the fat of the land and make the head of every household pay the price of their depredations.

The theory of those who advocate bird conservation is that if birds are present in any given locality in sufficient numbers they will prevent the excessive increase of those insect pests on which they live to a large extent. The number of birds need not be large proportionately, for they have an almost incredible capacity for insects, and, singularly enough, the young birds in the nest are even more ravenous than their elders. Cases are common where birds have



OPEN-AIR "CAFETERIA," BUILT TO HOLD FOOD FOR BIRDS AND ENCOURAGE THEIR PRESENCE

been observed to eat half their weight in worms and insects in the course of a day, and it is a matter of record that a young robin ate nearly twice its weight in cutworms and earthworms and other worms in a like period. Insect birds have been called the "police of the air." Certain species of birds consume millions of mosquitoes and disease-breeding insects that annually collect a toll of death among the cattle. Examination of the stomach of a nighthawk, for instance, revealed five hundred mosquitoes—indicating a tremendous slaughter among the enemies of mankind.

Insects, it is asserted by Government experts, are more numerous than any other known form of life. Caterpillars are shown to eat twice their weight in leaves per day, and it is well to remember in this connection that vegetable feeders of this species during their progress to maturity, which occupies thirty days, increase in size no less than ten thousand times.

Birds are often accused of eating this or that product of cultivation, when an examination of the stomachs shows the accusation to be unfounded. Within certain limits birds eat the kind of food that is most accessible, especially when their natural food is scarce or wanting. Thus they sometimes injure the crops of the farmer who has unintentionally destroyed their natural food in his improvement of swamp or pasture. Most of the damage done by birds and complained of by farmers and fruit growers arises from this very cause. The berry-bearing shrubs and seed-bearing weeds have been cleared away, and the birds

have no resource but to attack the cultivated grain or fruit which has replaced their natural food supply. The great majority of land birds subsist upon insects during the period of nesting and molting, and also feed their young upon them. Many species live almost entirely upon insects, taking vegetable food only when other subsistence fails. It is thus evident that in the course of a year birds destroy an incalculable number of insects, and it is difficult to overestimate the value of their services in restraining the great tide of insect life.

There are a number of common birds, to be found on almost every farm in the country, whose economic value cannot be disputed for an instant, although, unfortunately, many farmers do not realize this. The meadow-lark, for example, is a familiar bird of grassland throughout the whole United States. Alike on Eastern meadows, Western prairies, and Southern savannas, its clear pipe, as sweet and clean as silver, may be heard in spring announcing the return of the season of procreation and growth. More than half the lark's food consists of harmful insects. Its vegetable food is composed of either noxious weeds or waste grain, and the remainder is made up of useful beetles or neutral insects. Assuming that an adult lark destroys fifty grasshoppers a day—a conservative estimate—and that five pairs of larks nest each season on every good-sized farm where they are not persecuted, the number of grasshoppers despatched daily on such a farm during August means a boon the enlightened farmer must appreciate.

Unfortunately for the meadow-lark, its body is plump and its flesh well flavored, and, as it is easily killed, the temptation is too great for some persons to resist. But it is most emphatically a case of "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." The small portion of food that the creature's body yields is as nothing compared with the good the bird does when alive. The tendency to treat the meadow-lark as a game bird is far too general, and every farmer on whose land it is found should rigidly protect it and allow it to breed undisturbed. When their numbers have so far increased as to render it dangerous to crops it will be soon enough to begin the thinning-out process, but that day is still far distant in most parts of the country.

No bird is better known to country residents than the bob-white. The bird's cheery calls the year around form part of the most pleasant associations of country life, and its neat form and harmonious coloration, and especially its confiding habits, make it a general favorite. Weed seeds form more than half its total food and include those of all the worst weed pests of the farm. Grain



SNOWBIRDS, OR JUNCOS, AND OTHER VALUABLE BIRDS THAT WINTER AROUND FARMS AND CITY HOMES

forms scarcely more than a sixth of this bird's food, but most of it is taken during winter and early spring, when, nothing but waste grain is available. The habit of gleaning this after the harvest is beneficial to the farm, for volunteer grain is not desirable, especially where it serves to maintain certain insect and fungous pests. From June to August, inclusive, when insects are most numerous, their proportion in the food of the bob-white is about forty per cent. The variety of insect food is great and its food also includes a number of the most destructive agricultural pests, among which may be mentioned crab, cockspur, wire and foxtail grasses, sheep sorrel, smartweed, blindweed, pigweed, corn-cockle, chickweed, charlock, beggar's-lice, ragweed, and Spanish needles.

The food habits of the bob-white undoubtedly are beneficial and the bird should be maintained in numbers on every farm. This is not to say that all shooting should be prohibited, for the bird is very prolific. But its numbers should not be reduced below what the available nesting sites and range will support. On the other hand, the policy of absolute protection recently adopted by one of the States is not called for by strictly economic considerations.

The diminutive house wren is a fussy, flighty, and fidgety little midget, frequenting the vicinity of barns and gardens, and particularly old orchards where the trees are partially decayed. Never for a moment at rest while there is a ray of daylight, it would seem that his small body must soon be worn out by his incessant activity. His voice, as tireless as his wings, is heard from morning until night about the garden and orchard where he seeks his daily food, and, while not very melodious, it is cheerful and suggestive of life and activity.

In food habits the wren is entirely beneficial. He may be said to live upon animal food alone, examination of the stomachs of a large number of wrens showing that ninety-eight per cent of the contents was made of harmful insects. As the wren is a prolific breeder, frequently rearing in a season from

twelve to sixteen young, a family of these birds must cause considerable reduction in the number of insects in a garden.

The house wren is only one of a numerous group of small birds of similar habits. There are within the limits of the United States twenty-eight species and sub-species of wrens, occupying more or less completely the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No species of wren has been accused of harm, and its presence should be encouraged about every farm, ranch, village, or suburban residence.

The junco, or snowbird, may be found over practically the whole country during the winter months. The insect food of the junco is composed almost entirely of harmful species, of which caterpillars form the largest item. Juncos do not damage fruit or grain, but eat large quantities of weed seed, thereby rendering a valuable service to agriculture. The chickadee is another small bird, widely distributed, whose food consists largely of the eggs, pupæ, and larvæ of noxious insects. As an enemy of caterpillars the bird has few peers. It also destroys a great many of those two pests of horticulture, plant lice and scales.

The little screech-owl ranges from coast to coast and far beyond both the

northern and southern boundaries of the United States. With the exception of the burrowing owl, it feeds more extensively on insects than any of the owls. It is also a diligent mouser, and feeds more or less on scorpions and lizards. Among insects, grasshoppers, crickets, beetles, and cutworms are most often eaten. As many as fifty grasshoppers have been found in one stomach, eighteen May beetles in another, and thirteen cutworms in still another. During the warmer parts of the year it is exceptional to find a stomach not filled with insect remains.

Meadow mice, white-footed mice, and house mice are the mammals most often taken. As more than three-fourths of the owl's food consists of injurious mammals and insects, and only about one-seventh of birds (a large proportion of which are destructive English sparrows); there is no question that this little owl should be carefully protected. As a matter of fact, all of our owls are much more useful than injurious, notwithstanding the popular opinion to the contrary. They deserve almost complete protection rather than the persecution to which they are customarily subjected.

An interesting experiment carried on in Illinois during the last two years proves conclusively that many of the migratory birds that annually desert the North for sunnier lands do not travel South because of the climate. Lack of food has starved them out. On a tract of five or six acres near Chicago thousands of supposedly migratory birds have been induced to spend the winter by reason of suet supplied in food-boxes.

The work of feeding the birds at this place resulted in the construction of a special design of food-box. It was discovered that when suet was placed on the ground or the limbs of trees without protection the bigger birds, after the manner of their human kind, crowded out the smaller and weaker birds and took possession of the entire supply. In order to prevent this, a box of special construction was prepared. Its back consists of a curved piece of metal that protects the bark of the tree upon which it is hung. The front is covered with a strong wire net that is sufficiently coarse to admit the bills of the hungry birds, but too fine to allow them to remove all the suet at once.

The result of the feeding is that many birds of species that ordinarily would be unknown in the region of Chicago during the winter months remain in this tract of land, seeming to appreciate the fact that they will be provided for. Others, coming from a more northerly latitude, decide to remain in this realm of plenty until the return of spring sends them back to their summer haunts. This leads to the belief that once a feeding-place has become thoroughly established with the feathered rovers, they will be attracted in sufficient numbers so that they will multiply rapidly, and if left undisturbed will in the course of a few years make a remarkable showing to the benefit of both the country and the suburban dweller.



OWL AND YOUNG ON NEST. THEY KILL MANY MICE AND OTHER ENEMIES OF THE FARMER

THE ROMANCE OF IT

BY W. B. MAXWELL

AUTHOR OF "MRS. THOMPSON," "A LITTLE MORE," AND OTHER NOVELS

I PRICKED my ears to that word "romance," because it sounded so extraordinarily incongruous on the lips of a little dry old fellow in a third-class smoking carriage of a Ramsgate train.

"Yes, I bin through a lot in my time."

"And I dare say seen a lot too," said the fat, stupid-looking man opposite to him.

"Enough to make a book," and the old chap paused to fill and light his pipe.

They had not spoken to each other until the carriage emptied at Faversham, but now they went on talking—or rather, the old man talked and the fat man listened, merely making echoes or approvals now and then, to show interest and sympathy. While pretending to read my magazine I listened also, fascinated, as I always am, by the total lack of reticence and astounded by the strength of the instinct that impels certain people to unbosom themselves to strangers, as if they felt it a duty as well as a pleasure to offer the most secret workings of their hearts and minds as object-lessons for the transient attention of the wide world.

"Sixty-eight years of age I am."

"Shouldn't have given you so much."

"Yes, I am." And I looked at his ruddy, wrinkled cheeks, his small lively eyes, and his scrubby gray beard, while he continued to pour forth biographical details. "Hopkins, my name is. Married twice. Ah, you can smell the briny now, can't you? I've never followed the sea, though connected with it. Dealer in sailors' stores—boots, tarpaulins, what not. Kept my fortieth trade anniversary last year, I did. It isn't a big business. In point o' fact it isn't a great deal bigger now than it was forty year ago. But we've 'ad our bread and cheese out of it all the time."

"You can't complain, then."

"No, I don't complain. I should 'a' done more, p'r'aps, but for deficient education. That was one of my drawbacks. Left schooling too early, to take up my apprenticeship with a grocer in London."

Then soon Mr. Hopkins used that stimulating but unexpected word again.

"There's ordinary marriages, and there's what you may call romantic marriages." As he said this he chuckled complacently. "My first marriage was a romantic marriage, if ever there was one. You know what I mean? All chances—one thing leading to another."

"The first chance was my scraping acquaintance with a man called Brickett. He called himself so; it was not his name really, as the event proved. I was young then, and the meeting took place in a public house at Bournemouth, where

I'd come down from London for my summer holiday.

"Now here's a funny thing—I knew Brickett was a wrong 'un from the moment I saw him. The first word he addressed to me I was on my guard with him. Nevertheless, not knowing any one else in the place, I was satisfied to share his companionship—so far as mouch about with him, sit on the sands and smoke a pipe, and take our glass together at the Red Anchor of an evening—but a bit ashamed of him because of his shabby garments, and careful not to let him cadge on me, and showing I didn't mean to be his victim.

"HE was a very ugly man. I've a reason for telling you that. Second day or so he disclosed how he'd been in trouble, but, having served his sentence, no one could throw it in his face. That's the law of England. Quite right too. Respectable born, according to his tale, but debauched by bad company, and then giving up the struggle. Far as I could make out, his profession, if you can call it so, at the present time—when I say the present time, you understand, I mean at *that* time—was no more than hanger-on, number-runner, or tout, to a pack of book-makers. Where I think his money came was more by a sort of agency—going about among town lads and leading 'em on to bet their bobs and 'alf-crowns day by day with one of his crew. All that game is Greek to me, and always 'as been. I kept meself out of it, and wouldn't mix meself up with it, and, if you ask me, I don't know why the Government hasn't ever stopped it. Beyond this what he let fall, I soon detected that 'e was a man who could show his power over women; and I 'ad my suspicions 'ow 'e'd turned this to account in 'is time. If I admired him for such power as he showed, I 'ad my own private reasons, and you'll understand I didn't respect 'im for it—far from it. Any such suspicion naturally filled me with disgust, and made me the more sure, if I 'adn't been sure already, not to make a *friend* of him. Our intercourse was only two pals in holiday time, and so it must remain. Well, then, noticing the barmaid that served us at the Anchor, I passed the remark to Brickett, so as she couldn't hear me, that she was a fine piece o' goods. And so she was for 'er age, for she must 'ave been forty if she was a day; but what with her dyed hair, and the way she pulled in her figure, and 'er pleasant manner of speech, according to the custom of the trade, quite a picture as she stood there behind the bar cleaning of the glasses in preparation for closing time.

"'Why don't you tell 'er so yourself, straight out?' says Brickett. 'Go on! Tell 'er so.'

"'Not much—not me,' I says. 'I've too much respect for 'er. I'm not going to insult a respectable young woman.' And the idea of it made me quite hot and uncomfortable.

"'Gammon!' says 'e. 'She won't be insulted. She'll take it as a compliment.'

"I told him to drop it. No more chaff of that sort, unless he wanted to see me go straight out of the door. As I said, it was near closing time, and there was only us three there—him, and me, and the barmaid.

"'All right,' he says; and then before my eyes he began on her himself.

"Don't ask me what 'e said. I couldn't tell you if I tried, but there he was, leaning acrost the bar, paying her 'is compliments, all familiar chaff on 'is side and giggling on 'ers, till he asks her, 'What's the price of kisses to-night?' And she says, 'More than you can pay, anyhow.' To which 'e replied, 'Then I'll 'ave one gratis.'

"Did I mention to you that 'e was a very ugly man? It's the fact—something wrong with 'is eyes, and, moreover, there was a scar one side of his face, where 'e'd been kicked by a horse as a child, as 'e said. Notwithstanding, there 'e stood, leaning further and further crost the bar and squinting at her most horrible, and 'er giggling, till all at once she says, 'I suppose I must do it, if I want to get rid of you.' And she give 'im his kiss, free, gratis, and for nothing. It was the evidence of my eyes, or I wouldn't 'ave believed it.

"'Now,' she says, laughing, not a bit offended, 'be off, the pair of you. I never heard of such goings-on. You London gentlemen behave as though you've bought the place. You're a precious pair, so you are. Good-night. And don't let me see you here again.' Saying it, mind you, as though she didn't mean that last bit.

"Brickett and I went out arm in arm, both of us laughing, and, explain it how you will, I felt all excited and stirred up by what had passed, with the sensation that I'd been carrying on just as bad as Brickett. Prob'ly it was 'er way of coupling us together, but there it was! I felt as if I'd kissed 'er meself."

Mr. Hopkins, leaning forward, touched the fat man with the mouthpiece of his pipe, as though to enforce a point.

"Now this bit o' fun with the barmaid you may call the second chance in the romantic events to which I was drifting.

"Before we parted that night, or perhaps it was next day—I don't remember—Brickett and I got started talking

about marriage, and off and on we never stopped. I begun by telling him that I was bashful with women.

"You don't need to be," he said. "They never appreciate it."

"But bit by bit I confessed to him—what was the Gospel truth—that I felt myself too timid by nature ever to reach the point of asking a girl to marry me. Mind you, this was sober earnest, explain it how you will. I'd reached the age of twenty-three, but so timid about it that the matter was what you may term a sealed book. Not that I didn't want to get married—far from it. It wasn't that I couldn't fall in love. For, believe me, ever since I left school I'd been in love with the whole sect. No consequence to me what color a girl's hair, or her eyes either—no, nor her size. There was something to me about a decently dressed young woman, whether I see her behind a counter, wheeling a pram, or sitting about, as they were by hundreds down there, I was fascinated and overcome by it. Look here, not so long ago I read a piece in a newspaper called 'Feminine Charm.' Well, those words, they just hit the target! That was what I felt all the time—feminine charm. Only, if I can make myself clear to you, I couldn't profit by it; tongue-tied, stupid, timid, at the mere notion. This I told to Brickett perfectly honest, as I've told it to you, and we came near a quarrel because of a remark he made on it. But I told him, if I was timid of women, I wasn't timid of men—no—and that was the truth. If I fell out with a man, no matter that he was twice my size, and he generally *was*—for you see what I am in stature—the opposition and heat I felt at once enabled me to stand up to him. I couldn't give in if I wanted to. I'd sooner take a licking any day of the week than be backed down. And I let Brickett understand that precious quick. He apologized.

"SAME evening we went to another public at Brickett's wish, where we could talk quiet without bothering about that barmaid. We was still talking of the same subject, and over our second glass he tells me on his honor that he knows of a girl who would take on any decent chap like me, and gladly too. He said: 'What's more, she's got a nice bit of money, too, that she came into.'

"But who is she?" I asked.

"Never you mind who she is," he said, 'until we get a good deal more forward in what we're arranging.'

"Is she straight?" I asked him.

"What d'ye mean by straight?" was his reply. 'If she gives her word, she won't go back on it.'

"But I explained to him my meaning, that with such a thing as marriage under discussion I wished to know if she was a virtuous young woman.

"He burst out, angry and violent. 'O' course she is,' he shouts. 'And if you attempt any tricks with her, I'll bash your head in.' As a matter of fact, it

was *then*, and not before, that I told him how, if I was timid with one sect, I wasn't with the other.

"Then he answers, dogged, but firm: 'Yes, she's a good honest girl, and always has been.'

"How d'you know?" I asked him. 'Have you yourself tried it on with her?'

"That made him angry again, and he went on to say he'd happened to know her and her family from childhood; she was in domestic service in this very town of Bournemouth, and he'd partly come down to see her.

"Well," I says at last, 'it all sounds very nice, but o' course there's a catch to it somewhere,' and I put it to him: 'Why should she be in such a hurry to take on such a poor sort of bargain as myself? I wasn't handsome, and beyond a decent suit of clothes on my back and a few savings in the bank I hadn't much, as I could see, to recommend me. Brickett then became very confidential. 'It's like this,' he says. 'She's a girl that 'as a keen desire to be engaged and married. To a certain extent it's rivalry—not caring to be left on the shelf and other girls going off one after another—and it's also a kind of instinct. Often I've argued with her, saying: "Miss Shaw"—that's her name—"Miss Shaw, you're far better as you are. A husband, if you get a bad one, will spend your money, put you in a condition you can't go on with your employment, and break your heart." But it makes no difference to her. She's set on it.'

"Well," I says, still doubting, 'she didn't ought to have far to seek to satisfy her aspirations.'

"One thing," says Brickett, extremely confidential, dropping his voice so low that I had to tell him to speak up, 'One thing,' he says again, 'she isn't a beauty. I've not said she is, have I? No, all that family was handsome men and women except her.'

"I didn't understand this illusion till long afterwards. Couldn't do so, not having the clue.

"However, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the following evening he took me up behind a large house among the pine trees towards Boscombe way, and after a bit she comes out and he makes the introduction. She was a fine, big young woman, and dressed as gay as any one could wish to see.

"Miss Shaw," I said, very nervous, but passing it off as well as I could, 'glad to meet you;' but she never answered, only looked at me.

"It's her evening off," says Brickett, 'and she has till ten o'clock. Don't keep her out after ten, 'cause her mistress won't allow it;' and he was for leaving us, but I caught 'im by the coat sleeve.

"Don't leave us, Brickett," I says.

"No," she says, looking at me, not at 'im, and speaking no louder than a whisper, 'you'd better stay.'

"Oh, no," he says, laughing; 'two's company and three's none;' and with that he's gone.

"We two went through a narrer path

among a lot o' bushes, my only idea being to get out to the cliff and p'raps take her down towards the pier and give her a drink and let her listen to the band. But I was in such a state of confusion that I hardly knew what I *did* mean. She stepped along the path in front o' me as I'd told her to, because I truly felt that shy I couldn't look her in the face; yet ashamed too, and wanting to kick myself for it. Same old story—I was overcome by the charm, but struck helpless as usual; my throat all dry, my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth, speechless. But I struggled, trying to pull myself together, thinking, 'Now, Jack, you're up against it. Don't funk. Be a man for once.'

MR. HOPKINS laughed with enormous relish before continuing.

"I made the vow I'd begin before we got through them bushes, and just as I caught a sight of the stile at the end o' the path I found my courage. I started on her as near as I could in Brickett's way—taking a leaf out of his book when he came over that barmaid—pretending to have full confidence.

"Here I am behind you," I said. 'You haven't lost me yet. Suppose I was to put my arm round your waist. D'you think I could get it round—for you're one o' the substantial sort, aren't you?'

"At what I said she stopped short, not looking back at me, but holding her head down and moving her hands about in a queer way as if she was swimming, and my courage failed me.

"Don't be afraid," I said, laughing, foolish. 'I'm not going to take any such liberty. Only my chaff. I'm a rare one for chaff. Hope you don't mind it, miss?'

"She walked on at once, and we come to the stile, and I forced myself to touch her on the back as if in fun.

"Now," I said, forcing myself, 'do you want me to lift you over it? I'll try if you like, for, though you weigh a tidy bit, I reckon, I'm strong for my size.'

"She answered me in a husky whisper that I was to get over the stile first and she'd follow.

"What?" I said, laughing, but feeling regular desperate. 'Afraid o' me seeing your ankles? Well, show me your face, anyhow. What you're showing me now is only your neck and your chignon.'

"You're laughing at my red hair," she whispered, getting her head lower still. 'It disgusts you—red hair does, I suppose?'

"I don't mind the color o' your hair," I said, laughing. 'There's plenty of it. That's the main thing with hair. Come,' I says, 'we're wasting the daylight; we shall have the dusk directly;' and I took possession of her by the shoulders and compelled her. "There, now, let's have a squint at you. Well, I'm blowed," I said, 'I've hit the target with that remark, it seems;' and I laughed in real earnest. For I see then that there was a bit of round-the-corner work with her eyes—nothing to matter, but what the

doctors call a cast. 'Appears to be fashionable in these parts,' I said. I was thinking of Brickett. I told you how he squinted. It has its bearing on what follows.

"I was like that from birth," she said, moving her hands as if to hide her face. 'I suppose you find it a great disfigurement?'

"Oh, no," I said, still laughing. 'I don't mind it.'

"Oh, stop laughing at me," she says.

"Then, without the slightest warning, she bursts into tears. Her sobs were something pitiful to hear. I never been so upset before or since; and, do how I would, I couldn't comfort nor console her. I was beside myself about her going on like that. 'It's not a bit o' good,' she cried. 'Go away, leave me alone, let me get home and conceal myself. You've tried to take to me, but you can't. You don't like me, and you never will. Nobody ever will.'

"Why prolong it? I made the discovery then and there that she was precisely in the same boat as myself. She confessed to me while I was wiping her eyes what she had suffered, seeing the other servants picking up their young men, taking this one, that one, like fruit off a tree, and her thinking she'd never have 'one herself. Believe me, it's the simple fact of it—there was nothing what had tortured me about young women that she hadn't felt lit'rally the same about young men.

"My nervousness was gone—gone forever too. I didn't take her down among the crowd on the pier—not much. Give one look at it, both of us, and watched it with the pretty lamps showing as the dusk came down on us from a distance. We didn't want a drink either. We'd found where the 'oney was, sweet an' refreshing, an' we meant to sip it by ourselves.

"Look here," said Mr. Hopkins, loudly, almost aggressively, "I'm sixty-eight years of age, I am; and that night is still yesterday. See what I mean? On top of all it was moonlight before 10 p.m., flashing out there on the water; and those pier lamps twinkling like—like so many stars tumbled down out of the sky at our feet.

"We sat upon the sandy ground half-way down the cliff, with the heather to our elbows, looking at it all and embracing one another. She told me how she'd never bin kissed before, and I told her the same. 'D'you like it, dear?' I asked her. 'It's 'eavenly,' she whispered. And so it was.

"My feelings!" said Mr. Hopkins, loudly. "It was a triumph. I felt big as the figurehead of a four-mast sailing ship. Rapture—holding one of the other sect, all contented in my arms. You know what I mean? You've tasted it yourself. But yet, no, you haven't either—not considering my age at the time, twenty-three years. I don't believe any one as ever lived has done so to the

full extent I did that night—not the mutual gratification of it, as I may term it—us two together opening of what had been a sealed book to both of us, under such romantic circumstances."

MR. HOPKINS relit his pipe, took a few meditative puffs, and went on again.

"So there it was. Gwennie—that was her name, Gwen, as I called her—Gwen and I were an engaged couple. I told Brickett it had been love at first sight on both sides, and for the first time I let him cadge on me—lending him a bob or two to drink our health before breakfast next morning—for the pubs were closed by the time I met him. I lent him some more next day. I couldn't refuse him now.

"I was another bein'—up somewhere like a balloon, above myself and everybody else. To give you a clue to my feelings, I never so much as asked Gwen a word about her money—you know, the legacy what Brickett had mentioned. I'd clean forgot. It was love I was after, not the money. But she spoke about it herself. It was all right—a hundred pounds as she'd inherited. So much the better.

"I used to make my lair in that little wood with the bushes, and bide there waiting for her till she could get out to me. Her hour was nine o'clock, when the fam'ly had finished their dinner and the other servants at their supper, an' she could slip out for twenty minutes without remarks being made. She never missed an evening, and so proved the depth of her affection.

"I suppose it was better part of a week when blowed if I didn't go and have an accident—yes, sprained my ankle and couldn't put my foot to the ground. I went to the expense of a doctor, and he ordered me to rest it till further orders.

"Well, the second evening I was deprived of her I couldn't bear it any longer. Doctor or no doctor, I'd got to go to her—if I crawled there on my hands and knees. The pain give me beans, but I'd bound up my ankle double tight, and I crept my way up to that cliff and into the wood.

"It was ten past nine, and she was there a'ready—with *somebody else*.

"Yes, they were coming along the path towards me—her and another man—her voice and his I heard as plain as I could hear you. It was Brickett. He had his arm round her waist, and it was 'Gwennie,' 'Gwennie, my dear,' and cetera; and she responding to him all love and kindness.

"The pain I felt at that moment was worse, far worse, than what my foot could give. It was knives through and through, till my anger swept over me. My anger was something fearful.

"D'you follow what I mean? I read it up straight away. They'd bin foolin' me. Brickett, with the power what I knew he possessed, had got hold of this

girl so's she b'longed to him body and bones; but for their own reasons they wished to secure some juggins like me to give her the state of a married woman. Why should she fall in love with me? Not likely—not much. All my old disbelief in myself had come rolling back on me, and I seemed to see the whole dashed plot. I'm not surprised I was angry.

"'You stop,' I shouted, for he was running away. 'You wait for me, you sneakin' dog. D'you think I'm goin' to take your leavings?' and I hobbled after him, till he had to stop. 'Put up those dirty hands of yours,' I said, 'and we'll see.'

"Then Gwen springs in between us.

"'Don't 'it 'im, Jack,' she cries. 'He's my brother.'

"And that was the truth at last. So it came out finally.

"They were respectable people, and Brickett—his true name was Shaw, of course—he'd used a many names, he having gone wrong, the whole family felt the disgrace and barred him. My Gwen being the only one of them who suffered him—and then in secret. The more credit to her, I thought, when I came to understand it, because it proved her good heart.

"But, mind you, a wrong 'un is a wrong 'un. It further came out that he'd made her promise to give him half her hundred pounds if he could find her a decent young man who'd accept her hand in church. I had to put a stopper on such a robbery as that, and Brickett and I quarreled over it for good an' all. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I knew Gwen helped him often after our marriage, an' I winked at it."

Mr. Hopkins sighed, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Fourteen years she was a true help-mate to me, bearing me three—Gladys, who died; Edwin, in the R.F.A., wounded at the second battle of Ypres, now porter at the Ulysses Mansions, Earl's Court, London; and Jane, one of the head nurses in a hospital for the insane. Then I lost her. Mourned her eighteen months, and then married the present Mrs. Hopkins, to keep the home going. Yes, I've had two good wives. But, as you can say, with the first one I buried all the romance of my life. The present Mrs. Hopkins was the other sort of union.

"Look here." He brought forth from his breast pocket something wrapped in paper, and as I watched him I saw that there were tears in his eyes. "There's my Gwen"—he was handing to the fat man a faded gilt-framed photograph—"my little Gwen, as she was when I wooed and won her. No one knows that I carry that about with me in my pocket," and the tears rolled down his wrinkled face.

And I thought that all values are relative, and all things colored by the eyes that look at them. Essentially, it *was* romance.

THE MOUNTAIN-BORN DEMOCRACY OF SWITZERLAND



International

A SWISS "TOWN MEETING"

Switzerland is a federation of twenty-two independent Cantons, each of which has its own parliamentary bodies. In four of the Cantons the old system of public assemblies and voting is still in vogue, the first Sunday in May of every year being designated as the time when the populace of the Cantons meet in the public square to cast their votes. The governor of each Canton conducts this public meeting, known as "the Landesgemeinde," one of which is shown in session here

A SHEPHERD
WITH HIS
FLOCK IN THE
BERNINA
GROUP OF
MOUNTAINS
IN THE UPPER
ENGADINE,
SWITZERLAND



Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railways

THE BOOK TABLE

A FEW MORE NOVELS

SOLOMON, who had ample opportunities to know what he was talking about, speaks feelingly in his Song about jealousy. It is "cruel as the grave"—or even worse according to the Revised Version, "cruel as Sheol." "The coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame." Barring the tremendous exposition of male jealousy in "Othello," one doubts if any one has more searchingly depicted the corroding effect of jealousy on happiness than Mrs. Deland in "The Vehement Flame"—her first novel since "The Rising Tide," six years ago. That story dealt with a brilliant woman in revolt against convention, this with a mentally stupid woman whose adoration of her husband, a man naturally patient, kindly, and responsive to affection, wears out his endurance by its very excess and monotony, and finally alienates his love, though not his sense of duty to another. It is true that the marriage was a fearful mistake from the outset, in that the bride was thirty-nine years old and the groom nineteen. But the real study of the novel is not of disparity; with Eleanor's narrow outlook on life and her failure to bind Maurice to her by romance the problem would have been much the same in any case; the age disparity was not what lost her happiness, but it helped feed her "vehement flame." She was pitifully like her own pet dog, who growled to the minute of her death at any one who even looked at his mistress. It was the very nature of Eleanor's jealousy that she could not help her husband to enjoy art or outdoor life or friendships, nor did she even do what her coarse-grained aunt constantly urged, "feed him and entertain him." In short, she was bound down by selfish love and burning, restrained jealousy.

Obviously, "The Vehement Flame" is rather of the class to which Mrs. Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and "The Iron Woman" belong than to that of the "Old Chester Tales" and "Doctor Lavendar's People." It has not all the strength or unity of situation to be found in the first two, nor the humorous twinkle of the second two—it would be hard to name four more worthy pieces of fiction writing by any living American novelist—but it is a vigorous and subtle study of a complex human character.

Not since "Tante" has Anne Sedgwick given us a stronger single character than that which pervades and dominates her "Adrienne Toner."² To my liking, "Tante" still remains her best "all round" novel because of its diversity of



From a painting by Joseph Cummings Chase
MARGARET DELAND

character and motive; here everybody and everything is a "feeder," as theatrical people say, to Adrienne. Not that they are dummies; they are clearly sketched silhouettes, but Adrienne's depiction is like a full-size Sargent portrait. The sub-title is quite correct, but it really doesn't matter a pin that Adrienne is an American and her husband an Englishman. Reverse the nationality, and the *motif* of the character study would be the same.

We have all known women who have had some or all of Adrienne's traits—absolute confidence in herself, certainty that others will and should see her light and follow her path, perfect unconsciousness that she is meddling in others' affairs, and withal such serenity and desire to make the poor old world happy and good that disciples and ad-



ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

mirers flock around her. Adrienne can cure sick-headaches by the touch of her hand—sometimes; so she knows that she cannot give wrong moral advice; yet she totally ruins the life of a young girl by telling her that if she deeply loves a married man she would better elope with him so that he may get a divorce and marry the girl; before the divorce comes the man is killed; naturally, that girl hates Adrienne as bitterly as she had adored her—yes, even after the girl has found another husband, for the author has an ironic touch here and there. Even the cynical man of the world, the narrator of the story, falls a victim to the fascination of Adrienne, to his own ultimate unhappiness, after she has at last seen the amazing self-adulation in her pose to the world. This novel is intellectually keen and a little hard in tone; as a piece of masterful character dissection it is a notable work.

Not every one will like Thomas Beer's "The Fair Rewards,"³ but few will deny that it is clever. As with some bits of painting, it is amazing to see how by a touch of color here and there, a high light in just the right spot, he makes us see people and things just as he wants us to see them. One critic's just comment is that the story is "neither blatant nor vulgar, although it deals with people who are both." Certain phases of stage life—that of the producers, that of the designers of stage setting and decoration, and that of art lighting, perhaps more than the actual acting—form a background for the few characters. Realism of a queer and attractive kind is helped on by occasional appearances or references to well-known people of the stage—Charles Frohman, John Drew, Anna Held, Mrs. Gilbert, and a dozen others. The leading character, Mark Walling, was picked up on a Jersey farm and married by a tumultuous and dangerous blonde emotional actress. He makes a hit in a two-line part by his ingenuous simplicity—and simply ingenuous he remains through his career as manager and theater-owner. We suspect that the author half despises Mark because he is affectionate, emotional, and faithful to his bucolic relatives. His "rewards" are somewhat doubtful—the niece on whom he lavishes affection and advantages seems too intelligent to make quite as big a fool of herself as she did. Some of us will beg leave to like Mark whether his creator does or not; he may be sentimental, but his soul has at least some bigness, and for that he stands out in a rather tawdry group. Certainly Mr. Beer shows us things; he can write.

There is a joyous feeling of freshness and youthful energy about Mr. Hubbard's "Chanting Wheels"⁴ that catches

³ The Fair Rewards. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.50.

⁴ Chanting Wheels. By Hubbard Hutchinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

and holds attention. In a way it is a musical story; in a way it is a brotherhood of workers' story; just how the two are combined is distinctly original. Dante Rossetti Raleigh—musician, athlete, college graduate—cares little for social prestige or conventions. He goes to work as a brawny laborer in his uncle's mill, finds strange musical traditions and folk-song lore among the foreigners, stimulates them into musical activity, and evolves for them a noble song that embodies the meaning of the mill's "chanting wheels." So, when revolutionary agitators come, the men are not interested; they have a close-knit comradeship of their own.

Algernon Blackwood's theme in "The Bright Messenger"⁵ is the supposed dual personality of a commonplace young fellow who suddenly presents evidence of being inspired by "a great cosmic intelligence." But a psychoanalyst thinks this is an intrusion of the young man's subliminal self—the reader may take his choice. No one equals Mr. Blackwood in delicate imaginative manipulation of the psychically mysterious or mon-

⁵ The Bright Messenger. By Algernon Blackwood. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.



THOMAS BEER

strous. On the whole, however, one feels that his peculiar genius (and it really is genius) is better suited to the short tale than the elaborated romance.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

FALL OF MARY STUART (THE). By Frank A. Mumby. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$5.

We here gain a more vivid view of Mary Stuart than has been possible from any formal biography. We have an estimate from her own contemporaries—by Queen Elizabeth, by Catherine de Medicis, by Bothwell and Lethington. Of all these estimates, that of Elizabeth is the most acute; it clearly reveals the masculine instincts of the English Queen as opposed to Mary's fascinating but purely feminine qualities.

DANIEL H. BURNHAM: ARCHITECT, PLANNER OF CITIES. By Charles Moore. Illustrated. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$20.

In one sense these sumptuous volumes have to do even more with the future than with the past; for the future will doubtless show what the past has not shown—that in America certain principles of city-planning are now established. This is due to the late Daniel Burnham as much as to any one, perhaps more than to any one. Certainly he laid the foundations on which Cleveland, San Francisco, Chicago, and Manila are being reconstructed. Almost his latest labor in this direction was to prepare plans for the reconstruction of Baguio, in the Philippines. Without pay, Burnham visited the islands in order to plan for the beautification of Manila and for the laying out of a capital in the fine mountain climate of Baguio. This visit and other efforts towards the education of the public in city-planning justified Mr. Taft in saying that no man in the professional life of the United States had given more of his life to the public without having secured public office than had Daniel

Burnham. The present volumes are a worthy memorial of this city-planner and architect. In architecture he was eminent indeed—as the thousands who daily use the Union Railway Station in Washington can witness. Director of Works at the Chicago World's Fair (1893), he formed friendships with men distinguished in the several arts—for instance, Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Frank Millet, Theodore Thomas. With the first two he was associated eight years later in preparing the new plans for Washington.

FIRST MILLION THE HARDEST (THE). By A. B. Farquhar. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$3.50.

The life-work of a successful business man with a genius for friendship is described in this book with winning simplicity. The side-lights on the many prominent figures in American life whom the author has met in his long career are extremely interesting—particularly in the opening chapter, which tells how most of New York City's early business magnates were successfully "interviewed" by the author when a mere boy.

POETRY

OLE MARSTER, AND OTHER VERSES. By Benjamin E. Valentine. Whitet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va. \$1.

Even a reader with a congenital dislike for dialect poetry could hardly fail to see that this volume contains a number of sound pieces of work, the result of an indubitable knowledge of Negro psychology and Negro methods of speaking and reacting to life. The Negro types who speak through the verses included in this book are in practically all cases "befo' de wah" colored folk. One must assume that Mr. Valentine is

an old-time Virginian, so cleverly does he catch the whimsicalities and delightfully ingenuous turns of thought and speech of a type that is rapidly passing away. No mere rhymster could impregnate his lines with such authenticity as is to be found in "Keep Er-Grinnin'," for instance, a poem which begins:

When you heah "Ole Tribberlation"
come er tyarin' down de road,
An' you know he gwine ter kotch you
an' you got ter byar de load;
When you feel his bridle pullin', an'
de saddle on yo' back,
An' de whip is wavin' roun' you, an'
er hittin', ev'y crack—
Den remember 'bout de possum whar
wuz settin' on de lim',
Wid de gun er p'intin' at him, an' de
dorgs er treein' him;
How he holler ter de hunter an' he
holler ter de houn':
"Ize er gwinn' ter keep er grinnin', doh
I spec' you'll fotch me down."

This book, together with several others, affords an excellent proof of the literary consciousness that is steadily growing below the Mason and Dixon Line.

SONGS OF THE COWBOYS. An Anthology. By N. Howard Thorp. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.

SONGS OF THE TRAIL. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.

Mr. Thorp's anthology really affords lovers of poetry a brief view of a type of American song that must, in a certain measure, be regarded as folk-song. Although it has been patched together from the literatures of several countries and from individual creation, it forms in bulk an indigenous product peculiar to our own West. The cowboys of the recent past, it may be gathered, were realists in the true sense of the word. They sang about the things that surrounded them, and with not too great flights of imagination. A free lilt and decided swing and a lusty practical humor appear to be the distinguishing marks. Mr. Knibbs's volume is much more restrained and refined than the anthology. He handles the same themes, but he translates them into a material that is on a higher poetical level. Strangely enough, this refinement sets off the virile sturdiness and sincerity of the genuine cowboy songs all the more.

YOUNGSTERS: COLLECTED POEMS OF CHILDHOOD. By Burges Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

No matter how individual the verse may be, whenever a writer attempts to write children's poetry from the child's view-point he is bound to suffer comparison with Robert Louis Stevenson. The work of Tusitala stands as a model, and not even James Whitcomb Riley or Eugene Field, delightful as they often were, have supplanted that earlier favorite. And neither does Burges Johnson, although in the 250 pages of his "Youngsters" he presents many charming exhibits. His dexterity is apparent, and these bits of verse, gathered from previous volumes together with a number of new pieces, undoubtedly will please the child. But be sure the child has imbibed his Stevenson; there will be time for Mr. Johnson after.

THE GREAT AMERICAN
DESERT

A "By the Way" note in a back number of The Outlook reads: "We no longer see on our maps "The Great American Desert." That is true, for the name is not popular; but the desert is still there. In the interest of accuracy, a pertinent statement of the facts may be quoted from the prefatory pages, by O. E. Meinzer, in a "Water Supply Paper" (490-B) entitled "Routes to Desert Watering Places in the Mohave Desert Region, California," prepared by D. G. Thompson and published this year by the United States Geological Survey:

"The desert region of the United States forms a great triangle whose base, 800 miles long, is the Mexican border from the Peninsular Mountains in southern California to the mouth of the Pecos River in Texas, and whose apex is in north-central Oregon. . . . It covers about 500,000 square miles, or very nearly one-sixth of the area of the United States. This region is by no means devoid of natural resources or human activity. It contains prosperous cities, fertile agricultural districts, forest-clad mountains, a large aggregate number of watering-places, many rich mines, and an unknown wealth of mineral deposits. But the localities that have water supplies are widely separated oases in a vast expanse of silent, changeless, unproductive desert, whose most impressive feature is its great distances and whose chief evidences of human occupation are the long, long roads that lead from one watering-place to another. In the future existing oases will be enlarged, many new ones will be created, and the mineral and agricultural products of the region will be greatly increased. But in spite of all that man can do this large region will remain essentially a desert."

That is a true and courageous statement, and the frank use of the words, desert and oases, instead of dry country and settlements, is to be commended. The statement gives a true summary of "the Great American Desert," yet the desert is not so absolutely barren as certain parts of the Sahara or of the Desert of Gobi, in central Asia. The American Desert, which extends southward into Mexico, has over the greater part of its surface a varied vegetation, in which sage-brush, yuccas, creosote bush, and many kinds of cactus are common. Its mountains here and there contain valuable mineral deposits. According to Thompson, San Bernardino County, the desert southeastern corner of California, yielded over \$50,000,000 in mineral products in the twenty-four years from 1894 to 1918; but after this yield is taken the desert is more barren than before. A rich deposit will attract a temporary colony of feverish activity, depending on outside sources for nearly all its supplies, and vanishing when the deposit is worked out; thus the famous mining town of Calico, "which in the late eighties is said to have had a population of more than 5,000," has had only three or four inhabitants in recent years. It is the irrigable areas of the desert



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THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT (Continued)

that attract a permanent population and yield a steady product; but the total irrigable area is small. On this topic Thompson writes: "Inspired by the successful agricultural development of certain portions of the arid regions of North America by irrigation in recent years, some writers have painted colorful word pictures of these regions in the future when man has transformed them all into productive farms. Undoubtedly there are thousands of acres that can still be developed by irrigation. . . . Nevertheless it is true that the quantity of water available from all sources is not sufficient to irrigate more than a small part of the aggregate area of arid land."

Your note went on to say: "Nowadays automobile tourists drive safely where a generation or two ago pioneers toiling painfully through the sand often dropped exhausted by the way." This is also true in the sense that you meant, but it is dangerously misleading in implying that the desert is no longer dangerous. It is still so dangerous in its driest, hottest, and least explored part, namely, the Mohave Desert area, including Death Valley, and comprising 60,000 square miles in southeastern California, that the sum of \$10,000 appropriated by Congress in 1916 for the marking and protection of desert watering-places, in the interest of public safety, was all expended in work on that single district, and even when the watering-places are marked the danger is not altogether removed. On the matter of desert travel Thompson says: "Since the advent of the automobile the use of horses has almost ceased. With this change travel in the desert has become less difficult and has therefore increased very much. . . . It must not be supposed, however, that travel in the desert with an automobile means travel without danger. In some respects the danger has increased. It is much easier to get a long distance from known watering-places with an automobile than with a team, and a breakdown at a remote point may be very serious. Since automobiles have come into use there is also much more travel by persons not familiar with the region. . . . With automobiles numerous difficulties may arise that were not encountered by those traveling with horses and wagons. . . . No one should go in an automobile far from a town who is not sufficiently familiar with the mechanism of the machine to make necessary adjustment of the carburetor and spark plugs and other minor repairs or who cannot make repairs to tires. This seemingly needless statement is made because there are many persons who know only how to manipulate the throttle and brakes of their cars. The writer has come upon such persons stalled on main roads of the desert, and they would have been in a bad plight on less traveled roads."

The best antidotes for such dangers are: "Know thyself, know thy car, and know thy country." **W. M. DAVIS.**

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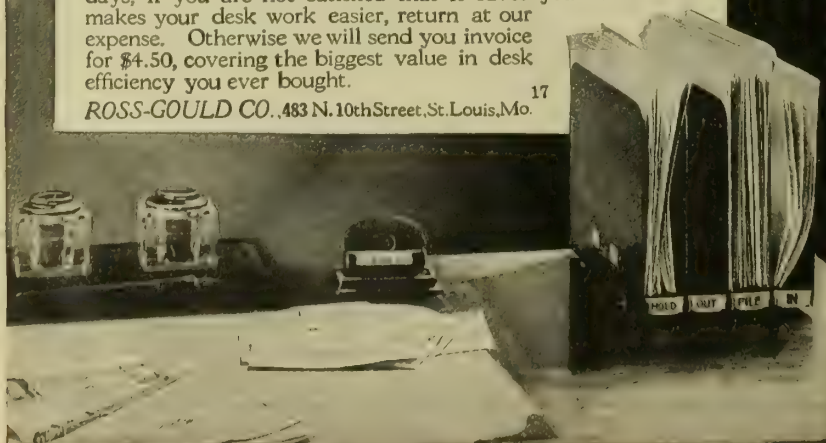
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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



EDWARD A. FILENE was born at Salem, Massachusetts. He is the eldest son of William Filene, who founded the ready-to-wear specialty store which bears his name, and president of the William Filene's Sons Company. In addition

to his business interests Mr. Filene has taken an active part in the civic life of Boston. He has helped to organize the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and the International Chamber, of which latter he is a director.

DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE is an authority on anatomy and physical training. In 1904 he became Director of the Department of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania after several years spent as house physician, demonstrator, and lecturer. His pamphlets and articles on physical exercises, medical gymnastics, and anatomy have been of great value to physicians and surgeons. Dr. McKenzie is a powerful witness on the side of Mr. C. K. Taylor in the height-weight controversy which has been agitating our readers. Mr. Taylor will contribute another article next week on "The Girl and Her Muscle."

HUBERT V. CORYELL is a Harvard graduate and head of the Junior Department of the Browne and Nichols School of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was formerly head of the Shady Hill Country Day School.

W. B. MAXWELL has been ranked by English critics as the best living English novelist with the exception of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy. Perhaps his best-known book is that called "Mrs. Thompson."

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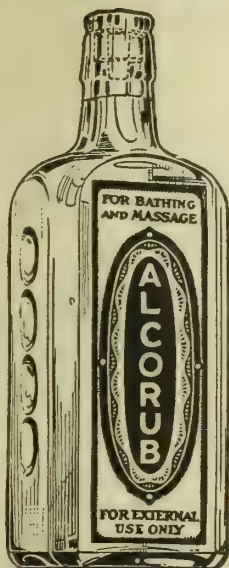
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WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

AGENTS can make big profits introducing to business and club men the only practical mechanical pencil ever made; outlasts all others; sells on sight; pleasant association. Write Dura Pencil Co., 115 Broad St., New York City.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Companion for elderly lady in country home, with modern conveniences, near Philadelphia. For July and August. Morris Jarrett, Hortham, Pa., No. 51.

WANTED—Working housekeeper for small family in bungalow at Caldwell, N. J., from July 15. Write, stating experience and terms, to 1,719, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, in her home, 1355 Ninth St., San Diego, Cal., experience epilepsy, desires care of backward or delicate child. References.

Business Situations

MIDDLE-aged Protestant woman of refinement wishes position as governess or resident supervisor of young ladies' school or college. Excellent references from Canadian College of Expression. Duties Sept. 1. 1,706, Outlook.

CONFIDENTIAL secretary, woman, wishes position with one requiring high grade service. 1,711, Outlook.

YOUNG man, colored, pleasing personality, intelligent, refined, reliable, desires responsible hotel or business position. November 1. Excellent city reference. 1,714, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GRADUATE nurse, English, German, sunny disposition, useful companion, excellent traveler, desires position. Couple or gentleman. Quality references. 1,528, Outlook.

TRAVELING companion, abroad, highly recommended young teacher. Address Parsons School, Essex Fells, N. J.

SMITH College senior would like position as traveling companion and tutor for the summer months. 1,686, Outlook.

COMPANION, secretary, tutor, for July and August, by young lady of unusual ability and personality. College graduate, English teacher. Would travel. Jane Roberts, 304 Union St., Springfield, Mass.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

FRENCH WOMAN, high school teacher would act as companion or tutor during summer in exchange for pleasant home. Lecoute, 262 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

GENTLEWOMAN unusual ability seeks position chaperon or companion. Experience traveler; understands household management. Several years in last position. Excellent references. 1,672, Outlook.

LADY of education and refinement would like position with family going to Maine or the mountains as social secretary, companion or chaperon to young girl. 1,717, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate wishes position to spend summer or year in Europe. No instructor in French in boys' boarding school. 1,718, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady of refinement, Canadian, Protestant, with experience in girls' college of expression, wishes position as supervisor in family where there are children. Would travel. 1,722, Outlook.

WILL act as mother's substitute; fatherless baby or special child considered; letter confidential. Physician's references. Miss Woodbury, Hamilton, Mass.

MANAGING housekeeper by a woman of refinement. Last position held eight years. 1,713, Outlook.

YOUNG lady with wide experience of European travel will chaperon two or more girls to Europe. Will arrange all business details. 1,712, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman as companion. Will travel. References exchanged. 1,724, Outlook.

YOUNG Southerner, graduate of Eastern school, lover of children and outdoor life desires position as companion or governess for summer months or permanently. 1,725, Outlook.

SUMMER position wanted as companion to elderly person or tutor to children 8-16 years. Address C., 80 Morris St., Yonkers, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

FRENCH lady, teacher, born and educated abroad, university graduate. European and American school experience, best references wants to teach French or German in school or college for the coming school year. 1,715, Outlook.

SWISS teacher's daughter, speaking both German and French, skilled in music (piano voice), and now completing her training as teacher of English, would gladly teach a few months in an American family. Highest references given and asked. Inquire of Prof. G. L. Burr, University Library, Ithaca, N. Y.

FRENCH girl, experienced teacher in elementary or advanced work, desires position for June and July. Highest references. Write 1013 Farragut Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa.

TEACHER (woman) in boys' preparator; school will act as tutor during summer. Latin French (not conversational), history, and English. Address 1,726, Outlook.

SMITH College graduate, experienced tutor and counselor, desires summer position. M. E. Cornwall, N. Y.

FRENCH lady, highest references, experienced, teaching also Spanish, piano, want position anywhere. 1,730, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of education and refinement desires summer position. Governess, tutor, companion-chaperon. Travel or mountains. 1,731, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 39th St.

STUDY HUMAN NATURE. Know people. Make more money. Send 5 cents (stamp) for "Personal Power," a little book that points the way. PROGRESS LEAGUE, W-31 Union Square, New York.

THE Long Life Cook Book (2d edition) presents a scientific, simple, sensible dietary which forbids disease. Constipation, colds, rheumatism, lead to "the increased death rate after 40." Be master, not victim of your habit of life. Send 25c for copy. "Long Life," 78 Center St., New Haven, Conn.

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SUMMER cottage camp for little girls. Unusually safe. Delightful. Terms moderate. Highest references. 1,709, Outlook.

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BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department. The Outlook Company, 331 Fourth Ave., New York City.

LET me care for your children during summer. Excellent references. 306 South Lyon, Mich.

BY THE WAY

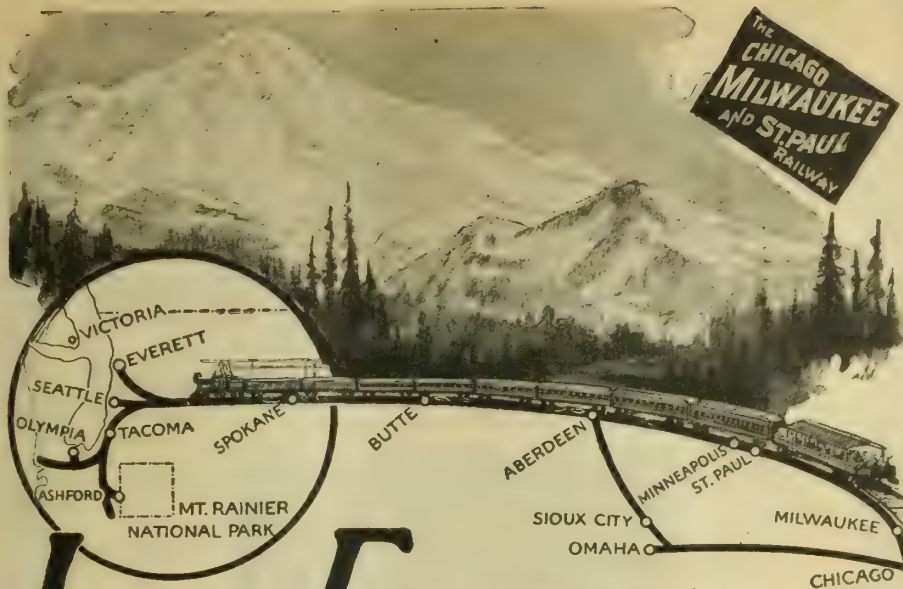
THE word "chapel" is used by printers to denote the body of journeymen employed in a composing-room. This special use of the word is apparently unknown in some other trades. Recently a contribution from The Outlook's composing-room was sent by the chairman of its chapel to workers in another line who needed assistance. The contribution was gratefully acknowledged in a letter addressed thus: "The Rev. George Wright, The Outlook Chapel, New York City."

A Baptist minister who practiced immersion was asked, according to "Judge," to tell what was his most awkward experience. He said: "One Sunday afternoon I was to have an immersion in the river on the outskirts of town. A great crowd had assembled. There were two candidates for baptism. One was an extraordinarily tall woman, coming almost up to my own six-feet-three in height. The other was a little runt of a man hardly five feet tall. When it came time for the ceremony I took the towering lady by the arm, intending to immerse her first, and told the little man to follow us. The lady and I had gone into the water until it was about up to our waists, when I heard very improper tittering among the spectators. Looking back to discover the cause of this untimely levity, I beheld the little candidate for baptism coming along—swimming!"

"When, years ago," says Dr. G. Stanley Hall in the "Atlantic," "I first heard the picturesque word 'Flapper' applied to a girl, I thought of a loose sail flapping in whatever wind may blow, and liable to upset the craft it is meant to impel. There was also in my mind the flitting and yet cruder mental imagery of a wash, just hung out to dry in the light and breeze, before it is starched and ironed for use. I was a little ashamed of this when the dictionary set me right by defining the word as a fledgling, yet in the nest, and vainly attempting to fly while its wings have only pinfeathers; and I recognized that thus the genius of 'slanguage' had made the squab the symbol of budding girlhood."

Specialization in the shoe trade is indicated by this sign over the front of a New York City store: "Shoes for Boys, Youths, and Little Gents."

Few people realize the vast extent of the Dutch empire in the East. The Netherlands, the home country, is only about 13,000 square miles in area, and trains go from its eastern to its western boundary in a few hours. But the journey by sea from Sabang, north of Sumatra, to Merauke in New Guinea—the extreme limits of Holland's island empire—covers about 3,000 nautical miles, or more than the distance from the United States to England. The total area is about 735,000 square miles. One of the islands, Java, about as large as New York State, contains a population



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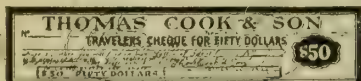
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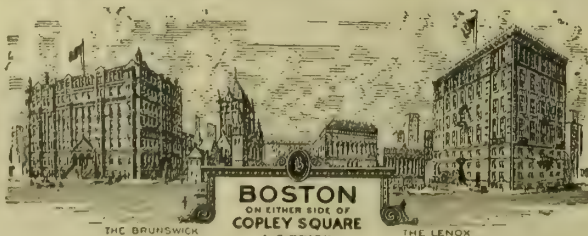
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BY THE WAY—(Continued)

of 34,000,000—three or four times as great as that of our Empire State.

Here is a clever indictment of our lingual inconsistencies, headed in a contemporary's column as "The Same Old Slam on Our Language:"

When the English tongue we speak
Why is break not rhymed with freak?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say sew but likewise few,
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his horse with worse?
Beard sounds not the same as heard;
Cord is different from word;
Cow is cow, but low is low;
Shoe is never rhymed with foe.
Think of hose and dose and lose,
And of goose and yet of choose.
Think of comb and tomb and bomb,
Doll and roll and home and some.
And since pay is rhymed with say,
Why not paid with said, I pray?
We have blood and food and good,
Mould is not pronounced like could.
Wherefore done and gone and lone?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sound and letters disagree.

An incident that Sir Ernest Shackleton always repeated with glee was the reply one of the Irish members made to him when Shackleton asked: "Can you imagine the enormous extent of those vast Arctic snow fields?" "Yes," replied the Irish member, "I had the same sensation the first toime I appeared in public wearing a dress shirt."

"Some of the neighbors are making a howl about the items we are sending in," says a contributor of local news items to the Columbus (Montana) "News." "So I believe that as soon as my supply of stationery runs out, I will quit writing. Let some one else take the job if they think they can do so much better. I am getting tired of being bawled out every week, and would like to sit back and criticise some one else writing for a while."

To this the Editor, not wishing to lose an able writer, brackets a comforting and finely independent reply:

"Stay with 'em, kid! Don't let the jabbering of a few kickers unveil the cayuse in your disposition. If an editor or writer takes the scare that easy, we would have swapped our pen for a Fatima ten years ago, and each and every issue since then. If our patrons don't like what you and I write, let them stop taking the darned News, and then they will surely have no kick coming."

From "Punch:" Boy at car window (to father, seeing him off to school)—
"If you like, daddy, I'll introduce you to Binks's father. He's the sort of man it might be rather useful for you to know."

From "Judge:"

Between an optimist and a pessimist
The difference is not so strange;
The optimist smiles at the cashier girl,
The pessimist counts the change.

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cap. 1

A MERCHANT WHO IS LOSING \$50,000,000 A YEAR

The Outlook

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JUN 28 1922

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1922



THE GIRL AND HER MUSCLE

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR



To Make Old Furniture Look New— Use Valspar Enamels

PORCH furniture finished with Valspar Enamels can be freely washed—can be left out in sun and rain without losing color or lustre. Valspar Enamels are fine pigments carefully ground in durable, waterproof Valspar—the varnish that won't turn white.

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The Outlook

JUNE 28, 1922

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WHEN IS A LAW NOT A LAW

A MAN once famous for the quality of beer which he brewed recently traveled to Europe in a vessel owned and operated by the United States Shipping Board. From the other side he sent back a pertinent query. He wanted to know why it was illegal for him to make beer, while the Government itself was in the market for German beers with which to supply its vessels. He pointed his question by inclosing a copy of a list of drinks sold by the United States Government on its own vessels—when they had passed beyond the three-mile limit. To this question Mr. Lasker replied that he had an opinion from the Attorney-General's office that it was legal to sell such liquors beyond the territorial waters of the United States.

We have not the legal erudition of the Attorney-General's office, but we confess that such a statement bewilders us. Under what selective principle is one law of the United States operative beyond the three-mile limit and another law confined only to our territorial waters? We had always supposed that a vessel was regarded as a floating section of the country whose flag it flew. If we are in error in this, how does it happen that the Congress of the United States ventures to prescribe the conditions under which American sailors shall be employed when upon the high seas? The claim of the Shipping Board to the right of exemption from the Volstead Act seems easily reducible to an absurdity.

The real reason for claiming such an exemption of course does not rest upon any principle of selective law. It is to be found in the fact that the United States Shipping Board vessels find it hard to compete for passengers with vessels of foreign countries legally entitled to sell liquor. Even if the action of the Shipping Board can be defended by a legal quibble, it is beneath the dignity of the United States Government to take advantage of it. The time to discuss the effect of prohibition upon our shipping was before, and not after, the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. At that time we should have recognized the fact that we would have to forego the monetary advantage of selling liquor on our ships, just as we recognized the fact that we would have to forego the advantage of receiving millions from excise taxes if we were bent upon abolishing the liquor traffic. The alleged financial disadvantage of prohibiting liquor in our merchant marine is another argument



Keystone

SMITH BROOKHART

in favor of the Governmental subsidy which Mr. Lasker and the President have requested from Congress. It is not an argument in favor of Governmental hypocrisy.

THE MEANING OF BROOKHART

THE nomination of Colonel Smith W. Brookhart in the Republican primary of the State of Iowa has affected the so-called Old Guard of the party in Washington and throughout the country with greater consternation than the victory of Beveridge in Indiana or Pinchot in Pennsylvania. Brookhart belongs well over on the left wing of the more radical element of the Republican party. He wishes the Railway Transportation Act repealed and the pumping out of what he alleges to be the seven billions of water from the securities of the roads. He belongs clearly to the railway radical group. He wishes the farmers to have representation on the Federal Reserve Board in proportion to their share in the primary deposits in the banks of the country. More wisely he believes in the fullest possible co-operative programme for both farmers and factory people, and in this we think he is sound. The development of the practice of co-operation on a large scale in this country is better as a method of getting things done than the increase in Governmental agencies with their enormous overhead, waste, inefficiency, and armies of civil servants.

Brookhart favors a soldiers' bonus, to

be paid out of war profits and excess profits, and not out of a sales tax. He believes that the Newberry case should be reopened, and he is opposed to ship subsidies. He sifts out what he calls the "predatory blocs" and opposes them, but he favors the farmers' bloc, the labor bloc, the soldier bloc, the mothers' bloc, and all business blocs which co-operate with the preceding. He is eager for the retention of the direct primary as the best method of driving the "Non-Partisan League of Wall Street" from the State.

We thus recapitulate the issues through the discussion of which in the State of Iowa the nomination of Colonel Brookhart in the Republican primary was assured. There is more enthusiasm than wisdom in some parts of Colonel Brookhart's platform. But, however that may be, it is certain that the success of such a programme in the tremendously Republican State of Iowa is a warning light to the Administration at Washington which it will do well not to ignore. Kindly offices of conciliation between contending interests and factions are not enough to meet National opinion and lead it into safe and wise channels. A keen intelligence and vision and will power with respect to domestic affairs of great moment were never more needed than now in the Administration at Washington.

RADIO LEGISLATION.

CONGRESSMAN WHITE, of Maine, has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill to amend the act of 1912 which regulates radio communication. The present act, while it was adequate to meet conditions at the time it was enacted, has fallen far short of the requirements that have arisen with the marvelous development of radio during the past year. It was for the purpose of considering new conditions from every angle that Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, called, a few months ago, a conference of radio manufacturers, distributors, and others interested, and it is from the conclusions of that conference that the new bill was drawn.

It was realized that it would be quite impossible to pass statutory legislation that would be flexible enough to meet the ever-changing conditions of the new industry and science. Thus it is that, aside from declaring general principles, the determination of most of the factors that may be expected to arise in the dissemination and enforcement of reg-

ulations is in this bill delegated to the Secretary of Commerce. To say to-day, for instance, what wave lengths shall be permissible to certain distributing stations and have those regulations applicable under specific law only a few months hence is quite out of the question. Only by constant observation by an official who can act can conditions be met in a manner that will allow the fullest possible development of radio and the least possible inconvenience and confusion to the millions who are in one way or another engaged in radio activities.

Provision is made for the issuance of licenses to stations sending radiograms or signals by telegraphy or telephony and for their abrogation by the Secretary. One feature of this provision is that no licenses shall be issued for a term of more than ten years. A condition of uncertainty that has existed under the present act as to whether the Secretary was compelled to grant licenses to all applicants is cleared, for the bill provides that he shall use his discretion in granting licenses, on the condition that such licenses shall be only to stations which are in the interest of the general public service. He is authorized specifically to refuse a license to any person, company, or corporation which, in his judgment, is seeking to monopolize radio communication directly or indirectly through the control of the manufacture or sale of radio apparatus or by any other means.

A new feature of the bill provides, as an assistance to the Secretary, for the appointment of an advisory committee to whom he shall refer for examination and report matters relating to administration or changes in the law, regulations, and treaties of the United States relating to radio communication; to study of the scientific problems involved in radio communication with the view of fostering its development; and to scientific progress in radio communication and use of radio communication.

The advisory committee is to consist of twelve members, one each to be designated by the Secretaries of State, War, Navy, Agriculture, and Commerce, the Postmaster-General, and six members of recognized attainment in radio communication not otherwise employed in the Government service to be designated by the Secretary of Commerce.

Finally, and as a new feature of radio legislation, the Secretary is authorized and directed to charge and, through the imposition of stamp taxes on applications, licenses, or other documents, or in other appropriate manner, to collect fees that are specified in a schedule that ranges from a maximum of \$300 for a license for transoceanic radio down to a dollar for amateur first-grade radio op-

erators' examination and fifty cents for amateur second-grade licenses.

CUBA'S TROUBLES

THE financial condition of Cuba is bad, not because the island is not richly endowed with natural resources or that it has serious industrial troubles, but because of bad financiering on the part of the Government, and even more perhaps because of corrupt practices among political office-holders. Two or three weeks ago American intervention was talked of in Cuba as not only possible, but probable. The situation has been relieved for the present by informal pressure brought to bear upon the Cuban Government by General Crowder, who is acting as an observer and informal representative of President Harding in Cuba. President Zayas, of Cuba, has so far yielded to General Crowder's influence and to the best American and Cuban sentiment that he has removed from office some of the men charged with irregularities. This does not get at the base of the trouble in Cuba, and very probably the situation will have to be dealt with more drastically in the future.

There is no doubt about the existence of dishonest officials, and some of them have been pretty high up in the Administration. Ex-President Menocal is reported in despatches as saying that when he lately came back from Europe he was shown proofs of wholesale graft and dishonesty; that he urged Zayas to clean house, but in vain; and that he does not believe that changing a few officials will meet the situation. General Crowder's position, as stated after the dismissal of certain officials, is that, politics or no politics, and despite Civil Service laws said to be in the way, "no man whose honesty is not beyond question and whose ability for the position is unproven shall be appointed to public office."

Most Americans understand that under the Platt Amendment to the treaty by which the United States made Cuba a free Republic the United States has the right to intervene in case Cuba shows herself incapable of preserving order or fails to meet her foreign debts. In point of fact, the United States has intervened, has restored peace and order, and has again set the Cuban Republic going. If intervention should take place now, in all probability it would be of an amicable kind and would not involve military measures unless resistance were made by radical factions. What would most probably be done would be that we should take over the Custom-House, the Treasury, and the oversight of public works. We are told by a correspondent of *The Outlook* now in Havana that Cuba has paid interest

on her external loans, but that many millions of dollars of interest on internal loans remain unpaid, and in that sense Cuba is semi-bankrupt, while the police and postal employees are left unpaid, and directors of public works find Government warrants unhonored.

All the information points to the belief that this deplorable state of affairs would be quite unnecessary under an economic, intelligent, and honest Government, and that, while Dr. Zayas desires to have such a Government, he has been driven by his political debts to allow gross abuses to take root and grow until they have produced a serious condition.

LENINE'S WITHDRAWAL: WHAT WILL FOLLOW?

THE questions most asked in Russia to-day are as to who will replace Lenin and what will be the effect of his withdrawal from office. The fact that no single person has been able to command such support among the Soviets as to be allowed to take up the reins that have fallen from Lenin's hands shows that a critical and complicated state of affairs exists in Moscow.

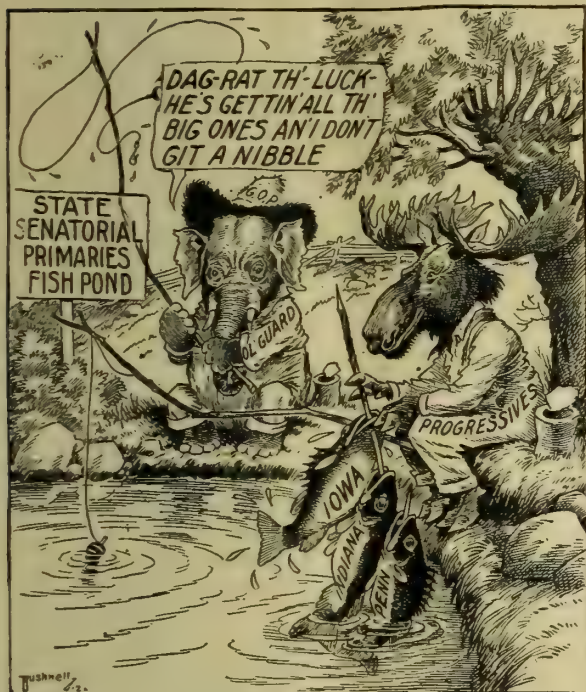
All sorts of rumors have come about Lenin from time to time for months—that he was dead, that he was perfectly well, that he was suffering from poisoned bullet wounds, and so on. His physical condition, it is now admitted, is decidedly bad; it may be indirectly connected with a wound received long ago, but is largely a nervous breakdown due to worry and overwork. It seems certain that he will not resume the Premiership for many months to come, if ever. It is an interesting commentary on the situation that George Tchitcherin, the former Bolshevik figure at Genoa and probably the ablest man as regards foreign affairs among the Bolsheviks, remains in Germany, evidently more than doubtful of his reception in Moscow under the new conditions. It is said that both Tchitcherin and Krassin are afraid that Lenin's approval of them makes their position in Russia dangerous.

There is no indication as yet that Lenin's withdrawal has modified the absurd and vicious ideas which have prevailed in Moscow; that it may ultimately do so is quite possible. Lenin was in great measure the author of the theory of the autocracy of the proletariat. He was a fanatic in his adherence to that theory, and authorized any acts of violence that seemed necessary to keep it going. Absurd and wicked as fundamentally the theory is, he maintained it with considerable intellectual ability, and the prestige he obtained among soldiers, industrial workmen, and even among many of the peasants was

SLOW AS THE ELEPHANT

(Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Scene 2)

Bushnell for the Central Press Association



CHEER UP, G. O. P., THE FISHING SEASON HAS ONLY BEGUN!

Darling in the Washington Herald



POLITICAL UNREST

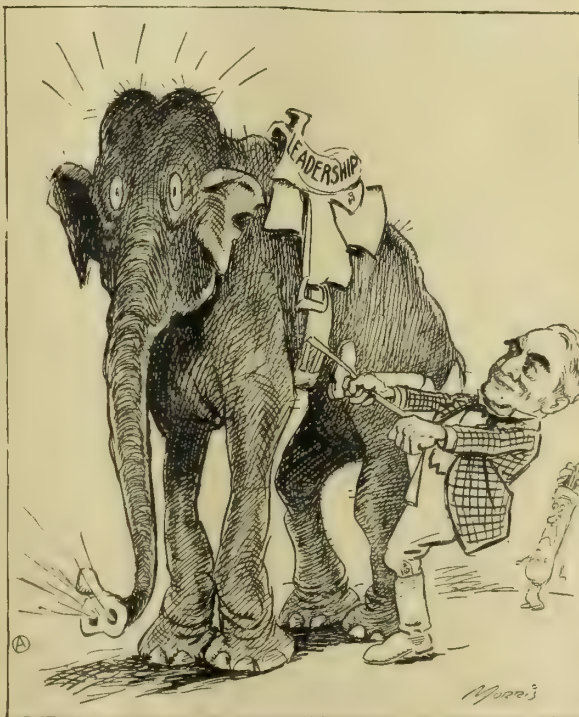
From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



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THE PRESIDENT DECIDES TO TAKE UP RIDING



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much greater than that of any other Soviet leader. Most people believe that both Tchitcherin and Krassin are abler men, but they have not Lenine's popularity among the extremists, while Trotsky is chiefly an organizer and executive agent who shrinks from nothing. It would seem reasonable at least to hope that if Lenine is out altogether there should be some gradual lessening of the grip held over the people of Russia by the brute force exercised through soldiers and agents by the centralized Soviet Government, which has not now and never had any mandate from the people at large.

TEACHABLE JAPAN

WHATEVER the change in the Japanese Government may be, there remains unchanged the Japanese thirst for knowledge of other nations. One of the most dramatic contrasts in history is that between the hermit life of Japan for generations and the eager interest of Japan in other peoples, characteristic of her modern period. Indeed, it may have been the very capacity of the Japanese to respond to foreign influences that caused the Shogun to shut out foreigners from Japan for so many years. Japan's language and literature and religion are just as truly derived from foreign sources as the language, literature, and religion of America are. And to-day no country surpasses Japan in the search for the best that other countries can give her.

One of the recent eminent visitors to this country is Mr. Naomichi Oshima,

Counselor and Chief Inspector of the Japanese Department of Home Affairs, who recently sailed from New York after investigating some of the social and economic problems of America and who is now continuing his investigation of social and economic problems in Europe. He is a graduate of the Tokyo Imperial University, where he studied political science. Immediately after his graduation he entered the Government service and, after filling several subordinate offices, was appointed the Vice-Governor of Kanagawa Prefecture. After a few years by promotion he became second Superintendent-General of the Police, and then, finally, Counselor to the Minister of Home Affairs and Chief Inspector of the Provincial and Local Governments. He is an influential man in the Seiyukai party.

Japan's sudden rise from obscurity to a position where she is one of the three great naval Powers in the world is due to her eagerness to learn from all sources, and her skill in sending students of life, of customs, and inventions to all parts of the world that they may gather knowledge of the best that men have achieved and bring their knowledge back to their country. In this respect Japan is worthy of imitation.

MOVING TOWARD AN IRISH FREE STATE

THE elections held in Southern Ireland last week afford a favorable indication of the future of the Irish Free State. In a way, the elections were pre-

arranged; that is, under the agreement reached some weeks ago between the two factions of the Sinn Fein, there was a compact as to candidates who should be supported by both factions so that the result would be a total made up of some such proportion as had also been agreed upon as to the composition of the Ministry. Thus when we see allusion in the accounts of the elections of the "panel" candidates it is much as we might say in this country, "The slate will go through." Many independent candidates ran, however; and the results in these cases seem to have favored the Free State Party rather than the Republican Party. Altogether a good working majority will exist for the liberal as opposed to the "die hard" party. The vote has not been fully analyzed as we write; the matter is complicated by the fact that a sort of proportional representation system of voting was included in that voters indicated second preferences. This affects particularly the independent vote cast by the Labor Party, and it is said that that vote stands at least three to one in favor of the Free State.

The body to which members have thus been elected is variously spoken of in the despatches as a new Provisional Parliament, a new Dail Eireann, and a Constitutional Assembly. In point of fact, it will partake of the nature of all three. It will presumably ratify the Constitution agreed upon by the British Government and the present provisional Irish Free State Ministry; it will then present this to the popular electorate for further ratification, and thereafter a permanent Free State Government will be set up.

All this, however, is provided that the Republican minority does not bolt, refuse to consider any kind of peace compromise, and encourage and maintain its so-called Republican army.

THE IRISH CONSTITUTION

THE proposed Constitution of the Irish Free State declares itself to be "the Constitution of a free democratic state." It puts into form and substance the agreement known as the London Treaty Constitution and treaty alike set up in Southern Ireland a Dominion known as the Irish Free State which in all its broad principles and in many details conforms to the Dominion of Canada and is part of "the British Commonwealth of Nations"—a phrase used purposely in the Constitution instead of "the British Empire." It is a very modern form of government, for it contains provisions for woman suffrage, proportional representation, a referendum, and the power of initiative. It exempts the

Free State from participation in foreign war except with the consent of its own Parliament or in case of actual invasion; it provides for freedom of religion and conscience and contains what is equivalent to a bill of rights. The Free State may maintain its own army, and it is pointed out that this goes further than is the case with Canada, which acknowledges the supreme command of military forces to rest with the Crown. The Free State will have an Executive Council, appointed by its Governor General, but the Council will be responsible to the Irish Chamber of Deputies, which corresponds to our House of Representatives, and the President of the Council, who will really be a premier, will be chosen by the Deputies.

The points in the Constitution which have provoked most dissension from extremists are two. One relates to the oath of allegiance to be taken by the representatives; the other relates to the fact that appeal lies in certain matters from the Irish Government to the Crown; just the same thing exists in Canada, but the opponents of the provision point out that it is a dead letter in Canada, while they do not feel sure that it will be in Ireland. These and other objections are not fiercely urged, and, in general, the proposed Constitution seems to have met with almost surprising approval in Ireland itself.

It would be dangerous to predict anything regarding the future of the Irish question, but the recent events give hope and courage to those who believe in the possibility of representative self-government in Southern Ireland.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT BELGRADE

WHEN a charming princess marries a popular young king, it is not hard to believe that there really is an element of romance as well as a political motive in the alliance. King Alexander of Serbia, and therefore of Yugoslavia, is described as a proud, studious, and well-behaved young man, in all of which respects he differs from his elder brother, Prince George, who renounced his royal rights in 1909, or, as we sometimes say of men who are ousted from their business or political relations, "resigned by request."

There was every evidence in the rejoicing and enthusiasm on June 8 at Belgrade that both the King and his Queen, Marie of Rumania, are thoroughly liked by the common people. It is also true that the marriage is likely to be of value in maintaining peaceful relations in the Balkans. Although some fifty thousand troops were concentrated in the capital, there was no disturbance, and, apart from the possibility of violence by rabid

THE
QUEEN
OF
YUGOSLAVIA



(C) Underwood

fanatics or Anarchists, no danger of disturbance. The beautiful ceremonies of the Greek Church were performed under the leadership of the Patriarch, and in all respects the wedding was brilliant even among royal weddings.

That a permanent friendship may be assured between Rumania and Yugoslavia by this royal marriage is confidently hoped. The present Queen of Rumania is a woman of great ability and energy—indeed, some persons have nicknamed her the "Mother-in-Law of the Balkans." Her influence has had a great deal to do with bringing about this marriage.

Serbia certainly deserves all the peace and happiness that can come to her; she has emerged from the condition of a small kingdom in danger from Austrian domination and greed to the proud position of being the predominant country in the combination of Serbs, Slovenes, and Croats that make up the relatively powerful realm of Yugoslavia. The courage and determination with which Serbia fought against the fate that Austria tried to impose upon her in 1914 will always remain one of the ennobling and resplendent memories of the Great War.

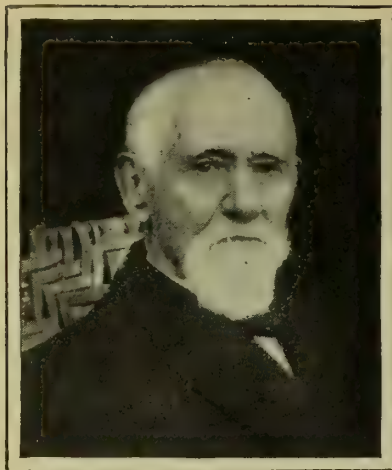
We may now rightly forget the horror with which the world greeted the tragedy of 1903, when King Alexander, his Queen, four other persons of distinction, and some fifty officers and soldiers were assassinated, with brutal circumstances, by political conspirators. It was after this assassination that the dynasty of the Karageorgevitches was restored and King Peter, father of the present young King Alexander, was placed on the throne. It was a long time before all of the European nations were willing to recognize the new Government set up as the result of revolution. But this feeling gradually passed away as King Peter showed qualities of a vigorous and courageous ruler and led his people into war

with skill and courage. The present King won the title of Peacemaker because of his efforts to unite in common ambition and purpose the peoples now under the Yugoslavia rule and to better the political conditions in the Balkans at large. Alexander succeeded to the throne last year, immediately after the death of King Peter at the age of seventy-six. Alexander's own record in the Great War was brilliant and valuable to the Allies' cause. He had been Regent since 1914, and more than one attempt has been made to assassinate him.

TWO VETERAN COLLEGE ALUMNI

CORNELIUS COLE, of the class of 1847 of Wesleyan University, of Middletown, Connecticut, came last week from the far-away land of California to receive an honorary degree of the ninetieth Commencement of his Alma Mater. Seventy-five years ago this month Cornelius Cole received his Baccalaureate degree. He is to celebrate his one hundredth birthday in September. He is the oldest member of the Psi Upsilon college fraternity in the United States, and of course the oldest living alumnus of Wesleyan.

One President of the United States was dead when Cornelius Cole was born, but his life has run parallel with every other one of them since the foundation of the Republic. He was a member of the House of Representatives in the last year of the Civil War. He was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. He was one of the party which accompanied Lincoln to Gettysburg for the dedication of the National Cemetery. He was the last survivor of the United States Senators who took part in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. He was born in New York State, but was an original "Forty-niner" in the gold fields of California. It was from California that he was elected to the House, and later to the



CORNELIUS COLE, WESLEYAN '47

Senate, where he served from 1867 to 1873 during the Johnson and Grant Administrations. He has lived in California nearly the entire three-quarters of a century, and is still practicing in that State his profession of the law, going alone on the street car to his office every day just as he did in his prime.

The memory of his warm friendship with Lincoln is a passion with Mr. Cole. "Lincoln never showed any ill will, or fear, or anger in all his life, so far as I know," says this sage and patriarch. He also corroborates from his own definite personal recollection the generally accepted historical record of the Gettysburg address. He says that only a small crowd gathered about noon for the ceremony. The speakers were seated on a rude wooden platform. Edward Everett finished his polished oration, which few now know anything about. Then awkwardly, in the midst of an impressive silence, Abraham Lincoln stepped to the front of the platform. He began quietly, and finished suddenly with the never-to-be-forgotten phrase concerning a government of the people. Then he turned and took his seat, to the astonishment of every one. The small audience was dismayed at his brevity. Nobody present seemed to appreciate for the moment the beauty of the speech, or to have any instinctive sense of the fame which would follow it.

Another man who figured in an interesting way in recent college Commencement exercises is Dr. Stephen Smith, of Staten Island, who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science from Columbia. He graduated from Columbia in 1850, and is within a few months of completing his hundredth year. Dr. Smith was called by President Butler "the most interesting figure in American medicine and in American public service to-day." He was founder and first President of the American Public Health Association, and is noted for his work in local and National boards of health, in

'47

Los Angeles, Cal
May 3, 1922

Dear Mr Haley,
I shall earnestly
try to be there, God willing,
but not, as the old proverb
says: "whether or no."
Yours faithfully,
Cornelius Cole '47

'47

'47

'47

A CENTENARIAN ACCEPTS AN INVITATION TO HIS CLASS REUNION—THE LETTER IS REPRINTED FROM THE "WESLEYAN ALUMNUS"

sanitation, and in other public health matters, and is still active despite his all but completed centenary.

THE ATTACK OF SENATOR LA FOLLETTE ON THE SUPREME COURT

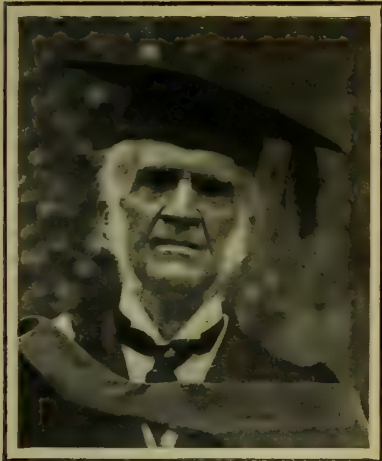
EARLY in our National life Chief Justice Marshall enunciated in *Marbury vs. Madison* the right of the Supreme Court of the United States to nullify a law of Congress which the Court believed to be in contravention of the Federal Constitution. At the time there was a wide difference of opinion in the country over the decision. Jefferson and his followers attacked it with great virulence. Unquestionably it is a judicial power which is unique, but the decision of Marshall has been sustained by the public opinion of the United States for more than a hundred years.

The reason appears to be twofold. The Supreme Court of the United States has only upon rare occasions proved itself to be without vision, inflexible and reactionary. On the contrary, it has increasingly interpreted the course of National life, not only in terms of vital Constitutional principle, but in terms of normal human progress. We have had a *Dred Scott* decision, and a number of five-to-four hesitations upon grave questions of public policy, but by and large the Supreme Court has been supported by the faith and confidence of the American people. The National Congress, on the other hand, has progressively declined in the estimation of the country. It is a curious anomaly of popular government that the representative branch should so often have failed in reputation as compared with the judicial branch exercising unusually exalted powers.

Nevertheless protests against alleged

judicial usurpation by the Supreme Court have never been lacking. The errors and bias of some of the State courts and of the inferior Federal courts have been sufficiently marked so that from time to time large numbers of the people of the country have been aroused in opposition to the overlordship of the Constitution by the judiciary. In 1911 Theodore Roosevelt stirred the Nation by his widely misunderstood doctrine of the recall of judicial decisions. Roosevelt went out of his way to make clear that his confidence and the confidence of the country were not shaken in the Supreme Court of Washington, but rather in the State courts, which were blocking the wheels of progress upon issues exceedingly important to the welfare of the American people. He maintained that the people of the State, who made their Constitution, were entitled to decide by referendum upon what the meant by their Constitution in extraordinary cases of reasonable doubt. The Roosevelt contention, at least in the form in which it was understood, did not meet with the approval of the country, but it is widely known that his free and vigorous criticisms of judicial methods have exercised an indirect influence upon the minds of our judges and court which is likely to be of permanent value.

Senator La Follette appealed the other day before the Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor for a Constitutional Amendment making it possible for Congress to overcome an unfavorable decision of the Supreme Court by re-enacting the law after the decision. This is something after the fashion of the present English method of overcoming an unfavorable consideration of Parliamentary measures by the House of Lords. The House of Commons ultimately becomes supreme by re-enacting the measure. Under American conditions and with a knowledge of our history to guide us, it seems that the adoption of anything analogous to the British



(C) Paul Thompson
STEPHEN SMITH, COLUMBIA '50

ish method would be dangerously revolutionary. It is essential that we keep the Supreme Court as a check upon hasty and ill-advised action by Congress. Those who are most anxious to preserve our Governmental system as it has developed cannot afford to ignore the feeling which underlies so radical and subversive a plea as that of Senator La Follette. These sporadic uprisings of popular sentiment against what are regarded as unprogressive and illiberal finalities of the Supreme Court should warn the Court itself of the ever-present danger to its existence as a necessary check upon Congress in our Governmental system.

• The La Follette manifesto, as well as that of President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, is leveled against the recent Coronado and child labor decisions of the Court. So far as the Coronado decision is concerned, Mr. Gompers and his group criticize everything which seems to them to injure the laboring class. As a matter of fact, the Coronado decision endangers it only in the sense that the labor leadership under Gompers has steadily arrogated to the laboring class certain peculiar privileges of action which do not stand the test of scrutiny from the point of view of the National welfare. On the other hand, the child labor decisions of the Court appear to us to rest upon uncertain foundations. The whole country wishes to do away with the evils of child labor. No one State can control the policies of another State. It cannot erect a barrier against unfair competition from the child labor of another State, and now the Supreme Court avers that the Federal Government can do nothing, either. An enlightened State which is interested more in the conservation of childhood than in child exploitation for profit must pay the penalty and be subject to the flood of child labor products into its own area, to the economic dis-

advantage of its own producing citizens. We cannot help feeling that here is an instance where a clearer vision and a profounder mental grasp on the part of the Court would have found a way of reconciling legislation with Constitutional precedent and of making judicial decision interpretative of the will of the people.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT

NO one can doubt the evils of sectarianism. They are abundant and only too evident. Half a dozen churches in a village do feebly a common work which, if they were working together, they might do with strength. Money is spent almost uselessly in maintaining separate church organizations at home which is sorely needed in doing the too often neglected work of the Church abroad. Each church is tempted to put its emphasis on its own pet doctrine or symbol, to the neglect of truths and duties the importance of which all recognize in theory rather than in practice. Hostility between the churches is mostly a thing of the past, but the emulation between the churches is not always an emulation in works of charity and mercy. And the great world without, which admires strength, looks with indifference and sometimes with contempt on churches whose feebleness seems to non-churchmen to be due wholly to immaterial differences.

But those in the Church who are attempting to cure these evils by making out of these fragments a united Church, with one theological creed, one form of worship, and one ecclesiastical order, appear to me to have short memories. They forget the greater evils which have always resulted when churchmen have endeavored to secure unity of the spirit by uniformity in doctrine and worship. The Roman Catholic Church in the Middle Ages insisted on one creed; one ritual, and one authority; the result was the Inquisition. The Greek Church pursued the same course, though less successfully, and the religion of Greece and Russia is the result—life sacrificed to form. The Anglican Church repeated the attempt; the despotism of Laud rivaled that of Strafford, and the persecution of the Scotch Covenanters was scarcely less atrocious than the Roman persecution of the Albigenes. The Puritans got a brief period of control; the worship with a Prayer-Book, made compulsory under Charles I, became a crime under Cromwell. The Pilgrims and the Friends advocated real religious liberty, but whether they

would have continued to advocate it if they had possessed the power of the Roman, the Greek, the Anglican, or the Puritan may be questioned. From the days of Caiaphas to the present day ecclesiastical power has stimulated ecclesiastical ambition. The problem of the Church is not merely how to bring about union. The evils of disunion are feebleness; the problem of the churches is how to achieve a union which will bring power without sacrificing liberty.

The advocates of Church unity might well learn a lesson from the political history of the world. Unity of spirit and division of authority has, I think, without exception been a condition of political freedom. England is a union of what were once independent kingdoms, but county government has survived the union and imposes limits on the power of Parliament none the less real that they are not defined by a written Constitution. The British Empire affords a striking illustration of power combined with liberty. The Established Church in England is Episcopal; in Scotland the Established Church is Presbyterian; and in Ireland, Canada, and Australia there is no Established Church. The union of free States in a free Republic is not less strikingly illustrated by the United States. It is a spiritual unity—that is, a unity of free men in a free Nation. "It was a true instinct which led the framers of the Constitution to begin with the statement: 'We the people of the United States.' It was the individual citizens who could unite, and not the 'States.' The same is true of the churches. The various churches cannot unite, though they may co-operate and associate themselves for more effective work."

In these words Dr. Leighton Parks admirably states in his recent volume, "The Crisis of the Churches," the problem of Church unity. In a single sentence in another part of the volume he states it with equal clearness and greater brevity: "The only possible way in which religious men can be held together is by substituting loyalty to Christ for theological agreement."¹ This book appears to have been written especially for the clergy or the lay churchmen of his own communion. Its size will probably limit its circulation to that constituency. I wish that he could be induced to make out of it a volume about the size of Dr. Fosdick's "Meaning of Prayer," addressed to the laymen of all communions. The movement for Church unity must first be won among the laity.

The fact that the rector of St. Bar-

¹The Crisis of the Churches. By Leighton Parks, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50

tholomew's Church, one of the most influential and active of the Protestant churches in New York City, has devoted a volume to the elucidation of this truth, is one of the hopeful signs of the times; in my thinking, far more hopeful than the hitherto vain endeavor to find some common ecclesiastical ground on which all Christians can unite in a common organization. The Roman Catholics will not accept the Episcopal orders, Episcopalians will not renounce them; the Friends will not accept the Episcopal sacraments, nor the Episcopalians receive into their communion those who do not; the Baptists will not accept infant baptism, nor will the non-Baptists repudiate it. The Nicene Creed is doubted by some excellent Christians, and to many its phrases are meaningless; probably a large majority of the clergy of Protestant churches disbelieve in the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession, which all Catholics—whether Greek, Roman, or Anglican—regard as vital to organic unity. Union based on creed, ritual, or orders is quite impossible of accomplishment, even if it were desirable.

But there is nothing to prevent the churches anywhere, at any time, in any place, from uniting in a common work, bound together in a spiritual fellowship by a common purpose. The way to such a unity has already been marked out for the churches by the unity in Christian work and Christian fellowship in the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. There is no reason why in any village where there is a Baptist church, a Methodist church, an Episcopal church, and a Friends meeting the worshipers should not continue to worship according to their various tastes and temperaments,

but unite in their public service to the community. And there is no good reason why we might not look forward to the time when one village church should become broad enough to hold an early communion every Sabbath morning at half-past eight, a full service of prayer and preaching at eleven o'clock, a Prayer-Book service at four o'clock, and a Friends meeting in the evening. Queen Victoria, I believe, attended the Episcopal Church in England and the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. It is not too much to hope that American Christians will in time become as broad as the English Queen.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

WE FORGET THE ELEMENTS

CIVILIZATION has a way of forgetting the elemental forces of nature, but the forces are not asleep merely because we choose to ignore them. Sometimes when our backs are turned they strike us down like the sudden and secret spring of a panther.

At least to civilized man the blow seems to come without warning. But those who have not forgotten all the lore of simpler times—those who know the ways of the winds and the waves—are not so often caught off their guard. If the blow comes, they can at least meet it face to face.

A short while ago a storm swept over the metropolis. When it passed, it left half a hundred dead in its wake. Many of those who died lost their lives in open boats in the waters surrounding New York. The newspapers wrote headlines concerning the catastrophe which

painted it as an unforeseeable disaster. Any one who knew the actual conditions of the day of the storm must have been certain that much of the loss of life could easily have been avoided by very simple precautions. The storm itself was not a local disturbance. It had been sweeping eastward across the country for many hours. Even to those who had no access to the weather reports the sky itself might have given adequate warning, but city folk cannot read the heavens and there was no Governmental agency to see that they did not suffer for their ignorance.

New Yorkers are likely to remember this storm and forget the lesson. We wonder if other communities faced by similar conditions can profit by New York's loss. Wherever city-bred people foregather in open boats for recreation there should first be a rigid inspection of the craft offered for hire and perhaps a drastic cutting down of the present number of passengers which such craft are permitted to carry.

The Police Department, or some similar agency, should have the power to prohibit the renting of boats on days when danger is in the air. At least there should be police launches enough to carry warnings to those who are ignorantly endangering their lives. The storm signal system should be extended to give warning of weather which might endanger the safety of small boats, even though it carries no threat to more seaworthy craft.

There are many lakes, rivers, and bays in the neighborhood of large cities where lessons of the New York disaster might be taken to heart, but we do not venture to hope that they will be so applied.

A PRIVATE DISPUTE AND A PUBLIC CALAMITY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

THE people of the United States are facing a certain shortage of anthracite coal next winter. The damage was done during the three months of April, May, and June, and there is no longer speculation as to the result. Under no conceivable set of circumstances will there be enough hard coal for everybody when winter comes. If all the anthracite mines were to resume work to-morrow and work at full capacity, they could not produce sufficient coal to avert the shortage.

The bituminous-coal situation hasn't gone quite so far to the bad, but is on its way there with a whoop. The bare boards are showing at the bottom of the consumers' stock piles. Within the next two weeks stocks will touch the danger line of 20,000,000 tons. When that line

is passed, industries will begin to close down. The non-union mines, in clover for the past three months, can't bring enough coal to the surface to keep all American industries going. At our present rate of industrial consumption, non-union mines can supply from sixty to seventy per cent of what is needed. The other thirty to forty per cent of our reviving industries temporarily must go out of business. Either that or all industry will average about four days a week working time.

That looks like an overdrawn picture; but it isn't. Cold figures of production and requirements do not lie. Moreover, they are known quantities, not guesswork. The Federal Government takes their measure, and for years has come within two or three per cent of the truth

in its preliminary estimates. A certain shortage of anthracite and a probable shortage of bituminous are what the figures show, handle them as we may.

In the face of this prospect, about 500,000 workmen and 3,000 mine owners, solely responsible for the present situation, continue with unabated ardor the quarrel which brought it about. Indeed, in the anthracite industry the quarrel has intensified. It is more acute to-day than it was April 1. A nation's comfort, welfare, and prosperity have been flouted, disregarded, and subordinated to a private dispute over a day's wage.

In the bituminous industry the only apparent improvement since the day work stopped has been, at this writing, a whisper that miners and operators in Ohio and Illinois may get together after

a time to see if they cannot reach a mutually satisfactory basis for resuming work.

With unexampled patience the Federal Government has kept hands off the fight. An energetic Cabinet official, acting as public protector, has checked, apparently, the tendency to profiteer in such rations of coal as are available. Even at that, only eighty per cent of the working operators are with him. But Congress has taken no action. Apparently it has trusted the warring elements to realize, without coercion, their responsibility to the public which makes possible their economic life. Thus far its trust has not been justified.

There are rumblings, however, on Capitol Hill that tell of the gathering storm of public displeasure. The storm will break, in the writer's opinion, when the actual pinch becomes acute. For three years and more the coal industry has thwarted all attempts at Federal regulation. It has brooked no suggestion that it account to the United States. It has defied Frelinghuysen, Calder, Kenyon, and La Follette, not to mention numerous men of lesser stature. It has weathered five Government inquiries. It seems to lead a charmed life of immunity; but the charm will be worked overtime shortly. There is growing wrath in Congress at the wrong being wrought upon the public in these weeks of returning prosperity, and that wrath is fermenting and effervescing and threatening explosion at any time.

Summed up, that is the situation as this article is written, on June 19. Up to that date the public generally had not felt the coal strike. No one needed anthracite to heat his house, and when the strike began industries were abundantly stocked with bituminous. Besides, there was non-union soft coal to be had by the shop or factory; and the householder, if he wanted to lay in a stock, had no difficulty in obtaining anthracite. Freight rates were cut ten per cent, effective July 1; and the miners' contention for a war-time wage or more seemed unsound and likely to fail. The consumer, expecting lower prices, felt justified in his waiting attitude.

There are two classes of coal consumers. By far the more numerous is the householder. He and his Canadian neighbor buy all the anthracite coal mined except about thirty per cent that goes into small sizes, used mainly for industrial purposes.

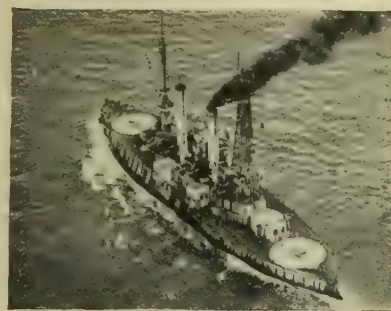
Supplying this demand are anthracite mines, all located in a small field in Pennsylvania and with a limited producing capacity. They have never exceeded 100,000,000 tons in any year; their recent low-production figure was 86,000,000 tons. An average might be fixed at about 91,000,000 tons. In no single week has production gone much higher than 2,000,000 tons. Present producing equipment has set this limit, apparently, upon the mines.

Because of Sundays, holidays, and other causes, the average working year

is about 260 days, or an average of five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year.

Both anthracite and bituminous producers begin their coal year April 1. It has become the trade custom for various contributing causes, none of which is pertinent to this article.

On July 1 thirteen weeks of the present coal year will have passed. During that period the anthracite mines have been shut down tight. During the remaining thirty-nine weeks, therefore, the entire year's output of 91,000,000 tons (less stocks carried over in anthracite operators' storage yards April 1) must be produced to avert a shortage. While stocks carried over have never



Official U. S. Navy

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RADIO-CONTROLLED BATTLESHIP IOWA

The ship is here shown steaming along without a soul on board, all her movements being directed from the battleship Ohio, twelve miles away. Can one conceive of a more generous gift to those engaged in ocean-borne commerce than this business of radio control, where a leading ship of a commercial fleet may take a number of cargo carriers across the ocean with the crew of one?

WHAT are we going to do with our superannuated navigators? Radio is putting them out of business. For in a comparatively short time the navigator who boards his ship carefully carrying a mahogany-encased sextant and with a 'Bowditch' tucked under his arm will be as out of date and as comical as the old straw-chewing rube of the vaudeville stage, ambling along the canyons of New York, carrying his ancient carpetbag and green umbrella.

"The gentlemanly navigator of tomorrow is a radio engineer. He sits at a mahogany table in a comfortable office on his modern ship, smoking fat cigars, pressing neat pearl-topped buttons, and letting 'King Radio' do the rest. One button tells the depth of water under the keel; another, the distance and direction to the nearest ship, and of all ships within a radius of twenty-five miles; a series of buttons reveals the nearest land, the distance to it, the course to reach it, and fixes the ship's position on the surface of old ocean. All these fancy navigational 'stunts' are easily explained—the apparatus which does the business is now in daily use, and is functioning accurately."

This is the prophecy of Lieutenant Clifford Albion Tinker, U. S. N., whose article "Radio and the Navigator" will appear in a forthcoming issue of *The Outlook*.

been made public as to total tonnage, they will hardly exceed 10,000,000 tons. Indeed, it is doubtful if they approach that figure.

Eighty-one million tons must be produced, at least, to meet the year's demand, and there remain thirty-nine weeks in which to do the job. If the job were done, beginning July 1, the anthracite mines would have to produce more than 2,000,000 tons a week every week from that date to April 1 next. It can't be done, because it is a physical impossibility to do it.

The misery of an anthracite-coal shortage, therefore, is upon us. The extent of the suffering will be gauged by the length of time the anthracite mines are permitted to remain idle.

Bituminous-coal mines are limited chiefly by car supply. During the thirteen weeks of the strike the non-union mines have produced about 59,000,000 tons, which, added to the great stock pile of 63,000,000 tons April 1, gives us a total of 122,000,000 tons as representing stocks and production. Consumption during that period has been not less than 7,500,000 tons weekly—probably 8,000,000. Using the lower figures, however, to be conservative, total consumption has approximated 98,000,000 tons, leaving the stock pile at 24,000,000 tons July 1.

The average weekly consumption of bituminous coal the year round, at our present rate of industrial activity, is estimated by Geological Survey officials at 8,000,000 tons, or 416,000,000 tons for the year, slightly in excess of last year's production. A calculation, taking into consideration a safety stock of 20,000,000 tons, shows that in the thirty-nine remaining weeks of the coal year, assuming the mines were to resume July 1, bituminous coal must be mined at an average rate of not less than 9,000,000 tons a week.

That task is possible. A shortage would be felt, however, because of the rush of orders during the summer and fall. That, too, is the season when New England and the Northwest stock their coal for winter, taking it by water while water transportation is good. To meet demand from July to November 1 bituminous mines must produce not less than 10,500,000 tons a week, and, while that can be done, it is extremely difficult. That was about the average two years ago, when other industries were stripped of cars to carry coal, when whole States felt the shortage and coal soared to robber's prices.

But as resumption of mining, anthracite or bituminous, is unlikely July 1, the foregoing is ultra-conservative. In other words, the almost certain prospect of unheated homes and offices, shivering women and babies, shut-down industries and crippled transportation, isn't a true picture because it falls short of what is in store for us as the result of this little dispute over a day's wage in a private industry.

Washington, D. C., June 19, 1922.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY AND FRIENDSHIP



P. & A. Photos

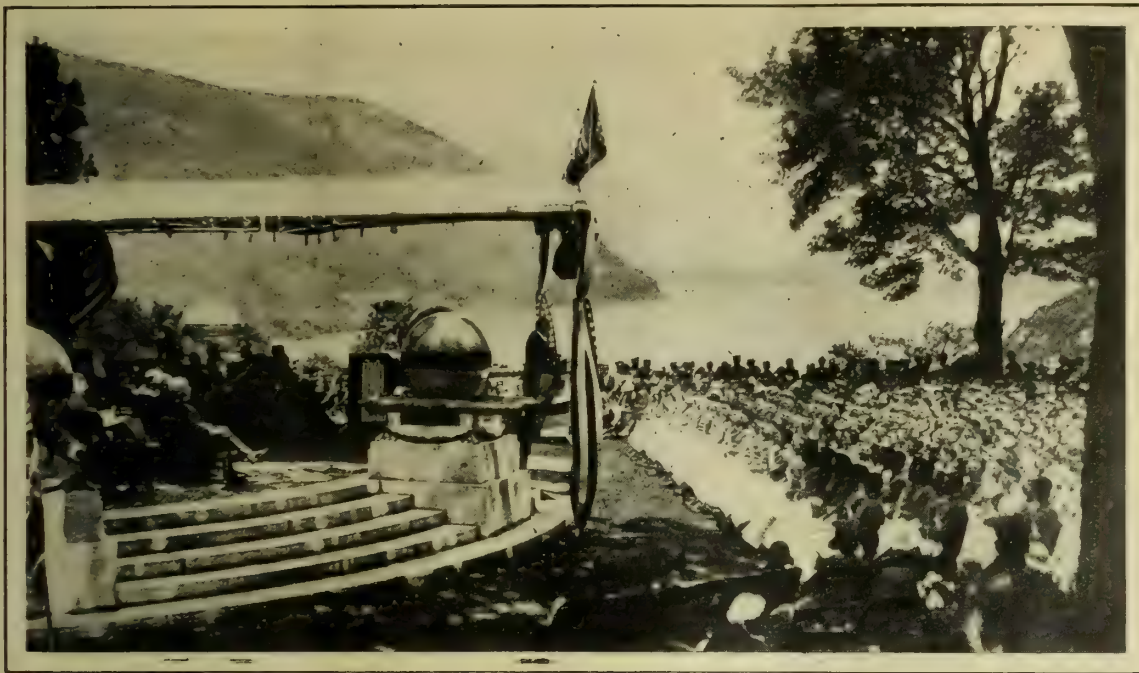
CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN LEAVING SEATTLE ON THE MAUD FOR A POLAR VOYAGE
Captain Amundsen expects to be gone several years, and hopes to reach the North Pole with the aid of airplanes



Wide World Photos

THE HENDERSON, NAVAL TRANSPORT, CARRYING SECRETARY DENBY AND
OTHER MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY CLASS OF '81 TO THE CLASS
REUNION AT TOKYO, LYING IN THE GATUN LOCKS ON HER PASSAGE
THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

ON REVOLUTIONARY BATTLE-GROUNDS



P. & A. Photos

SECRETARY OF WAR WEEKS ADDRESSING THE GRADUATING CLASS OF WEST POINT
MILITARY ACADEMY AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, JUNE 13



PRESIDENT
HARDING AT
PRINCETON
UNVEILING
THE BATTLE
MONUMENT

The scene is at the moment of unveiling, with President Harding, Governor Edwards, Senator Frelinghuysen, President Hibben of Princeton University, and other well-known men on the platform. The monument is by Frederick MacMonnies, and commemorates the Battle of Princeton

(C) Paul Thompson

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM GENOA

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

FOR years I have read the speeches of Lloyd George, and I have seen him occasionally—generally at a distance. But not until I met him personally and talked with him did I really appreciate the kind of man he is.

In the first place, he is a stockier, sturdier, more closely knit person than I had supposed. My idea of him had of course been influenced by the caricatures in the illustrated press, where his hair is always too long and curly, his mustache too stubby, his eyes too watery, and his expression too all-things-to-all-men. As I spoke with him, I saw no very long, flowing locks, no bristling mustache, and no watery but, instead, clear, sharp, shrewd eyes, looking at me with what you might call "pondered assurance," and "eating me up," as we used to say at school.

Lloyd George knew all about The Outlook. I did not have to explain that it differed from the London "Outlook." You don't have to explain anything to him as to facts. His knowledge of them is accurate and prodigious.

Some people, however, have had to explain principles. The people who during the Genoa Conference have been explaining things to him have been the Belgians and the French, who are determined, as is America, to make no concessions in Russia inconsistent with their self-respect.

Lloyd George's mental power does not impress me as belonging to that somewhat small class of men who persistently and perhaps painfully think out problems "to the buttons on the back of their coats," to quote a phrase from Theodore Roosevelt. But, as a lightning calculator of the moment, the Lloyd George power is simply marvelous. As your photographer will do you a photograph while you wait, so Lloyd George will do you a quick, subtle, study of a given situation—in the labor world, or in Ireland, or in Russia, for instance—which challenges your attention, if it does not your confidence. He seems to see a lot of things unseen by other men. His mental processes are as fascinating as they are instant.

Lloyd George in action is even more interesting. Of course if he could always act "off his own bat" he would have an easier time. But he is hampered by three things. First, there is the task of making Liberals and Tories work together harmoniously in a Coalition Cabinet under his Premiership. Even without this particular task, however, any British Prime Minister would have to shoulder the other two tasks—namely, those of pacifying the mercantile class (which ever since the war has wanted to regain its two customers, Ger-

many and Russia) and the labor class, more or less affected by Communistic theories.

To overcome these difficulties, Lloyd George needs, and has, three necessary qualities—ingenuity, tact, and courage. Some weeks ago I saw an excellent exhibition by him of them. He had invited some journalists to meet him, and when we arrived announced himself ready to answer questions. Questions and answers succeeded each other smoothly until a particular query from a German journalist was reached: "What were the circumstances which led to the conclusion at Berlin of the Russo-German treaty, just signed at Rapallo?" Lloyd George looked sharply over to where a few German journalists were sitting and said: "I hope that the questioner will not insist on this question. I know under what conditions this treaty arose. But we are here, not to discuss the past; we are here to discuss the future. A mere nothing can muddy the clear water. I should regret, therefore, if the German journalist insisted on this question, and if I had to reply." On this it was not hard to see that there was divergency of opinion among the German journalists. They put their heads together. The reasonable part of them won. The question was withdrawn.

The English Prime Minister has one quality which distinguishes him among Englishmen because the quality is not so much English as it is Celt, and that is imagination. He gave a bold, if not altogether happy, exhibition of it the other day at a lunch offered by the British delegation to the British, American, and Italian journalists. He said: "My own village in Wales is full of Norman ruins. But the oldest structure there is an old Roman wall, which is always in condition to be used." With this frequent imagery, Mr. Lloyd George gave a symbolic sense to these words, by no means lost on his Italian auditors. The old Norman walls now in ruins they took as representing the Anglo-French Entente, but the old Roman wall, always standing and serviceable, as representing the Anglo-Italian friendship of longer date and now stronger than ever. The Prime Minister wanted to please Italy. And she had reason to be satisfied with the rest of his discourse as well. It was of an eloquence only to be compared to the oration of Paul Deschanel at Paris in 1915, commemorating Italy's entrance into the war. To take a fling at France, however, a few hours after the Genoa Conference had closed its sessions was, to say the least, extraordinary, and causes resentment among the friends of France.

In truth, Lloyd George has the defects

of his qualities. The touches of imagination, humor, and humanity which illumine all his speeches and all his conversation are sometimes unnecessary, no matter how brilliant. For instance, I heard him say: "Genoa gave to the world the discoverer of America. Let us hope that Genoa will now help America to rediscover Europe."

Later he explained: "I wanted to see America at Genoa because she has a special position and authority which we have not. America is fresh, free, independent, not mixed up in our controversies, and with an authority due to her world position."

Probably Lloyd George's keenest disappointment has been in our refusal to follow his Russian policy, whether at Genoa or The Hague or anywhere. He knew very well how justified were the economic reasons which prevented our taking part in the Genoa Conference. But he also knew, even better, how justified was the political reason. He and the Italian Foreign Minister seem determined to catch hold of Russia's skirts, at whatever cost. We, the Belgians, and the French, on the other hand, know just what loss of moral self-respect is involved in such a transaction. Instead, then, of endeavoring to obtain concessions, which would only mean recognition of the present Bolshevik Government and perpetuate its unholy power, we prefer to stand aside until that power drops of its own weight and we can negotiate with the real Russian people, now enslaved by one per cent of the population.

But what would you? England and Italy thirst for new trade. In neither country is there appreciation of the very small amount of trade which can be obtained from Russia for years to come. But even were it a large amount, the principle would be the same. You cannot afford to touch pitch if you expect to keep your hands clean.

In all this matter, as well as in many others, the English Premier shows another quality—emotionalism. Though the two men are strikingly different in make-up and manner, ex-President Wilson, if I mistake not, shares the same quality. It is not necessary to have an effervescent manner in order to be an emotionalist. President Wilson's manner is calm and dignified, not to say chilling at times. Lloyd George's manner is dignified, but his frequent flashes of wit and his human touch make one think more readily of emotionalism. And emotionalism run to seed becomes obsession.

Only thus can one explain certain of Mr. Wilson's courses at Paris, and especially his course at Washington with the Senate regarding the League of Nations

Covenant. Only thus can one explain certain of Mr. Lloyd George's courses here at Genoa, especially his persistence in trying to get the Bolsheviks to listen to reason. This would have been all very well if he could have obtained a tenth part of what he wanted. But, even so, what would their promises have been worth?

In general, one may say of Lloyd George that he is an opportunist. At the close of the war, for example, he was all for getting the last cent out of the Germans and for stringing up the Kaiser on Tower Hill, if necessary. Now he is all for letting the Germans have all the concessions possible and even for giving an extra lease of life to the Bolsheviks.

Of course you may say that this covers a three years' period, and that even a clever man may change his mind in three years. But Lloyd George has been known to do it in a great deal less time than that. They tell a story of a meeting at which he and Balfour were the speakers. Balfour began and outlined the Government's policy. It found no approving echo among the auditors. Lloyd George was quickly conscious of this, and when he spoke announced that the Government's policy had been modified. Not to be outdone, Balfour spoke a few closing words, in which he also smilingly assured the auditors that the Government's policy had been so and so, but was now so and so.

It would be a mistake, nevertheless, to magnify the opportunism of the English Prime Minister too far. He is an opportunist, and that must be reckoned with.

He is no great compelling, uncompromisingly elemental force, like Clemenceau, for example. He is no Tiger. In comparison he is a wolf.

But he is a great man, just the same. In his power of manipulation and tact gentleness is mingled with genius. He has thus saved England from more than one dreadful labor clash. He has done more than any one else to solve the Irish problem.

His willingness to work with other statesmen is also one of his best qualities. He has known how to manage affairs harmoniously with men of widely opposing characteristics.

And, in all, he has had an almost paternal manner, which suits him well. Here at Genoa he exercised that manner on more than one occasion (as I can personally witness) with extraordinary persuasiveness, being helped thereto by the lovely quality of his high-pitched voice.

He is not a great orator, as some statesmen have been. His gestures are about what you might expect from an oak tree, could it speak and wave its arms. But he speaks with the force of a massive oak tree, just the same. A few days ago I heard him address these words of scorn to the Bolsheviks, who wanted a loan before they had given any proof that their Government was becoming civilized and orderly. The language shows that Lloyd George could display courage with them when necessary:

"Your reply has provoked a disastrous effect everywhere. If that were to be Russia's last word, we would have to despair of results at The Hague. Certainly Russia is missing in the world

market. But she needs far more the help of the other Powers in order to raise herself from her frightful prostration. She can obtain this aid, but she must act differently, unless she expects to repel the sentiments of the immense majority of Europeans who sympathize with the Russians in their misery.

"We have certain prejudices. In western Europe, for example, when a man sells goods, he likes to be paid. If a man seeks his neighbor and asks for aid, he does not succeed in borrowing if he declares that his principles do not allow him to repay his creditor. So, when a country asks for a loan, it is not a good way to get it to begin by declaring that the country repudiates its debts."

These blunt sentences were cheered to the echo by all present except the Germans and Russians. I am only sorry that Mr. Lloyd George did not speak out in this way on the first day, instead of on the last day, of the Conference. While the sentences display the courage of which he is capable, the courage, one may say, may have been tempered by opportunism, and hence that which would have been a more ringing sentence on the first day was held till the last for fear of offense. This may be a harsh judgment, I believe, for on the first day of the Conference we were not in possession of all the facts which had developed before the last day arrived.

All in all, Lloyd George is a fascinating person and a mighty power. He is a great deal more attractive than he is represented to be either by photograph or description. But he does not always strike twelve. Who does?

THE EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT AMONG AMERICAN WORKERS

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

ON the surface the United States is pretty proud of its system of universal popular education. Underneath, the validity of it as a successful going affair is being questioned more and more every day; questioned by experts who observe vast and increasing expenditures and abortive results so far as the mental morale of the masses is concerned. It is not simply that the educational pabulum is proved unnutritive for large numbers of the population, but that two-thirds of the child population drop the system entirely before they get much out of it. Around fourteen years of age the great majority quit the schools in a pretty raw state from the standpoint of mental or civic discipline.

And side by side with this insufficiency of process and product the last few years have witnessed the beginnings of a Nation-wide movement among American workers of the tool-using

trades to supply the need which they themselves are beginning more or less instinctively to feel and which their leaders consciously recognize as vital to the progress of the working class. It is a spontaneous and individualistic movement which has produced a variety of experiments in different parts of the country. There are eight or ten so-called labor colleges in cities like Boston, New York, Washington, St. Paul, and Pittsburgh. With a natural leaning towards intelligent leadership and experience, these labor institutions have sought the help and the inspiration of the neighboring regular colleges and universities, and courses adapted to the needs of workers and the leaders of workers in economics, in finance, in government, in history, in English, in industrial technique, in labor problems, in hygiene, in appreciation of music, in elementary science, are being given by sympathetic professors from the near-by institutions of higher learn-

ing. The trade unions and the student workers foot the bills. Besides this institutional development educational classes and forums and courses of instruction in the problems dearest and nearest to the heart of the worker have suddenly sprung up in many cities of the United States. Professors from colleges like Amherst and Hamilton have lectured and conducted discussions in the trades assembly halls of Springfield and Holyoke and Utica. Bryn Mawr last summer opened her doors to about one hundred picked young women from all over America, who were supported for two months mainly by the funds of their labor organizations, while these representative tool-workers underwent experiences of inspiration and enlightenment that powerfully stirred their lives. Similar instruction will be given at Bryn Mawr during the coming summer.

This whole movement has sprung up so suddenly and so silently that it has

been almost without observation on the part of the general citizenry of the country. It has been checked somewhat, too, because of the period of unemployment and labor disorganization during the last year. But it is already deeply rooted and has a significance which is more than temporary. Have we forgotten that our American system of attempted universal education for the children of the masses of the people, which has led the world at least in its desire to give democratic access to knowledge, really originated, not with Horace Mann or William E. Channing, but with the instinctive yearnings of the labor masses in the twenties and thirties of the nineteenth century in the eastern part of the United States? In that early time the free school, supported by public taxes and controlled by the public will, was unknown. There were private pauper schools, for example, near industrial communities in Pennsylvania, where poor children might be educated in return for funds appropriated by the county commissioner. The great lack of the children of the masses of the people brought forth a report from the Philadelphia Mechanics' Union in 1830:

In a republic the people constitute the government, and, by wielding its powers in accordance with the dictates either of their intelligence or their ignorance, of their judgment or their caprice, are the makers and rulers of their own good or evil destiny. There can be no real liberty without a wide diffusion of real intelligence; and education, instead of being limited, as in our public poor schools, to a simple acquaintance with words and ciphers, should tend as far as possible to the production of a just disposition, virtuous habits, and a rational, self-governing character.

I have been at some pains to inquire into the methods behind this most recent spontaneous burst of self-consciousness affecting the better education of workers, and I am confident that it is more than a rebuke to our self-satisfied conventional ideas of what constitutes a sufficient training for the masses. It represents an eager yearning for the larger life of the spirit. It represents an inchoate belief that militancy in labor controversy is on the wane and that intelligence, knowledge of the past and of many things, collective brain power, is the weapon of the future against the forces which labor feels are arrayed against the worker under the competitive system of economics. It is a challenge to the educational leadership of America. It demands for the twenties and thirties of the twentieth century a reorganization of public education as far-reaching as that which the masses under the leadership of men like Horace Mann and William E. Channing demanded in the twenties and thirties of the nineteenth century.

I was talking the other day with a very intelligent walking delegate of the building trades union in a near-by city,

whom I helped a bit in inaugurating a winter's course of lectures and instruction in the trades assembly hall for several hundred representative workers.

"Do you see any sign," I said to him—for he was familiar with the goings on in other parts of the State—"that this is a propagandist movement to further working-class economics and struggles?"

"In some cases it is," he said. "The radical unions are trying to turn it in that direction. They go in strong for lectures and discussions about class economics, with a jazz dance afterwards to attract the crowd to the lecture. But the movement generally in the trade unions is something very different from that. I was in the Army. We younger laboring men got some discipline there, and we know what we have missed in life. And the leaders of the workers know something is wrong. We cannot defend a good many things that have become ordinary labor practice. The trades are deteriorating. There is no getting away from it. Mechanical ability is getting to be at a premium. Apprenticeship is being avoided by young men. Our mechanics are below par. The speed and engineering of construction is pretty good, we will admit. But the average individual laborer is now lost unless you put him in with a gang."

As I listened to him I thought that the logic of what he said meant that our system in popular education and in industry is driving workers into a sort of unintelligent, Socialistic herd in order to survive. Individualism is fading out under the existing system.

"Last winter in the trades assembly hall," my friend went on to say, "we had nearly three hundred in attendance right along, representative of all kinds of working people. Their faces showed that they were absorbed in everything that went on. The questions that some of them put over were humdingers. They would take a crack at the gold standard, or the Adamson Law, or anything else in sight. One fellow wanted to know why the National Railway Law guaranteed six per cent to the owners but there was no certain guaranty of a continuous minimum rate of wages to the workers. The Socialists made a little trouble in the way they asked questions. They were always a little nasty. But I rapped them pretty hard as the presiding officer, because we were there for the general good, and not for the good of the Socialists alone, or even of labor alone. We wanted to know more than we do about a good many things. We are hazy in our minds. The workers are headline readers, and somebody must begin to get us to think."

I talked recently with one of the women who taught courses in the workers' summer school at Bryn Mawr last year. At Bryn Mawr out of two hundred and twelve applications from every quarter of the country a selection was made of about a hundred students to whom were awarded scholarships. Ten

were selected who had held positions of leadership in labor organizations to act as a stabilizing and harmonizing influence in the school. The rest were plain rank and file. Twenty of them were Jews, twenty Roman Catholics, the rest Protestants or "not indicated." One-third were natives of American blood, one-third had at least one foreign parent, and one-third were foreign-born. They represented nineteen States from Rhode Island to California, from Minnesota to North Carolina. Two-thirds of them were twenty-five years of age or over. Four of them had begun to work before they were twelve, nearly all of them were at work between fourteen and sixteen. Four-fifths of them had previously been trying to hew out an education for themselves by attending evening classes somewhere.

My friend who was the Bryn Mawr instructor of these young working-women, of large experience in the regular conventional education of those who can pay their way, told me of the report she had made to her fellow-alumnæ upon her summer's teaching. She said:

I found my task difficult and exciting in the highest degree. The girls had a calm, clear gaze that looked you through—suspicious, sensitive, challenging, armed with absolute candor. They were not lacking in untrustfulness. As one of their leaders said, "We have been duped so many times." They had risked so much to come. For railway fare and incidentals they had used their savings. They were in some danger of losing their jobs which they had left, particularly in a year of unemployment. They cared almost terribly what they got, and were determined to get it or know why they had failed. Nothing could be "put over." All dogmatic assurance, all glibness, all bluffing dropped away by themselves. You had to be ready to have any statement questioned, any idea challenged, to give unlimited time to discussion, to questions, to opposing claims. More than once in the first two weeks I should have bolted had I dared. I never once went into a class but with my heart in my mouth. I heard more than one of the teaching staff declare that they had been spoiled forever for ordinary college classes. All other teaching seemed tame in comparison to teaching a group who cared as those girls cared. A teacher cut his class one day; the office was promptly mobbed to see when the lost hour could be made up.

This particular woman instructor who told me this taught English literature. She said:

I found that the note of the actual present was what reached them most immediately. The subject-matter they naturally took to was the all-embracing lovingness of a Hauptmann or a Whitman. Masefield's passionate personal quest of beauty struck them as "selfish." Their class consciousness, the religion of the unions, seemed to make them impatient of anything narrowly individual. They went to



(C) Underwood

A GROUP OF STUDENTS AT THE BRYN MAWR SUMMER SCHOOL. THE SECOND SESSION WILL SOON BE UNDER WAY

learn as fellow-workers in one class, not to move out of that class. "We want our teachers to realize," said one, "that we are workers and shall remain so." They were an eternal lesson to me in constant thought of others of their group, especially of others weaker, worse off than themselves.

Some of the students would ask for lists of books, of modern plays "worth reading;" in one case, of "books suitable for my little nephews between nine and thirteen, who have to live in so bad a part of Chicago. They are my sister's children—she has seven. My brother-in-law is a horse-shoer, and for his profession has to live in a dreadful district. I want to give the children at least the right books."

"Did you do nothing but sew labels on shirts for nine hours a day for five years?" I heard one girl say to another. "How did you stand it?" "Well, I knew if I quit working I'd quit eating, and I never just saw my way clear to get out of it," was the reply. And so the girls thought these summer weeks precious worth while. When I looked for some of them to say "good-by" on the last morning, I was told, "They have gone off into the woods to cry." Several of them left us saying they were going to save and save for the coming year to pay for a scholarship for themselves next summer, "if the school goes on;" others, still more characteristically, said "good-by;" they should not try to come back at once—"not till lots of other girls have had a turn;" they intended to earn and save for that.

And my friend concluded what she had to say about her experience at Bryn Mawr with the remark that she could wish for all the graduates of her College that they might count among their in-

timates gallant and shining spirits in the group which she had sought to serve during the summer, "that we might start our children thus on the way of serving the future, of setting their feet on the Highroad That Goes On."

I have had the pleasure of reading some of the Christmas letters which these young workers wrote back to Bryn Mawr last winter. They are full of an eagerness and yearning which is unmistakable, and of a spirit of appreciation which is profound.

This from one:

When I reached home on that last Wednesday night, it was awful quiet with just my mother after living eight weeks with a hundred of the nicest people in the world; but I found many domestic jobs awaiting my return which I was glad to have to do, as they occupied my hands and thoughts until I return to work at the laundry on the following Monday.

This from another:

I came back to find myself taken off the salary list and my wages cut. . . . I felt myself going backward and found it impossible to live on what I was receiving, and so I left. I went into housework with the idea of saving my wages, which are practically clear, and entering a hospital for training as soon as possible.

Another writes:

When I came back from the summer school I had lost my job because it would not wait for me for two months. After a couple of weeks hunting for work in different lines and shops, I finally one morning came to a firm that needed some one to do the part of the work that I had always done. It was a non-union shop. I was asked where I worked last. "I didn't work this summer. I attended

the school at Bryn Mawr College," I replied, so as not to give any particular firm. I knew they wouldn't hire a union member. Then I was asked, "What were you studying?" as if they were afraid that I might soon finish for some professional work. "Oh, nothing for a profession, just for general education," I assured them. "Then it's all right," I was told, and I was hired and led into the factory by the forelady. She showed me a machine, gave me some work, and walked off. "Hello, Rose!" I suddenly heard a voice opposite me. When I looked up, I saw a girl that I knew. "Hello!" I answered, and we spoke about different little things. Then she went over to the forelady, and in the meantime I remembered that this girl once came before the executive of our local under a charge of working in a shop when the people of that shop were out on strike; and she was fined by the executive. And I thought, "I wonder if she'll tell that I am a union member." Later she said to the manager, "Rose Ingber never comes to a non-union shop to work; if she comes, it is with the intention to organize that shop. Isn't that so, Rose?" she asked me. I thought that I would be discharged the next moment; but no. This firm seemed to realize that at this time there was nothing to fear from the organization. I am still in this shop, but working very little because there is little work.

Many gave accounts of simple services that they have performed since they returned, speaking, helping to strengthen their unions, attending evening classes. Here is one incident:

This past week I have been taking blind folk on shopping trips, and I have been accompanying a blind friend of mine who is employed by the State Commission for the Blind

in taking the census of the blind. These excursions take us into the poorest sections of the city. We are confronted with crowded tenements, poorly ventilated, hallways reeking of odors and enveloped in darkness. It simply overwhelms one. More and more was I brought to realize of what little avail ultimately are emergency remedies, and that fundamental changes must be made.

Here is a movement which needs to be studied and guided. There are many thousands of eager men and women of

great potential force and intelligence in the working class of America who can be molded into a leadership of enormous value to industry and to the country. They are ignorant now of many things. But they have "a living experience; highly sensitized by economic wrong." They believe that the existing competitive system has worked much injustice to their class. They are suspicious of the system. They fear and hate it. They are inclined to believe oftentimes that human society, as at present organized,

has set its face against them. They are now issuing a challenge to American education. It remains to be seen whether American education is able to meet the challenge and to lead them in an atmosphere of sympathy to think clearly and to see that the way out is not through revolution or despair, but through progressive and intelligent change of the existing economic order until it becomes far better fitted than it now is to support the livelihood and the faith of the children of men.

THE GIRL AND HER MUSCLE

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR



Photo by C. K. Taylor

A GIRL WHO SCORED ONE HUNDRED PER CENT

ONLY a few years ago one would have said, "A girl and her muscle? How absurd! What has a girl to do with muscle?" And not many years before that a muscular girl, with good posture and shoulders, would have been thought deformed. Now it is perfectly true that girls with a good posture are not nearly as common these days as they should be, but the Posture League has been educating many of us, so that when we see girls with the usual slouching posture we no longer believe it to be natural, but something acquired in school or adopted as a pose.

Here is a story that is perfectly true, though you would not believe it if we produced a wilderness of witnesses. It happened a number of years ago, when the writer was an assistant in a psychological clinic. It seems that the clinic had been particularly successful in the case of an habitual truant of thirteen—a fine-looking boy, too, with perfectly normal mentality. Many bad teeth, however, combined with bad adenoids, were driving him to distraction, so that it is a wonder that he was no worse than a truant. The physical difficulties being removed, the boy forgot all about his trancies, and became a self-respecting member of the community.

His mother was delighted, and developed an amazing faith in the powers of the members of that clinic. Said she to the writer: "I wish you would take a look at my daughter. I'm afraid there is something the matter with her back and shoulders—some kind of malformation."

She was told to bring the child. When they arrived, the writer concluded that he had never seen a girl of twelve with a better posture. She was a well-set-up youngster, no matter if her clothes were really disguising a malformed back.

"She looks all right," said I.

"Oh, yes, she looks all right," replied the mother, "but her back and shoulders don't look right." When these two essentials were made visible, the writer told that mother that for the life of him he couldn't see a flaw. There was no sign of curvature or other fault. The

shoulders were perfect, and much better muscled than usual.

"Mary," said the mother, "put your hands behind your head." Mary did—and you never saw such muscles in your life, appearing on the back and shoulders of a girl of twelve!

"Why, what's wrong?" I demanded. "That's the finest back I ever saw!"

"But isn't something wrong?" asked the mother, anxiously. "Girls' backs don't look like that!" And there you have it. That girl had a first-class muscular development, and her own mother thought something was wrong!

That was about a dozen years ago, and even in these few years so great an interest has been paid the physical training of girls that the girl with first-rate physique is no longer a rarity, and a girl can walk the streets with head up, shoulders back, and with a real capacity for using her muscles in all kinds of emergencies without being thought a curiosity.

Now, when more and more attention is being paid to the physical training of girls, a question arises of increasing interest and importance. Here it is: How are you going to tell when a girl is well developed? An expert can make a shrewd judgment; but can a fair judgment be made by means of physical measurements? And that is the subject of this paper.

First of all, she will have to be judged according to her own type of build, provided that she is in a good physical condition. This is something that can be learned only through a medical examination. As has been said in a previous issue of *The Outlook*, you cannot tell a child's physical condition through his or her weight. We need not go into all that detail again. Let us say that the medical examiner has found the girl to be in first-class condition. Then we can consider that her weight is correct and that she probably represents her normal type of build, which may be slender, or stocky, or some type between the two.

It is obvious that the requirements of a normally slender girl should be proportionally less than those of a thick-set, stockily built girl, and so tables have been devised—five of them—allowing for various types of build. When you have the girl's height and weight, you may find approximately the same height-weight combination on the tables, and there will be given approximate measurements for a satisfactorily developed girl of that height and weight. So far we have followed the general plan as previously described for boys, but with girls we have a complication that makes it difficult to arrange satisfactory tables. A girl five feet tall, let us say, and weighing one hundred pounds, may be pre-adolescent, adolescent, or post-adolescent. This is something her age will not tell either. Therefore tables prepared for pre-adolescent



MEDIUM-SLENDER TYPE

A girl of twelve with score of 118. At ten the score was 82. She then had a lateral curvature of an inch, and badly undeveloped chest and muscles. The measuring and scoring process brought about such an interest that home exercise alone, with frequent reporting for examination, straightened out the curvature, developed a fine lot of muscles and a chest expansion of 3½ inches

girls will not do for post-adolescent ones. The type of build has markedly changed. By way of example, let us compare the measurements of pre-adolescent and post-adolescent girls of the medium type of build and 60 inches-tall. Here they are:

	Pre adolescent.	Post adolescent.
Height	60	60
Weight	92	93
Shoulder girth	32½	33½
Chest girth (ninth rib)	22¾	23¾
Chest expansion	3	3
Right upper arm girth	8½	8¾
Difference when contracted	1¼	1¼
Left upper arm girth	8¼	8¼
Difference when contracted	1¼	1¼
Waist	23	23¼
Hips	30¼	31¾
Average of thighs	16¾	17¾
Average of calves	11¾	11¾

With the post-adolescent girl, then, the measurements must represent the characteristics of the more mature type

of build. Such a mass of data is required to construct thoroughly accurate tables of measurements covering such a variety of types that, though the tables described in this article are actually working well, they cannot be considered perfect. Nevertheless they can, perhaps, be a help to physical directors and examiners in gaining an idea as to the muscular development of a girl compared with an attainable standard.

From these tables scores are obtained after the same fashion as with those prepared for boys. That is, when you have the complete measurements, they are compared with the measurements given for approximately the same height-weight combination and for the same stage of maturity as nearly as may be. Then, as the girl's measurements go below or above the standard, points are subtracted from or added to 100. The following will be an example. The first series are the measurements of a pre-adolescent girl, and the second are those given for approximately the same height and weight for pre-adolescent girls in the standard tables by which the development of the girl is to be judged.

	The Girl	The Standard	The Score
Height	58½	58	
Weight	78	77	
Shoulder girth	32	31½	+2
Chest girth (ninth rib)	21¼	21½	-1½
Chest expansion	2½	2½	-1
Right upper arm girth	8¾	8¼	
Difference when contracted	1¼	1¼	+1
Left upper arm girth	8¼	8¼	+½
Difference when contracted	1¼	1	+2
Waist (not counted in score)	22	21¾	
Hips	29	28½	+½
Average of thighs	16¾	15¾	+2
Average of calves	10½	10½	
Score			105.5

(For shoulder girth, chest girth, arm girth, and calf girth ¼ inch = 1. For arm "difference" and chest expansion ½ inch = 1. For hips and thighs 1 inch = 1. Thigh and calf scores counted twice.)

105½ is a good score. City public school average is about 92. The tables, in other words, contain measurements that are a little above the average. The average is not necessarily an ideal! In making up these tables measurements were used only of individuals in good condition. That makes them rank above average, for the average includes all individuals.

Let us see what can be done with a plan of this kind. First of all, as we said, a girl can be given a score that will represent a fair comparison between her muscular development and an attainable and satisfactory standard for the same type of build, and the record, as shown above, will indicate by minus signs just where special exercise will aid a girl to get rid of under-development. Not only so, but through a method of this kind actual improvement can be distinguished from mere growth gains. Far too commonly increases in weight and height have been termed "improve-

These tables are published in "Physical Standards for Boys and Girls," Academy Press, Carteret Place, Orange, N. J.

ment" and much credit taken thereby. With this plan, if a girl is heavier and taller at the end of a certain period, then all her other measurements must have increased in proportion if she is to maintain her first score. But if the score has increased, then some or all of the other measurements must have increased beyond what was necessary to maintain the first score, and so we have a real improvement noted, by means of which you can check up the value of a system of physical training.

Few seem to take into account and to utilize the great interest aroused both

with girls and boys by the simple process of being measured and given a comprehensible "score." And this interest can be sustained by very stimulating competitions—competitions for highest percentage of improvement, which gives the best chance to the poorer physiques, and one for highest score, which gives the best chance to the stronger girls. Both competitions thus interest every girl, the strong ones having slim chance in the improvement competition, and the poorly developed girls having even less chance in the high-score competition, so that both kinds bring in all girls.

During the year, at frequent intervals, girls who have made "minuses" can report and see if they have made them up, and it has been found that the interest is sufficiently strong to induce many boys and girls to do their special work at home.

During the last few years we have been over-emphasizing the weight of a child and neglecting the muscular development. The writer merely suggests the above plan as a means for stimulating an effective interest in this development and for keeping comprehensible records.

THE DUEL

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

ONCE I fought a shadow
In swift and gallant play.
She laughed at thrust and parry,—
That dancing wraith of gray.

Our flickering sword blades circled
In whirls of phantom light.
It was a high adventure
With such a ghost to fight.

At last, too blindly lunging,
I passed her flashing guard
And pierced her misty bosom
With my impalpable sword.

The ways of air-born women
I do not understand,
Nor how that wounded spirit
Left blood on my sword hand.

THE FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH IN MODERN LIFE¹

BY RABBI SAMUEL SCHULMAN, D.D.

THE fact that I am here this afternoon leads me to believe that in choosing the topic, "The Church in World Affairs," for discussion the club intended the word "Church" to be understood in its most comprehensive sense. We are not here to discuss the dogmas of any particular Church. We are not to emphasize denominational distinctions. We are to attempt to understand what influence the Church, as the visible expression of religion, can exert in the world.

By the Church I understand, first, that invisible but actual union of spirits in the world that are bearing witness to the reality of God and that, in their way, are promoting his kingdom of righteousness and love in the relations of men. Such a union has always existed, and is a tremendous power for good in the world. And again, by the Church one may understand the visible

organized effort of a group of men and women bound together on behalf of the great purposes of the invisible Church in accordance with any particular belief. Thus there is one invisible Church which breaks up into a number of concrete competing and co-operating churches.

I come here to speak as the representative of what I sometimes like to call the Mother Church of Western civilization. Give me the pleasure of indulging myself in the claim, even if you are inclined to criticize the implication in it. The claim is based on the indisputable fact that what actual religion exists in the Western world today can be traced back historically to the religion of Israel as the womb from which it sprang. It happens often that the children in number and in diversity of talent and in the lustiness and vigor of their self-consciousness are inclined to push the mother into the background. They seem for a while to overshadow

the aged matron. But if she, despite the snows of winter on her head, has spring in her heart and feels an undying youth in her soul, she cannot help being a source of inspiration and of counsel to those who cannot altogether deny their origin. And perhaps it will not hurt them, now and then, to listen to what she has to say.

And it so happens that I come here with the message of the synagogue, which is still ringing in my ears, and which is read this morning in every Jewish place of worship. It is on this Sabbath that the story is told of the first attack made upon Israel by Amalek. And Amalek henceforth in Jewish history has been identified with the principle of evil. And we are informed that there is an everlasting warfare from generation to generation, between the Lord and Amalek. And this Amalek was a power that did not revere God. And he unrighteously attacked the weak and the struggling. And he relied on

¹ From an address at a Saturday luncheon of the Republican Club of New York.

brute force. And if I were to sum up the business of the Church in world affairs, I would say that it is to represent God as against the evil in the world.

The supreme function of the Church is to make the present bearable. Not only bearable, but enjoyable. It is to make men feel the reality of the living God. It is to impress human life with its inherent value. It is to make men feel the realities of the spiritual experience. And therefore it is to make them, by faith, rise and triumph over the hideous realities of evil and suffering in the world. It is to make men calm and serene and strong and courageous and cheerful. It is to imbue men with a confidence which will enable them to accept the universe and life. We are living in a fevered time. Western civilization as a patient has not yet recovered from the terrible catastrophe which came to it. It is still being tossed to and fro on its bed of suffering. It is sick from head to foot. There is a maddening fever in its blood. And therefore most of the functions of the body politic are deranged. It is a time of unsettlement. Our institutions are rocking. There is widespread discontent. There is antagonism of races. There is conflict of classes. The attention of men and women is mainly centered on the worldly prizes. Men are fighting for the distribution of the industrial product. Their happiness they interpret in terms of money gained and pleasures that money can buy. In such a time the supreme function of the Church, which is its business in every generation, is to bring home to men's minds a true valuation of life. Men and women must be made to understand that there is something in man greater than the tool which he wields, the things that he makes, the power that he achieves, expressed in terms of the money that he owns and the commodities and luxuries with which he can surround himself as the symbols of his power and self-indulgence. It is the Church's business to make men feel that the glories of life are to be found in the soul. The Church, to use the expression of a significant writer, is to "release the soul" in men and to make them feel that the bit of life which is theirs, the present, no matter where they may find themselves, has infinite value, because it is the fruitage of the marriage of their spirit to the everlasting God. Led by the mystic influence of the Church, they are to transcend worldly distinctions and to realize the worth and dignity of life.

This living faith, if the Church could imbue men with it, would prove a tremendous asset in world affairs. It would bring calm to the fevered brow of the Western world. It would plant contentment in human hearts, a contentment which is no contradiction of a divine discontent, which aims at the world's improvement. It would not be a contentment that would act as a narcotic, to put to sleep our moral energies, but it would be a fountain of living

waters, bubbling up in the heart and giving joy even amid the labor and the suffering that accompany life. It would enable the modern man to echo the spirit of the ancient psalmist, who said, "As for me, the nearness of God is a good."

We have recently heard much of controversy about evolution. I think the Church can and must go beyond such controversies. Let science have to do with methods and processes of the creative power. The Church's business it is to make men feel that they are as much living souls as were the prophets and heroes of the past, and that the religious problem is a perennial one, fresh and new in every generation, for each individual soul. Why should I be worried about my family tree? What do I care for the manner in which the creative wisdom thought fit to have me at last appear on the scene? What is most important is that I feel the inrush of the divine life in my soul, in the present. We need not fear that the scientists will make monkeys of us. The great danger is lest we make monkeys of ourselves by abdicating the glorious privilege which is ours, to revere the Almighty Power and to love the living God, who speaks in the splendors of nature and in the greater splendors of the revelations to the human spirit. The Church must make man happy in the consciousness of his prerogative as a living soul. The Church must give the spiritual foundation to the political creed of a democracy which without that foundation tends very easily to become one of the multitudes of idols after which men went astray.

The Church must not only make the present bearable and acceptable and illumined with joy, but it must lead men with a great vision. It must make them feel that the kingdom is not yet realized, that "the best is still to be." It must be the living conscience, fearlessly denouncing unrighteousness wherever it may raise its head. It must not be afraid of corporate wealth. And it must not truckle to the spirit of any class. It must be quick to sympathize with suffering. Its business is to be the prophet, daring to say to the king of the generation, "Thou art the man." It must be the inspiration to progress in social justice. It dares not compromise. Its sight must be sharp for the evils of injustice that thrive. Its word in denunciation of them must not be faint-hearted. It must recognize that this world is still incomplete and imperfect. The righteous will of men must be fostered by it, so that, to use an expression of the Talmud, men must become creative partners unto Deity in performing the moral commandment of righteous duty and helping along the evolution of man. The Church must be the tribune of the masses whenever and in whatever form they are oppressed by any kind of the classes. In short, the Church in world affairs must be socially progressive. That does not mean that

it must necessarily engage in politics. The spirit of our institutions, which separates the Church from the State, is sound. And the counsel implied in that spirit is one to follow to the extent that it is, on the whole, best that the official leaders of the Church engage not in the machinery and in the methods of political controversies. But the Church must be the great inspirer of the ideals of social justice, of righteousness and love among men. If the masses felt that the Church was performing the function of the prophetic watchman, they would instinctively be drawn to it. A prophet, however, fears no one but God. The Church, therefore, must neither timidly flatter the exploiter nor bend before the fury of the demagogue. The Church must be the prophet, pleading for justice as the goal in human society and using the methods of loving-kindness in leading men to that goal.

The Church must not only mystically transfigure the present, prophetically envisage the future, but it must be the peace-loving priest that conserves what is best in the past and that conciliates classes and races.

This rôle of peace-maker the Church is especially called upon to play in our time. It can exert a tremendous influence in world affairs on behalf of peace. But in order to do so it must be vividly, yea, burningly, conscious of the deepest causes of war. And one of the deepest causes of the spirit of war is the antagonism of races. We have never had in the world's history such an intense racial consciousness as exists to-day. It is this consciousness of race, artificially fostered by a one-sided natural science, which expresses itself in national chauvinisms. It is this which makes the world bristle with prejudices, with antipathies, with vanities, and with tribal animosities. It is not the business of the Church, certainly, to foment and increase them. In the name of the unity of the divine spirit which is reflected in the souls of all men, made in God's image, it is the business of the Church to denounce savage race hatreds, to criticise and condemn even the pettiest manifestations of racial prejudice. Never can it be the function of the Church to urge men to war. It may encourage them, when in war, by the appeal to their sense of the nobility of duty and the sublimity of self-sacrifice. But unto the very end the Church must dissuade from war and be inexhaustible in searching for means of reconciliation. Always it must speak for peace. Never must it indulge the Amaleks of the world in their race hatreds, in their unrighteousness, and in their blasphemy of God, by their reliance upon brute force.

The Church is the soul of the world. It is influencing world affairs all the time in so far as it is influencing human souls. Its responsibility is tremendous. To criticise it is easy. Its mistakes are the result of human weakness. By its ideals humanity lives and progresses and grows in insight.

A MERCHANT WHO IS LOSING \$50,000,000 A YEAR

HOW ALBERT D. LASKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD, IS TACKLING THE JOB OF "SELLING" TO THE PUBLIC AND TO CONGRESS THE ADMINISTRATION'S UNIQUE SHIP SUBSIDY PLAN

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

ATALL, ruddy-faced, vivacious Chicago man has shouldered one of the heaviest loads of the Harding Administration. His gait is untinged with the rolling leg manners that betray much contact with slanting decks, and yet he has been intrusted with the destiny of the Government's enormous fleet of 1,442 steel ships. He walks with the jaunty, confident stride of Michigan Boulevard, but there aren't any traces of over-confidence in his bearing. For he has bitten into one of the toughest jobs that ever confronted a Presidential appointee. His name is Albert D. Lasker, and he is Chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

Prior to being called to Washington Mr. Lasker seems to have made money out of every project that he laid his hands on. And now, for the first time in his life, the project that crowds his attention is losing money head over heels. It is going in the hole at the rate of \$50,000,000 per year. And this \$50,000,000 annual loss does not include interest, full insurance, or depreciation on invested capital.

President Harding has intrusted Chairman Lasker with the job of "selling" Congress and the public on the necessity for ship subsidy instead of Government operation of this big and embarrassing fleet that was left on our hands after the World War. Mr. Lasker is obliged to "sell" an idea and to "sell" goods as no Government official ever had to sell anything before.

Rusting in the waters of the Hudson and the James, lies no small part of this cumbersome and bewildering armada. Happily, Mr. Lasker is an expert at creating demand for merchandise and inventing methods for the efficient distribution of the fruits of mass production. He brings to the present task a sense of searching analysis, a gift of articulate expression, and a singular ability to move goods out of warehouses and off the shelves and into the hands of consumers. For years, as the head of Lord & Thomas, he has directed many of the largest and most important advertising and sales campaigns.

Under the gilded arches, French mirrors, and ornate crystal chandeliers of one of the Senate committee rooms in the National Capitol the Government's ships have recently been under prolonged discussion. Round the long council table of the smoke-filled room sat the members of the Senate Committee on Commerce and the House Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries. At



ALBERT D. LASKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

one end of the table were grouped Chairman Lasker and his experts. The hearings were on the Administration's bill for a ship subsidy.

Lasker, in his opening statement, expounded the unique story of the fleet of ships that we don't know what to do with, and then he proposed a remedy. He replied with ready knowledge and brisk and pointed gestures to the bombardment of cross-examination. It was the usual character of Congressional cross-examination; some of it was statesmanlike, and some of it was fatuous and partisan and nonsensical.

It is not likely that, as the executive head of a large advertising firm, Mr. Lasker has had time actually to write much "copy." But he demonstrated during these hearings that he has not lost his cunning as a producer of effective advertising. His formal opening statement was a piece of consummate "copy." It was fifty-nine typewritten pages in length, and presented an engrossing argument for ship subsidy, and called upon the "consumer" in persuasive language to avail himself of these advertised "goods."

BUSINESSLIKE AS DETROIT

For fast work or overtime efforts Government employees in Washington are not exactly noted. The bulk of them just about keep moving. But there is a very different atmosphere in the long, low office building of the United States

Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation. It is charged with an electric quality. The enormous building looks more like a vigorous Detroit motor plant than like Government buildings generally. One enters a door marked "The Chairman," and discovers a plain, barely furnished anteroom, entirely free from the impressive appointments of other Government offices. On the floor are broad strips of grayish-brown battleship linoleum. There are several plain yellow desks, a few chairs, a metal clothes-press, and some hat-and-coat trees. Here are only the bare necessities of an office. It is literally stripped for action. Its job is one that all concerned want to clean up in a hurry and be through with.

An amazing bookkeeping chaos appears to have swamped the records of the Shipping Board and Fleet Corporation before Mr. Lasker took charge. Great quantities of materials had been moved from place to place without adequate notifications reaching the inventory records. To one warehouse alone 36,000 items were delivered without proper manifests and documents; there was no trace of the origin and cost of these items. And this is merely one example of the general disorder and confusion.

As an example of the immense effort required to reduce the confusion into a semblance of order, the work at Hog Island alone involved physical counts of materials and supplies of 125,000 different characters, comprising millions of units, and the final inventory report of Hog Island consisted of 11,000 typewritten sheets.

The collapse of intrinsic values since the armistice that Mr. Lasker has to contend with is appalling. A condensed summary of one group of properties and materials shows a cost of over \$317,000,000, with a present fair value of about \$70,000,000, and a forced sale value of only \$31,000,000.

The president of one ship operating concern recently dropped into Washington and urged a settlement with the Fleet Corporation covering matters antedating the present Board. His company had charges against the Fleet Corporation and admitted obligations to the Fleet Corporation. Days were spent in searching for all possible debits and credits. After all of the accounts were gathered from all available sources, it appeared that as a net result the Fleet Corporation was indebted, according to its books, to this operator for about



International

SHIPPING BOARD VESSELS LYING AT ANCHOR IN THE HUDSON RIVER NEAR JONES'S POINT DURING THE WINTER OF 1921-22

\$800,000, whereas, according to the operator's own admission, his company owed the Fleet Corporation \$250,000.

These instances disclose something of the voluminous muddle that faced the Chairman of the Shipping Board when he assumed control of this gigantic enterprise with the task of converting the American people to the idea of a practical ship subsidy plan.

AMERICA SUSPICIOUS OF THE WORD "SUBSIDY"

The word "subsidy," moreover, is generally regarded with inherent suspicion by the American mind. And in order to overcome that suspicion Mr. Lasker has patiently embarked upon a broadcast educational campaign that aims to impress upon the public and its Congressional representatives the changed economic conditions that require new measures. Mr. Lasker holds that, although the Republican Central West has ever joined with the Democratic South in distaste and revulsion to subsidizing our shipping, the present need is an all-American one, and should be treated as non-sectionally and as non-politically as the needs of the Army, Navy, or Post Office Department.

"Prior to the great World War America was content to have its cargoes carried in foreign bottoms," declares Mr. Lasker. "We were a debtor nation, and felt sure that those whom we owed, being the great maritime nations of the world, would furnish us the bottoms with which to carry the goods to liquidate our debts. But the World War has changed practically every phase of human life. America emerges from that war holding first economic place in the world. She finds herself a creditor nation instead of a debtor nation; and, whether we will it or no, we are now cast for continuing first place on the stage of world commerce. No nation ever held that position unless she was strong in her own rights on the seas. It is for us here and now to determine whether America shall attempt to refuse

the place which destiny has carved out for her."

UNCLE SAM'S COMPETITION DEADLY TO PRIVATE SHIPS

When the Government undertook to sail merchant ships and to build up trade routes, its motive was solely to bring about conditions under which the ships on its hands could be sold with established good will to private owners. But the result, Mr. Lasker told me, has been exactly the opposite.

"The very method chosen has worked to defeat its own purpose," he said, "for in the upbuilding of those routes the Government has operated ships, and in the operation of ships has driven its potential customers largely off the seas. Thus we come to conclusions from which there can be no escape—that, since continued Government operation means finally the possible and likely elimination of private operation of American ships, a method must be devised whereby the Government shall end its operation and at the same time insure carriage of American goods under the American flag through private ownership as contemplated by the Jones Act.

"Europe owes us, governmentally and privately, some fifteen billion dollars. To pay in gold is impossible; there is not that much gold in the world. Europe can pay only in raw materials or in manufactured or partly manufactured wares. In turn, we must find new markets, not only to absorb the surplus products which Europe formerly took from us, but to provide for the sale of many of the products which Europe shall send to us in settlement of her debt. These products, if in raw or partly manufactured state, will be completed by American labor; but if permitted to flood our own market, and if we do not find a foreign sale for them, will so depress the price of wares at home as to threaten the prosperity of all of our workers.

"These newer markets lie across the ocean; and it is for these very markets

that the nations of Europe which owe us vast sums of money will contend with us. And who can be so blind as not to see that Europe will very properly in her own interest find the ways and means to refuse us ships when we need them most, if that refusal spells her control of markets in which we would compete with her for mastery?

"There can be no return to a pre-war basis. Increased overheads through increased capacities demand increased consumption in many lines beyond that which can be found in our home country. The debts Europe owes us, their enforced economy for decades to come, and consequently finally diminishing purchases from us, all combine to require our search for new markets. These markets will inure to us only when sureness of delivery, regularity of sailings, and promptness of service from our ports to theirs are guaranteed."

A MONUMENT TO FOLLY

The Lasker programme concerns itself only with the correct balancing of the Government's fleet of steel ships and the reconditioning and repowering of these ships, and in some cases the remedying of structural defects. This job can be done at an estimated cost of about \$25 to \$50 per ton. The vast number of tons of wooden ships Mr. Lasker dismisses with the statement: "They never should have been built; they were the war's greatest shipping blunder, an error against which we had been warned, but which warning we refused to heed. They must be charged off practically as an entire loss, a monument to folly. They cannot be used in profitable normal operation, and merely hang over the market as possible pirates in times of better days, depressing thereby the potential value of the steel fleet without offering the slightest hope of continuous operation even for short periods. The high cost of insurance, the uneconomic machinery, the great amount of fuel required in proportion to carrying capacity, make these ships in every way



(C) Marine Photo Service

A DECK SCENE ON A SHIPPING BOARD PASSENGER VESSEL

Thought is given to the wee travelers in providing them with a sand-box

impossible. They should be considered as not existing.

"In passenger tonnage, both Governmental owned and privately owned and including ships designed for the short runs to the West Indies, we have but 80 good ships, aggregating 600,000 tons; while of fast cargo ships of both classes we have but 53 ships of 390,000 tons. To have a merchant marine that can effectively meet fifty per cent of all our peace-time carrying needs we require 1,250,000 gross tons of passenger ships and about the same amount of the faster cargo ships.

"Of our 6,000,000 tons of freighters, about half the steel tonnage is good tonnage, comparable to the best in the world. The other half ranges from fair to not usable for our purposes, and should be either sold abroad in such trades where we have every assurance it will not find itself in competition with our ships or dismantled. We must not fool ourselves."

CALLS GOVERNMENT OPERATION
"INHERENTLY VICIOUS"

How are we actually faring in our competition with other nations in carrying ocean cargoes to and from American ports? Mr. Lasker tells me that last December, which is considered a normal recent month, foreign ships carried 76 per cent of our overseas general cargoes, while only 24 per cent was carried in American ships, of which 19 per cent was carried in Shipping Board vessels, and only 5 per cent by private American ship-owners. It is Mr. Lasker's aim, and he considers that the aim can be accomplished, for privately owned American ships within the next decade to be carrying at least 50 per cent of our foreign

trade, other than with contiguous or near-by countries.

Chairman Lasker bluntly declares that Government operation of merchant ships is inherently vicious. When he took office in June, 1921, he found the ships of the fleet being operated by managing agents—that is to say, by private operators who received from 2½ to 5 per cent of the gross receipts for supervising the operation of the ships.

"This system," he declares, "is uneconomic and vicious, for the reason that the managing operator, having no direct interest in the operation of the ship, having no direct responsibility, having no sense of building for himself for the future, is in such state of mind that he operates Government-owned ships with vastly different vision and inspiration than he would his own.

"The system was open to all sorts of vagaries in management, to all kinds of chicane and unreliability. The managing operators had organized private stevedoring companies, private shipchandling companies, and similar devices by which to make hidden profits, to increase the meager compensation which the Government allowed them. The very spirit of making hidden profit on the part of an agent to a principal means a strained relationship all along the line. Such attitude and actions on the part of the managers were known to the captains and crews of the ships, who, in turn, felt neither pride nor proper responsibility in their trusteeship.

"Yet the individual agent cannot be chargeable with the fact that initiative and sense of responsibility are lacking in the transaction. It would be impossible. It is not within human realm to

create in such a transaction a sense of initiative and responsibility. The only reason that the managing operator continues in his connection with the Board (and I think I speak the view of the managing operator that he believes as little in the system as any one) is that he hopes by co-operating with the Board in the management of the ships to keep alive America's merchant marine until Congress can adopt a National policy that will insure its life. The managing operator, strange as it may seem with the charges that are made against the system, is performing a really helpful service."

Mr. Lasker states that the defects of the system, so far as possible, have been eliminated; but that conditions are still basically bad, and will remain bad so long as Government operation continues. He points out why Government ownership of ships cannot possibly work out successfully.

"If the Government wanted to take over the railways," he explains, "it would create a monopoly which would give exclusive privilege to Government operation until such time as efficiency might be brought into life; but shipping is a different thing. The Government must always compete with the world's privately owned shipping. No monopoly can be created during the existence of which efficiency can be brought to life, and in the competition between Government ownership on the part of our Nation and the initiative and sense of responsibility due to private ownership in others failure is certain."

The efforts of the Shipping Board to place vessels in private hands on a bareboat charter basis have been indifferently received.

"With world shipping depressed beyond anything ever known," explains Mr. Lasker, "with the fear of competitive Government operation financed out of the public treasury, with the bugaboo of a vast unliquidated Government-owned tonnage hanging over the market, charterer and buyer alike have become timid and find no incentive for risk. It is a drab picture, but we can only look forward to benefiting from the advantages of improved world trade conditions when they may come by now putting our house in order to transfer our operations and our fleet into private hands."

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OR BANKRUPTCY

"There is no future for the American merchant marine, private and Government, save bankruptcy, unless private ownership is fostered and expanded and the Government retire," contends Mr. Lasker. "We can no longer procrastinate. The Shipping Board's loss of \$50,000,000 a year can be ended by a much lesser expense from the Treasury, through the direct and indirect aids proposed, and only in this way can the Government's good ships find a market by making private operation profitable. As quickly as possible the good ships

should be liquidated, the poor ships disposed of, the Government put out of operation. The President's proposals contemplate that at an ultimate maximum expenditure of \$32,000,000 per annum in direct aid, and through various forms of indirect aid, we will finally dispose of our ships for private operation, at a total annual cost of something over \$40,000,000; and thus shall we end an operating loss of \$50,000,000, and give our people a better and a more assured service on the seas than America has ever enjoyed heretofore, successfully turning a war-time and war-built enterprise into a great instrument of peacetime profit and peace insurance.

"Private ships under the American flag must be Governmentally aided, because of the higher standards of living of American labor in the shipyard and on the ship," continued Mr. Lasker. "The man who builds ships on land works in America with a higher wage; the man who mans our ship is paid more and sustained better than the foreigner. Who in America would have it different? Who in America would question that the prosperity of one should be the common prosperity of all, and that these higher standards should prevail with all the people of our country?"

TERMS OF SUBSIDY PLAN

After a careful study of both the successes and failures of direct aid to private shippers on the part of other governments, the Shipping Board has caused a bill to be introduced in Congress which proposes definite Governmental aid to private shippers. The terms of the proposed subsidy include cash compensation to shippers, together with every practical indirect aid possible to give.

Discussing some of the features of the proposed subsidy bill, Mr. Lasker said: "This legislation proposes a very proper limitation—ten per cent on the earnings of ships, and after that equal division of earnings between the owner and the Merchant Marine Fund until the subsidy is returned. Surely, such an allowance of earnings cannot be called profiteering, because, while the ships are allowed a net profit of ten per cent before beginning to return the subsidy, and thereafter are allowed half the net profits until the entire amount of the subsidy is returned, nowhere in the Shipping Board study is it proposed that ships be protected against loss. Under the proposal made, including the right of the Shipping Board to make ten-year contracts, there will be many years during which, with all the aids given, ships will lose money, and it is universally conceded that in the shipping business, through the years of plenty and years of famine, the average that any ship can earn through the proposed Government aid during the term of its ten-year contract is a very modest sum.

"There is no hope of the establishment of a merchant marine through insufficient aid. Rather than insufficient



A "535" TYPE OF VESSEL ORIGINALLY DESIGNED AS A TRANSPORT BUT COMPLETED AS A PASSENGER AND FREIGHT SHIP BY THE SHIPPING BOARD

This type of vessel is operated to South America, to Europe, and to Oriental ports. The vessels represent the last word in safety

aid let us have no aid at all. We must do enough or nothing. To do less than enough is merely to have sold out to the defeatists who would have no American merchant marine. But we should yield nothing to possible profiteering. The Shipping Board stands boldly in its affirmation that its study and its proposal, unique though it is, would accomplish these purposes.

"It is asked that the Shipping Board fleet be sold at world prices, regardless of cost of construction. The cost of construction is a war cost and should be written down to zero. Whatever we get out of the salvage is a profit."

A construction loan fund not to exceed \$125,000,000 is proposed, the same to loan funds at interest rates as low as two per cent, to not more than two-thirds of the value of the ship. There is also an income-tax relief provision. Regulations are proposed that would insure to American-flag passenger ships at least fifty per cent of the immigration coming to this country. "Had such a provision been enacted during that pre-war period, when immigration was at its height—1,200,000 per annum," says Mr. Lasker, "and had half of that number of immigrants come in American-flag ships, the Shipping Board believes that, instead of having only fifteen passenger ships under the American flag in 1914, in the North Atlantic at least we would have had as many passenger ships of the third-class type as any nation in the world, Great Britain not excepted."

Subsidized vessels may be taken and purchased, or used, by the Government at any time for the National defense, according to the proposed legislation. All repairs or reconditioning, so far as possible, must be done in United States ports. The vessels shall carry United

States mail, other than parcel post, free. Rail and water transportation are to be fully co-ordinated.

The direct aid is computed on a differential based on a combination of speed, tonnage, and distance covered, starting with a half-cent per gross ton per one hundred miles steamed in the foreign trade for ships under thirteen knots, and increasing to a total of 2.6 cents per gross ton per one hundred miles steamed for ships of twenty-three knots and over. It is estimated that in order to develop a balanced fleet of 7,500,000 gross tons, which should carry fifty per cent at least of all branches of our overseas trade, the cost to the Treasury will ultimately approximate \$30,000,000, though for the first year it is estimated that the cost will be only \$12,500,000. Contracts shall not exceed a ten-year period.

Mr. Lasker points out, however, that even under the most favorable circumstances a ship's fueling alone would cost about twice the sum that could be collected from the Government in cash compensation for any voyage, and that there is no fear that the small amount of the direct aid recommended would encourage inefficient or wasteful operation of ships.

One authority contends that the American capacity to absorb the products of our factories is only enough to pay the overhead expense of manufacture, and that American manufacturers must rely upon exports for their profits. If this is correct, then the Lasker effort to "sell" the Administration's ship subsidy plan to the public and to Congress has this additional impetus behind it. But, whatever happens to the plan, Chairman Lasker holds the distinction of having organized and energized one of the hugest selling plans on record.

THE BOOK TABLE

BY BOOK OR BY CROOK?

BY ESTHER JOHNSTON

"PLEASE send me a Russian book for which I have many longings," wrote Mrs. Razansky, and Yetta, who brought the note, explained that her mother couldn't learn English "by the night school." She was too tired when she got the five children to bed. Such requests and such reasons for not learning English come daily to the library in a foreign neighborhood, while the cry, not a new one, to "make 'em learn English" comes stridently from another quarter.

With the new immigration, based on that percentage system which we Americans are applying to foreigners and intoxicants, books play a part in a better understanding between America and the immigrant. The immigrant has made his contribution to that understanding by making himself articulate in our language through M. E. Ravage, Jacob Riis, and a host of others. Americans have not taken the same pains to make themselves heard and understood in the languages of the foreigners. It is not unusual for the immigrant to appear at the library in a foreign quarter the day he arrives in America. He probably does not yet know English speech. He cannot yet read English books. But he has heard that the library has books in his language, and for that language he has "many longings." Even before he learns our speech, the foreigner makes a contact with a characteristic American institution where, although most of the books are in English, his own language is represented. Yet he will probably look in vain among the books he can read for any that interpret America.

An interest in foreign books brings many immigrants to the library. A desire to read English, while re-reading the books in the familiar native tongue, holds them there. Foreign books are an instance of the interest of the American community in what the immigrants bring with them. Newcomers who are drawn to the library for foreign books rarely leave without an English primer or grammar, and they are the most alert to learn the English language.

No doubt the German *verboten* had much to do with the tenacity of the French language in Alsace-Lorraine. A language thrives under persecution and is killed by kindness. Americans, conspicuously ill at ease with foreign languages, are unreasonably contemptuous of them. A small percentage of the American colony in Paris speaks French fluently. Yet the members of that colony are people of wealth, education, and comparative leisure. Since they find it difficult to acquire a foreign language, is it surprising that a tired sweatshop worker "by pants" or the mother of a large family learns slowly?

Long before they read English, immigrants are eager to know of this new and bewildering country. Since they have little direct contact with Americans, they must learn through books and newspapers of American ideas and ideals. Some of the languages of our immigrants are rich in translations of American books. The Czechs have translated many of our classics and have published them in the beauty of Bohemian binding and typography. French, German, and Italian have the many translations that one might expect, although not enough for the Continental demand.

Much of our new immigration comes from southeastern Europe, where the customs and thoughts of America are less known than in western Europe. Translations into their languages are very sparse. One of the large foreign branches of the New York Public Library which buys all good translations of representative American books in Russian and Yiddish can gather only a meager collection for readers who clamor for more of our books. The novels in Russian now include some of Jack London's, but formerly stopped with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Last of the Mohicans," from which an ignorant but curious foreigner might judge that we are of two races, the black and the red. The one book descriptive of the country is the tale of Gorky's travels in America. There are no translations of representative biographies.

Yiddish is the foreign language that predominates in New York, leaving its uncouth trace on the accent of New York. However it may assail the ear, it is a medium upon which thousands of immigrants depend.

"I dislike the language," an East Side educator told me, "but I can't let a personal aversion prevent my using it. I dislike the telephone, too; but if I've an important message—if there's something that really must be told—I use the telephone. So with Yiddish, or any other foreign language. If an idea is important, use the language that will put it across."

Presumably there is something important to tell the immigrant. He is questioning and curious about this land of his aspirations, of which the reality is often so disappointing. He wants to know about the America of the prairies and lakes, mountains and desert, so remote from the crowded, jostling Little Italies and Ghettos where he lives. He wants to know of the America of Lincoln and Washington and Roosevelt, of Whitman and Hawthorne, of Sinclair Lewis and Edgar Lee Masters. Yet it is easier for him to learn of the murders and thefts, municipal corruption and

crimes of capital. He who rides on the subway may read of these in every foreign language as well as in English.

A correspondent who crossed in the steerage wrote of the opportunity of the passage for informing the citizen about America. But that information can be given only in the immigrant's language, and the translation of American books into Yiddish has proceeded very slowly. Biographies and histories and novels of American life should be made available. A translation of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" would be vastly more interesting to the intellectual Jewish immigrant than the childish civics books in primer English so often urged upon the foreigner. Lincoln is the hero of incoming Europeans. A translation of Charnwood's "Lincoln," with its wide sweep of American history and politics, would be more acceptable to the average Jewish reader than an English biography written in the first-steps-for-little-feet style.

The foreigner wants his English lessons, and will be driven to get them by self-interest as well as by community interest. He also wants to know more about the spirit of America than he can read after a few weeks of laborious English. Books that combine English and civics are written for foreigners with limited intelligences as well as vocabularies. Well, really, it shouldn't follow that a man must be lectured like a child about his civic duties while he's learning a language.

Recently children in a foreign class were asked to tell their nationalities. One answered that his father was born in Russia but that *he* was anemic. Unhappily, the answer is not as absurd as it seems. Children of immigrant parents suffer from mental malnutrition, from inability to absorb all that is fed them, from growing too rapidly away from the home environment. When parents cannot speak English, they fall in the estimation of their children, who see them unable to cope with their American neighbors. When parents are, in addition, ignorant of American ways and ideals, which are partly interpreted through books, children can impose upon that ignorance a cheapness and aggressiveness which they explain as "American." It is, they point out plausibly, the "greeny" who is courteous and quiet of speech and manner. It is the second generation that suffers most from the lack of understanding between their parents and the New World.

Books, even in the language of the immigrant, are not a panacea for putting the older immigrant at his ease in America. But they are potent in explaining this strange land, so often cruelly different from the land of his dreams and ambitions. Books will put older men and women into contact with a life of which their children, if not they themselves, are to be a part. For

many adults who do not go "by the night school" the foreign newspaper and the cinema are now the only interpreters.

If the mothers could read in the familiar language such books as Alcott's "Little Women," Shaw's "Story of a Pioneer," Garland's "Son of the Middle Border," "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," Canfield's "Bent Twig," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," they would form a different opinion of American home life and social relations. If fathers born in eastern Europe found the new land interpreted through Charnwood's "Lincoln," Muzzey's "American History," Hagedorn's "Boy's Life of Roosevelt," Roosevelt's "Letters to His Children," Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," Clemens's "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," would they not be more understanding of the citizenship for which their sons are preparing?

During the last few years we have heard much of Americanization—a word

charged with unfortunate implications for foreigners. Before we attempt to make citizens of our foreign-born let us make available to them part of our heritage—the America of the Transcendentalists as well as the America of Main Street, the rough and democratic America of Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, the New York of O. Henry, the biographies of men and women who have made America. A foreign reader who returned an English biography of Roosevelt to the library said that he wished it might be translated to show the nature-loving, outdoor American in contrast to the materialistic American whose undesirable acquaintance the immigrant makes almost immediately.

Certain books have crept into the fabric of our lives and thoughts. Let us urge their translation into the languages of our immigrants, so that foreigners may have a fair chance to supplement the cinema with the earlier and more faithful interpreters of life.

and in theology; "Sun, Moon, and Stars" as objects of worship and wonder in all portions of the globe; "Taoism," "Teleology," "Theism," "Theology," "Theosophy," "Time," "Transmigration," "Universalism," "Unitarianism," "Validity," "Vows," "War," "Wealth," "Worship," "Young Men's Christian Association," "Zionism," and closes with "Zwingli." It covers such unexpected subjects as "Tattooing" (here spelled Tatuino), "Trees and Plants," and "Yawning." The emphasis in this encyclopædia is not upon theology. For example, the article upon "Trinity" is comparatively brief, occupying barely more than four pages; whereas "Taoism," a religious but in the strict sense a non-theological subject, occupies fourteen pages. The twelve volumes constitute a great work of reference—the product of the research of many scores of scholars. In such an encyclopædia as this there is not only technical information for students and users of a theological work for professional purposes, but also a vast amount of curious and interesting information which ought to appeal to a very much wider circle of readers.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BEST LAID SCHEMES. By Meredith Nicholson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Good-natured and humorous short stories, among which "The Susinness of Susy" and "The Girl with the Red Feather" are capital examples of the author's vivacity and originality.

KINGFISHER (THE). By Phyllis Bottonie. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

Jim Barton, a boy convict, then a "hand" on a barge, becomes in time an English university man and is loved by an exquisite, flower-like maiden of the luxurious class. The possibilities of such a situation are obvious and are cleverly worked out by the author of "The Dark Tower" and other popular novels.

LADY BOUNTIFUL. By G. A. Birmingham. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75.

Canon Hannay, under his well-known pseudonym, tells with gusto these stories of Irish inconsistency, warm-heartedness, and adaptability. Some of them are pure farce, but nearly all are good fun; one only is bitter with the tragedy of factional hate.

LINDA LEE, INCORPORATED. By Louis Joseph Vance. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

A tale of Hollywood and the movie colony.

PIRATE'S HOPE. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

A variation of the theme of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," with the addition of a buried treasure (two, in fact—one ancient, one modern) and with a clever twist of the plot whereby the hero's plan to maroon his society friends on a desert island to test their character is turned into serious reality.

SUNDRY ACCOUNTS. By Irvin S. Cobb. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

Readable short tales by an always popular story-teller. They abound in humor and character drawing.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

FRANK OF FREEDOM HILL. By Samuel A. Devieux. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$1.75.

The author of this series of stories understands dogs and understands boys. He has made free use of his imagination, and it has enabled him to interpret the unspoken language of the dog without attributing to him a fanciful intellectual life. The stories are vivid without being fanciful, dramatic without being sensational, and sympathetic without being sentimental. They are realism illuminated by intelligent sympathy. They will interest, not only boys, but no less all understanding grown-ups.

TONY SARG MARIONETTE BOOK (THE). By F. J. McIsaac. B. W. Huebsch, New York. \$1.

This small volume, primarily for children, although grown-ups will be bound to find something of interest in it, receives added value from the grotesque sketches by Tony Sarg. The text explains how children may make a marionette set of their own and work it. Added to this are two plays written particularly for marionettes and sufficiently simple to be presented by children. The entire volume is a charmingly conceived effort completed in the most satisfactory manner.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS (THE). Vol. XII. Edited by James Hastings. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.

This volume, with the exception of the index volume, completes a work of importance and value to all students of religion and of ethics. As recorded in The Outlook from time to time since 1909, when the first volume appeared, this encyclopædia is comprehensive and scholarly. It covers a field which, so far as we know, is not exactly covered by any other work of its kind. This concluding volume contains such important subjects as "Suffering" (the first article in the volume) as a problem in ethics

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

RABBI SAMUEL SCHULMAN was born in Russia, but has lived the greater part of his life in America. At the present time he is rabbi of the Temple of Beth-El, in New York. He is President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis and a member of the Board of Editors of the English translation of the Bible for the Synagogue. He has been a rabbi in Helena, Montana, and in Kansas City, Missouri. His articles and pamphlets on religious subjects have been widely read.

SENATOR DAVENPORT, by serving as a mechanic in a large Syracuse factory during the summer of 1920, gained a sympathetic knowledge of the American industrial worker and his needs. Mr. Davenport is a member of the New York Senate and Professor of Law and Politics at Hamilton College. His home is in Clinton, New York.

NEWTON FUESSLE contributes an article of importance and special timeliness. Mr. Fuessle made a trip to Washington to interview Mr. Lasker personally, and got at first hand the information contained in this article. The Outlook will publish in an early issue his story of the Government's activities in road building.

C. K. TAYLOR in his article "The Girl and Her Muscle" provides further ammunition for our height-weight controversialists. Still another article from his pen will appear in The Outlook very shortly.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER is the author of a book of poems published by Houghton Mifflin Company entitled "Mothers and Men."

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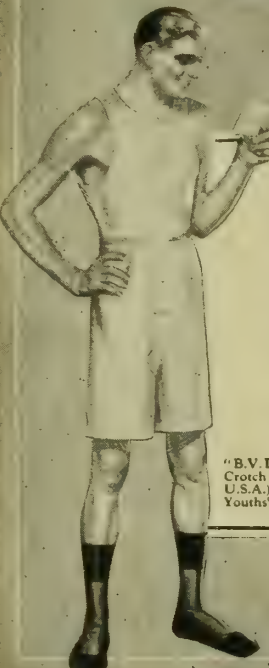
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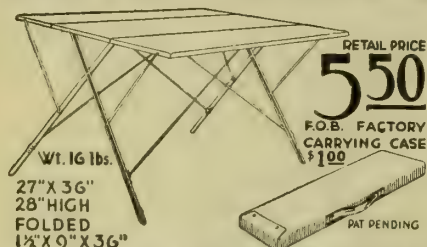


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BY THE WAY

THOMAS LINCOLN and Nancy Hanks, the parents of Abraham Lincoln, were married June 12, 1806, by the Rev. Jesse Head, in Washington County, Kentucky. Little has been known of this hardy pioneer preacher. His grave and that of his wife, Jane Ramsey, have been discovered in a corner of the cemetery in the old town of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Dr. William E. Barton, author of "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," through whose effort this discovery has been made, proposes that the grave be now marked with a modest stone before the memory forever passes. No elaborate monument is desired or is desirable, but it is thought that a good many people would gladly give \$1 toward such a memorial. Miss Mary A. Stephenson, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, is treasurer of the Fund and will acknowledge subscriptions if an addressed postal card or self-addressed stamped envelope is inclosed.

From the New York "Sun:"

"You haven't much space for a garden here, old man."

"I have all I need. You've no idea how much backache you can get out of a few square feet of ground."

From "Simplicissimus:"

"But, papa, why take my debts so tragically? I assure you, by hard work, strict economy, and the utmost self-denial you will succeed in clearing them off."

Can a blind man tell the denomination of bills by feeling them? Probably not; but many sightless persons can count their money accurately. An instance is cited in the "American Magazine," in the case of a well-known blind physician of Chicago, Dr. Robert H. Babcock. He was paying his hotel bill. It amounted to \$9.60. He reached into a trousers pocket. "There's your sixty cents," he said. He then took a roll of bills from his vest pocket. "There," he said, peeling off a bill, "is a five; there's a two; there are two ones. Is that correct?" It was. A man stepped up and said: "Pardon me, sir, but there are several of us gentlemen over here who would like to know how you were able to tell, by the feel, the denomination of those bills." Dr. Babcock did not relish the abrupt question from a stranger. "If any fool tells you," he answered, "that a blind man can distinguish a five-dollar bill from a ten-dollar bill by the feel of it, you can tell him he's a liar!" The fact is that Dr. Babcock remembers the denominations of the bills given to him and puts them in his pocket in a certain order.

Dr. Babcock, the above-quoted article goes on, doesn't like to make mysteries out of the astonishing things that a blind man with acutely trained senses can do. One of his office associates was asked by him one day how a bottle of ink came to be spilled in a closet in his office. The closet was dark, and his

associate had to light a match and get down on his hands and knees to find out that ink had actually been spilled there. The incident puzzled him. A day or two later he said: "Doctor, there is one mystery that is bothering me, and I wish you would clear it up. How in the world did you know there was ink on the floor in that closet?" "Why, there's no mystery about that," Dr. Babcock replied; "I smelled it!"

Great numbers of British war vessels have been junked since the armistice, the "Scientific American" says; a single firm last year bought no fewer than five battleships, twelve cruisers, and seventy-five destroyers in one block from the Admiralty. As a matter of fact, the British market for scrap metals has become overstocked, and 200,000 tons of obsolete British war vessels have been purchased by German firms who needed scrap steel. "Thus, by the irony of fate," adds the "Scientific American," "the British Navy is contributing directly to the restoration of German trade." But the Germans can get no possible warlike utility out of these vessels, for all the guns, ordnance equipment, and confidential instruments are removed before the ship is handed over.

Years ago, says the article quoted above, it was customary to use explosives for breaking up the decks and wrenching apart the stout scantlings of condemned ships, but dynamite has now been superseded by the all-conquering oxy-acetylene torch, which cuts through stout plating like a knife through cheese. Gangs of torch operators swarm over the hull, cutting it down deck by deck. Massive machinery and heavy castings are broken up by the "skull-cracker," a primitive but effective device by which an iron ball, weighing anything up to two tons, is hoisted by a crane to a height of sixty or seventy feet and then dropped with a tremendous impact which splinters the hardest metal like glass.

An unusual card of thanks is quoted as appearing in the Newburgh (Oregon) "Graphic." It reads:

I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to all those who contributed to the comfort of my brother during his illness and assisted his family in their bereavement; and to all those who profited by their misfortune would refer for consolation to the 14th verse of the 23rd chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew.

A hospital patient who had to have his stomach washed out with a weak solution of permanganate of potash, a contributor to the Manchester "Guardian" says, chanced to catch sight of the word "Poison" on the bottle. The following occurred:

Patient—"Say, doc, that's poison you're dopping me with."

Doctor (showing label on bottle)—"That's so, but you see it's only one in 12,000."

Patient (turning white and gulping)—"But, good Lord, doc, I might be that one."

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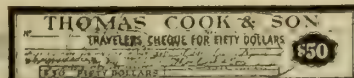
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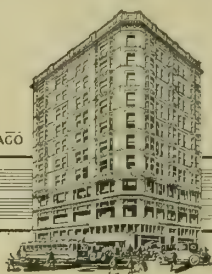
BUSINESS STABILITY

IN a town of the writer's acquaintance there has been a great shortage of houses, principally dwelling-houses. Rents consequently have been high, for rentals, like other things, are subject to the law of supply and demand and are fixed by the demand for houses and the adequacy of the supply. The situation has for several years been serious. Business has suffered as a result of the shortage of dwellings, the normal activities of the town have been hampered, many of the citizens have been hard put to it to find a place to live, and when a house has

been available the rent oftentimes has been more than they could well afford to pay.

More houses of course is the solution of such a problem, but building costs have also been high, and, though many people have wanted to build, there has been little inducement to do so, either for investment or for the purpose of providing homes for themselves. In order to correct this state of affairs the local contractors' association, in the autumn of 1921, called a meeting of the heads of the various local unions and asked them to

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reduce wage scales, so as to bring building costs within the reach of those who wished to build. The unions considered the matter, and decided that it was better for their men to work at lower wages than to hold out for the same high wages which had been in effect previously and remain idle. Which was good common sense.

An agreement was therefore signed, to remain in effect until the early summer of 1923, and the unions bound themselves not to demand any increase before that time. Labor costs constitute the largest percentage of the expense of any building operation, and with the reductions agreed upon the contractors were enabled to quote prices which were attractive to prospective builders. A large number of contracts were signed almost immediately and the town entered upon unprecedented building activity. Every contractor was busy, every mason and carpenter and painter was employed, and houses were started in all sections of the town. The end of the difficulty seemed to be in sight.

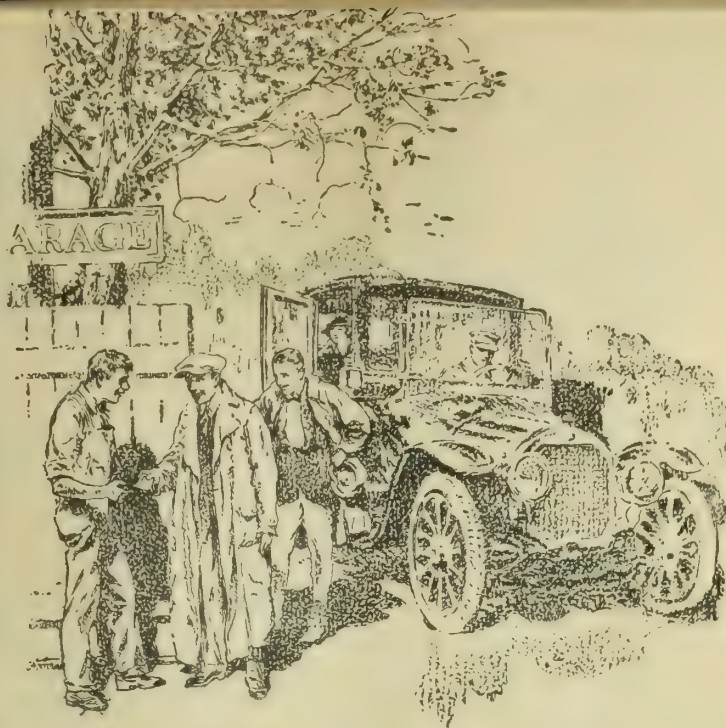
About a fortnight ago, however, the masons', plasterers', and bricklayers' unions decided that with so many houses partially completed the time was favorable to demand an increase in wages. They therefore notified the contractors that unless the desired increase was forthcoming they would call a strike. The contractors naturally were thunderstruck. They had contracted to build houses at prices fixed by the agreement which the unions had signed. They themselves had signed in good faith, and had considered that the unions had done likewise. To add to their confusion they learned that the other unions—the carpenters', steam-fitters', etc.,—were only awaiting an answer to the plasterers', bricklayers', and masons' demands before making similar demands themselves.

Under the circumstances there was but one thing to do, and the contractors did it. They shut down on all work. Building operations in the town are at an absolute standstill. Unfinished houses are to be encountered in all sections of the borough, and no one can guess when they will be completed.

Of course there is no excuse for the action of the unions. They were guilty of a flagrant breach of good faith. The citizens to a man are backing the contractors and the unions will undoubtedly be the sufferers in the long run.

The real point of this little story is, however, that business is good when people doing business know what they can count upon. In the town we mention building was slack because no one knew what costs were going to be from month to month. Contractors could not give definite estimates, and naturally no one is going to build a house without a pretty definite idea of what the final cost is to be. The minute the unions agreed to a settled and reasonable wage scale the building business boomed. Now things are all upset again and building has stopped.

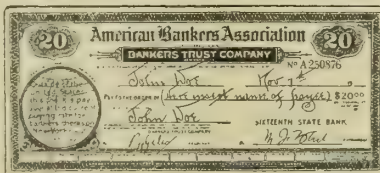
What the building trades unions did



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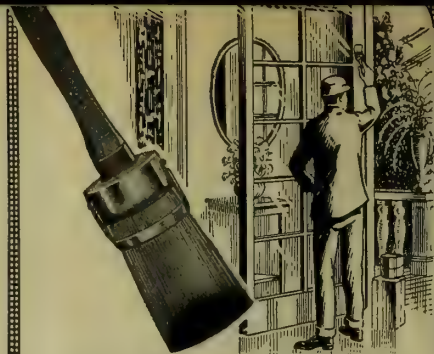
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in this small town many other unions have done in other places. And strikes cause uncertainty, and uncertainty makes for instability, which is the greatest depressor of business known. Our whole social system is a vast interdependent organization; it is dependent upon good faith, fair dealing, and an unprejudiced view of mutual interests.

The post-war depression period unsettled prices, and the task of the business world has been to bring them back to a more or less permanent and fixed basis. It does not matter so much what prices are so long as they are reasonably stable and not in a constant state of flux. An illustration of this is furnished by the international exchanges. In itself the fact that a German mark is quoted at thirty-five-hundredths of a dollar is not so important. The important question is, What is a German mark going to be worth six months from now, or a year, or two years? If that point can be settled with a fair degree of accuracy, business in marks can be done. But no sane man is going to sell goods when he has no idea whether the money he agrees to accept for them is going to be worth anything or not. Nor will he buy unless he knows what he will have to pay.

It is the same in all business. Orders must be received before the factories can operate, and business men will not order far in advance unless they know what they are going to have to pay, and whether that will be the price then obtaining for the particular kind of goods they want. Many of our industries have been so demoralized during the past year that sometimes a half-dozen salesmen would offer the same goods on the same day at six different prices. Industry and business must be balanced and orderly if prosperity is to result. Business men want to know where they stand on prices, and the public is entitled to know where it stands on unwarranted strikes. Most people recognize the duty of others, but are slow to acknowledge their own. The masons' union will fight to the last ditch for an increase in the wages of its own members, and those same men will complain bitterly about the prices they have to pay members of the plumbers' union for repairing a pipe in their kitchen.

Generally, however, business is ironing out the wrinkles in its working clothes. Prices are readjusting themselves, money is easier, with falling interest rates, so that business can afford to borrow the capital it needs to supply its wants. Stocks of goods on hand have been pretty well used up, but human wants are endless and must be satisfied, and this creates demand, and demand makes for business activity. Present stocks of foodstuffs and raw materials used in industry are not large; the same is true of clothing materials, of metals of many kinds, of farm products. This means that business activity will be needed to replenish the depleted stocks, and these orders will carry us



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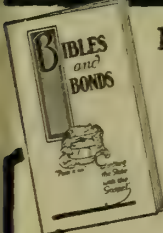
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

farther along the readjustment highway. Foreign trade is improving, and it will mean prosperity to business if we can carry on business dealings with other countries than our own. And as the foreign exchanges grow stronger foreign buyers are enabled to buy more and more in our markets.

In other words, what business needs above everything else is stability. People want to know where they stand. What man will order his next winter's supply of coal delivered to him on October 1 and agree to pay the price obtaining on that date unless he knows fairly accurately what that price is going to be? But confidence in the future of prices is growing; in spite of temporary setbacks, the business situation is, on the whole, becoming more favorable from month to month; and most people feel themselves warranted in believing that things will soon be pretty well settled and that they can count on what there is ahead. That means confidence, and widespread confidence in the future of business means prosperity.

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The Outlook

JULY 5, 1922



(C) Keystone
WALTER RATHENAU

THE ASSASSIN OF RATHENAU STRIKES GERMANY

DR. WALTER RATHENAU suffered death by assassination because of his virtues. He fell because he was serving, better than any one else in his position had served, both Germany and the cause of justice and peace in Europe. His name will long be remembered as that of a German statesman who not only acknowledged Germany's defeat, but also actually made an effort to enable Germany to repair some of the damage she had done. He was killed because there are still powerful and uncontrolled interests in Germany which are intent on punishing any effort to transform Germany from the aggressive and dominating power she aimed to be under Prussia to a decent and neighborly and morally responsible member of the family of nations.

During the war Walter Rathenau had great power in organizing the whole industrial system of Germany for the purpose of prosecuting the war effectively. He had had great experience in organizing business as a banker as well as an industrial expert, and had been president of the great electrical concern known as the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft. When the armistice came, he saw the need of systematic reconstruction, and it was as Minister of Reconstruction in the Wirth Cabinet that he negotiated with Louis Loucheur, the French Minister of the Liberated Regions, the arrangement known as the

Wiesbaden agreement, which was the first really practical arrangement for enabling Germany to build up as much as possible of what she had wantonly destroyed, and thus, instead of hostility on the part of Germany and the consequent distrust on the part of France, to substitute a measure of mutual confidence.

Though this arrangement opened the only possible way to the welfare of Germany as well as Europe in general, it was denounced by the militarists of Germany, and Rathenau was made the target of their threats. Later he became Foreign Minister, and he served at Genoa. The people in Germany who made Germany's aggressive war possible, who really made modern Germany feared and hated and despised, were the fiercest opponents of Rathenau. On June 23 Karl Helfferich in the Reichstag assailed Rathenau for his reparations policy, and the next day an assassin (some say, two assassins) in an automobile drove up beside the car in which Rathenau was riding and with firearms and hand grenades killed him.

If this act of assassination arouses the people of Germany to an understanding of the Prussianism that has brought them to the state in which they find themselves, it may in the end serve some good purpose; but the history of Germany in these last years does not provide much hope for any such effect upon the German popular mind. It will at least arouse those who are already aware of Germany's plight, and it may in the end strengthen the determination of the Wirth Government to pursue a policy of comparatively honest recognition of the facts as they are. It will be hard, however, to find in any consequence of this murder any compensation for the loss to Germany of a man who was serving her well.

FIELD MARSHAL WILSON ASSASSINATED

IRREGULAR guerrilla warfare has in Ireland long been followed by sheer assassination of individuals. Such killings are never or rarely acknowledged by any factional leaders even among those who are self-constituted officers in nebulous armies. Many such murders are doubtless the work of fanatics or anarchists. Yet they are a symptom and a sign of bitter political hatred and a political condition that needs wise and firm conduct.

There is no evidence that the two



FIELD MARSHAL WILSON

men, Connolly and O'Brien, who deliberately shot down Field Marshal Henry Hughes Wilson in London on June 22 were the appointed agents of any faction or society. Neither is there evidence that they were actuated by personal enmity. All leaders of the Sinn Fein extremists not only disown but denounce the crime. Yet it was almost certainly the outcome of the quarrels and murders that have been so common in Ireland for years. Both sides have a long list of such crimes against them. The murder of General Wilson by men who hated him because he stood for enforcement of law in Ulster is no worse in itself than the massacre of the McMahon family not long ago by enraged anti-Sinn Feiners. But the results in arousing the public to demand an effective course of dealing with the Irish people will be enormously more important.

One immediate result was the statement in Parliament by Winston Churchill for the British Ministry that they would expect the Provisional Government, now that it had secured the people's mandate, to take the necessary steps to assert its complete authority, and that the British Government would not allow the coercion of Ulster by the South—in fact, that failure to observe the treaty would mean that the British Government would resume complete freedom of action.

This reasonable declaration followed what was practically a vote of confidence on Lloyd George's Irish policy, with the majority of 342 to 75. The

London "Spectator," which has been vigorously opposed to Lloyd George, says: "The murder ought not to deflect our policy. If that policy is wise in itself—which we, of course, don't admit—it should not be altered because murderers have succeeded in their plans."

Field Marshal Wilson was one of the most distinguished officers in the British army. His services during the last war were of the highest order. He became a soldier when only twenty, served in the South African War, entered the World War as Lieutenant-General and aided Marshal Foch as a general liaison officer. He was an Irishman, an Ulsterite by conviction, and had acted as Chief of Staff under the Ulster Premier, Sir James Craig. Probably this last fact was what marked him out for anti-Ulsterite hatred and made him the victim of assassination.

DR. WU AND DR. SUN

ALMOST simultaneously despatches from China report the loss of two leaders of the Canton Government. The loss of one is by death; of the other, by capture. At any time before now this twofold loss would have been greatly deplored by those who have hoped for the development of free institutions in China; but, coming at this time, this great blow to the Canton Government may be a gain to the cause of Chinese unity and not impossibly a gain to the cause of real liberty and progress.

Wu Ting-fang, whose death on June 23 at eighty-one years of age has been reported, was better known in America than most other eminent Chinese—perhaps than any other. His reputation in America was won by his ability, wit, friendliness, and honesty as Chinese Minister to the United States. He was sent to Washington in 1897, and retired in 1902. While here he was accredited also to Spain and Peru. He went to Spain once, but did not go to Peru until after he had left Washington. He became well known through the amusing interviews which he had with newspaper representatives; for he managed matters so that the interviewers became the interviewed and were left to report his questions and as much of their answers as they cared to reveal. His frank inquiries into what we commonly consider private affairs gave the impression that he was incorrigibly bland and ingenuous; but a great many of his questions were, in fact, caustic but skillfully concealed comments on life as he saw it in the Occident. During his services here he was often called upon to make public speeches. Even at the time when it was believed that Americans in the Legation at Peking had been massacred Dr. Wu suffered no molestation,



WU TING-FANG

but had every opportunity to interpret the situation to Americans. The fact that his reports of events were accepted as authentic by the American Government proved his trustworthiness; but, occurring at a time when the rest of the world refused to believe that Dr. Wu's reports were true, it also proved the fair and just treatment he had received from America. As *The Outlook* said at the time, Dr. Wu "bore himself during that crisis with consummate tact and courage," and he proved "of great service to his country in assisting Mr. Hay in carrying out the policy which has preserved China from the most disastrous consequences of the attempt to destroy foreign influence." Before his mission to Washington he had studied at Lincoln's Inn in London, had been the adviser of Li Hung-chang, had helped to build the first Chinese railway, had been president of the university at Tsinsing, and had been secretary and finally a member of the Peace Mission at the end of the war between China and Japan. Even in his old age he continued in public service. In 1911 he became managing director of the China Merchants Steamship Company, in order to reorganize the company's business at a time when the official directors nominated by the Chinese Government had not produced satisfactory results. When the Chinese of the South set up a Government at Canton as the real representative body of the Republic under the leadership of Sun Yat-sen, Dr. Wu became Minister of Foreign Affairs; and such he was when he died.

Though there have been conflicting reports concerning Dr. Sun, it is evident that he has disappeared from his former place of power in the South, at least for the time being. Since the defeat of the Manchurian military chieftain Chang, who had the support of the Canton faction through the anomalous but not un-

precedented partnership between doctrinaire idealism and military dictatorship, the Canton Government, such as it was, has seemed to be dissolving. China's development toward unity seems now to be dependent upon another Wu—the victor over Chang, General Wu Pei-fu.

THE FEDERATION OF LABOR AND THE CONSTITUTION

IN the resolutions adopted by the Federation of Labor at its meeting just held at Cincinnati, the radical and untenable attack by Senator La Follette on the United States Constitution was indorsed, with additional suggestions for amending the Constitution.

The Federation proposed that voters be called upon to join organized labor in a National campaign to secure four Amendments to the Constitution and also to demand the repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The first of the Amendments proposed would restrict child labor; this is the method lately urged by Mr. Owen R. Lovejoy, General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, in a public address, as the one practical way of protecting American children of tender years. Few, we think, will agree with the Federation's programme for Amendments which would give Congress power to veto Supreme Court decisions by repassing with two-thirds majority any law declared unconstitutional; nor would the proposal to prohibit by an Amendment the enactment of any law dealing with the rights of workers in industrial matters generally be regarded as desirable or definite; while the fourth proposal, namely, to make the amendment of the Constitution much easier, is also contrary to the best present opinion.

The Federation again put itself on record as drastically opposed to the methods and principles of Soviet Russia, and defeated almost unanimously a resolution recommending the immediate recognition of the Soviets by this country.

For the forty-first time Samuel Gompers was elected to the office of President of the Federation, and the choice of other officers indicated that the Gompers régime and influence are still predominating.

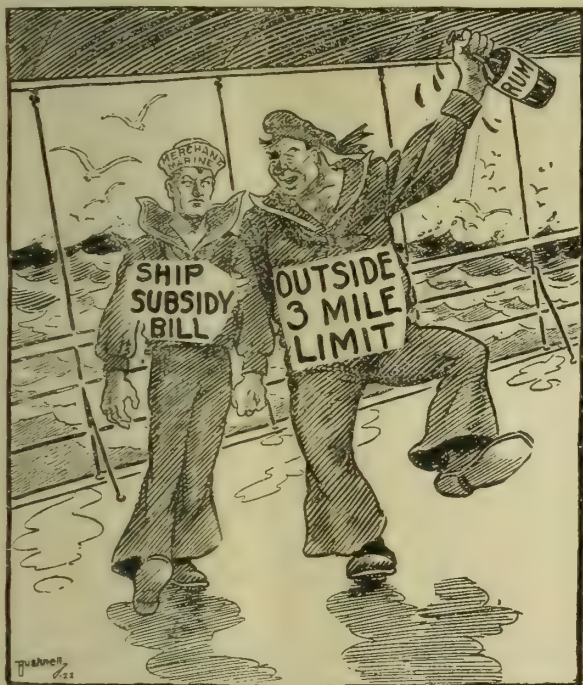
THE MINE MASSACRE

TO parallel the brutish murders of the Herrin coal-mine massacre one has to turn back to the Colorado labor war of 1914. Even at that time there was no such cold-blooded slaughter as that at Herrin, where at least a score of non-union employees of the Southern Illinois Coal Company were slain after surrender to the mob of strikers. There was

YOU DO NOT DOUBT MY FAITH, SIR?

(Henry VIII, Act II, Scene 1)

Bushnell in the Buffalo Courier



EMBARRASSING COMPANY

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

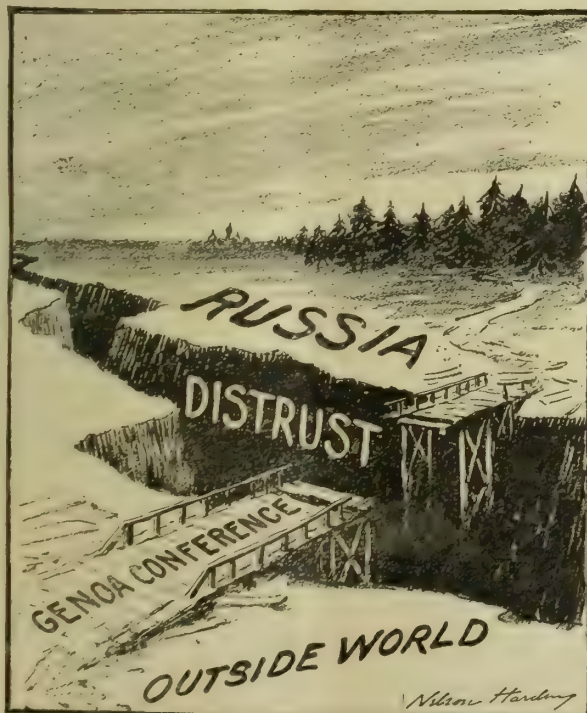
Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



DEACON SAMUEL AND "SAILOR SAM"

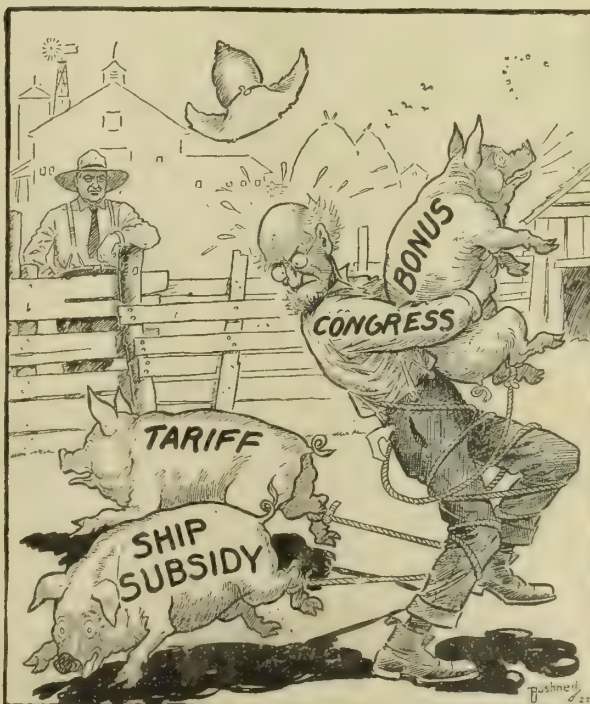
From Esther Marshall, Columbus, Ohio

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE GREAT DIVIDE

Bushnell for the Central Press Association



POWERFUL BUSY, BUT NOT GETTING ANYWHERE



P. & A. Photos

THE MILITARY BOARD VISITS THE SCENE OF THE ILLINOIS MINE MASSACRE

General Milton E. Foreman, Colonel Samuel Hunter, and their aides are here seen interrogating striking miners. General Foreman is speaking to a miner, both standing in the railway track

not the slightest attempt on the part of the sheriff or other local authorities to stop the strikers from their march on the mine, nor did the State authorities do anything to preserve order. The wholesale murder is a blot on the community and on the State, whose officials should have informed themselves of the impending attack and should have known that the tense state of hostility existing might lead to bloodshed any hour.

Illinois cannot afford to stand idly by while a crime like this is committed. Yet Colonel Hunter, of the Adjutant General's staff, declares that he repeatedly asked the State authorities to send troops before the attack, as he did not believe that the local authorities were either able or inclined to handle the situation. A feeble attempt was made before the coroner's jury to show that the strike-breakers or mine operators were the aggressors in that, as one uncorroborated witness claimed, the superintendent, Mr. C. K. McDowell, a one-legged man, who was heartlessly butchered in the massacre, had previously shot a striker who was prowling at night around the mine. It was on this allegation that one of the several coroner's verdicts declared that the death of the strike-breakers resulted from the activities of the mine officials. The systematic, warlike march and attack of the striking miners in fact shows that the slaughter was deliberately planned, and not an act of heated retaliation.

All reports from Herrin show that the striking miners regard their murderous onslaught as a just war against the pres-

ence of strike-breakers and hired guards in and about a mine where a strike existed.

The country at large is horrified at the atrocity of this labor battle. It should now insist that, so long as some workers have the right to strike and others have the equal right to work when and where they wish, the authorities—local, State, and National—have a duty to keep order and put down lawlessness. Protection must not come from armed private guards, but from sheriff, police, and troops. This is axiomatic, but almost every violent clash in labor wars has come because the authorities waited to offer protection and guard life and property until the battle was over. This kind of trouble is easily foreseen and should be stringently forestalled.

In deploring the massacre in the Illinois coal fields, Secretary Davis, of the Labor Department, declares: "Surely no better argument can be advanced for the settlement of these disputes around the conference table than the dead bodies of American workmen who met a futile death in this outbreak. Surely in this civilized age questions of dispute between men and industries can be adjusted without resort to bloodshed."

Yes; but it is for the Government to lead the way. So far it has made little progress in bringing coal labor and coal capital together. Mr. W. P. Helm declared in an article in *The Outlook* last week, well entitled "A Private Dispute and a Public Calamity," that as to anathracite the people are "facing a certain shortage of coal next winter," and "the

bituminous-coal situation hasn't gone quite so far to the bad, but is on its way there with a whoop." If this is so, the early fall will see a public outburst of indignation that will result in some such supervision of the coal industry by the Government as it now exercises over the railway industry through the Railway Labor Board.

GOVERNOR SMALL ACQUITTED

Nearly a year ago *The Outlook* recorded the indictment of Governor Len Small, of Illinois. The charge was at first the embezzlement of State funds, and the Governor was charged with having misappropriated \$500,000 while he was State Treasurer; but the indictments were amended into an accusation of conspiracy by which, as the prosecuting attorney asserted, Governor Small when he was State Treasurer, Lieutenant-Governor Sterling, the late Mr. E. C. Curtis (who was a State Senator), and Mr. Vernon Curtis (a Chicago banker) defrauded the State of interest on public funds. It was alleged that those accused revived a practically defunct bank through which State funds were loaned to Chicago packers at 8½ per cent interest, of which the State got only 2 per cent.

The trial of Governor Small resulted on June 24 in his acquittal. The jury evidently agreed with the contention of the defense, that there was no evidence that use by the defendant, when he was the State Treasurer, of the State's funds had been obtained under false pretenses, or that he had exceeded his rights and powers in depositing State funds in the banks or had been in-

fluenced by other reasons than to obtain sound collateral security for the deposits.

From the beginning Governor Small has declared that the prosecution was inspired by political enmity. Whether this is so or not, his acquittal will tend to increase his usefulness as a public officer, and it has been warmly welcomed by his political supporters.

We congratulate Governor Small on his acquittal, and particularly congratulate him on the good sense that led him to abandon his first contention that a Governor had an official right to resist arrest and trial. The result has been that the law's authority over individuals has been upheld and at the same time an accused official has been vindicated through the courts.

THE DEFEAT OF THE FUNDAMENTALISTS

ULTRA-CONSERVATISTS, who call themselves Fundamentalists, were defeated by a decisive vote at the Northern Baptist Convention, which was held at Indianapolis, June 14-20.

From the time of its origin the Baptist denomination has held it contrary to the spirit of Christianity for ecclesiastics to impose on the churches a creed as a test of faith. Fundamentalists, however, have come to believe that there has been such a "drift toward modernism" that it was desirable for the Baptist churches to adopt a creed. It was their attempt to secure the adoption of a Baptist creed or confession of faith as a standard of doctrine that the Convention defeated.

Holding the view that the Bible is inerrant and infallible and the theological positions associated with that view, and maintaining that Baptist colleges were unchristian and the seminaries heretical, the Fundamentalists have refused to support the Baptist New World Movement, which has as a goal the raising of one hundred million dollars for missionary and educational purposes by 1924. Shortly before the meeting in Indianapolis the Chairman of the Fundamentalist Executive Committee, Dr. J. C. Massee, of Boston, issued a call, addressed to all pastors in the denomination, for the attendance of a sufficient number of "independent Baptists" at the Convention to accomplish the purposes of the Fundamentalists to put out and keep out of Convention offices and missionary boards all men of tendencies opposed to their views. The independent Baptists who responded proved to be too independent to follow the Fundamentalist leadership.

Hitherto the moderate and non-partisan conservatives as well as the liberals in the denomination have pursued a

policy of conciliation toward the reactionary faction; but, aroused by this declaration of the Fundamentalists, they at last joined to oppose the effort to control the personnel of the Convention and missionary boards. Before the Convention the Fundamentalists held a pre-Convention conference, at which William Jennings Bryan was the principal speaker and delivered his now familiar attack upon evolution. At that conference the Fundamentalists voted to urge upon the Convention a formal confession of faith, or to bring about the appointment of a commissioner to prepare a statement of faith and report in two years' time. Finding the opposition stronger than they expected, the Fundamentalists resorted to the strategy of recommending to the Baptist churches the New Hampshire Confession of Faith as a "clear and competent confession." Originally prepared some fifty years ago as a protest against the position of the Free Baptists, this Confession has been largely used by individual churches, and it was thought that its prestige would be sufficient to procure its adoption; but it was not sufficient to overcome Baptist repugnance to an authoritative creed.

After the proposal of the Fundamentalists was defeated by a vote of 1,264 to 637, a substitute resolution by Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, of New York, was adopted, which read:

The Northern Baptist Convention affirms that the New Testament is the all-sufficient ground of our faith and practice and we need no other statement.

The action of the Baptist Convention is welcome to progressive minds in other denominations.

ANOTHER ROUND TABLE SESSION

THE first sessions of the Round Tables of the Institute of Politics planned by President Garfield, of Williams College, took place at Williamstown last year. They were of distinct and material service in the study and discussion of international subjects by men of international importance. The list of speakers was notable. It included Viscount Bryce, of England; Senator Tittoni, of Italy; Professor Viallate, of France; Baron Korff, of Russia; Stephen Panaretoff, Bulgarian Minister to Washington; Count Teleky, ex-Premier of Hungary; and others of almost equal importance.

A second session of this Institute will be held at Williamstown this summer, and it is hoped that the conferences will be continued for other years. We are informed that Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, of New York City, is again providing funds to meet the expense of the Insti-

tute; that all persons qualified to participate in the discussion by reason of special knowledge or experience in the field of international relations are eligible for membership; that the admittances this year will include a considerable group, not only of authors and editors, but also of lecturers on current events; and that present enrollments indicate that the membership of the Institute will be double that of a year ago.

A well-thought-out list of topics for discussion at the fourteen separate Round Tables takes up such vitally important topics as the rehabilitation of Europe, interallied debts, problems of eastern and southeastern Europe, Soviet Russia, China, Japan, and Siberia, and the problems of the Pacific.

The list of speakers for this year includes many American publicists and leaders in education. The foreign list, if not so extraordinary in its personnel as that of last year, is still highly gratifying and promising. It is led by Lionel Curtis, who was secretary of the First Peace Conference, and has had remarkable experience in planning self-government for the South African Republic. His book "The Commonwealth of Nations" is a standard work. The French representative is Raymond Recouly, editor of "Le Temps" of Paris, who will speak on the influence of the press on international relations. Dr. Rikitaro Fujisawa, of the Imperial University, Tokyo, will represent Japan at the Institute; he is indorsed by Ambassador Shidehara as one of Japan's foremost authorities on international politics. Dr. Josef Redlich, of Vienna, eminent jurist and former Austrian Minister of Finance, will discuss Central European affairs. The Hon. Manoel de Oliveira Lima, former Brazilian Minister to Belgium, Japan, and Great Britain, will deal with Latin-American questions. Each of these speakers is to deliver a series of six addresses.

ACADEMIC HONORS

JUNE, 1922, will be remembered by thousands of college and university men and women for its abundant rainfall. Academic celebrations in the eastern part of the United States were accompanied with almost incessant showers and with occasional lightning, thunder, and hail. Much of the picturesqueness with which the conferring of degrees and the assembling of alumni for their reunions, to say nothing of the festivities of the seniors as they finished their course, are customarily surrounded was obliterated. Even dignity suffered when the spectator kept one eye on the hooded speaker and the other on the threatening sky. Solemnity seems to

disappear when an academic procession breaks ranks and the participants scurry to shelter.

Apart from the weather, however, the events of Commencement in the colleges and universities of Eastern States were as impressive as usual. Since they are among the older of our great universities, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—all three, though Eastern in their location, being National in their constituency and influence—are especially rich in their academic traditions. At Harvard, for example, the hymn which the assembled graduates sing together on the afternoon of Commencement Day to the old tune of "St. Martin's" has been sung there for over two hundred years. To-day, as for generations, the Commencement exercises at Cambridge are opened by the sheriff of the county in uniform, who strikes the floor three times with his sword and calls the assemblage to order. There is special distinction in the honorary degrees granted in such institutions as these, because they admit the recipients to a fellowship that is not only honorable but, as measured in American terms, ancient.

One of the distinctive features of this year's Commencement exercises was the fact that Eastern colleges selected an exceptional number of representatives of journalism for academic honors. At Princeton a doctorate was bestowed upon W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York "Herald." At the University of Maine, Mr. Lincoln F. Colcord was honored for his contributions to periodical publications. At the University of Vermont and at Bowdoin College the doctorate of letters was bestowed on Lawrence F. Abbott, President of The Outlook Company. At Dartmouth the same degree was bestowed upon a Boston journalist, formerly of the Boston "Transcript" and now of the Boston "Herald," Mr. Robert Lincoln O'Brien. At the same college the master's degree in arts was given to Harry Chandler, of the Los Angeles "Times." Bowdoin honored L. A. Coolidge, who has not only been a business man and a fine public servant but a journalist as well. Yale made a Master in Arts of Adolph S. Ochs, the man who has made the New York "Times" the great newspaper it is to-day.

Colleges, not necessarily themselves co-educational, granted honorary degrees to women. Vermont and Dartmouth honored Dorothy Canfield Fisher; Tufts honored Mme. Louise Homer; and Columbia earlier in the month had honored Mary Mills Patrick, of the Woman's College at Constantinople.

Music received recognition by the bestowal of degrees by Tufts on L. R. Lewis; by Princeton on W. J. Henderson,

not only journalist but also musician; by Columbia on Paderewski, first as the artist in music and secondly as citizen; and by Harvard on John Alden Carpenter, the business man of Chicago who is eminent as a composer of songs and orchestral works.

The Armament Conference was the chief cause of such degrees as that bestowed by the University of Michigan upon Secretary Hughes, those bestowed by Columbia on the Chinese delegate Alfred Sze and the Portuguese delegate Count d'Alte, and, most significant of all, though not occasioning any surprise, the doctorate of law bestowed by Harvard on Senator Oscar Wilder Underwood, of Alabama.

Literature of course received its recognition in such degrees as that given by Yale to Edwin Arlington Robinson and by Harvard to Judge Robert Grant, who is a writer as well as a jurist, and to Frederic Jesup Stimson.

HARVARD HONORS A FIGHTER FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

IN all these degrees there is of course the recognition in one form or another of distinguished public service. Public office is not the only place in which public service is rendered; but it is not without special significance that the youngest man whom Harvard chose for an honorary doctorate, one of the youngest men upon whom any great university has ever bestowed that degree, was a man whose service was rendered against great odds, in the face of prejudice, calumny, and threats, in the public office of the Commonwealth's Attorney.

John Weston Allen, a graduate of Yale College, is the Attorney-General of Massachusetts. The story of his fight against the evils practiced by the district attorneys of the two counties comprising virtually the metropolitan district of Boston cannot be told here in full. It is sufficient to say that these two district attorneys were ultimately disbarred and removed from office because of their abuse of power and authority. First proceedings were brought against District Attorney Tufts, and then against District Attorney Pelletier. The attempt on the part of Pelletier to escape by complaining that he was the victim of religious persecution failed because, while he is a Roman Catholic, the other culprit is a Protestant, and both suffered the same fate. The Judge of the Supreme Court in his memorandum in the Pelletier case found the accused guilty of getting money by making threats of prosecution. What Attorney-General Allen did was to save the Commonwealth from the disgrace of the further use of its machinery of gov-

ernment for extortion. Though he did not work alone, but had the co-operation of citizens of Massachusetts, he deserves the honor that comes to the leader of the fighting forces. President Lowell, of Harvard, in bestowing the degree characterized him as "our Hercules, who from its dark cavern dragged a hydra of iniquity and slew it."

WALTER HAGEN: GOLFER DOCTOR, SUMMA CUM LAUDE

AMERICA may not have won the Presidency of the League of Nations, but it is some compensation to know that it has won the blue ribbon, the first honor, the supreme distinction, in one of the most important of modern international activities. We refer of course to the success of Walter Hagen, the first home-bred golf professional to win the open championship of Great Britain in the Royal and Ancient game.

The origin of golf is hidden in the dim haze of history. There are students and philosophers who maintain the theory that it was a Dutch invention, but, to all intents and purposes and as far as the records of man run back, it was of British origin. By that we mean that it was Scotch in its first stage. Then the English took it up, so that now it is really a British institution, although the Mecca of all golfers is still St. Andrew's, where the University, founded in 1410, plays second fiddle to the golf course. The greatest golf professional the history of that ancient game has ever known, or perhaps ever will know, was old Tom Morris, who is a more famous celebrity of St. Andrew's than any principal or professor or philosopher of its ancient University. There is certainly not a college or university town in the United States which does not now possess its golf course, although not much more than twenty-five years ago the Americans who knew the meaning of the word golf, or the names of its implements, or the rules of its procedure, could be counted on the fingers of two hands. Some years ago an American, Walter Travis by name, went to England and won at Sandwich the amateur championship. But no American-born professional has succeeded in capturing the open championship, in which amateurs and professionals from Scotland, England, France, Australasia, and the United States have competed, until Walter Hagen, less than two weeks ago, won the coveted honor. Last year an American citizen, although Scotch born and Scotch taught, won this honor. We refer to Jock Hutchison. This could not quite satisfy even those who tried to look upon it as an American victory. But Walter Hagen was born in Rochester, New York; learned his game there

as a caddy; and his golf, therefore, is completely and purely an American product. And that is why we confer upon him the well-deserved title of *Golf's Doctor*, *Summa Cum Laude*.

There is more than one reason why he deserves this academic title. We shall, however, content ourselves with stating only one. Golf is pre-eminently a literary and academic game. No other contest in the English-speaking world, not even cricket, has gathered about itself such a body of literature as golf. Long after this printed page is returned to the wood pulp from which it sprung some essayist or poet will write an account, as well worth reading as George Borrow's apostrophe to the Bruisers of England, of Walter Hagen's great feat on the historic turf and among the historic dunes of Sandwich.

BLUE WATER AND BLUE LAURELS

THE winning of the British open golf championship by a native-born American was easily the most important event in the world of recent sports. But it certainly did not diminish public interest in the domestic contests which lend color to the close of each college year.

Of the Eastern events, the race at Poughkeepsie easily ranked first in National appeal. In this regatta many Western crews have participated—this year the Pacific coast was represented by the University of Washington. The first honors went to the remarkable crew of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Washington, Syracuse, Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania crossed the finishing line in the order named.

As a National event the Poughkeepsie race has come to outrank the dual contest between Harvard and Yale on the Thames, but the race at New London has lost nothing of its old-time color and enthusiasm thereby. This year both Harvard and Yale had suffered defeats over the two-mile distance prior to the final race between these ancient rivals, a fact which detracted little or nothing from the joy of the adherents of Yale when their crew crossed the finish line some three lengths and a half in the van. Harvard and Yale still adhere to the old four-mile distance; the Poughkeepsie race is three miles long. The present victory over Harvard gives Yale the lead of one in the long series of races between the two universities.

Yale also is rejoicing in the winning of the baseball series with Harvard. Both Yale and Harvard defeated Princeton, and therefore the crown in this triangular contest may be said to perch jauntily on the topmost tower of the new Harkness Quadrangle at New Haven.

AMERICAN OPINION DISTURBED OVER THE TARIFF BILL

FOR a long time after the Civil War the American people took their tariff bills with little seriousness. The schedules were practically written by interested private groups who furnished inconclusive data and alleged evidence to Congressional committees. The whole process was highly conventionalized in the public mind; and the convention about how high a tariff rate should be and why was supported by a vast amount of propagandism on the part of the interested private groups. It was all for the sake of the full dinner-pail and the protection of American wage-earners from the so-called pauper labor of Europe! The politics of the generation following the Civil War was thus distorted by a crass and deceptive materialism. Partly for this reason, American politics remained a rather stale and unprofitable thing until the wind of idealism began to blow through it again in the last decade of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the present century.

The two elections of President Cleveland in 1884 and 1892, and the closer scrutiny of the McKinley rates in 1890 and the Dingley rates in 1897, marked the approach of a changing attitude about the tariff on the part of the American people. They were beginning to wake up to the hypocrisies and the abuses of the system of fixing the schedules and to the injustice of the tribute which was thus levied upon them in the name of patriotic humanitarianism. Under the leadership of Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, in the middle of the Taft Administration the rising revolt reached a crisis, and a too generous support of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill by President Taft contributed largely to the bringing down of his Administration like a house of cards about his head.

Ever since the American people have been sensitive on tariff bills. They have been working in opinion towards some sort of a genuine, permanent, non-partisan commission which should take the tariff out of politics entirely, fix the rates in accordance with some reasonable principle, and alter them as fast as they need to be altered. The country has not given up the American doctrine of protection to home industry. It seems to us that it is as thoroughly committed to this doctrine as ever. But it is now too wide awake to be fooled longer by any selfish method of applying the principle of protection. It is no longer so stupid that it does not realize that Congress has never known enough about

the subject to write schedules on their merits, and has called in private-group experts to do the business. And the country is through with such a system.

Everybody seems to understand this except the politicians at Washington, who are now busy with another new tariff bill. The House has produced a measure containing rates with which the Senate is now tinkering. Tinkering is a word which has naturally grown up to describe Congressional activity on the tariff, because tinkering is the only word which applies. You tinker with a thing about which you know little. Intelligent persons who have examined the bill critically in its present stage are not enamored of it. The debate in the Senate indicates that there is something fundamentally wrong. Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, who is for the bill, and who declares that it is as good as can be prepared under the circumstances and should be passed quickly to relieve business uncertainty, stops long enough to denounce roundly the method of producing the bill. He describes the product as "a complication of statements of manufacturers, importers, merchants, and farmers, and of inconclusive data collected by Governmental agencies inadequately equipped." He points out that the Finance Committee of the Senate took three thousand pages of testimony, and that no one could "wade through this gigantic mass of information without confusion or be sure of its conclusions because of the technical nature of the subjects." He is reported to have gone on to say that opponents of the bill had obtained parallel information from other sources considered equally as reliable as those from which the Committee had obtained its information, and that alleged facts relied upon by both sides were so different that doubt was thrown on the accuracy of all of them.

This is certainly a description of a mess rather than of a measure. And it reinforces from a high Congressional authority the view of unprejudiced experts who have examined the schedules of the bill. Congress has as yet evidently had neither the information nor the intelligence to master and subdue the rates which were handed to its committee by interested parties. It seems to be the old, old story again retold.

Senator Frelinghuysen also said in his speech that the public mind was thoroughly awake to "the abuses of this system and to the necessity for reform. And this awakening should be a warning to all of us to take the tariff out of politics." We think he is right. As we understand the American people, they are favorable to an ample and reasonable protection for American industry. They

do not wish America to be the dumping-ground of commodities from abroad which have been produced under low and inhuman living standards. They do not think this is necessary in order that imports may pay what is owed to us abroad. In time, services furnished by other peoples to us will help out imports in slowly paying as much of this indebtedness as we may wish finally to exact from other peoples.

Neither does the country wish the schedules of a tariff bill to be practically written by selfish private interests at home. The quicker the system is radically changed and removed from politics altogether, the safer it will be for the Administration in power and the better it will be for the country.

FILE THEM OFF

THE illustration of the feathered instrument which accompanies this editorial is something of a veteran. It first appeared on the cover of *The Outlook* in 1920. We wish that we could persuade some of our outdoor contemporaries to borrow this cut and run it regularly at the masthead of their angling columns.

This picture was first published as part of the record of the beginning of a movement for the elimination of the barbed hook from those trout-fishing waters of the United States which still rejoice in the residence therein of *Salvelinus fontinalis*. We are glad to say that the movement has not died by any means. In fact, it appears to be growing. Evidence of this fact may be found in a letter which came to the Outlook office not long ago from the manager of one of the best-known fish and game preserves in the State of Maine. He wrote us to the effect that he believed that the adoption of the barbless hook by many members of his club had done more to improve the fishing than anything else which had been tried.

It has been our happy-go-lucky American fashion to forget that the supply of fish in a lake or stream is not inexhaustible. We do not indiscriminately slaughter the chickens in a flock, because it is quite obvious to the eye that every chicken that is wasted makes one less chicken to eat. When it comes to our fishing resources, however, we throw the simple mathematics of subtraction to the winds and resolutely refuse to take into account the equally definite reduction which is invisible to the eye.

All those who know trout are agreed that to break the protective covering of slime upon their bodies is to invite a fatal fungous disease. They are equally agreed that any damage to the gills

results in most cases in death. This is the reason why the barbless hook is a fish preservative of the first order.

In the hands of even a moderately skillful fly-fisher the barbless hook is almost as efficient an instrument as its barbed rival. If the line is kept properly taut, the number of fish lost (particularly in lake fishing) which would not have been lost from a barbed fly is negligible. Wherein, then, we may be asked, lies the advantage of the barbless variety? It is to be found in this—the barbless hook permits the careful angler to release practically any fish which he does not desire to keep without touch-



ing it with his hands. Small fish which might be seriously injured by a barbed No. 10 or even a No. 12 can be released without the slightest harm from a barbless hook of the same size.

There are still many waters in this great land of ours which are so amply stocked that there is no real excuse for fishing them with a barbed hook. The sooner the barbless hook comes into universal use, the sooner we can cease worrying lest the recreation of trout fishing be lost for our children. If your tackle dealer is not progressive enough to carry barbless hooks in stock, a small file will modernize and humanize your barbed hooks with neatness and despatch. A fly-tier's vise is a useful though not a necessary adjunct for such an operation on what ought to be regarded as the vermiform appendix of the old-fashioned hook.

EXCLUSION FROM COLLEGE

AMERICA sifts the immigrants to her shores. She not only rejects those whom she regards as unfit, but also has decided to limit the number of admitted aliens. In doing this she is not denying her democracy. On the contrary, she does it in order to preserve her democracy.

Similarly, every college sifts the ap-

plicants for admission to its student body. The mere fact that it does so is not inconsistent with a democratic spirit; indeed, it may be even necessary for its preservation.

No college is open to all comers. No college ought to be. No college can pretend to any standing unless it requires of those who seek admission the proof of their worth.

What constitutes such proof? That depends partly on the standards and purposes of the college, partly on the people to be convinced—that is, the college authorities—and partly on circumstances.

Each student in an American college is there, or is supposed to be there, for some other purpose than acquiring knowledge. He is to be the transmitter to others of ideals of mind, spirit, and conduct. Scholarship is perhaps the most strongly emphasized of these ideals, but it is not the only one, or even the one most generally prized. A college which is known to be false to the common ideals of sportsmanship, for example, is sure to suffer no less in the esteem of other colleges, and may suffer even more in public esteem, than the college which relaxes its standards of scholarship. In this respect the American college has not the restrictive aim of the German university, but the broader aims of the universities that have flourished for centuries in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

In America, too, the authorities in each particular college have a great deal to do in determining its character. The men who conduct an American college are predominantly men who have been trained in that particular college's ideals. The result is, in spite of the general American tendency to uniformity, a stimulating and invaluable variety within the whole educational body.

While in America the tradition as to ideals and the mode of expression of them through the authorities of the colleges have been preserved through generations, the circumstances under which the higher education of the country has been carried on have been completely changed. No greater contrast can well be imagined than that between the environment of Harvard in 1636 and the environment of Harvard to-day, or that between King's College when Alexander Hamilton was a student there and the same institution, known now as Columbia University, in the hard commercial atmosphere of modern New York.

The modern American college, therefore, has a threefold problem in admitting students. It must maintain its proved standards, it must retain its own individuality, and it must prove the capacity of the students for its standards

and for its distinctive service in accordance with the new circumstances.

In the old days, when America was but little advanced beyond the era of the pioneer and the small community, it was comparatively a simple matter to secure evidence that the applicants for admission to a college were fit to maintain its ideals. The candidate for admission could bring indorsements from those known to the college authorities and thus establish the satisfactory character of his financial standing, his mental capacity, and his moral attitude. In these latter days, however, when the old simple conditions have been supplanted by complexity and the old homogeneous communities have been displaced by a society highly heterogeneous, the old methods have not served. Today the boy's financial condition has to be assured by the presentation of a bond, just as it would have to be if he were applying for a position of trust in a corporation; and his mental capacity has to be carefully tested by a process of examination as elaborate as it is formidable. Little, however, has been done until recently to test the student's moral and personal qualifications. As a consequence, many institutions of learning, and particularly universities in large centers of population, have found that there are many individuals who have given bond and have passed examinations who are not by training or by qualities of character fitted to receive and carry on the ideals which those universities have been instituted to preserve. Those foundations of character which uphold the kind of standards that show themselves in human relationships like sport or business, and that make a college what it is in character and atmosphere, cannot be laid after the boy reaches college. They may be, and ought to be, supplemented by higher ideals and finer traits, but they themselves are laid in his early years in the family and the school. So fundamental are they that they are sometimes regarded as instincts. To ask a college to supply the student with these basic traits is to ask of it an impossible miracle at the expense of its own spirit.

With the incoming of a great alien host, America has found that many of her youth are without the fundamental training in the traditions of liberty and in her ideals which formerly were taken for granted. At the same time there are many of the youth of old American families who under the complexity of modern life have failed to receive that training from their parents or their teachers. There are many thousands of alien spirits in the bodies of native-born youth. Some of them are of native parentage; naturally, many more of

them are of foreign parentage. In those youth, however, there is often an eagerness for learning that drives them into the universities. It is one of the severest and most distressing tasks of college authorities to-day to exercise that discrimination which will keep college ideals and atmosphere pure and sound and yet not quench this eager spirit. In particular, among these alien youths—alien in spirit but not in body—are many who have their origin in eastern Europe, a majority of whom are Jews. The fact that in their endeavor to maintain their standards the wholesome discrimination exercised by college authorities may exclude a very large proportion



HARRY L. DAVIS, GOVERNOR OF OHIO

"DEATH BY LAW"

There was a time when the violation of almost any law of God or man was punishable with death. In the reign of Henry VIII, history tells us, 72,000 petty thieves were executed. In the course of centuries society gradually reserved this supreme penalty for the most abhorrent and atrocious offenses in the catalogue of crimes, until to-day, in practically every State where it continues, it is largely confined to cases of first-degree murder, treason, and, in some cases, rape and train robbery.

It has been estimated that in the last thirty years the American people have put to death 4,000 criminals. With that figure in mind, is it not fitting that we ask ourselves the question whether capital punishment has proved successful in the light of practical experience, and whether it is in keeping with advanced thought and our innermost conception of right and wrong?

This is the searching question which the able Governor of Ohio asks the American people. His article, which will appear in an early issue of *The Outlook*, presents a profound analysis of the situation as it exists. The conclusions which he reaches are those of a courageous humanitarian, not those of a sentimentalist.

of these particular aliens ought not to be regarded as a reflection upon the colleges; it ought to be understood as a natural and inevitable consequence of the immigrant tide. It is one of the consequences of that tide which have been felt by the whole country. We cannot, and ought not to try to, ignore the question whether the Nation itself has not come into the peril of losing some of its own ideals through the very process of allowing, in what it supposed to be obedience to those ideals, oppressed or enslaved peoples to swarm upon its shores and thus to permit ideas born of slavery and oppression to displace the Nation's ideals themselves.

Racial and religious oppression and prejudice have no place in America, and least of all in academic environments. But the effort to maintain standards against untrained minds and spirits is not oppression or prejudice. The sort of discrimination which is alleged to have been displayed by the midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy in ostracizing a Jewish member of the graduating class is the very antithesis of the sort of discrimination that ought to be exercised by academic authorities. If the authorities truly exercise their discrimination, they will inevitably admit many Jews and foreign-born and aliens, and as inevitably exclude many youth whose ancestors have been American for generations. If such care is exercised as will preserve the spirit and ideals of a college, the problem of undergraduate ostracism will be easily solved. One of the significant facts in connection with this whole discussion is that, while newspapers, apparently ignorant of academic ideals, have been interpreting a recent resolution of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University as discrimination against the Jews, one of the members of that Board of Overseers is a Jew. The idea that Harvard University, because it is seeking to maintain its standards, is about to embark upon a career of religious intolerance and racial oppression is born of a strange and inexplicable unfamiliarity with Harvard's history, and in fact with the traditions of American universities in general.

Criticism, even though some of it may be ignorant and passionate, can perhaps serve as a warning against any abuse of academic authority; but it should not deter the colleges of this country from maintaining the highest practicable standards, not only intellectually, but morally and culturally, and in requiring of all applicants for admission proof of fitness for their part as undergraduates in carrying forward the character and ideals which are intrusted to their keeping.

WHAT ITALY THINKS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ITALY

BY CARLO BEUF

WE wonder, sometimes, why Italy, which is a nation of over forty million inhabitants, is not understood as we would wish it to be. But I am convinced that this doubt is caused by our love for our country, and when one loves one never thinks that others sufficiently appreciate the object of one's affections. Here we have somewhat the impression that you come to our country only to see our museums, our churches, and to take inspiration from the great past. I am certain, however, that this also is a mistake, and I believe that if modern Italians are less known to you than other peoples a great part of the fault is ours, who, though having merits (which were sufficiently demonstrated during the war), do not take enough pains to make ourselves understood.

To understand modern Italy it is necessary to go back to the antique. It is inevitable. Our history is so bound up with our actual life that it is impossible to understand one without studying the other a little. Therefore to talk to you of the Italians of to-day I must commence two thousand years ago! Do not take fright; I will be brief.

We have had a great history; the world has not forgotten it. The history of Rome is studied by all, from children in school to the institutes of archæology which you have so cleverly organized. Our Renaissance is revived again in your universities and splendid museums, where patrons of art, not unworthy of their Florentine and Milanese predecessors, have collected the best they could find in our old Europe.

Rome created the type of the great modern state. Its organization is the marvel and astonishment of students of politics and statistics. (The solidity of the constitution of the Catholic Church is a proof and confirmation of this, as it is formed along the lines of the Roman Empire.) The way in which Rome governed its colonies can serve to-day as an example to England. But after the fall of the Roman Empire dark shadows gathered over Italy, shadows that seemed even darker compared with the brilliancy of the short sunset. But even in the shadow of the Middle Ages one cannot say that Italy had been exhausted by the immense effort of her conquest of the world; she lay in a drowsiness from which unexpected reawakenings proved her tenacious vitality. After, came the conquest by the barbarians and the laceration of internal wars—sad wounds which delayed for so many centuries the unification of Italy in a free state. But whenever attacked by a common enemy all united against the invader. The ineffectual effort of the German Empire in the Middle Ages to subjugate Italy consumed itself in

vain against the multifarious life of our people, and is the best example of our vitality.

If during the period of the Renaissance the internal quarrels still characterized Italy, the power of its genius flew to such heights as to renovate the glory of Athens. Her art was the greatest; the first banks were Italian, and had their branches everywhere; the Florentines were the official diplomats of all the kings and states in Europe; Venice and Genoa dominated the sea; and one of her sons signaled the end of an epoch by the discovery of the new continent. The sixteenth century is the highest point of the parabola of Italian genius, but, in spite of this, at that time general political conditions in Italy were disastrous. The French invasion succeeded the Spanish, and the political disunion of our country caused it to become the general battlefield for all. From then on was the epoch of great nations; little ones had no more *raison d'être*; and with the end of this century intellectual superiority waned. Already Germany had taken from us the supremacy in thought; France was politically consolidated into a great nation; England was making her place in history by her conquests on the sea. For two centuries no one thought of Italy except to contend for some of her lands or cities. But even during this period the torpid condition of Italy had its reawakenings that still testified to its ancient strength, and great figures like that of Galileo stand out in their epochs. The French Revolution caused violent movements here in many cities; movements which, even though they were instantly suppressed, and therefore had no immediate results, can be considered the commencement of a reawakening that was to bear fruit in the following century.

The nineteenth century was born under the Napoleonic buckler. The realm of Italy founded by the Corsican, if in reality only a parody of that which it should have been, nevertheless suggested to the Italians that something more than the walls of their cities existed and that above their own local interests there was the common cause of Italy, and that from the Alps to Sicily they all spoke the same language and belonged to the same race. From this realization the struggle for the attainment of our national aspirations began. First with the works of a few intellectuals, then the people took part, and finally the whole nation, with Mazzini, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi at its head, became free.

Now you will ask me why I have told you all these things which every one knows, or which every one at least has once known even if afterward they have

been forgotten. It is just for this latter reason that I make a brief historical summary, for to know the Italy of to-day one must not forget the Italy of yesterday. Already in this synopsis two principal characteristics stand out; one is good, the other is almost bad. The good lies in that inexhaustible vitality of our race; the bad is the excessive impetus that the Italians put in party spirit, that violence which makes them sometimes subordinate higher ideals to their factional feeling. Only by holding in mind these two distinct characteristics and their origin will a foreigner understand a great many otherwise unexplainable facts in our contemporaneous political life.

There are certain social movements which, because they are born of a common root and are similar in certain aspirations, are called by the same name in all countries, though often substantially dissimilar in different nations, for diverse reasons, historical, ethical, political, etc. So it is, for example, with Socialism. Between the Socialism of the United States and the Socialism of Italy there is an immense difference. It could not be otherwise. With us, as in France, Socialism is originally anticlerical. It is logical that it should be so; its materialistic philosophy, which is in direct opposition to the principle of any faith, and its revolutionary spirit, which is the antithesis of clerical conservatism, must inevitably clash with the Church. The encounter on the part of the new party was violent, as every neophyte is violent. Guelfism came to life again as a sustainer of the Church; and Ghibellinism, inasmuch as it is against the Church, on the side of the Socialists. As I have said, Italy is eminently an agricultural country; the peasant is profoundly religious, and because he is slow in his evolution is naturally conservative. From this came the difficulty which the new party found at the beginning of its campaign, as a contrast to the small resistance opposed by the industrial regions of the north and center. In this fact is found the explanation of the appearance of another party—the Popular party, which in a few years has succeeded in obtaining an important representation in Parliament. The Popular party, notwithstanding the Holy See's repeated declarations of neutrality, is the Catholic party, favorable to the Church, depending spiritually, if not politically, on it, which is a great deal. The Church, like so many other historical forces, once again fights its enemies with their own arms, and after studying their weak points uses them for their reconquest. As I have said, the weak point in Socialism was at the beginning in the country, but little by little the

country was drawn into the orbit of Socialism, when the new Popular party, taking advantage of the Red propaganda, turned to its own ends that same propaganda, initiating an ultra-democratic movement, even almost Communistic, on the false line of the first, but under the wing of Catholicism. Here one must notice another fact in order to understand about still another party, which, though not numerously represented in Parliament, is nevertheless much talked of abroad because of its activity, and about which, I think, foreigners have not yet an exact idea. The war in Italy, as in all countries, had reawakened the spirit of nationality, or that hypersensitive national characteristic of the belligerent countries. This reborn patriotism naturally conflicted with the Socialistic party and the Socialistic-Popular party; out of this conflict came the *fascismo* form of mili-

tant nationalism, substituting federal authority to uphold the national interests.

This is a brief synthesis of the extreme parties in Italy, each one of which, as you see, finds a profound reason for its expression in characteristics essentially Italian, even if similar in some way to social movements in other countries. The Socialistic phenomena, which have now reached maturity, lose their character and become *bourgeois*. The principal characteristic which distinguishes them from the Socialistic movement in America is the struggle with religion, here accentuated because Italy is the seat of the Catholic Church. The Popular party, created to combat the Socialistic movement in the name of the Catholic religion, has its cause of origin in the fierce struggle for existence sustained by the Catholic Church, which characterizes its history through centuries: the struggle with the

Empire, with the Reformation, and with the French revolutionary ideas of which Socialism is in a certain way the spiritual son. From the after-war disillusionings and from the anti-Socialistic disintegration of the State has arisen the *fascismo*. The smallness of politicians and the dissatisfaction provoked by the apathy which followed the heroic effort of the war contributed to its formation.

It was natural that after a cataclysm such as the war and the displacement of national values the return to normal equilibrium should be characterized by violent internal conflicts, and that the ancient passions, become drowsy through so many years of peace and prosperity, should sometimes fiercely reappear. Now, however, there are the unmistakable symptoms of a return to the normal state, which the economic rearrangement cannot help but hasten.

Genoa, June, 1922.

THE BOLSHEVIST GAME OF OIL; OR, HOW TO KEEP YOURSELF GOING

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM EUROPE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

A WEEK before the opening of the Genoa Conference I was talking with one of the largest of oil operators. He confirmed my opinion that the question of the disposition of petroleum lands in Russia would be present in the minds of all whenever Russia was discussed there or in any similar conference.

Certainly it will be true of the coming Conference at The Hague.

Who knows? Perhaps the solution of this problem formed a potent reason for the summoning of both Conferences.

The oil fields in question, excluding those of the Ukraine, are:

(1) The Baku basin, on the Caspian Sea, connected by a pipe line with Batum, the Georgian port on the Black Sea.

(2) The Grosny basin, connected by a pipe line with Novorossisk, situated farther north, on the Black Sea.

(3) The Maikop basin, between Grosny and Novorossisk and connected by a pipe line with Novorossisk.

(4) The Emba basin, to the north of the Caspian Sea.

Before the war two-thirds of the Russian oil came from the Baku basin and only about sixteen per cent from the Grosny basin. Since then, however, the Grosny basin, it is claimed, has become the more important. The Swedes (the Nobel Company) operated chiefly in the Baku district and were the principal producers of naphtha in Russia.

We Americans are interested in the development of Russian oil production because of the world interests of our own oil companies; in this instance, of the Standard Oil Company. Two years ago the Standard bought a half interest

in the Nobel Company; hence the Standard and the Nobel became equal owners of the Russian Nobel properties. Later came the Standard's formation of a French company. And now, it is stated, the Belgian company of Grosny is placing itself under the Standard's control.

Facing them is a formidable rival—the Dutch-English combination; that is to say, the Royal Dutch, Shell, and Anglo-Persian companies, the last named being partly maintained by the British Government, so that it will always have enough fuel oil for its navy. In addition a German group, organized by the Deutsch Petroleum and the Deutsche Bank, is ready to collaborate with the Dutch-English group.

The Bolshevik aim has always been to divide the Entente and Europe. Hence the Bolshevik Government is delighted at this division of interests; on the one side the English, the Dutch, the Germans; and on the other, the Americans, the French, the Belgians, the Swedes.

The latter group fears that the Bolshevik Government, having seized and nationalized Belgian, French, and Swedish-American properties, may include them in the territories now being ceded to the Dutch and English.

To this the Shell Company, in particular, says that since the Revolution of 1917 it has been continually trying to regain possession of its Russian territory, but that it has refused to assent to plans which would have invaded the spheres of other companies.

If our interests are menaced—and this would seem certain—the American Government will doubtless act as befits our

self-respect. In any case, we must protect, wherever possible, our rights of liberty of trade and the "Open Door" as well as respect for property rights.

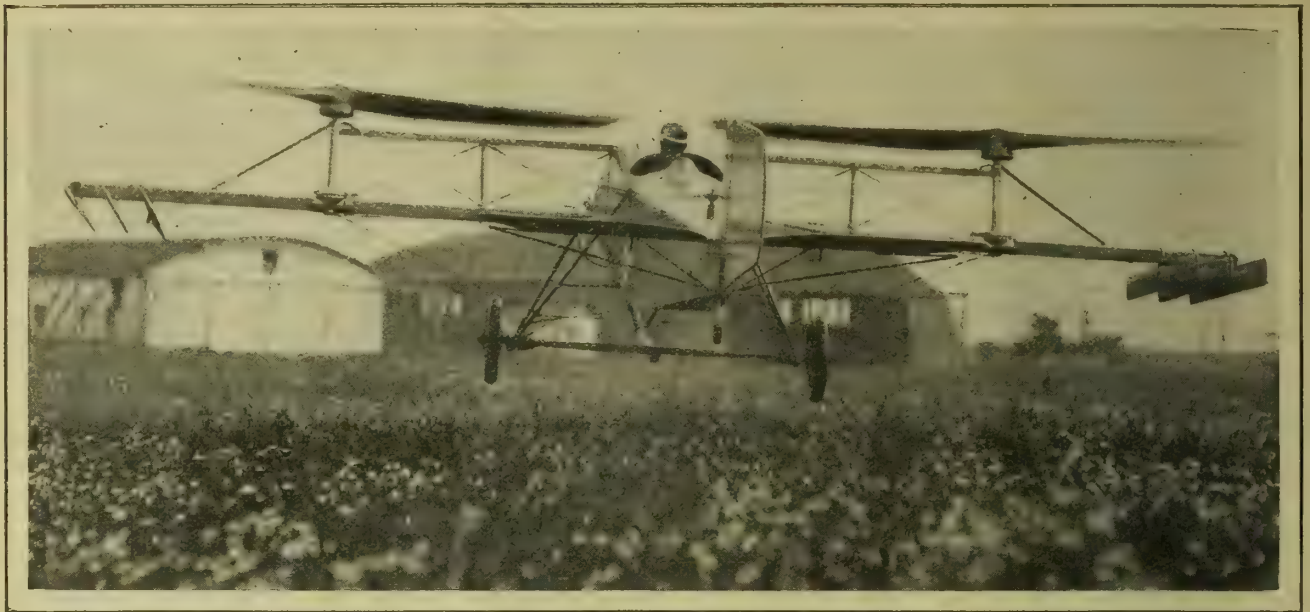
It was in this spirit at the Conference of Genoa that Belgium and France refused to compromise with crime, as they would have done had they signed the famous memorandum handed to the Bolshevik delegation, a document apparently sanctioning under certain circumstances some of the Bolshevik Government's thefts of private property.

These thefts, as far as oil properties are concerned, have been particularly outrageous in the Baku basin, where they were controlled by the Government of Georgia, erected by the Georgian people after the Czar's downfall and recognized *de jure* abroad. The Bolsheviks annihilated that Government, not only because they wanted Georgia for themselves, but especially because they wanted to help international capitalists and specialists to obtain the oil lands there. The Bolsheviks therefore massacred the Georgians, so that the Bolshevik Government, untroubled by an obstreperous state, could hand over the riches of Georgia into the grasp of future exploiters—for value received. In such ways the Bolshevik Government continues to exist.

At Genoa there was a disposition—will there be at The Hague?—to treat the question of Russian oil without paying attention to the prostrate Georgian Government or to the defrauded Georgian people. What, then, may I ask, has come of that famous principle of self-determination?

San Pellegrino, Italy, June 10, 1922.

IN THE FIELD



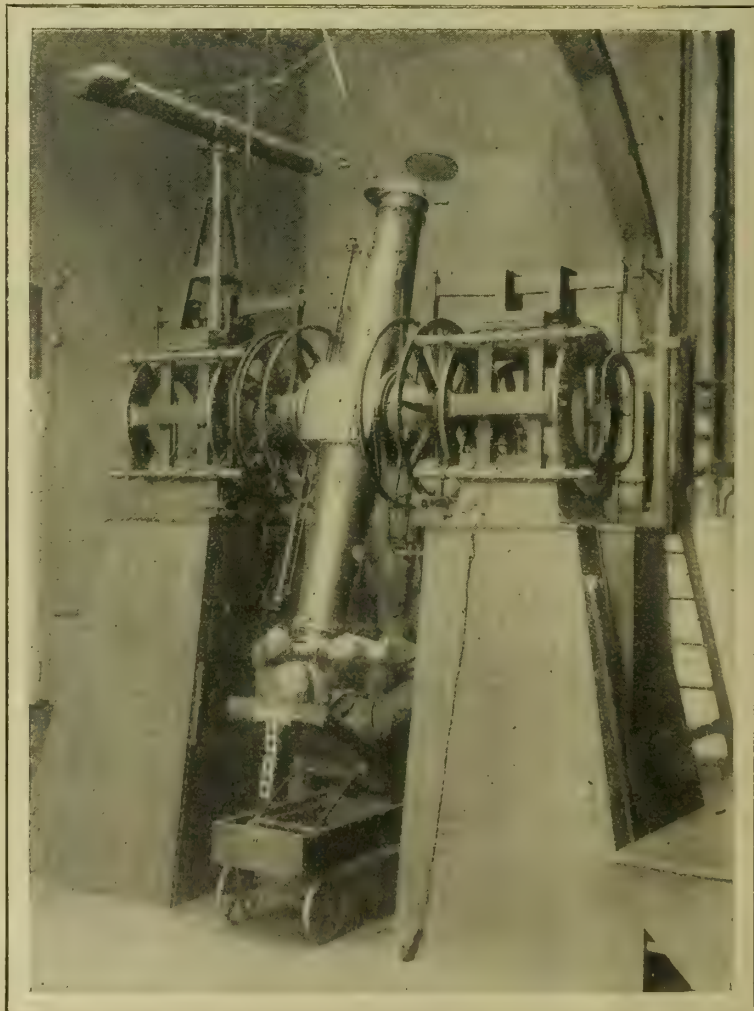
International

AMERICAN HELICOPTER IN ITS FIRST OFFICIAL FLIGHT

This helicopter, invented by Emile Berliner and his son, Henry A. Berliner, is shown in its first official flight before members of the Naval Air Board at College Park, Maryland. The machine is lifting itself from the ground in a free flight. It has a tilting propeller designed to drive it forward after the rise

MAKING AN OBSERVATION FOR THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY CLOCK

Accurate time service is sent out to all parts of the world by the Naval Observatory in Washington, D. C. Lying flat on his back, Professor J. C. Hammond is here shown making an observation through a six-inch transit circle to determine the time. He ascertains this from the positions of certain stars, and then sets the clocks which are used to send out the time signals at noon and at 10 P.M. to distant points



P. & A. Photos

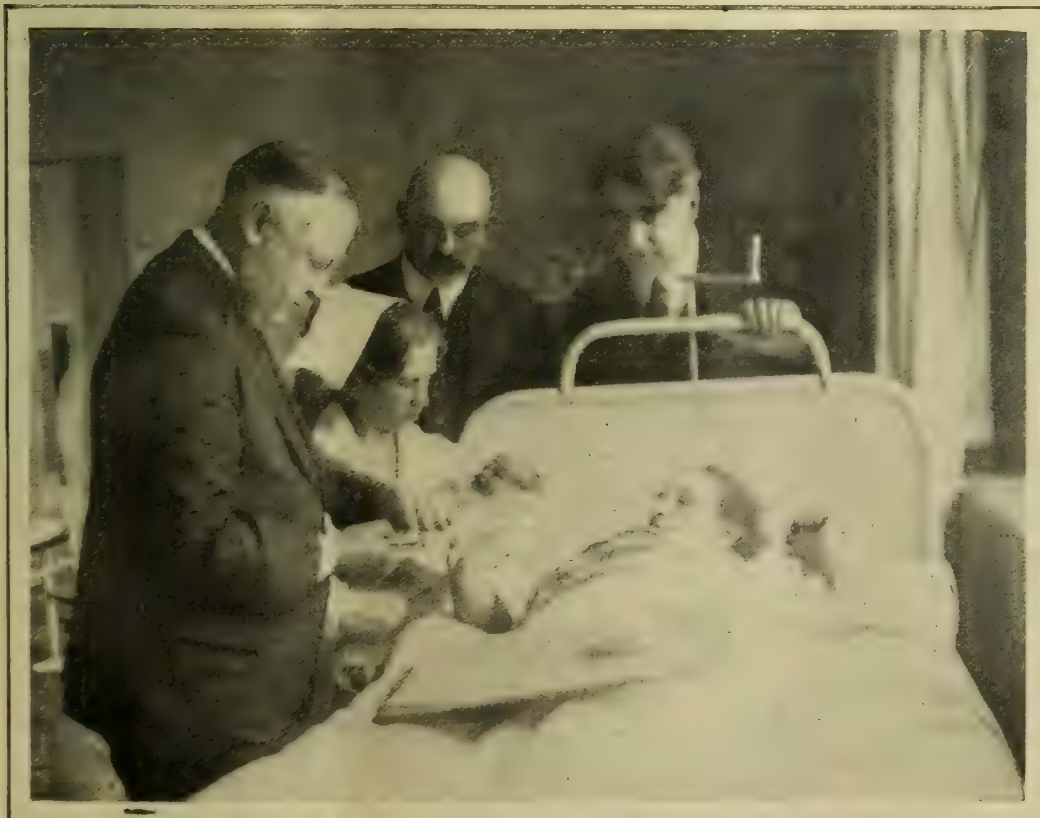
OF SCIENCE

SIGNOR
MARCONI.
THE
CELEBRATED
ITALIAN
INVENTOR.
AS HE
ARRIVED
IN NEW YORK

Signor Marconi is here seen in the wireless room on his yacht Elettra when it anchored in the North River after a trip across the Atlantic. He has recently reported the discovery of a method by which the direction of radio waves may be controlled. It is expected that this will lead to the erection of radio "lighthouses" for the assistance of navigators and that it also can be used to eliminate a great deal of the interference that now hampers radio communication.



International



FINGER PRINTS ESTABLISH IDENTITY OF MOTHER AND CHILD

Here we see the first mother and child to be finger-printed at the Lying-In Hospital in New York City. Left to right: Deputy Commissioner Faurot, finger-print expert Dr. Asa B. Davis, and Dr. Royal S. Copeland

SEE GERMANY LAST

BY JOSEPH DANZIGER

ARE you contemplating a trip abroad where the rate of exchange provides a hatful of money for an American bill of small denomination? Is Germany, with her quaint towns and pleasant cities of bygone memories, also on your itinerary? I would like to make one little suggestion on your way:

"Don't!"

The traveler may not see any considerable change in outward appearances unless he knows Europe as well as his home State. Theaters and museums offer attractions in greater number than formerly. Neither restaurants nor cafés have decreased in quantity, though the patronage has changed radically. Few cultured people have any money for luxuries. The new-rich are the chief patrons of the better-class restaurants, and it is no unusual sight to witness some diverting feats of knife-swallowing at an adjoining table.

Before your steamer is permitted to dock at a German port a horde of police officials come aboard. They look very pompous and each one is girded with a long sword, which he unhitches and lays menacingly on the table in front of his seat. The stewards then marshal the passengers in the salon, where they must stand in line for hours while the examination of passports progresses.

German and Austrian passports are examined first and quickly disposed of. Americans have to wait until the favored nations are served. Each American passenger must submit to a meticulous inquisition regarding his personal affairs—his purpose in visiting the country, profession, annual income, amount and character of funds brought along, probable length of stay, religion, when, if ever, he was convicted of crime or misdemeanor and amount of fine or imprisonment, if any; when, if ever, traveler has previously lived in Germany, and whatever additional information the official imagination suggests as likely to be impertinent or annoying. This is the traveler's first welcome to the New Germany which he has been led to believe is now under a republican form of government. It is a form of greeting particularly directed at Americans, to convey to us that we are not desirable acquisitions for Europe, even though we have plenty of money.

The customs examination is even more irritating, though I personally had no reason to complain. When I landed from the ship, my room steward was intrusted with my hand baggage and definite instructions. He sought out a certain dock porter, to whom I slipped a greenback of modest value. That was all that was necessary. I was not required to open a single piece of our baggage. The ruthlessness of our own customs officials has been the object of many bitter invectives by Americans

as well as foreigners. I have passed through the port of New York many times, and have witnessed some rather thorough scrutinizing by the customs officials at the Paris *gares*, but never have I seen such brutal disregard of a primitive sense of decency and consideration as was displayed by these German customs officials. The dock looked like the scene of a Bolshevik uprising. Scattered along its length were conglomerate heaps of millinery, shoes, blouses, clothes, and intimate details of feminine attire which distracted ladies were trying to cram back in their trunks. These unfortunates had neglected to smooth the way with a bit of "dollar money," as the Germans call it.

After the examination was completed the boat train pulled out for Bremen. We found all the best hotels full, and only after tramping the town secured accommodations. The traveler soon learns that this condition prevails everywhere. The housing famine forces many to live in hotels who would find shelter elsewhere under normal conditions. One feature of our room was characteristic of nearly every other one we engaged. It was chilly. Not the honest cold that I have known in unheated Russian hotel rooms during the war, the cold that pierces you to the marrow and causes you to sleep like a log.

I am not saying that Germans fail to pay attention to personal cleanliness. All Teutonic people bathe just as we and the Anglo-Saxons. Every German apartment has a bath, although the baths are not so well appointed as ours. But present conditions are abnormal. Soap is a very expensive article, and even in the best apartment-houses the coal shortage limits the furnishing of hot water to one day in the week.

Therefore, if you are riding in a second-class compartment, it is well to open the window, even though it is necessary—and it will be—to fight the other passengers in doing so. Have you ever observed the bitter resentment the traveling European exhibits toward fresh air? We got into a crowded train one pleasant autumn morning and took the last unoccupied seats in a second-class compartment. The passenger next to me put his hand on the window-pane and observed, to his horror, that part of the pane was gone, not an unusual condition here. He shuddered, although it was by no means cold, arose, put on his overcoat, thrust his head through the window, and denounced the station-master, who was sauntering by, for using damaged equipment. Then he demanded that a new pane be inserted, "on the spot." From his spirited insistence I judged he must have been a *Geheimrat*—or something. However, minor officials do not cringe the way they did before the revolution. The station-

master merely shrugged his shoulders and stated the equivalent of "it can't be did."

"Unheard of!" fumed the *Geheimrat*, which words are considered awful strong language in German. The *Geheimrat* left the compartment, and I slid into his seat. He was followed by the other passengers.

One after one,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye,

because I was so evidently enjoying the proceeding and the fresh air. We had a compartment all to ourselves during a five-hour trip.

A few days' stay in Bremen taught me the two determining principles of shop-keeping in the New Germany. One is, "*Caveat emptor*"—let the purchaser beware; the other, "Soak Americans." There was a fine old meerschaum pipe in a tobacconist's window, and I went in to price it. Of course before ever I opened my mouth I was recognized as an American—by my shoes, the cut of my clothes, or more likely by the absence of Prussian rigidity. At any rate, I was told that the price was 2,500 marks, not so much in real money when you come to figure it, but I had learned to be wary. I protested that the price was too high.

"Oh, that is no price at all in American money," quoth the salesman. He was right at that, but this remark grates on you when you know it is merely an excuse for overcharging. I sent a German acquaintance in the next day, and he got the pipe for 600 marks. The incident is typical of what happens to Americans whenever they go shopping. There is a special scale of prices based on our rate of exchange.

Perhaps the ladies are less concerned about being the marked-down victims of extortion than they are with what can be bought. Germany no longer furnishes the silks that once made her looms famous in Bond Street and the Paris boulevards. My wife wanted to have a blouse made, and scoured the Berlin shops for an adequate piece of silk. She reports that she could have got ever so much better material on Fourteenth Street in New York, not to mention the high-grade localities. Nevertheless table linens, laces, and lingerie are still to be had in excellent workmanship and at low prices. I needed a suit, but could find none that any respectable dealer would assure me was all wool. So I went to a disreputable one—there are legions of them in Germany now—and he sold me a suit that he said was all wool. I think he was too optimistic, and will only add that if I can get a tailor to press that suit back in the shape it had when I bought it I will sell

it to a second-hand man. No one would buy it in its present condition. Raw wool and silk must be bought abroad and paid for in gold, which is the reason these materials are used so sparingly.

In Berlin the hotel situation was worse than in any other place. There was a taxi strike when we arrived. It is a dull day indeed when some sort of annoying strike is not in progress. Travelers were entirely dependent upon rickety *Droschken* driven by villainous-looking cabbies and drawn by little Russian ponies in the sere and yellow leaf of decrepitude—the notorious Paris cab-horse is a fiery, untamed Arab in comparison. The upholstering of our cab was filthy and bursting from its worn covering, and the windows were broken; the entire vehicle could have scarcely experienced a wash since the war began. In this conveyance, languidly drawn by the stiff-legged, bony old nag, we made the cheerless round of the hotels. The Adlon, Bristol, Esplanade, Fürstenhof, all were full. We finally reserved a room at an equally famous hotel. It was to be put at our disposal by four o'clock. The room was small, without running water or bath, and inadequately heated, but we took it in the spirit of "any port in a storm." The price was five hundred marks, which at the time we thought was not unreasonable, notwithstanding the limited accommodations.

When the bill was presented several days later, we learned that this was merely the basic price. In the first place, there was a surcharge of one hundred per cent for Americans. All foreigners must register their nationality and are subject to a surcharge, but Americans are taxed heaviest, because our money bears the highest rate of exchange. This increased the basic price from five hundred to one thousand marks, or about five dollars for a room that any New York hotel of the same standing would be ashamed to offer a guest. In addition, there was a 25 per cent charge for service, 20 per cent for depreciation of linen, 20 per cent municipal tax, 4 marks for hot water in the morning, 1 mark for each sheet of paper and envelope delivered, and 6 marks as a penalty for failure to eat and pay for the unappetizing breakfast. We preferred to patronize a near-by pastry shop where the coffee was tolerable and hot and the eggs fresh.

While our room was being put in order we were told that the only safe place to leave our hand baggage was with the *portier*. This functionary is not the head porter, but a sort of managing clerk. We were given no claim checks, but I watched the *portier* himself supervise the stowing of our baggage, after which he locked the room and put the key in his pocket. Later on, when we wanted our things, I had to point them out among a pile of others. This system is based on the assumption that every one is honest, an assumption that the facts fail to justify.

"Perhaps the gentleman left the bag on the train," the *portier* replied to my

complaint about a missing hand-bag, addressing me in the third person, a way they have of pretending to be polite when they really are impertinent.

"Or the cab-driver may have stolen it. Oh, these cab-drivers! They are not to be trusted."

That last remark was "a mouthful." Cab-drivers are not to be trusted, nor any one else, high or low. Those who are not in a position to graft go in for plain stealing. The chambermaid advised us never to leave any article lying about in the room. Everything must be kept under lock and key. Sneak thieves were registered as guests in all first-class hotels, and they roamed the corridors with an eye particularly to the rooms occupied by foreigners.

The general sense of honesty abroad was never very strong. In former times if an American boasted that a sixty-story office building was a commonplace in our cities, his listener would nod and say he had heard about them. If he were told that American trains go two hundred miles an hour, he would not regard this as surprising—for America. But if you ventured to remark that it is a common thing to walk up to a newsstand in the absence of the attendant, select your own papers, make change out of the pile of nickels and pennies, and go your way, then he would know you were a liar. No person would possibly trust his fellows that far.

Now that the lid is off in Germany you are constantly reminded that you have fallen among thieves. Even in the best restaurants and cafés you will observe placards cautioning patrons to beware of coat thieves. The check-room affords little protection. In the theaters it is obligatory to check your outer garments. You are fairly safe so far as coat and hat are concerned, but while the performance is going on the coat-room attendants can, and do, go through all the pockets at their leisure.

On the evening of our arrival I met a police prefect whom I had known during the war. I asked him how we were to get our heavy baggage from the station. Owing to the taxi strike, the transfer company could not promise delivery in less than five days, which probably meant ten days if you know how Germans regard time as a non-essential of the contract. My question excited the prefect's anxiety.

"For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed, "do not dream of leaving your baggage over night at the Lehrter Station! The place is infested with thieves who keep a special watch for the baggage of Americans coming from Hamburg and Bremen. I would not give a hundred marks for your chance of finding it in the morning."

There was nothing for it but a hurried drive back to the station, where I took out an insurance policy and saw our property placed in a locked room. After many weeks of such experiences the sense of insecurity becomes an obsession, which robs you of the pleasure you formerly derived.

Before the war the German police were notorious for their brutal disregard of their fellow-subjects, although they treated foreigners with some consideration. I naturally supposed that under a republic these conditions would be improved, but soon learned differently. On the third day after coming to Berlin we received a written order to appear at the police station between twelve and two. I found the appointment inconvenient, and did not keep it. I have learned from experience that the more cavalierly a German police official is treated, the greater respect he acquires. He reasons that no one would dare act in this way unless he had a pull, and his reasoning is correct when applied to the Germans. The next day I called at the station, and witnessed a terrible ragging that an official was giving a neatly dressed Russian. The young man explained that he was unable to bring his father's birth certificate because the old gentleman was sick somewhere in Russia, and at best it would take ten days or two weeks to get a copy of the document. The police official roared savagely at him, threatening to have him deported unless he furnished the certificate forthwith. The young man swore by all the saints that he would do his best, and left very much crestfallen. Of course the official knew that he could not get the birth certificate, and he also was aware that this was superfluous so long as the registrant's own papers were in order. Then the official turned to me.

"You were instructed to appear here yesterday," he growled truculently after I had given my name.

"See here," I said, coolly, "my passport was properly viséed by the Consulate in New York and examined and stamped by the port officials here. This included permission for me to stay five months in Berlin. I am a journalist, and my time is very much taken up. I don't care to waste any here. What do you want? I filled out the usual information blank at the hotel."

"The Herr must bring six photos of himself and his lady-spouse, who is also obliged to appear in person," purred the official, completely subdued by my insolence. "The regulations require that identification cards must be on file for the Herr and his lady-spouse during their stay in Germany. Perhaps the Herrschaften [untranslatable, but complimentary] will find it convenient to call to-morrow with the photos?" I said I would see about it, and left.

The next day my wife and I appeared before the tamed German police official. He apologized because it was required of him to ask a few questions. Then they came. About the same ritual as on board the steamer, only a little more searching.

It does not seem unreasonable that the police might be engaged in some better business than annoying foreigners who have come with the sole intention of enjoying themselves and incidentally spending their money in the country. The number of burglaries and hold-ups

that occur every night would suggest the pursuit of criminals as a logical activity for the police. These robbers operate unmolested; they travel about in gangs of four or five, as they are too cowardly to attack singly. As a rule the victim of a hold-up is seriously wounded with knife or revolver, and it is often the case that he loses his life. The German criminal does not face his victim with the command to stand and deliver. He attacks in mass from behind and renders his victim helpless with knife thrusts or revolver bullets. Just this week a stranger was hacked to pieces and his wallet taken by a gang of thugs within two blocks of the liveliest night life in downtown Berlin.

Another sight which does not contribute to the joys of city life are the ranks of war-beaten men that line the most populous streets of every German city. The only thing the Socialist Government will do for them is to let them expose their calamities to the public gaze in an appeal for alms. They constitute extreme but not incongruous details of the social life. They harmonize with the barricaded or emptied shop windows at night, the dull, half-lighted streets, the listless crowds in cafés and cabarets who vainly strive to resurrect the old gayety long after its spirit has fled.

The Germans themselves are living in

splendid misery when it is not abject poverty. The professional and business man clings to outward appearances desperately and tenaciously. It is his last hold on respectability. He will spend money on shoe polish, though he must deny himself a pound of bacon. The women insist upon keeping their big apartments, designed for a period when servants could be had for a song. Now they cannot afford even the expense of a servant's food. They work their fingers to the bone; they take in roomers, disguised as visiting relatives. Life for these classes has become a mere struggle for existence.

Go to a cabaret of the more respectable sort where such people congregate. Abject despondence can be read in all their faces. Half-forgotten habit makes them laugh, applaud, drink to each other's health, but the smiles are only with the lips, not the eyes. The old convivial spirit is no more.

Then too there is another factor which should not be overlooked by the tourist. Present conditions cannot last. The recent railway strike tied up every car-wheel in Germany. Berlin was without lights; the stock of candles was soon exhausted. A general strike was looked for any hour. It passed off. But tomorrow, next week, possibly not before a year, the eruption will surely burst

forth. Foreign and native observers are agreed that another upheaval is sure to come. The masses are too desperate in their despondency to care whether it comes from the Left or the Right.

When it comes, woe to aliens, especially Americans! Behind the mask of their smiling greetings they hate us more than all the rest. They do not hate us for our part in their defeat, but it is hatred born of envy, because we are young, vigorous, thriving, while they are senile, debilitated, and spent. Whatever little ability to think in political terms the Germans ever possessed has been perverted into hatred and envy of every foreigner, Americans above all.

When the storm breaks loose, as it surely will, when the rat-faced hordes pour down from the northern faubourgs to glut their vengeance on the fat and prosperous profiteers of the West End, I would want no friend of mine to be in Germany. Every American is my friend as I sit writing here amid the snow-clad Harz Mountains. Stay at home, friend! There are southern California, the Yosemite, Yellowstone, and Glacier Parks, the Great Lakes, the Adirondacks, the Maine coast, and a myriad of nature's marvels lying in between. Old Europe is *in extremis* now. You will not find the pleasures you have known in other and happier years.

GETTING LOST IN THE WOODS

BY ELON JESSUP

BEING lost in the woods is one of the most terrifying experiences which can come to a person. Sometimes it proves fatal. A certain number of tragedies of this sort occur every summer. Yet to lose one's bearings in the woods is in itself very seldom a serious matter. Almost every one gets lost sooner or later, at least for a few minutes. It is losing one's head as well as bearings which proves fatal.

Why do people get lost? There are many reasons. Among these are going without a compass and walking in circles, panicky doubt as to the veracity of a compass even when one is carried, total lack of sense of direction, scant powers of observation, neglect in carrying maps, and the vague wanderings of the human mind.

The average backwoodsman seldom uses a compass at all. And woodsmen, as well as city folk, get lost in the wilderness. When a woodsman gets lost, it is usually because he has placed implicit faith in his instinctive sense of direction to the elimination of all other safeguards. All his life he has thought exclusively in terms of north, south, east, and west. It is said of him that he *feels* the north. Certain it is that his sense of direction is developed to a remarkable degree, and this is an extremely valuable quality for any one to possess. But it is not infallible.

The average city-bred person has a poorly developed sense of direction. He seldom thinks in terms of points of the compass. He talks about walking "up street" or "down street," rarely about going east or west. And when he goes to the woods he is no match in sense of direction for the man who *feels* the north. Let him realize his handicap and make use of less fallible tools.

Maps are enlightening tools. There are two kinds of maps. One kind is a representation on paper of a given section of territory. The most comprehensive of these are the Government topographical maps. The surface of the ground is depicted in miniature upon paper, but the scale is so relatively large that great detail indicative of the character of the country is clearly shown.

The other kind of map, although not so comprehensive, is fully as valuable and may be used to advantage in conjunction with a paper map. This consists of first-hand knowledge of the markings of a section which one sees with one's own eyes and then stores away at the back of the head for future reference. A clear-cut mental map of this sort is one of the greatest safeguards against getting lost. There are always certain landmarks which make an indelible impression. A sharp gray cliff here, a lone towering pine there, and the relative position of each from

the spot where one may be camped should be carefully noted and remembered.

In the same way, one should acquire a mental image of various trails, note the prevailing direction which these take in relation to the points of the compass, consult the paper map and find out the ultimate destination of a certain trail which vanished from your vision, beyond the horizon. Make mental note of the direction in which certain streams flow and consult your paper map to find what they flow into; memorize the relative positions of certain ponds, lakes, and ridges. The more keenly you develop your powers of observation and individualize your landmarks so that these are always readily recognizable, the smaller the chances are of getting lost.

No one should enter the woods without a compass. This valuable little instrument may be used in conjunction with either paper map or mental map or both together. Oftentimes it is the only guide which can make you toe the mark and walk straight.

Human legs when left solely to their own wanderings have a profound distaste for walking in a straight line. This fact is one of the fundamental reasons why people get lost in the woods. There is a constant tendency to walk in a continuous series of arcs, and fre-



IN THE DEEP WOODS

quently one discovers, to his astonishment and chagrin, that, instead of walking in a straight line to his destination, he has described a large circle and is back at the starting-point. This oddity of forest travel is one which must be constantly guarded against. The compass performs the valuable service of keeping you in a straight line.

The almost universal human tendency to walk in circles when in the woods has given rise to considerable discussion around many camp-fires as to the reason for this phenomenon. One theory sometimes advanced has it that one leg is always a trifle shorter than the other and that the short leg pulls one aside in that direction. This theory I consider quite absurd.

It is more logical to suppose that the phenomenon is due to a combination of forest obstacles and human habit. With the absence of a well-trodden trail underfoot, one is constantly walking around stumps, trees, rocks, and similar obstacles. Of course if one turned aside first to the right, the next time to the left, and continued to alternate evenly, matters would average up so that the result would be a fairly straight line. But if the first time one turns aside to the right, the human tendency is to turn in that direction the second time.

Habit being as it is, the body gradually swerves in a predominating direction and presently numerous arcs have become a circle.

A highly developed sense of direction, the capacity for visualizing and memorizing familiar landmarks, a paper map, and a compass, are each individually a valuable element in finding one's way through the wilderness. When all four of these elements are made use of together, the possibility of getting lost is minimized to that proportionate extent. Yet the fact remains that this possibility can seldom be reduced to the point of absolute security. The human element always remains. The memory may slip a cog, the mind may temporarily wander, and mind and feet are so closely correlated that one of these is guided by the vagaries of the other. A single slip may be enough to lose one. A moment of inattention or carelessness will bring this on.

Any one who starts out for a few hours' stroll through strange woods should bear in mind this ever-present possibility. In addition to carrying a compass one should make it an undeviating rule never to be without a supply of matches, and, if practicable, one should also take along an emergency lunch. If forced to curl up without blankets for

the night under a tree, it is comforting to one's body and spirits to have a fire to keep warm by.

That which happens when a person is lost is that a gap has occurred between known surroundings, a thread has snapped. Your mind has wandered momentarily off your straight line and your feet have followed suit. Perhaps you suddenly become uneasily conscious of the fact that the horizon has been turned around; a moment before the sun was at your back, and now it is in front. Such a discovery invariably comes to one as a shock, but as a rule a familiar landmark is presently recognized; this serves as a means of bridging the gap and no harm is done. On numerous occasions I have been lost for a few minutes at a time in this manner. Almost every one who goes to the woods has. But even getting lost in familiar surroundings may have serious consequences unless one keeps a level head.

Within any lost person there are surges of fear, helpless terror, and panic, which are never so very far below the surface. These evil spirits are constantly striving for mastery. Their presence first asserts itself in the shock one feels upon realizing that one is lost. There are some people who break down completely under the force of that first

shock, but as a rule a person pulls himself together and proceeds to bridge the missing gap. So long as one remains lost, however, the evil spell of panic is smoldering within him, and the longer one is lost the more difficult it becomes to hold it back. I was once lost for three days in the wilderness, and during my bewildering floundering I sensed those evil spirits which were striving for mastery; more than once I felt them clutching at my throat.

The reason why I came safely through this ordeal was that I knew the most important of all rules for a person who is lost in the woods. This rule is, "Keep your head and save your energy." So it was that when I heard the uneasy rumblings within I forthwith said to myself, "Keep your head," and then sat down, rested, and reasoned matters out.

The psychology of getting lost in the woods should offer a unique field of study for scientists. I know of one case of a man carrying neither food nor blankets who was lost in the wilderness for a month, and then came out smiling. On the other hand, I know of another man who went for a day's climb with a party of friends in the mountains. They were following an unmistakable, well-trodden trail, but he happened to lag a few yards behind, and he suddenly became conscious of the fact that he was alone in the woods, there was no one in sight. Instead of calling or speeding his steps a trifle in order to catch up with his friends, unreasoning panic took full possession of him and he ran wildly, as fast as his legs would carry him, off the side of the trail and through tangled brush down the side of the mountain. By merest chance, he happened to stumble upon a road at the bottom, and this brought him to his senses. But for this fact things would have gone badly for him.

From a purely physical standpoint, there is no actual danger from the woods. Provided one carries matches and knows a few edible plants, roots, and similar resources, one can survive in the forest for weeks at a time. The real danger from the woods is spooks, the terrible mental imaginings which may flog a person into rushing wildly in circles or every direction but the right one, and thence to total exhaustion and death.

Yet why is it, I wonder, that even an experienced backwoodsman who can with perfect physical ease subsist solely upon what the forest has to offer feels at the same time a sense of lurking terror upon discovering that he has lost his bearings? He knows very well that in due course of events he will find his way safely back to his cabin, and in the meantime he keeps his head and does not allow the evil spirit of panic to master him, but the fact remains that the evil spirit is present within him although safely submerged.

When unreasoning, helpless terror takes full possession of a lost person, there is usually little hope for him unless he manages to pull himself together

or outside help arrives. I recall an instance of a man who had been missing for two days from a camp in Nova Scotia. His friends organized a searching party, and in time came upon him, bleeding from head to foot, hardly a shred of clothing left on his body. He was wholly out of his head. At the sight of his rescuers he gave a shrill scream and ran away from them as fast as his weak legs could carry him. Presently he was surrounded, and when at bay fought like a trapped animal. For several days thereafter he remained a maniac, and then gradually became his normal self again.

As another instance of the weird kinks which may take place in a lost person's head, there was a case of a hunter who shot a good-sized bag of birds and then upon starting home found that he was lost. He lost his head, and three days later was rescued by friends. During his wanderings he had gone entirely without food, yet when rescued he still carried the bag of birds which he had shot.

Getting lost in a Canadian wilderness where there may be no habitation for two hundred miles in a given straight line is of course always a more serious matter than being lost in a locality in which a straight line of ten miles in any direction will bring you to a house. But in either case failure to keep a level head, inability to substitute constructive for destructive thinking, may bring the same consequences. It is an ironic fact that many of the tragedies of this nature have occurred in spots which were hardly more than a stone's throw from a settlement.

I do not wish to imply that it is quite the usual thing for a lost person to go out of his head. But I do wish to emphasize the fact that this is always a possibility and sometimes becomes more than a possibility. Just as cool reasoning serves as a curb upon crazy, unwise impulses which come to one in every-day life, so may it down the impulses of panic and terror which assail one who is lost in the woods.

The first impulse of a lost person is action. He wants to run, and if he gives way to this impulse, the faster he runs, the nearer he comes to exhaustion and the greater his terror and bewilderment become. Very likely he runs in circles, but his wits have now become so thoroughly dulled that he does not recognize familiar ground. He is blind to all landmarks.

There is only one safe road of action for a person who suddenly discovers that he is lost. This is to stop in one's tracks, sit down, quietly compose one's thoughts, and think. Review to yourself the general direction which you have taken from your starting-point, the various familiar markings or landmarks along the way, and figure out the approximate time which has elapsed since leaving the last of these. It is quite likely that a few moments of quiet reasoning will show you that you are not half as badly lost as you thought

you were. Retracing your steps a short distance in the direction which seems most logical, you may come to a familiar spot which wholly bridges the temporary gap.

In any case, figure out the most logical line of action, and if this subsequently fails you, sit down and quietly work out another. Climb a high tree or a ridge and scan the section for familiar landmarks. If you have acquired a workable mental map of the locality, this will now come in very handy. You may spot in the distance a river, and there comes comfort in the thought that in following down almost any fair-sized stream one will eventually come to a settlement.

Possibly you have lost your bearings by stepping off a trail for a few moments in order to go in for a little temporary exploration at one side. After turning back toward the familiar trail it may slowly dawn upon you that you are an uncommonly long time in reaching it, and you suddenly realize that you are lost. Sit down and reason the thing out. In both leaving and returning to the trail your direction has been right, because the compass has said so. But maybe the compass lies. This is very unlikely, and common sense comes to the rescue and lays low that particular hope of the demon panic.

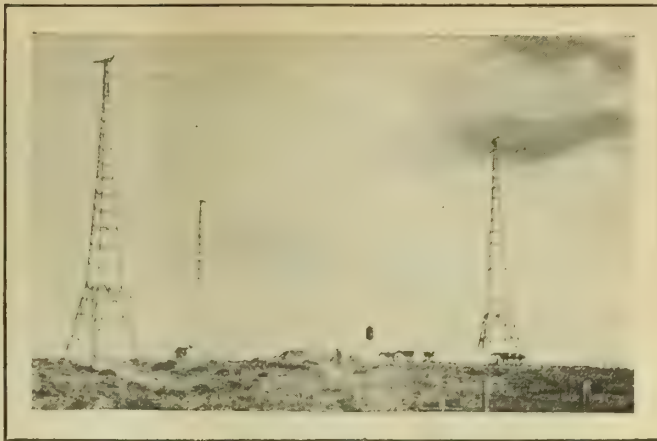
You scrape your wits for a possible solution to the problem. Then it occurs to you that a trail viewed lengthwise looks very different from a trail viewed broadside. In fact, when approaching a trail from the side one may almost set foot on it and not see it at all. So perhaps you have crossed the trail without being aware of the fact. You turn back and try out this possibility. And the chances are that you presently set foot safely on the familiar trail.

It is usually foolhardy when lost to make any attempts to travel at night. There is no great hardship about sleeping in the woods overnight. Provided the mind is functioning properly, this can be a wholly delightful experience. If a person sees no immediate chance of reaching known surroundings and darkness is approaching, he should pick out a comfortable spot for a bed, gather pine boughs, keep a fire going if this is necessary, and wait for morning. Then, refreshed, he can tackle his problems with new zest.

Shortly after sunrise the horizon will probably look a lot different to him from what it did the day before, and, guided by his compass, he is presently making a bee line for a recognized landmark. If he has been foolish enough not to bring a compass, a fairly effective prevention against walking in circles will be found in concentrating upon three trees ahead which are in direct line, walking up to these, and then selecting three more, and so on as one proceeds. But, most important of all, if at any time one feels rumbling within him the little blue devils of terror, he should immediately stop in his tracks, rest, and think about something different.



Navy Official Photograph
TRANSOCEANIC RADIO STATION AT VLADIVOSTOK, SEIZED BY THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN APRIL, 1918
 The unfinished station was completed and equipped throughout by the Navy Radio Section, and Navy operators were in charge of all the station's activities



Navy Official Photograph
UNITED STATES NAVAL RADIO STATION, CHOLLAS HEIGHTS, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
 This is a typical high-power radio station and an important link in the chain of naval communications

RADIO AND THE NAVIGATOR

BY LIEUTENANT CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

SHADES of Father Neptune!

What are we going to do with our superannuated navigators? Radio is putting them out of business. For in a comparatively short time the navigator who boards his ship carefully carrying a mahogany-incased sextant and with a "Bowditch" tucked under his arm will be as out of date and as comical as the old straw-chewing rube of the vaudeville stage, ambling along the canyons of New York, carrying his ancient carpetbag and green umbrella.

No more tricky "sun shooting;" no more fog "worries;" no more trailing the log; no more heaving the lead; no more shouting "By the mark TEN!" and no more logarithmic "busts"—"King Radio" has put the "see" in sea.

The gentlemanly navigator of tomorrow is a radio engineer. He sits at a mahogany table in a comfortable office on his modern ship, smoking fat cigars, pressing neat pearl-topped buttons, and letting "King Radio" do the rest. One button tells the depth of water under the keel; another, the distance and direction to the nearest ship, and of all ships within a radius of twenty-five miles; a series of buttons reveals the nearest land, the distance to it, the course to reach it, and fixes the ship's position on the surface of old ocean. All these fancy navigational "stunts" are easily explained—the apparatus which does the business is now in daily use, and is functioning accurately.

All of these developments are epoch-making in their application to ocean commerce, and they are the result of research conducted by the United States Navy in finding the answers to tactical maneuvers and the safe navigation of the taxpayers' battleships and special naval craft. But, as wonderful as these accomplishments all seem to be, they are entirely overshadowed by the new naval development whereby one ship may be controlled by radio waves from another.

The controlled ship is sent hither and yon at the will of the sender without a single soul being on board the ship thus controlled. This may not be the last word in the tactical use of radio equipment in a fleet. If it is not, the next word will be a marvel indeed.

This business of controlling ships by radio is stealing the thunder from the Greek Jules Verne who wrote the story of Jason and the Argonauts, although that ancient yarn certainly came very close to the actual facts concerning the performance of present-day radio apparatus and equipment. It will be remembered that those who built Jason's ship, the Argo, used a branch of the Talking Oak of Dodona for the carved figurehead of the vessel, and from time to time, when overwhelming dangers menaced the craft and crew, the figurehead, which retained its power of speech, gave warning and directions to the leader, Jason, and his heroic mates. Other remarkable divine attributes are imputed to Jason and the forty-nine Argonauts who followed the hero in his quest of the Golden Fleece.

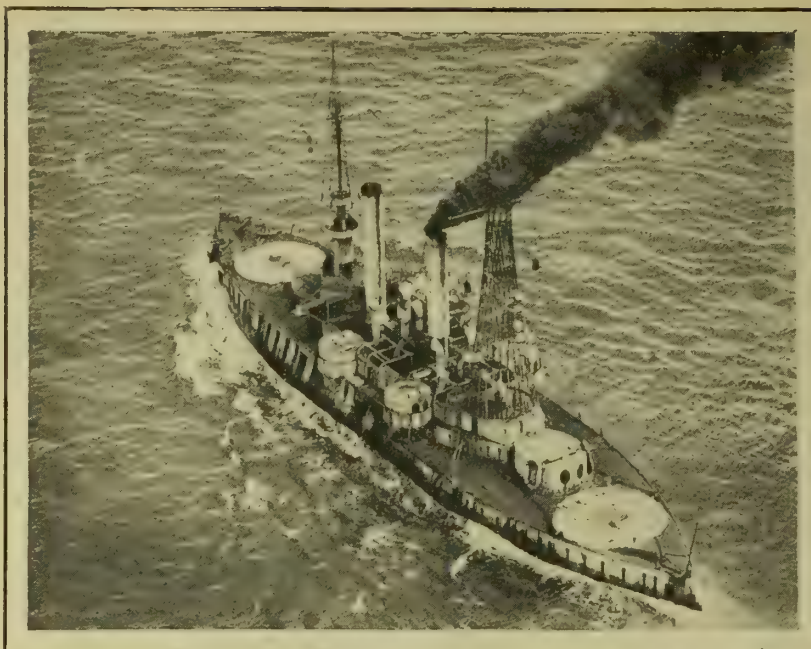
The whole crew were the leading heroes of Greece: Hercules, the strong man of his day; Castor and Pollux, the brave twins; Lynceus, who could see with his sharp eyes to the center of the earth or note the coming storm days before its arrival; Orpheus, the harper, whose sweet notes melted rocks and stilled the wildest waves; beautiful Atalanta, who stepped so lightly that she could walk from wave to wave; the two sons of the North Wind, who came in mighty handy on calm days; while the helmsman was none other than Tiphys, the star gazer, who knew all about the points of the compass. With this crew is it any wonder that Jason brought back the Fleece? The Argonauts feared nothing, because some one in the crew was able to see the dangers in advance; another by breathing lustily

could dispel clouds; the wonderful Argo was a charmed ship herself; and should the crew lose their bearings in spite of Tiphys, the helmsman, it made no difference to Jason, for the Talking Figurehead at once set him right.

This fairy story is not so much of a wonder, after all; for the Argonauts, notwithstanding that most of them were deities, have been put in the shade by the performances of radio apparatus in the hands of mere boys.

The noise of a ship's propellers conducted by the excellent medium, water, to the bottom of the ocean and then reflected back as an "echo" is read by the intervening angle through the hydrophone or radio sounding device, and the depth of the water under the ship's keel obtained. The same listening device also picks up radio waves emanating from submarine cables and follows them into port, notwithstanding the darkness of night or storm. This listening device also notes the range and proximity of sounding submarine signals, of the tell-tale propellers of other ships, of the booming seas against the treacherous iceberg, and picks her own course safely among the ocean's dangers for the ship thus equipped.

With the radio telephone the skipper can talk with his neighboring shipmasters; give and take the latest maritime gossip; compare weather reports; correct locations; and, further, he may also telephone several days ahead to the port of entry, making arrangements for passenger and cargo transfer and request needed supplies, all of which reduces port congestion and saves time, adding meanwhile to the dividends to be earned. These all-important performances of radio mechanisms are not of the future; they are being used daily, and with increasing accuracy, and while many of the activities are war-time developments, used for combating or dodging the enemy, they are no less impor-



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RADIO-CONTROLLED BATTLESHIP IOWA

The ship is here shown steaming along without a soul on board, all her movements being directed from the battleship Ohio, twelve miles away

tant for peace-time employment. This is true in the case of the radio direction finder or radio compass. By the use of this apparatus there can be instantaneously located the position from which a wireless message is sent.

As a means of defense against the German undersea boats operating along our coast, the first Navy radio compass station was built near the Cape May Naval Air Station and put in commission on September 1, 1918. The enemy submarines, by working in pairs and using their radio for obtaining bearings, could run down their prey with ease. Their calls furnished the only means of detecting their whereabouts, and it was determined to beat them at their own game; hence the radio compass system. The use of the radio compass is now general, and enables ships to continue under speed during fogs and storms and conducts them safely to port without delay, reducing demurrage charges, and thus saving millions of dollars to shipping. The radio compass system along our coasts is maintained and operated by the Navy free to all nations.

From the foregoing it is not a great stretch of the imagination to realize that the marvels enumerated in the story of the Argonauts have been exceeded by radio devices, and that a new chapter has been written in the navigation of the Seven Seas.

But by far the greatest marvel in this age of electrical marvels is the radio control of ships. Thanks to the brilliant inventive mind of John Hays Hammond, Jr., and the research of the Bureau of Engineering of our Navy in co-operation with the great electrical manufacturing companies of the country, this far-reaching advance in maritime practice has been brought to perfection.

Some time prior to the Great War Mr.

Hammond sent out a small boat from Marblehead, Massachusetts, and operated it, without any one on board, for long distances through Massachusetts Bay, the control apparatus being located on shore. From this first successful experiment came the spectacular operation of the radio-controlled battleship Iowa. The old Iowa, under the control of a distant ship and without a soul on board, has been maneuvered for hours out of sight below the horizon and then brought back to the starting-point. She is the forerunner of huge fleets of radio-controlled naval vessels and, in all probability, commercial ships, which will be directed in battle or in peaceful pursuits to great military and economic advantage.

In describing the apparatus and radio operation of the Iowa it is obvious that some details must be neglected for military reasons, because radio control as mastered by our Navy places us at a great advantage over all other navies, and military secrets must be kept. In order to use the Iowa under radio control it was necessary to fit her out with special apparatus. Some extensive changes were made in her power plant to enable the propelling machinery to be capable of running for a considerable time without attention. The boilers were changed to burn fuel oil instead of coal, and automatic devices for feeding the fuel to the burners and supplying water to the boilers were provided.

The apparatus for controlling the ship consists of a standard radio transmitter on board the controlling ship, a receiving aerial on the Iowa with special radio receivers, amplifiers, relays, and special apparatus for converting the radio signals into such form that they can operate the electrical devices controlling the steering gear and the throttles of the

main engines. The officer in charge of sending out the radio signals from the control ship has absolute control of the starting of the Iowa, steering her in any direction and stopping her when desired.

The various operations which take place are as follows: When everything is ready on board the Iowa, the main engine is started up and left running very slowly. The ship is then abandoned, and the officer aboard the controlling ship takes complete control of the Iowa. The radio signals are sent out from the controlling ship, intercepted by the aerial on the Iowa, and received by the radio receiver located well below the decks. These signals are then amplified by means of special vacuum-tube amplifiers and are made to operate a very sensitive relay, or switch, which in turn operates a larger relay. This large relay closes the electrical circuit which operates an electrically controlled pneumatic valve, and when this valve opens it admits compressed air to the throttle control of the main engines, which causes the throttle to open and bring the ship up to the desired speed. This large relay also operates a device called a commutator, which is a special switch having control of the steering mechanism.

The steering gear consists of a standard steam-engine-driven rudder gear, the throttle valve of the engine being geared to a small electric motor. The commutator is connected to the control panel of this motor, and is thus able to operate a larger electric motor, which in turn causes the steam-engine to drive the rudder to either starboard or port as desired.

A very novel feature of this installation is the automatic steering of the ship, which is made possible with the aid of a gyro-compass. The compass is electrically connected to the control panel of the electric motor on the steering gear, so that the ship can be made to hold any course; the gyro-compass immediately operates the steering gear to return the ship to her course, thus correcting any deviation. The officer sending the control signals can steer the Iowa to either starboard or port or may put the gyro-compass in control and hold a steady course.

The commutator might be considered the mechanical brains of the Iowa; it receives the radio signals and interprets them, passing them on directly to the electric motor controlling the steering engine if the order is either starboard or port, or giving the gyro-compass control if that is the order.

If the officer in control desires to stop the Iowa, he sends a long signal of about ten seconds' duration. This operates a special relay, which opens the circuit on an electrically controlled pneumatic valve, shutting off the various fuel-oil and feed-water pumps, thus shutting down the power plant and stopping the ship.

A special safety device is provided in the form of a time clock, which automatically shuts down everything in case

the radio receiving apparatus becomes inoperative, or in case no control signals are received after a certain lapse of time.

While the description of this apparatus may seem somewhat complicated, in reality the apparatus itself is no more complicated than the central electrical controlling apparatus for the huge gate locks of the Panama Canal, and certainly no more complicated than the wonderful machines which take great rolls of paper and print, cut, and fold several editions of a metropolitan newspaper each day. As a matter of fact, an officer on a controlling ship merely sends out ordinary radio waves, which are received on the Iowa in exactly the same manner as radio waves from a radio telegraph, and they in turn operate special machinery on that ship, causing her to maneuver as if in charge of a crew.

The ship may be sent out and controlled day and night as long as her fuel lasts, and may never be in sight of the control ship during all that time, yet her course can be plotted by the usual methods and her exact position determined any instant and as often as desired.

Think what this radio-control scheme means in the reduction of naval personnel when desperate and hazardous projects are a necessity, and how it will minimize the casualties of an engagement. This last feature will pay for all the equipment our factories can produce from now till doomsday, for, after all, it is the men who make a navy; the ships are their tools, and, be the tools ever so marvelous, without trained men to handle them they are impotent as fighting machines, and, in fact, so much junk.

This great field of radio propelling and movement control is now engaging the best thought on the part of the world's most advanced scientists. In our own Navy the future employment of radio control will embrace the operation of torpedoes, both water and aerial; ship

and fleet movements; gun fire; airplane and seaplane flights; mine explosions; enemy-ship dispersion by interference; nullifying enemy radio-control operation by excessive wave-length discharges up and down the scale; and barrage operations involving the use of fire rafts, dynamite ships, mine-sweeping craft, and whole shoals of torpedoes. Some of these developments have been practically completed, others are under way, and it is not too much to say that the next five years will see them all successfully in operation.

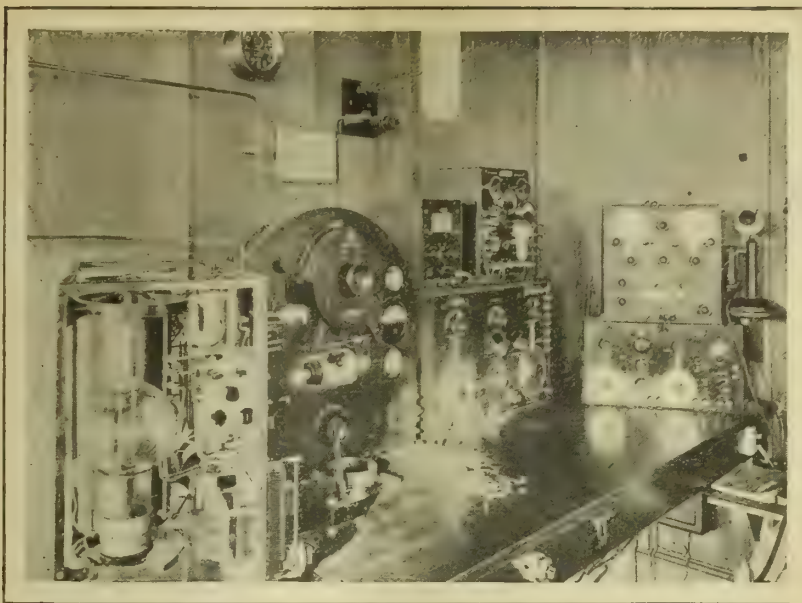
Perhaps the most important use of radio control will be in connection with aircraft development. Airplanes have already been so controlled. Fokker, the nimble-minded Dutch inventor employed by Germany during the World War,

brought out a plane which responded to radio control and could be maneuvered up to distances of twelve miles from the control apparatus. He would have sent such planes in formidable numbers over France loaded with radio-releasing bombs had the armistice not stopped him.

Huge rigid airships, serving as mother ships for airplanes and flying-boats, will be able to use radio control to immense advantage. Being long-distance craft, the rigid will carry its complement of planes to distant scenes of action, release them, and, by radio control, carry out search and protective scouting herself while bombing and torpedoing with her planes.

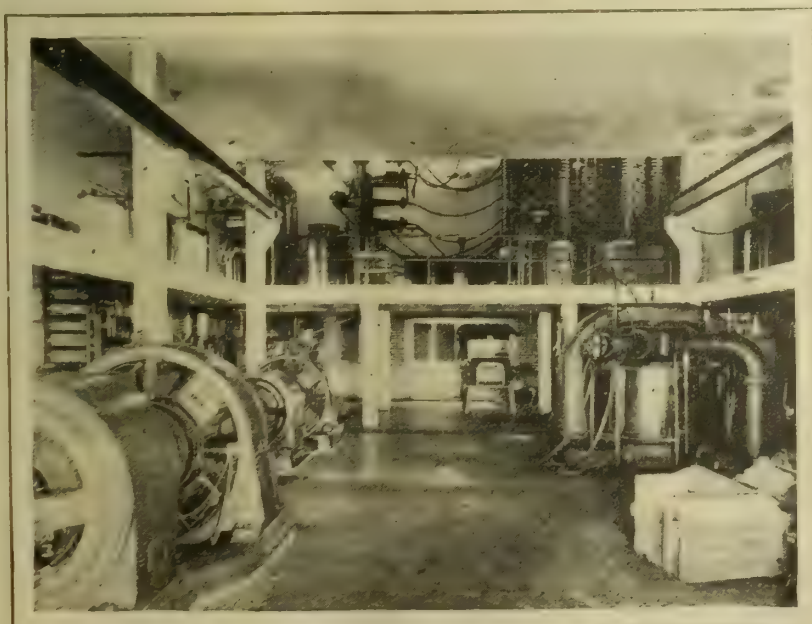
All classes of aircraft will be utilized for the radio control of barrages of torpedoes against enemy fleets. This in itself is not only a terrible weapon, but it will make for economy of operation and conserve the lives of trained aviators, and the training of this class of fighter is a long process and requires exceptionally high-grade personnel. It will also reduce the number of destroyers and submarines which would be necessary under the old methods of attack, releasing such vessels for defensive fighting along our extended coast-lines and for other operations with the fleet.

These statements are not idle dreams, by any manner of means, but are indicative of the problems now being worked out by our navy engineers and the manufacturing establishments co-operating with them. Our primary endeavors along these lines have been successful, and there is no reason to suppose that the new projects outlined will not be brought to the same successful conclusion. Those in charge of our present naval development, and who are planning and working for the future, may be trusted to exceed our expectations even, for no country on earth commands better brains than ours, and as for loyalty, we have it in the highest measure.



Navy Official Photograph

OPERATOR'S TABLE, UNITED STATES NAVAL RADIO STATION, NORTH ISLAND, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



Navy Official Photograph

POWER HOUSE OF UNITED STATES NAVAL RADIO STATION AT CHOLLAS HEIGHTS, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

CHARACTER TYPES OF CHILDREN

A NEW ANALYSIS

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

MANY years ago, more than a couple of thousand, a clever Greek with a sense of humor wrote a perfectly preposterous plan for analyzing character from appearances. Some attribute the paper to Aristotle,¹ but one cannot imagine that serious philosopher using such broad humor to poke fun at what must even then have been a well-known "system." Two of the mocking classifications are as follows:

"The small-minded have small limbs and small, delicate lean bodies, small eyes and small faces—just like a Corinthian."

"Men addicted to gaming and dancing have short arms, like weasels."

And the theory he poked fun at still has its followers and its exponents, many of the latter doing very well, having large followings and believing their theories themselves. So we hear now and then, in magazine articles and in impressivé books, that if we do but notice the shapes of foreheads, noses, chins, and heads, and the color of the hair, and the texture of the skin—why, all we have then to do is to add up the various characteristics those things indicate and the character analysis of that individual is complete and unassailable.

After all, this is a most attractive kind of "system." It is so simple, and the reasons seem so plausible, and such brilliant examples are found of folk who seem to show the requisite characteristics to match their physical entities. Only there seems to be a flaw somewhere if you happen to think of the significance of the theory that would make it possible to tell character from fixed physical characteristics.

A little time ago an exponent of this type of analysis was telling a group of interested folk how infallible it was—how the shapes and textures and sizes inevitably proclaimed the character of the man. One hearer then described the workings of a certain "rescue mission," and asked the lecturer if this kind of work were worth while. "Certainly," declared the lecturer, and then described a remarkable case, wherein a regular down-and-out worthless tramp turned over into an aggressive and successful man, a wholly different kind of man. Then the listener had that lecturer.

"Yes," said the listener, "and when that man's character changed his profile changed too, didn't it?" There was a ghastly silence and an irrepressible laugh. The hit was palpable. If character can be told by fixed physical characteristics, like shapes of features, colors, and textures, then character is itself fixed, and cannot change. But if character can change, if whole charac-

teristics by training and environment can be made to change—as we all know they can—then you cannot possibly tell characteristics or character by means of any fixed physical qualities.

Now of course this is not applying to abnormal humans who are malformed, or unformed, in any way that goes with mental under-development or the like. The phenomenally small skull, for instance, generally goes with a poor or worse mental development. But even this is not invariably the case. The writer knows one very brilliant man with a skull fully three inches below the average in circumference. But, in general, an abnormally small skull of this kind would be significant. But we are not discussing abnormal folk. We are talking about every-day responsible humans. Let us make ourselves sure that you will not be able to tell much that is reliable about the individual's character from the fixed physical characteristics—which is a very different thing from recognizing characteristics from the expression of the face. The expression can change immensely, and from this you can tell much, because it reflects the individual within very beautifully, though not invariably.

Well, if you cannot diagnose a character by shapes and sizes of chins, noses, foreheads, and so on, is there any other way of attacking this important problem? For it is important. It would mean much if a teacher had some way of telling the general character type of a child, and suited the training and care of that child to the type.

It seems that there is one element that can be used in such a diagnosis—particularly of a child. And this is "behavior." We all know that different children act differently under the same circumstances. We know that some are quiet, some are noisy, some are apathetic, and so on. Suppose by noticing how a child behaves a teacher or parent could make fairly sure character-judgments. Such a system would be at least reasonable, for one's personality is likely to betray itself by the way it acts under various circumstances. And this would include all kinds of behavior, from self-control to the behavior of the mind under intelligence tests.

The writer for some years observed numbers of children, in class-room, on playground, in camp, and elsewhere, in an effort to see if there were certain kinds of general behavior under which children could be grouped. This, eventually, seemed very possible.

For instance, there were children who were quite active, both in class-room and playground. Their attention in class was alert and businesslike; on the playground they were similarly active and

alert, as well as purposeful. They seemed to have a good control over their activity. This was a fine type. The boys and girls standing near the top of the class were almost always of this type. And, come to think of it, most successful folk of our acquaintance seem to be of this type. What shall we call it? Perhaps the "active-controlled" will be as good a name as any. Does not this at once bring certain people to your mind? Or certain children? Do you not recognize it as a very definite type of character, and one almost unmistakably indicated by "behavior"? Let us call this our first general type, then, the one with the active mind and body well controlled—in other words, the "active-controlled."

There was another large group of children that at first was confused with the one already described. These children were active enough, in all conscience, both in class-room and out of it. But after a while, after a close study of many individuals, a difference began to appear. They were active, mentally and physically, but they did not seem to have a good control over their activity. They were likely to start many things without finishing. They were not steady. Some were full of good-natured mischief, playing pranks both where pranks were appropriate and distinctly where they were not. These were the so-called "harum-scarum" folk—heedless, noisy, good-natured, and seemingly unable to concentrate unless their interest were aroused to a very unusual degree. And there were others who were not so good-natured, who played malicious tricks, whose class-room disorders did not come from thoughtlessness, but purposefully. These, then, make up another kind of active group—a group not having a good control of their activity. Perhaps we could call them the "active-uncontrolled."

And, finally, there was another marked group, not nearly so large as the other two, but conspicuous enough because so different. These children did not seem to take much interest in anything. They were inclined to be stolid, unemotional, too quiet, vacant-minded, and, in brief, apathetic. Do you not know individuals of this very type? Just as with individuals of the two previously described types, once you think of the types they stand out clearly enough.

So here we had a beginning—three rather distinct kinds of behavior, with various intermediate stages, of course. No, you couldn't tell by the shape of a boy's chin or of a girl's nose what type he or she belonged to. You could tell by the manner in which the child behaved under various circumstances. After all, it seems as though it might be a rather fair method for judging

¹ See "Life of Aristotle," by Diogenes Laertes.
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1
Composite of portraits of 16 boys of low-grade mentality. Note slackness of mouth and smallness of head, as compared with Nos. 3 and 4. They were mostly "apathetic"

2
Composite of portraits of 16 "incorrigibles." Mostly "active-uncontrolled" and of poor mentality. The head is larger than in No. 1

3
Composite of portraits of 16 of the "brightest" boys in a large grammar school in a foreign quarter of an Eastern city

4
Composite of portraits of 16 of the brightest boys in a private academy and a public school predominately Anglo-Saxon. Note, with 2 and 3, the broad head and firmness of expression, as well as the intelligent look

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS

Expression means much. But fixed physical characteristics are sometimes unreliable. For instance, in the above we have the characteristic small head of the low-grade mentality contrasted with the broad forehead and larger head of the intelligent type. Yet the small head does not necessarily indicate low intelligence, though it does in a majority of cases. It is thus an important "indication" that must be added to others for a fair judgment. Such a matter as cranial capacity, however, is a different matter, for instance, than a profile curve, because the cranial capacity bears a direct relation to the size of the brain, which in turn bears a direct relation to intelligence

character—by noticing how a personality expresses itself through action.

Well, this is but a step. Let us see if we cannot go further.

The "active-controlled" make up what is obviously the most desirable type. It is the type that furnishes leaders. It supplies those who do the work of the world, the physical largely, as well as the mental. Is it not desirable, therefore, to bring into this group as many as possible from the other two groups? Let us study the two less desirable groups a few minutes. Quite a large number of the "active-uncontrolled" were studied, physically and mentally. And perhaps almost half had a physical irritation of some kind that was driving them continuously. Sometimes it was bad teeth, impacted or decayed. Sometimes the unspeakable adenoid was doing its abominable work. Sometimes it was eye-strain—and this was no infrequent cause either—or it might have been a spinal curvature or fallen arches. It took quite a thorough examination, sometimes, to find where the trouble lay. So the "active-uncontrolled" could be subdivided into two groups—the healthy and the unhealthy. In general, too, the unhealthy ones were the less desirable of the two. Their mischief was more likely to be of the malicious kind. They were the more purposely rebellious and disagreeable—which is not to be wondered at! They had a mighty good cause to be acting as they did—and of course were quite unaware of the cause.

So you can see that it is very much worth while if you can tell when a boy or a girl belongs to the "active-uncon-

trolled" group, if such observation only moves you to have the child given a thorough medical examination, to see if there is not some remediable physical cause behind the irritability and lack of control.

But suppose you cannot find any physical ill or defect. Suppose the child seems to be in the pink of health, and yet obviously belongs to the "uncontrolled" group. Well, looking up quite a number of this kind, it appeared that there was something lacking in their environment and training. Perhaps they lived in poor districts and were neglected by their parents, who rarely saw them and who paid no attention to their characters, letting them follow their own desires and impulses without much restraint. Or sometimes they came from very wealthy homes, where they were neglected by their parents, who rarely saw them and who paid no attention to their characters, letting them follow their own desires and impulses without restraint! In fact, about the worst types the writer has known have come from families of this latter sort—from highly "Social" folk, spelled with a capital "S," who were far too busy with the inconsequential to have much to do with the character development of their children, and who let this rather important matter, when it was thought of at all, be handed over to the tender mercies of not too careful servants of various sorts.

When such a child comes from a home of the poorer sort, there is a hope that something can be done, for these folk generally wish to do the best for their

children and welcome suggestion and aid. But with too many folk of social aspirations one cannot arouse the least interest. And when it is pointed out that Tommy has become badly spoiled, that he has gained willfulness instead of will power, that his character has become weak from easy indulgence, that his artificial summer life in hotels and resorts, and equally artificial winter life, with its preposterous pseudo-adult dancing affairs and so on, have combined to destroy any worth-while characteristics he may have inherited, the supercilious parents are likely to look bored. They may even remark that, after all, it didn't make a lot of difference—for it would all be knocked out of them when they got to St. Somebody-or-other's, where they were entered when they were born! There are few things that actually get on the nerves of thoughtful teachers as does the careless weakening of the possibilities of children of first-class inherited capacity, and our schools are full of them. And you could do wonders with those children, too, if by some merciful but quick means you could get rid of the parents.

So we have a healthy kind of "uncontrolled" child, whose problem concerns environment and training, and when you can gain the sympathetic understanding and co-operation of the parents wonders can often be worked with children of this type. For the "active" quality is a fine asset if it is directed along worth-while lines!

And here is the summary of this second group:

The "active-uncontrolled," who may be



TRANSFORMATION OF
AN "APATHETIC"
INTO AN "ACTIVE-
CONTROLLED," AFTER
REMOVAL OF
ADENOIDS, AND
SEVERAL MONTHS
OF SPECIAL EXERCISE
AND OUTDOOR LIFE.
NOTE THE MUCH
FIRMER AND
MORE AGGRESSIVE
EXPRESSION

healthy or unhealthy. If the former, then you have a problem in environment and training to solve, and if the latter you have the medical examination and proper care to provide for. And when children of this type are treated as they should be, very frequently it is not at all difficult to make it possible for them to change gradually into the "active-controlled" type, to their and to society's great advantage.

This brings us to the third general group—the "apathetic." Now this is not by any means the first time that observers have noticed that some individuals are "apathetic" and others are "active," and the like. In fact, some, like Pauline Malapert, in "*Les Éléments Caractère*," have made very interesting lists of character types, such as "*Les apathiques, les affectifs, les intellectuels, les tempérés, les volontaires*," and so on, with their various subdivisions. What we are trying to do here is to single out types of behavior very obvious to an observer and to study their significance in some practical way, with the benefit of the child in view.

The "apathetic" do not need long description. They are the listless or the stolid ones, the continuously "lazy" ones, those who seem physically and mentally inert, unemotional, and unexcitable, and so on. They present different characteristics, but are easily distinguishable as belonging to the general class of apathetics.

Now all this does no good unless we recognize what being in such a class signifies. Many of these children were studied, with a result not unlike that following a study of the "uncontrolled." That is, some were healthy, and others

were unhealthy. The unhealthy ones sometimes had some digestive trouble, or perhaps there was heart or circulatory defect of some kind, or one of other possible causes. And in most cases they were of a remediable variety. This brings us to the same procedure found desirable for the "uncontrolled" child—a medical examination first of all, and when physical conditions are found that might well be at the bottom of the child's lack of energy, then obviously the thing to do is to remove them as rapidly and as soon as possible.

The writer has in his possession a photograph of an "apathetic" type of boy found to have bad tonsils, large adenoids, and a seriously under-developed chest. That boy was not getting enough oxygen to enable him to do much thinking, let alone running around like other boys. The examination showing these defects, the adenoids and tonsils were removed at once. He was given special daily exercises to improve his breathing capacity. His diet was carefully supervised and he was encouraged to take more and more interest in out-of-door play. A few months made all the difference in the world. The boy went into the "active" group, with a wholly different attitude toward life and, as might have been expected, with much firmer lines of expression on his face. For a slackness of facial muscle seems to go with the weak and unintelligent type, and the firm lines and firm lips with the stronger and more intelligent individual. So much for the "apathetic-unhealthy" kind of child.

When the "apathetic" child was found to be healthy, an intelligence test was frequently illuminating. Now it is true

that you find some who are physically most inert and who have very active minds—just as there seem to be exceptions to all rules. And the last thing we are suggesting is a hard and fast rule, anyway. But, generally speaking, the active mind and body go together. The writer has found a very high coefficient of correlation between mental and physical activity.

Coming back to our healthy "apathetic" child. In general, the child made a second-rate intelligence test, and very often a downright poor one. So that with the "apathetic-healthy" you frequently have a question of mental training to deal with, and too often a very serious one.

And that completes a bare outline of the prominent types of behavior—physical behavior, we might call it. It would be interesting to take up forms of mental behavior, with a discussion of the significance of the modern intelligence tests in their various forms. And these tests are of much greater value than one would always admit, not only as an aid in classifying children, but in finding weak points that can be improved by special training. This is a fascinating field, and one hard to keep away from. But I am not writing a book on child analysis. I started out to give a bare outline of several common types of behavior and what they signify. Possibly their recognition, followed by proper training, may solve some of our worst class-room difficulties—not to speak of the greater individual efficiency and happiness coming to those who free themselves from those character handicaps that so often mean unsuccess, failure, and social disgrace.

MESSAGE FOR A SICK FRIEND

BY HILDA CONKLING

TELL her my love.
Tell her to go to sleep
Thinking of everything in the world;
Colors . . . the wind . . .
Or a fish in a spray of opal seaweed. . .

A GARDEN WITHOUT LINEAGE

BY E. K. PARKINSON

THE outline, shading, and harmony in the established permanent garden which has been tended and cared for season after season naturally produce most satisfactory effects and show the well-grown plants which careful culture yields. But what about the floriculture in the garden merely hired for a few months in the hot season and those few sickly flowers struggling for a bare existence in beds choked with weeds? It is here that the important fact is too often lost sight of that there are plenty of blossoms and vines to be had for very little, which will greatly increase the beauty of the rented garden, and which may be planted after the first of June with signal effect. The reason too often assigned for the neglect of these small spaces reminds one of the old Scotchwoman who, when asked by her dominie if she had understood the sermon, replied: "Indeed, wad I hae the presumption?" In fact, most people going to the country for only a few months in summer deem they know far too little about gardening of any kind to attempt in the remotest degree the slightest beautifying of the bare space about the house, and will tell you with a shrug of the shoulders: "Oh, I'm no professional; the garden will have to take care of itself."

But how can any one be content without at least a few flowers in the country, the securing of which involves so little labor and less expense? Take nasturtiums, for instance, which during the last few years are to be had in many of the most lovely shades of rose-pink and cream, and will grow in almost any soil. The double forms are particularly charming for borders and beds, while the innumerable climbing kinds can be made to hide many an ugly fence or wall and cover a stiff and ungainly bit of piazza to great advantage. Then there is the dwarf candytuft, which is a good plant for edging, and may be planted late and sown thinly. There is also the mignonette and marigold, both of which may be sown appropriately in June; the former should be planted in series of a few days apart, as it is short-lived, and so will last longer. The French marigolds will produce blooms in plenty if they are

accorded all the sun they crave, and are most decorative and effective during the later summer season. Next, no one should fail to add some of the brilliant salvia to his garden, not only for its brilliancy, but because it is long-lived as well, and when many of the other blossoms are gone the accommodating salvia is still there glorious as ever. The old-fashioned phlox is always admirable, with its many-toned blossoms in an effective range of colors, and where masses of particular kinds are planted in June there will be a charming flower-patch to draw from quite late in the season. If the rented house is to be occupied during the early autumn, the occupant should be sure to set out some of the newer varieties of the beautiful asters; there are many kinds from which to choose, and although there will always exist a diversity of opinion regarding the merits of certain plants, at least the aster may be said to be exempt from adverse criticism, so exquisite are its colors, so charming its effects.

How few people are familiar with the tuberous begonias! And where the hot-house begonia would only partially supply a deficiency of the kind we are discussing, the tuberous variety will make a rapidly maturing, sturdy plant, easy to grow, and with large waxlike blossoms in all the handsome shades of yellow, pink, scarlet, and creamy white. These plants need plenty of water, and do admirably in the shadier parts of the garden, but should be planted in well-raked-over, rich soil. Next, those who are familiar only with the more common forms of geraniums, namely, those varying from the most intense brick-red to the dingy yellow-red, can have no conception of the beauty of those blossoms in their rarer and perfected state. Where carefully chosen as to color and well grown, the newer form of geranium is distinctly decorative and in the shading of its cool green leaves possesses some of the suppleness and charm of the wild-wood flowers. Let the man with the rented garden try, for instance, the lovely salmon-pink variety known as the Beauté Poitevine, or the soft white Mme. Recamier, combined with the S. A. Nutt, which is a deep shade of crimson, or the famous

Marquise de Castellane in two shades of red, all of which are excellent and will prove a great comfort to those who are obliged to plant a late garden.

No one should neglect the many forms of Iceland poppy to be had of late years; or the California poppy, which is a better-known variety, with brilliant blossoms, and makes a gay showing when planted in large masses to cover ugly bare spots in the hired garden. But the Iceland poppy is the more beautiful of the two, and its foliage more delicate; it is also less fugacious than most of the poppy family, there being always a fresh blossom to supply the one which has just gone by. Of course all the poppy tribe revel in sunshine, and it will be found they thrive best in a sandy soil. Occasionally among the seedlings a semi-double form will occur as well as a charming dwarf form, often white or yellow with short stiff stems, sometimes bearing ten or fifteen flower-cups within quite a small diameter. The Alpine poppy, on the other hand, does better in damper soil and is by no means so pretty or so floriferous as its near relative the Iceland poppy.

What shall be planted, however, will depend a great deal upon the size of the space to be filled, how long the rented house is to be occupied, and various other necessary considerations. But experience will teach better what to leave unplanted than two or three volumes of instruction; but at least aim at individuality and an artistic whole and avoid coarse weedy subjects, and as a rule plants that throw out strong creeping rootstalks will be found objectionable. Another point to remember is not to plant your flower-bed in stiff rows, as though it were supposedly on a military review; variety is always the spice of a garden, and, where too much space is not called for, massing is often very desirable with medium-sized plants. The skilled decorator, with a sharp eye to effects, will also arrange his garden (for however short a term it may be actually his) with reference to the effect from the interior of the house, so that the lovely flower space may be rendered beautiful from inside out, as well as from outside in.

“HERBS, AND OTHER COUNTRY MESSES”

(Milton)

PICTURES FROM



A WOMAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS AT WORK IN HER
OUTSIDE KITCHEN

Photographs by Margaret W. Morley

"FROM TOIL HE WINS HIS SPIRITS LIGHT"

(Gray's Elegy)

AN OUTLOOK READER



A BIRCHBARK STILL IN THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS—THE OIL IS
USED FOR "WINTERGREEN" FLAVORING

THE BOOK TABLE

THIS PREDIGESTING BUSINESS

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

THE way to form in children a taste for good literature is to see to it that they have good literature to taste. "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," runs the slogan of a well-known health food. Shakespeare had the same idea of the value of diet, though he didn't make a slogan of it—"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he hath grown so great?"

Look back, sir, or madam, to your own childhood. What books made an impression on you? Or, rather, what were the books that you absorbed and from which you drew sustenance? They were real books—not predigested infant's food. The worst of this predigesting business, this rewriting for children, is that in the process of serving up the work of a great writer through the medium of a little writer the wine, however good originally, tastes of the bottle and the cork; the process is devitalizing.

I experienced the other day a feeling of genuine shock when I looked at a leaflet my little children (of three, five, and six years) brought home with them from Sunday school. The lesson was from Isaiah—the original passage is familiar and beautiful:

In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple.

Above it stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.

And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke.

Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.

Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar.

And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.

But this is what I read in the leaflet:

Isaiah, the prophet, often went into the temple to pray.

In a vision, in the temple, Isaiah

saw the Lord sitting up on his high throne.

Shining angels stood on each side of the throne of God.

They sang to one another, saying, "The Lord is holy."

The doorposts trembled with the sound of their voices.

Isaiah was troubled when he saw the Lord, for he felt that his own heart was full of sin.

One of the angels told Isaiah that his sins were now taken away.

Isaiah heard the Lord ask whom he should send to preach to his people.

Isaiah said, Here am I; send me.

How pallid is the leaflet rendering beside the original's force and power! And why on earth did the good lady think it necessary? Had she so little belief in Holy Scripture that she was unwilling to trust the babes with the vision of Isaiah and its striking imagery? And the worst of such rendering—or rendering—is that it defeats its purpose. The child doesn't remember it so well. Why should he? It isn't so memorable.

So with the Easter lesson—the beautiful incident of Christ's appearance to the disciples in the upper room and his words to Thomas (surely simple enough for any child's comprehension) were altered. "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." Instead we have: "Christ told Thomas to put his finger into the print of the nails," etc.

The change is the change from a picture into a plain statement of fact. And in most of the stories from the Bible done for children the change is always this, from the dramatic to the easier narrative form. And the stories lose immeasurably! So do the children.

Our English Bible in the King James's version is very beautiful, very noble. Not only that, it is deeply inwrought into our English literature. Delete the Bible allusions and references from the work of Milton, Browning, Tennyson, Herbert, Donne—of prose writers from Sir Thomas Browne to Ruskin—and envisage the irreparable gaps! A thorough knowledge of the Bible has been an integral part of the training of the men and women who, in the past, have counted for something. How often do we find the "Bible and Shakespeare" serving as the strong roots from which many a fair tree of scholarship has up-reared itself!

Why should we defraud our children of this rich inheritance?

And the time of all others for gaining a familiarity with the English Bible is in very early childhood.

It is well enough that they know the story, the gist of the narrative, but what is gained by not giving them the text? And how much admirable grounding in our English speech is lost!

Those of us who were fortunate enough to have had a childhood wherein the daily reading of the Bible aloud was an integral part of the home life, coming as certainly as breakfast (and in point of time, just after it), would be most unwilling to give up the memory or to give up the familiarity with the stately procession of Old Testament folk that passed before the childish horizon, vivid as the "Arabian Nights," and more closely related. It was Old Testament chiefly, as I remember it, because we youngsters liked it, with the Psalms (which our parents liked) interspersed on days when one of us little folk happened to miss the reading. And to miss "what happened next" was a real distress! Yet, though at that time we didn't especially care for the Psalms, they were firmly fixed in the memory in all their beauty and poetry.

There is nothing in the King James's text that presents any great difficulty to childish hearers. Of course there are bits to omit, but any intelligent mother can manage that. And it appeals to children. It is dramatic—intensely dramatic—and children love the dramatic. All the folk tales and fairy tales that are best loved by little folk are dramatic, and written almost in dramatic form. That the child understands every word is quite unimportant. When was complete understanding ever necessary to enjoyment? In fact, the lack of it is to a child an added charm, for at each successive reading he gets a bit more.

Exegesis, explanation, authenticity—all discussion of these can wait until adolescence. I was reading to a three-year-old the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and the fiery furnace. Of course I had to "read it again" and "read it again," and thereafter for weeks tell it as a bedtime story (for the suggestion of warmth, I fancy, for our New Hampshire thermometer stood at 30° below). But was I allowed to omit one instrument from the list—"Cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of musick"? Not one. There was a certain sonorousness in the repetition the little fellow liked.

The committing to memory of passages and chapters and of Psalms even by very little children doesn't hurt a child in the least. He does it easily, often by repeated reading, unconsciously. And many a thing learned unthinkingly in childhood stands by one at a critical time in after life—an "anchor to windward" my sea-captain father used to say.

The lately published "Diary of Opal" throws interesting light on how much a very young child can appreciate of high endeavor. Consider how much solace in

the child's loneliness was hers because of teaching her mother had given her before *sir*! Would a familiarity with Peter Rabbit or the Little Red Hen have given the spiritual sustenance?

One need not emulate Susannah Wesley (mother of John and Charles—and of sixteen children besides), who upon the day that each child attained the age of five years started the little one in at Genesis, without even a primer to break the shock. But John and Charles Wesley were creditable sons. Though we do not go to her extreme, surely it is time to give our children something besides the trivialities with which their minds have been deluged.

The heroic appeals to little children; they love imagery. Even little children are far more susceptible to a high idealism than we think; I believe they need stronger and simpler food than that usually allotted to them. Try them, gentle reader! Daniel and his companions besought the king's eunuch to give them pulse to eat, and their countenances were fairer and fatter than any of their companions who were fed the more highly seasoned diet of "meat from the king's table."

I am not urging that we make children old before their time, but that we give their minds a rest from the eternal drivel that is poured into them and return to what formerly constituted a large part of infant fare, namely, large portions of English poetry and the Bible. Why distress yourself about bedtime stories, dear sir or madam? Leave for the moment Tommy Titmouse and Johnny Woodchuck. Have Grimm and Hans Andersen, Robinson Crusoe—and for the rest dust off your Bible and begin at Genesis.

ROMANCE AND REALITY IN INDIAN LIFE

IN a handsomely printed and well-illustrated quarto volume¹ the editor and her contributors undertake what they tell us is a labor of love. They seek to make American readers who are not ethnologists acquainted with the nature, feeling, and imagination of the American Indian. The plan is a novel one. Here are some dozen or more professional anthropologists, ethnologists, and curators of museums who deliberately choose the medium of romantic relation as the best way of making us understand the Indian.

The reason for this plan is that, while there has been an immense amount written about the Indian, the scientific side (presented largely in dry monographs) has been too dull to get itself read, while the romantic side has shown us good Indians and bad Indians, but hardly ever the true Indian. Since the day



THE AMERICAN INDIAN

A drawing by C. Grant La Farge from "American Indian Life"

when Fenimore Cooper idealized the Indian and was followed by a long list of romantic writers, and the day when the early dime novelist described the "red devils" in a purely diabolical way, and was followed in this by writers of more elaborate and expensive but not more accurate sensational stories of our time, there has been little in the way of fiction that has not misled the general reader in one direction or the other. Thus the American Indian is fast becoming legendary and the actual knowledge about him is confined to the ranks of professional students. This book provides vivid and authentic pictures of experiences, tribal or individual, so that it may be recommended both to those who want to read vivid legends and tales of Indian life and to those who want to get correct views of how the Indians lived in village and camp, how they made love and war, and what their social and religious customs were.

The editor is herself one of the few white Americans who is a member by adoption of an Indian tribe (the Hopis), and she writes with special knowledge of the Zuni. In the same way the contributors write, each of a tribe or group of tribes of which he has special knowledge. It is quite notable how readily

these writers, who are almost all scientific specialists, accommodate themselves to the general plan of telling stories rather than of writing essays.

The planners of the book have been fortunate enough to secure the aid of Mr. C. Grant La Farge in its illustration. The many full-page drawings in black and white and the six full pages in color fit the text and the purpose of the work admirably. They are based on a thorough study of museum collections and show characteristic features of Indian art as well as illustrating the text specifically. One of these pictures we reproduce herewith.

The element of historical information and of scientific ethnology is provided by an extremely readable Introduction and by careful appendices and bibliographies. One interesting comment by the writer of the Introduction, Professor A. L. Kroeber, of the University of California, is the warning he gives the reader that any such effort to depict Indian life by story must be a little out of balance because it leaves the reader impressed with the ritual and ceremonial attitude of the Indians toward religion, while, on the other hand, it almost necessarily leaves out the factor of Indian humor, not because humor

¹American Indian Life. Edited by Elsie Clews Parsons. Illustrations by C. Grant La Farge. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York. \$10.

does not exist among the Indians, but because it is so different from ours that the attempt to reproduce it would fall flat. He points out also that the greatest strength of the book is in dealing with the daily life, personal relations, and ambitions of the Indian individuals.

The only parallel to this kind of treatment of Indian life by archaeologists through romance is Dr. Bandelier's novel "The Delight Makers." Professor Kroeber sums up the matter by saying:

The present book, then, is a picture of native American life in much the sense that a series of biographies of one statesman, poet, or common citizen from each country of Europe

would yield a cross-sectional aspect of the civilization of that continent. France and Russia, Serbia and Denmark, would each be represented with its national peculiarities; and yet the blended effect would be that of a super-national culture. So with our Indians. It is through the medium of the intensive and special coloring of each tribal civilization that the common elements of Indian culture are brought out most truthfully, even though somewhat indirectly.

We may cordially congratulate the editor, publishers, and printers in having produced a work of real value, of decided entertainment, and of notable beauty in form and appearance.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF DONALD G. MITCHELL (THE). By Waldo H. Dunn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$4.50.

One is surprised to find that no previous life of Ik Marvel has appeared. But his gentle and cultured personality as shown modestly in his books appeared there clearly and intimately. The present Life will do good service if it directs readers to those books, which have that pleasant charm of good writing and admirable description rare in recent essayists. The Life is excellently done; in it we follow Mr. Mitchell through his Edgewood farm days (this book was partly written in the old farmhouse, now closely hemmed in by New Haven's growth, but with the name fitly preserved in Edgewood Park), in his experiences abroad, and in his comradeship with books and thinkers.

SCIENCE

OUTLINE OF SCIENCE (THE). A Plain Story Simply Told. Vol. I. By Professor J. Arthur Thomson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.75.

This is the first volume of a popular résumé of scientific knowledge which apparently aims to do in its chosen field what the famous "Outline of History" has done for the more distinctively human aspects of the world's past. The chapters are short, divided into sections and sub-sections for easy reading, well printed in legible type, and copiously illustrated. The point of view is that of a frank acceptance of the evolutionary theory, which is interestingly and convincingly presented. The work, it may be confidently predicted, will have a large sale to "the intelligent student-citizen," for whom it is written, and will do much to introduce accepted modern theories among people (like Mr. Bryan and his sympathizers) to whom these ideas have been unwelcome as controverting traditional views.

POETRY

VEIL (THE). By Walter De La Mare. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.

Alone among that group of not-so-much-younger English poets called the Georgians the work of Walter De La Mare stands as a definite individual expression. The rest of the group write so much alike that it is difficult, without the tag of a name, to tell whether a

poem issuing from this band is by Mr. Squire, Mr. Shanks, or Mr. Turner. They all eat out of one platter. Mr. De La Mare is different. He plays upon a small violoncello and from his bow come tender, wistful, eery strains. A suggestion of the impalpable surrounds his poetry, and the exceeding delicacy with which he handles his themes conveys a fairy-like spirit to the reader.

"The Veil" is quite on a plane with the volumes that have preceded it. Here again are the faltering rhythms, the Blake-like purity of spirit, the faint perfume-like suggestions of unseen figures and rustling forms. All is atmosphere rather than direct utterance. No one but De La Mare could have handled a poem in quite this way:

Isled in the midnight air,
Musked with the dark's faint bloom,
Out into glooming and secret haunts
The flame cries, "Come!"

Lovely in dye and fan,
A-tremble in shimmering grace,
A moth from her winter swoon
Uplifts her face:

Stares from her glamorous eyes;
Wafts her on plumes like mist;
In ecstasy swirls and sways
To her strange tryst.

It should be perceptible that a note a trifle deeper than any shown heretofore by De La Mare is to be found in "The Veil." It is not so much that the poet suffers from a metaphysical unequilibrium as that his spiritual curiosity is creeping beyond fairies, fancies, and twilight-colored things into human fluctuations. With age comes a note that is more analytic and brooding.

FICTION

RED HOUSE MYSTERY (THE). By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

A murder and detective story by the author of "Mr. Pim" and "The Dover Road," better written than most crime stories, as might be expected from the authorship. Its peculiarity is that the mystery is, not who committed the murder, but what were the cause and the method of the crime.

OPPIDAN (THE). By Shane Leslie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

The real hero of this story is Eton College, not Peter, the rather colorless

"oppidan" boy whose adventures at Eton are here related. The customs, traditions, and unwritten law of the famous English public school are described with elaborate minuteness. The method is the opposite of Hughes's "Tom Brown at Rugby," and one result is that Eton is much clearer in depiction than was Rugby in that story.

TRUTH ABOUT VIGNOLLES (THE). By Albert Kinross. The Century Company, New York. \$1.90.

There is something fascinating and Kipling-like in these adventures of an old soldier of the Camel Corps who deserts in order to get to the front. The glamour of the East is strong. The author knows just how Egypt and Mesopotamia seemed to the English soldier in the Great War, and flavors his realism (sometimes a bit strong) with imagination and Oriental mystery.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

JOSEPH DANZIGER even before the war had an established reputation as a popular writer on financial and economic subjects. In 1915, by obtaining an appointment as war correspondent, he was able to get behind the German lines and investigate conditions in Belgium and Germany. Mr. Danziger has published a series of articles on Belgium, which were heartily commended by editors for their fairness and accuracy, and compiled an exhaustive bulletin on the German economic situation.

CLIFFORD A. TINKER is a lieutenant in the United States Navy and a former aide to Admiral Moffett. From Washington, where he is associated with the Bureau of Aeronautics, Lieutenant Tinker sends us an account of the actualities and possibilities of radio control.

HILDA CONKLING is the younger daughter of Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling, Assistant Professor of English at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. Of Hilda's first book of verse, published in 1919, when she was only nine years old, Miss Amy Lowell wrote: "I know of no other instance in which such really beautiful poetry has been written by a child." Hilda's new book, "Shoes of the Wind," will be published by the F. A. Stokes Company in the autumn.

ELON K. JESSUP and **E. K. PARKINSON**, both lovers of outdoors, treat in this issue of two widely different aspects of nature. One deals with the wildness and ruggedness of the forest; the other, with the peaceful domesticity of the house garden.

FRANCES DUNCAN (Mrs. John Manning) writes us that she is "living on a farm in Cornish, New Hampshire, miles off from anywhere, chiefly occupied with three very lively youngsters." She is well known as a writer on gardening and horticulture, and is the author of several books.



BEFORE—Main Street, Lena, Illinois, before "Tarvia-X" construction.

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AFTER—Main Street, Lena, Illinois, after construction with "Tarvia-X"

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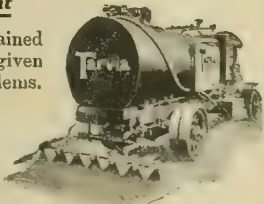
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Chancel and Nave Looking from Sanctuary
of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. F. Schweinfurth, Architect

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THE ASSOCIATIONAL IDEA IN BUSINESS

BY S. WILBUR CORMAN

WHATEVER may be said of thought of the idea of trade and industrial and professional associations, it must be admitted that it is a big idea. Emmett Hay Naylor in his fine book "Trade Associations," published last year, lists no less than 821 of these organizations, and I know of a number that he does not mention. Moreover, new ones are being created almost daily, and relatively few cease to exist once they come into being.

They embrace a wide range of activity—all the way from the American Medical Association, whose members bring most of us into the world, to the Casket Manufacturers' Association, the membership of which takes care of us at the finish.

It has been suggested that trade associations constitute only one aspect of the constantly changing kaleidoscope of American industrialism; that they are the fad of the hour; that they simply represent a new phase of the old game of trying to quell competition; that they are largely a holdover from war conditions; that they are unsound economically, subversive of public welfare, and therefore rightly doomed to rapid extinction.

The underlying idea of men with a mutuality of interest associating themselves together to their common advantage is extremely old—how old I am not prepared to say—but the Bible contains several references to organizations of goldsmiths, apothecaries, etc., and profane literature almost as ancient provides abundant evidence of organizations predicated upon similarity of occupation of the members.

Every one is of course familiar with the fact that there were associations of merchants in Greece and Rome many centuries ago, and the guilds of mediæval Europe were originally merchant guilds, and only later on craft guilds, the progenitors of our modern trade unions.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that Carpenters' Hall, constructed of small imported bricks, was built in Philadelphia in 1770 as the home of the Honorable Society of Carpenters, which would seem to indicate that the English craft guild idea was firmly established in America at that time.

The Hall is still standing. It was the meeting-place of the First Continental Congress of the British Colonies in America in 1774—the real beginning of the associational idea that later developed into the United States of America.

The ancient merchant guild may properly be regarded as the legitimate parent of the modern trade association, although there are of course wide differences of method and administration, perhaps the most noteworthy being the ready acceptance nowadays of the principle that pools and combinations in restraint of trade and industry are inimical to the common good and not to be tolerated.

Many sub-standard practices are now

legal, but it is only fair to observe that the modern straight-thinking business man quite generally would recognize the advantage of standardized 36-inch yards and 16-ounce pounds, even were there no law to curb individual eccentricity in such directions.

Great National trade associations, in the modern sense of the word, came into existence in this country about sixty years ago—there are a large number still going strong with an honorable record of from 25 to 50 years to their credit.

Down through the years, making many mistakes, committing countless blunders, but sound at the core, the idea of co-operation and mutual helpfulness within a given trade or industry has persisted and developed.

No one yet has invented a human institution which is either foolproof or immaculate. Indeed, quite recently our highest court has ordered an association of hardwood lumber manufacturers to discontinue certain practices in restraint of trade and of virtual price fixing.

Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, has already undertaken to clarify the position of trade associations in their relations to the public and the Government, and I predict that this extremely useful and very interesting tool of modern business will not be lost to us, but, as is so frequently the result in such circumstances, will be made even more efficient and helpful.

The general public is amply protected by the makers and custodians of our legal fabric; but, entirely apart from any such precaution, no trade association has the right to exist if it is not of benefit to those within its membership, to its industry as a whole, to general business, and to the public at large. It is no business to attempt to eliminate the natural and necessary forms of competition.

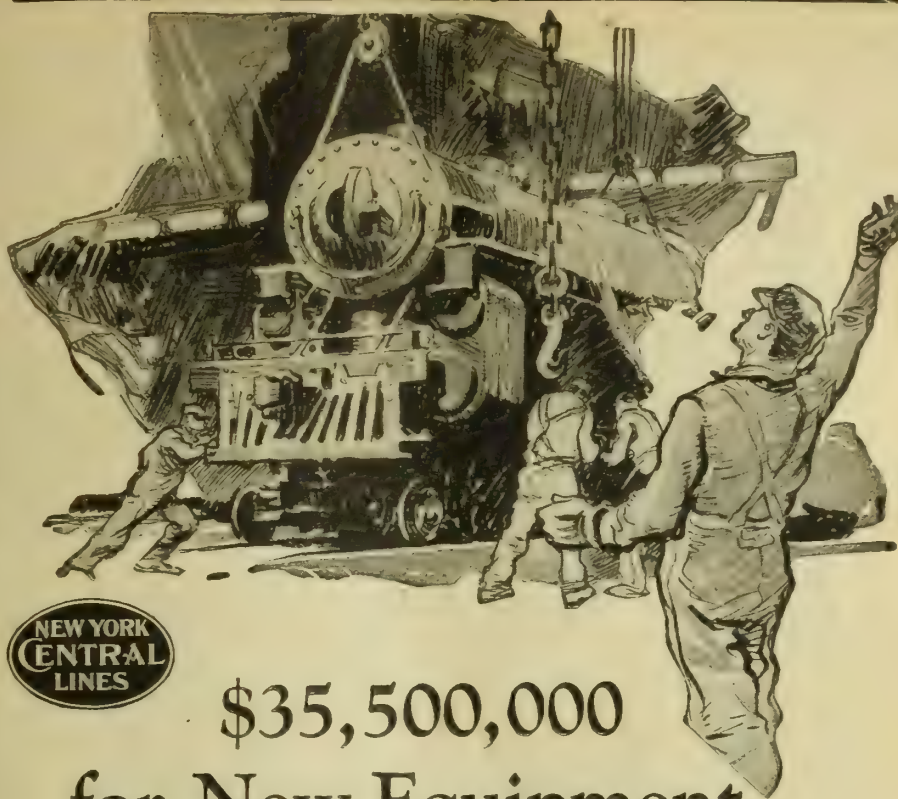
Every thoughtful American business man knows the difference between fair and unfair competition; every successful trade association must learn the exceedingly simple fact that business grows by building up, and not by tearing down, even if the tearing down operation is directed at the "other fellow." We are all "other fellows" from the "other fellow's" point of view.

It seems to me that we may safely conclude that the associational idea is ancient and worthy; that it is fundamentally sound; that it possesses potentialities of untold benefit to all concerned.

The associational idea is so important a factor in American business that there is even an Association of Trade Association Executives. It is the type of idea that just naturally develops into an ideal.

The greatest ideal in the world to-day is democracy. Three principles are flashing—whether it is better to be governed by a few strong men, by ourselves, or by no one. This struggle is going on everywhere—in world politics; in National, State, and local politics; in industry; in individual businesses.

Generally speaking, a very strong man is usually in favor of being permitted to



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THE ASSOCIATIONAL IDEA IN BUSINESS (Continued)

rule. He has more confidence in his own wisdom than in mass intelligence. Weak men prefer to be ruled.

But when a nation or an industry is composed of men having a high average of intelligence, courage, and self-reliance you always find a condition unfavorable to autocracy.

Our fathers would not be ruled by others; hence they discovered how to rule themselves. They would have naught of autocracy—they knew that around the corner from autocracy lurks anarchy.

Business has had largely to formulate its own rules—has had to learn how to govern itself. Even governmental laws to control or direct business—aside from those curiously silly ones which most every one nowadays recognizes as having been ill-advised—have sought to establish rules and regulations for business in accordance with already widely accepted standards of good conduct.

Almost every industry has had, at some time, its would-be strong man—its autocrat who sought to establish the customs and practices of that industry. But in no single instance has he been strong enough. American business men have refused to accept autocratic rule. As a result, each industry has known its period of anarchy, of lawless practices, of sinister tendencies pointing straight to wreck and ruin.

And then, almost without exception, American business men have had the character, decency, and wisdom to get together, iron out their differences, root out the evils, and create trade laws acceptable to and observed by all.

I firmly believe that the vast majority of trade associations formed in this country were born of a high-minded, clean purpose to eliminate evil practices, to introduce law and order, and to elevate business. A dishonest or dishonorable purpose is not well expressed in a constitution and by-laws.

Of course mistakes have been made. Many policies have proved unsound. Endeavors to do away with bad practices have sometimes developed other practices almost as bad. Selfishness, unfair competition, treachery, and bad faith are elements that have not been easy completely to eliminate.

Every trade association with which I am familiar has endeavored to benefit its own trade or industry, and usually has succeeded in benefiting business as a whole. The mere getting together and trying to be human and decent to erstwhile hated competitors is really a tremendous step forward.

You can't work with a man to-day on a committee seeking to formulate a code of business ethics, and stick a knife into him to-morrow.

The reason trade associations pretty generally are successful in this country is because American business men pretty generally are honest and decent at heart and want their industries to be the same. That is why they get together and stay together.

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WITH the closing of the schools many letters have come to The Outlook from teachers, telling of the help which The Outlook has given them in the teaching of civics and current events. We publish herewith a few extracts from the many letters which we have received:

I have used The Outlook for current events study in both English and history classes for the past two years. Before that time I used the "—," and I have been careful to study fully the "—" and any other weekly papers as to school use, but I find none so valuable as your own. Though I often disagree with your point of view, yet I find no paper written so clearly and studiously and carefully as yours.

J. M. PINCELL,
Principal of Schools,
Frenchtown, Montana.

My opinion of The Outlook as a basis of study in school work can hardly be expressed. I know had you been in my history class and had seen the keen interest of the pupils you would have been delighted to see them really "drink in" its contents.

EVA DEARDORFF,
Biglerville High School,
Biglerville, Pennsylvania.

In our classes in history we have found The Outlook highly satisfactory this term, especially because of the sanity and the constructive tone with which current problems are handled.

MATTHEW L. DANN,
Richmond Hill High School,
Richmond Hill, New York.

I have found all the numbers of The Outlook very stimulating and superior to any other magazine I have tried to use. The articles have served us as a basis for oral composition and I have enjoyed with my students the discussions which they have provoked.

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I am pleased to be able to say that in my two years of history teaching I have found no other magazine equal to The Outlook for weekly current event study.

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Although there are other publications of a similar nature which cover a wider field, The Outlook is better adapted to school needs because it is written in a more scholarly, yet fascinating style.

H. B. BRETNALL,
Denver Public Schools,
Denver, Colorado.

I propose to use The Outlook exclusively as a current events guide during the coming year. During the past year I used the "—" in one class, the "—" in another, and The Outlook in a third. It is my belief that the class using The Outlook made the best progress and knew most about current events at the close of the year.

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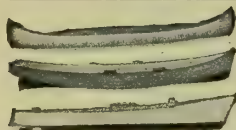
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BY THE WAY

"Not only Podunk Is, but Podunks Are," a correspondent tells us, anent the skepticism about the reality of Podunk evidenced in a recent article in The Outlook. "In Temple's History of North Brookfield," our informant says, "is a description of land transferred in 1665, 'a meddow which is called Podunk,' with the lands about it. This 'meddow called Podunk' is a part of the town of Brookfield, Massachusetts, and has always been called Podunk. The little settlement has a chapel and a schoolhouse, but is best known because of its close proximity to 'Podunk Pond' or 'Quabaug Lake,' which is more and more becoming a favorite camping ground."

When a foreigner is presented to the Pope, says Mr. Brander Matthews, the Pope has to open the conversation. In the case of Pius IX that shrewd Pontiff often did this by asking how long the stranger had been in Rome. If the answer was "only a few weeks," the Holy Father responded: "Then I suppose you have seen nearly everything." If the answer was "several months," the reply was: "Then I suppose that you are beginning to find your way around." But if the alien proudly declared that he had been in Rome for two or three years, the Pope smiled and remarked: "Then I suppose you have found out that nobody can ever really know Rome!"

Gorillas are the most difficult of wild beasts to capture, according to Dr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York City Zoological Park. He says:

Various schemes have been put forward for capturing full-grown ones, but they have either been rejected or tried and failed. It is impossible by any means that we know of at present to capture a gorilla. Any trap strong enough to hold them would be detected and shunned by them. To attempt to trap them with anything less strong would be attended with great risk of death for the trapper. The use of nets or such devices would be almost certain to result in death for the trapper. The gorillas don't desert their young, and the babies that have been captured have been taken after the mothers have been shot.

An English business man tells in the New York "Times" about the changed attitude of his countrymen toward American visitors: "It is almost proverbial throughout America that we are a nation of frozen faces, aloof and reticent or rude and brusque. In reality, the British attitude toward Americans is that of brother to brother—ready to bicker, chaff and 'grouse' over small matters, but also ready to stand back to back against any outside interference. The war accomplished much toward bringing the Britisher out of his proverbial shell. It is safe to say to-day that ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen would welcome a 'pick-up' conversation in a railway compartment or on a bus and that

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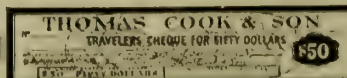
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BY THE WAY—(Continued)

they would go to any length to be of assistance to a stranger. So England is planning for the visits of Americans this summer as though they were simply relatives."

Chauncey M. Depew, in his Reminiscences, puts Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher in the first rank of famous orators. Of Phillips he says: "I have heard most of the great orators of the world, but none of them produced such an immediate and lasting effect upon their audience as Wendell Phillips." Of Beecher: "As an after-dinner speaker the most remarkable in effectiveness and inspiration of the men of my time was Henry Ward Beecher." Robert G. Ingersoll he characterizes as exercising in his speeches "the spell of a magician." Lord Rosebery, he declares, is "the prince of after-dinner speakers in England."

One of the most remarkable oratorical occasions described by Mr. Depew was

the famous dinner in New York City at which General Sherman, "an orator as well as a fighter," gave a wonderful word picture of the great review in Washington of the victorious Union Army at the close of the Civil War and its subsequent disbandment and the return of its members to their peaceful homes. This speech was followed by an equally remarkable address by Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, in which he told of the home-coming of the Confederate Army, defeated, ragged, poor, but with undaunted courage taking up the battle of life in their poverty-stricken homes. Each of these "triumphant epics," Mr. Depew says, stirred its hearers to the highest degree of enthusiasm.

Of Mr. Beecher's impromptu sallies Mr. Depew gives one example. In his English campaign in 1863 a heckler said: "If you people of the North are so strong and your cause is so good, why after all these years of fighting have you not licked the South?" Mr. Beecher replied: "If the Southerners

were Englishmen, we would have licked them!" The audacity and the humor of the retort brought down the house.

Under the heading, "Was it John Hay who Originated the Sovereign Quip?" the New York "Herald" publishes a letter which says that when John Hay was asked by an English visitor at Mount Vernon, "Really, now, George Washington could not have thrown a dollar across the Potomac, could he?" the diplomat answered, "Why not? He threw a sovereign across the Atlantic." Another correspondent tells the "Herald" in the same column that it wasn't the Potomac that was used by Washington to give point to the joke, but the Natural Bridge of Virginia, over which G. W. cast a Spanish milled dollar. We prefer the Potomac version.

A schoolboy's variation of this jest, it will be recalled, made Julius Cæsar a "bigger man" than our National hero. It read: "Julius Cæsar was renowned for his strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine."

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JUL 10 1922

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1922



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FIRST in position and importance in each issue of The Outlook is the editorial survey of the outstanding events of that week, discussed without partisanship or prejudice and with first hand knowledge and conviction.

LYMAN ABBOTT, dean of American editors, frequently contributes signed editorials and "Knoll Papers."

GOVERNOR HARRY L. DAVIS, of Ohio, writes an article entitled "Death by Law," in which he marshals powerful evidence against capital punishment.

NEWTON FUESSLE contributes the story of Uncle Sam as a gigantic road builder.

GARRARD HARRIS, an associate editor of the Birmingham, Alabama, "News," tells the story of the founding and subsequent activities of the largest and most active sportsmen's association in the United States.

ELSIE SINGMASTER, the American novelist, is represented by a searching short story entitled "The God in the Machine."

"BY THE BLACK HEARTHSTONE" is a most illuminating interpretation by a Southerner of Negro life.

"THE RIGHT TO WORK" is a stirring plea by Kingsley Moses, the industrial writer, for the vocational rehabilitation of crippled or physically disabled men and women.

JOSEPH DANZIGER is the author of an important article concerning the present economic and financial conditions in Germany.

"OVER THE HILL TO THE RICH HOUSE" is the intriguing title of a short story about some poor rich people, written in a masterly fashion by Conrad Richter.

To all progressive Americans, whether they come from the North or the South, Rollin Lynde Hartt's article entitled "In Fairness to the South" will prove interesting and enlightening.

POEMS of distinction by Hermann Hagedorn, Harry Lee, Leslie Nelson Jennings, Hilda Conkling, Herbert Gorman, and Marion Couthouy Smith will appear

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Cover Design: A Forest Ranger and a Visitor at Mount Desert. Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore

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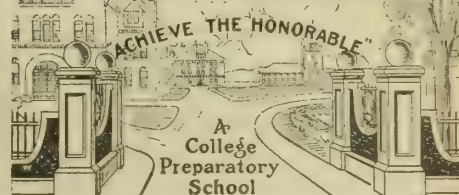
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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

LUCY FURMAN, who is at present writing a series of stories, "The Quare Women," for the "Atlantic Monthly," gives to The Outlook an engrossing account of the efforts of the sheriff of Knott County, Kentucky, to put a stop to the making of moonshine liquor by the Kentucky mountain people. Miss Furman has been living for many years at Hindman, on the forks of Troublesome Creek, associated with the Hindman Settlement School. She has written a number of stories about the mountain people, which have been published in magazine and book form.

HERBERT GORMAN is contributing assistant to the New York "Times" Magazine and Book Review Section and the author of numerous critical essays. A volume of his poems will be published in the fall by G. P. Putnam's Sons under the title of "The Barcarole of James Smith."

ARTHUR CHAPMAN is well known as a successful portrayer of the West. He is the author of a novel, "Mystery Ranch," and two volumes of Western verse, "Cactus Center" and "Out Where the West Begins." There have been Easterners who, after reading the title poem of this last volume, have been unkind enough to ask, "Well, if what Mr. Chapman says about the West is true, what the dickens is he doing in New York?" He is at present working as a special writer for the New York Sunday "Tribune."

ANNIE B. KEER, as the executive of the Brooklyn International Institute, which is a branch of the Y. W. C. A., is constantly in touch with the immigrant girls and learns some thrilling stories, many of them too personal for publication. The story which she tells in this issue is the record of an actual experience. During the war she was director of the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House at Camp Dodge, Iowa, and before that connected with a social settlement house in Chicago.

HENRY HOYT MOORE'S photographs of Bar Harbor and Mount Desert Island will make many a vacationer long to turn his steps in that direction. Mr. Moore is art manager of The Outlook and a devotee of photography.

EDWARD K. PARKINSON, the author of "A Garden Without Lineage," which appeared in The Outlook last week, turns in the present issue to mid-summer flowers. He has spent a number of years in the country and has written two books on outdoor subjects. He was at one time on the staff of the "Country Gentleman" and for four years with the New York "Evening Post."

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON is familiar to Outlook readers as the author of two articles on British political questions previously published in The Outlook. He has had a notable military career and is the author of "Letters on Amphibious Wars," "Sea, Land, and Air Strategy," etc.



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The Outlook

JULY 12, 1922

THE COAL CONFERENCE

ONE strong reason for believing that the coal conference called by President Harding, assembling as we write, will bring results is that results simply must be had. For three months workers and operators have debated without a sign of settlement. Already danger is in sight. In the anthracite industry a coal shortage and sustained high prices in the fall are all but certain—and, although the hard-coal industry is small as compared with the soft-coal industry, it comes close to the comfort and the pockets of millions of consumers. In this field hardly a ton has been mined since April. In the bituminous field the non-union miners have produced considerable quantities, but the total output does not begin to meet the need, and the surplus supplies are dwindling fast.

It was proper that time should be given for peaceful adjustment of this deplorable industrial war by the contending forces before the President intervened. He was not to assume that a business bargain could not be reached. In the great coal controversy of 1902 President Roosevelt did not act until the strike had been under way for several months. When he did move, he acted with power, directness, and the clear declaration that if the conference didn't settle the trouble he would. Now the time has come in this fight for the Government to intervene and to demand and get results. President Harding, Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce, and Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor will doubtless not merely urge action on the fifty or more representatives of miners and operatives now in conference, but require action.

It is gratifying to note that President Harding and his advisers even before the conference met set forth in a determined way their belief that the conference should not merely arbitrate on the claims and counter-claims of miners and operators, but should provide a permanent way of avoiding such conflicts in the future. In concrete form this means some plan to get at the actual causes of the trouble. In the larger field, that of the soft-coal industry, practically every one recognizes that the basic trouble is over-production, the existence of too many mines, and the employment of many thousand more miners than are



JOHN L. LEWIS (LEFT), PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS, IN CONFERENCE WITH SECRETARY OF LABOR DAVIS AT WASHINGTON

needed to supply the country. A semi-official statement from administrative sources says that forty per cent more people are engaged in the mining industry than would be needed if every miner were guaranteed regular employment through the year and that hundreds of mines are in operation which cannot be worked economically. In the hard-coal industry the miners should recognize the need of reduction in wages under the reduced cost of living, while the operators should recognize the force of the miners' demand for regular instead of spasmodic employment and the consumers' demand that the question of profit and distribution as well as of operation should be gone into thoroughly by Governmental authority.

REDUCING A LAW TO ABSURDITY

ON the last day of June New York Harbor witnessed a scene which furnished very adequate proof of the absurdity of our present Immigration Law—a law which limits the admission of aliens to a certain proportion of the numbers of their own nationality now resident in the United States. If the scene had not been a real tragedy, it would have evoked laughter, loud and prolonged.

The fiscal year for the immigrant allotments ended on June 30. On that evening twelve steamships loaded with immigrants lay outside the harbor waiting to dash across the line at midnight. This race was caused by the fact that the quota allotted to some countries is

so small that the passengers of a single steamer might fill it to overflowing. Then the steamer which lost the race might be subject to fine for importing immigrants in excess of the allowed quota and liable to be forced to pay for their deportation expenses. The desirability of the immigrants in the second steamer of course would not enter into the matter at all. It is a case of first come, first served, the last to be served and considered, apparently, being Uncle Sam himself.

The situation was further complicated by the fact that New York City is on a Daylight-Saving schedule. The Federal Government, however, recognizes no such device for shifting the habits of mankind. Some of the steamers were advised to enter the port on Daylight-Saving time, while others waited for the old-time midnight. This discrepancy of opinion will apparently afford enough basis for argument to keep both sea and land lawyers occupied for a longer period of time than the Daylight-Saving schedule has salvaged for all the inhabitants of the metropolis.

A CRUSADER DEPARTS

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON, perhaps the most picturesque and certainly one of the most effective leaders in the prohibition movement, has recently sailed for England. He departed on a British ship because he preferred to sail on a vessel which sold liquor legally than on a liner of the United States Shipping Board, which justifies the sale of liquor

on what is at best nothing more than a legal quibble.

An interview with Mr. Johnson appeared in the New York "World" on the day of his departure. The "World," as every one knows, is not particularly partial to prohibition. In fact, some of its readers have suspected that its editors might even be willing to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed. However that may be, they can certainly find food, or perhaps drink, for thought in some of Mr. Johnson's statements which appeared in their journal. Mr. Johnson is quoted as saying:

If the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment had started to advocate beer and light wines ten years ago, instead of last year, I think that the United States would still have them. The brewers did themselves in. The drys originally advocated beer and the first State laws permitted it. But the brewers owned the saloons that sold the whisky, and so the brewers were the people the drys had to fight.

The distillers, in my opinion, were a decent bunch. It was the brewers who played dirty politics and ran immoral resorts. For that reason the Anti-Saloon League had to clean up the brewers. If we could have trusted them we might have let beer and natural wines alone.

Mr. Johnson continues:

If these personal liberty howlers and moderate drinkers can work out some system by which the liquor traffic can be controlled and not prohibited, I will listen to them. But I have been in this business for forty years and I have never seen a successful system that stopped short of absolute prohibition.

In these two statements can be found the chief reasons why the United States is to-day a prohibition country.

The manufacturers of alcoholic drinks did little or nothing to eliminate the gross evils of the traffic by which they profited. The moderate drinkers hardly lifted a finger to curb the insatiate greed of the liquor trade.

There is one more statement in the "World's" interview with Mr. Johnson which should be taken to heart by those who fear that the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act will be followed by other analogous restrictions upon smoking, dancing, and sport. There are men and women in the prohibition movement who do believe in such restrictions as Mr. Johnson points out, but he also gives the reason why their views cannot and should not prevail. He says: "I've never heard of a man coming home from a dance and chucking his baby out through the transom or of a man suddenly deciding after his fifth cigar to wipe his shoes on his neighbor's mustache, or of a base-

ball man saying it with flatirons to his wife."

A CALVINIST HONORED BY JEWS

WHEN recently Bishop Dezsö Baltazar, the head of the Protestant Church in Hungary, came to this country, his warmest reception was from Hungarian Jews. The reason of this is that in Hungary he stands for scholarship and the brotherhood of man, and not for race or religious prejudice. The great college at Debreczin, in Hungary, over which he presides—a Calvinistic college in its origin, as we understand—is open as freely to Jews as it is to Protestants, and is a center of liberal thought as well as of scholarly and literary culture. An American Jew tells us that this is the only college in Hungary where Jews are on equal terms with others in law, theology, literature, journalism, and business. The college has had some five thousand students. There is danger now that it may be closed under the stringent conditions and deprivations of life in Hungary to-day. Therefore Bishop Baltazar visits this country in order to obtain aid for his great educational work.

A Hungarian journal in New York prints in English a welcome to the Bishop from Dr. Samuel Buchler, President of the Federation of Hungarian Jews in America, who goes so far in his title as to call Dr. Baltazar "the first honest visitor," a reflection on the Hungarian political propagandists who have flooded America with appeals for sympathy in behalf of Horthy, the would-be radical dictator.

When Louis Kossuth visited the United States nearly seventy years ago, he was hailed by Americans and by the American Congress, not only as a statesman, educator, and poet, but as a friend of the democratic world spirit. He swore that he would never tread on Hungarian soil as long as a Hapsburg ruled. Now the Hapsburgs and what they stood for have departed, and Americans may rightly remember that our Congress promised Kossuth to aid the Magyars if the time came when they could free themselves from oppression. Bishop Baltazar, who now visits us, is, like Kossuth, educator, statesman, and poet, and, like Kossuth also, is an idealist. His college carries on traditions for culture a thousand years old and a literature much of which, and especially the works of the versatile and brilliant Maurus Jókai, has been translated into many languages. To aid this venerable and valuable institution to continue its work is a privilege which doubtless many Americans will gladly exercise.

FINGER-PRINTS IN ART

IF the lawsuit now said to be impending over the genuineness of a certain ancient painting ever comes to trial, it bids fair to be both unique and amusing. It is proposed to apply the modern finger-print test to a canvas which either was or was not painted by Leonardo Da Vinci almost four hundred years ago.

The history of this odd case, in brief, is that Madame Andrée Hahn possesses a painting which she declares is the original or a replica (not a copy) of Da Vinci's "La Belle Feronnière." She brought it to America two years ago, and almost sold it to the Art Institute in Kansas City; \$500,000 was the price proposed.

Unhappily for the sale, Sir Joseph Duveen, English art dealer and expert, saw this painting in New York and, so at least the story goes, declared offhand that it was not the work of Da Vinci and that the familiar painting in the Louvre was the only original of "La Belle Feronnière."

Now Madame Hahn naturally considers herself deeply injured in dollars, as well as in feeling, at this aspersion, and is suing Sir Joseph for damages. She proposes to prove her case by the Bertillon system of finger-prints. She and her experts allege that Da Vinci was always accustomed to use his thumb and little finger in finishing a picture, smoothing down this bit or smudging that bit. She alleges also that in original Da Vinci masterpieces these finger-print marks are perfectly visible, and, while they can be, and probably have been, imitated, the imitation would not extend to the whorls and characteristic lines which make the imprint of one person's finger absolutely different from that of any other person.

This is a delightful theory, and for the sake of romance we hope that it is true. At all events, the press reports that Europe is now being scoured by little bands of microscopists, finger-print experts, and photographers, some of whom are acting for the plaintiff and some for the defendant in this case. The outcome as it might appear in a cross-examination in a court-room would be something that only our friend Mr. E. V. Lucas could deal with adequately.

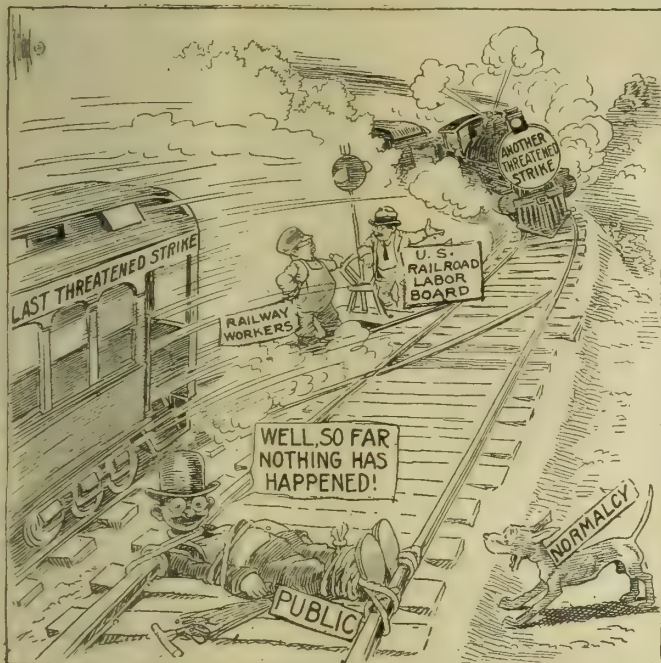
It is only fair to present the other side of the interesting discussion as told to a reporter by one of Sir Joseph's lawyers. He says:

Of course any hope of Mme. Hahn to prove that hers is the original "La Belle Feronnière" by trying to show that the finger and thumb prints on her painting are identical with those on other and proved Da Vincis is absurd. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the master did thumb and

NOW ALL LABOR MARS WHAT IT DOES

(Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Scene 14)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



WILL OUR LUCK HOLD OUT?

From D. E. Bowen, Columbus, Ohio

Knott in the Dallas News



NOT TOTIN' FAIR!

Bushnell in the St. Petersburg (Florida) Times



THE POISONED ARROW

From H. R. Olney, Tarpon Springs, Florida

Pease in the Newark Evening News



"BROTHER!"

From the Rev. H. A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

finger his paintings. What of it? Why, he died in 1519, and every one of his canvases has been retouched and varnished and wear-proofed any number of times. Do you think there is anything left of his original fingerprints? Nonsense!

Besides, the Court might insist that the originals be produced here in New York during the trial. Now, I leave it to you, isn't it absurd to consider for a moment that any such thing could be done?

This is all very well, but what every one wants is to have the trial first and the argument afterwards. We hope that no mere scientific technicalities will stand in the way.

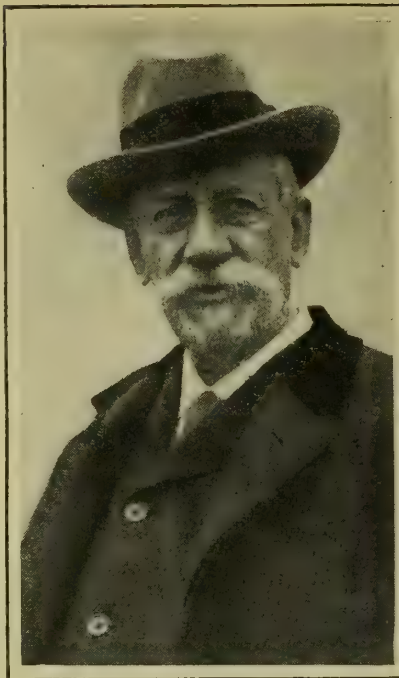
A PRINCE-SCIENTIST

PRINCE ALBERT of Monaco was a scientist of distinction. To most readers the name Monaco calls forth a picture of the great Monte Carlo Casino, which is the best-known and probably the largest gambling establishment in the world. The Prince of Monaco, who has just died at the age of seventy-four, had nothing to do directly with Monte Carlo. The lease under which it is carried on was originally made before he ascended the throne of the smallest independent sovereignty in Europe—it contains about eight square miles. It may be that this lease has been renewed since Prince Albert's reign, but otherwise he apparently took no interest in the matter. It is true, however, that not only the expenses of the Government of Monaco come from this source, but also, directly or indirectly, the income of many of its charitable activities. Prince Albert's ancestors have ruled since the year 968.

The scientific field in which the Prince of Monaco was chiefly interested was that of oceanography. He built several beautiful yachts one after the other, which he has employed in deep-sea dredging and exploration. The result has been many discoveries of positive interest to scientists and a great deal of light and information as regards deep-sea problems. He was also much interested in palæontology.

The Prince's interest in science has been shown in another way—that is, by the founding of the Oceanographic Museum at Monaco, which contains one of the finest aquariums in the world, with many adjuncts for the study of sea life. The other is a similar institute situated in Paris close to the Sorbonne, and of great service to students of this branch of science. In the World War Prince Albert was loyal to the Allies; thousands of American wounded soldiers recuperated at his private estate in Monaco.

The Prince of Monaco has visited this



PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO

country three times and has been received with high honor as an investigating naturalist and a man whose work in his chosen field has been thorough, and even extraordinary. When Prince Albert was here in 1913, a writer in *The Outlook* who met him described him as an agreeable, cultivated man, having the unostentatious behavior of a scholar and notable for "his democratic simplicity and his complete lack of self-consciousness and egotism."

THE OBSERVATIONS OF A CORRESPONDENT IN THE FAR EAST

WITH American flags tied to their luggage and with two American marines sitting in the baggage car watching their trunks, Isaac F. Marcossou, one of the best known of American correspondents, and Ray Atherton, First Secretary of the American Legation at Peking, made their way out of Peking through the zones of the armies which were then engaged in civil war in China. Mr. Marcossou had been spending about five months in the study of economic and political conditions in China and Japan. He has now returned to this country.

In an interview printed in a recent issue of the New York "Times" Mr. Marcossou has reported some of the conclusions he has reached as a result of his observations in the Far East.

In part at least as a consequence of the Washington Conference, Japan, he thinks, has changed her policy toward other countries, including China. This change he characterizes as a "right-about-face." And he considers it not

merely an outward change, but a "change of heart." Japan, he is quoted as saying, "has discovered that her policy of aggression and forceful penetration is a huge mistake. Had she continued as before, she would have been internationally isolated so far as world friendship is concerned." As a consequence of the Washington Conference, she has found it impossible to continue her old policy of corruption and intimidation in China, and is now seeking China's friendship. As evidence of her new policy, he cites her withdrawal from Shantung and her professed determination to withdraw her troops from even Manchuria and Siberia. Mr. Marcossou was struck by the undoubted growth of liberalism in Japan, and found that that growth had been greatly helped by the Washington Conference. Moreover, he has become convinced that the economic situation in Japan has made it impossible for Japan to pursue successfully an aggressive policy, for Japan's economic resources would not permit her to wage war on the modern scale, and the serious economic crisis which Japan is approaching engages her whole attention. Indeed, in this respect the Washington Conference had good effect, for, by relieving her of a naval programme beyond her fiscal resources, it really saved her from national bankruptcy.

These conclusions are not those of a sentimentalist, but of a practical and experienced observer who has been able to see the way in which Japan's legitimate self-interest as well as the idealism of a large part of her people is guiding her toward a policy that means the welfare of other nations as well as her own and toward peace in the Pacific.

China, too, has been benefited by the Washington Conference, and is consequently grateful. The fighting in the civil war there Mr. Marcossou describes as noisy but not deadly. Dr. Sun he regards as a visionary who has now the opportunity to make the sacrifice he said he was willing to make for the unification of China. General Wu Pei-fu Mr. Marcossou regards as "a strong and commanding figure, and that rarest of all Chinese specimens, an honest official." Because government as such in China has been a joke for so long, any prophecy about China is futile, he thinks; but he ventures the opinion that the "unification of China will be a slow process because of the endless jealousy and corruption." He believes that Americans have an opportunity in developing trade in China which they are not availing themselves of because the right kind of agents are not sent there to get the business. He believes



SENATOR P. J. McCUMBER

that the China Trade Act and the existence of an adequate merchant marine enable the United States now to compete in the Far East with other nations on a better basis than ever before.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN DEFEATED—BY A REPUBLICAN

SENATOR PORTER J. McCUMBER, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has failed of renomination in the Republican primaries of North Dakota. The nomination has been won by Lynn J. Frazier, a follower of Townley and former Non-Partisan League Governor of North Dakota, who was recalled from office last November. That the defeat of Senator McCumber does not imply a complete victory for the Non-Partisan League is shown by the fact that the present Governor of North Dakota, Mr. R. A. Nestos, was renominated in the same primary election in which Senator McCumber went down to defeat. Governor Nestos is an Independent Republican who is an opponent of Townleyism.

Senator Ladd, Republican Senator from North Dakota, a Non-Partisan Leaguer, comments upon the defeat of his colleague in the following words:

With the passing of P. J. McCumber from the Senate the Northwest loses the chairmanship of the great and powerful Finance Committee, an ardent protectionist and a staunch, uncompromising Republican of the old school. With the coming of Lynn J. Frazier North Dakota sends to the Senate a thoroughly progressive Republican of the modern school, a man who has gained and holds the confidence of the common people of the State as few men can do, a man thoroughly trained and seasoned in administrative affairs, and who, I predict, because of his wide acquaintance

with the needs of the farmers and laborers of the entire country, will exert a strong influence for good legislation through the agricultural bloc.

Some of the measures which Mr. Frazier supported as Governor certainly are beyond the scope of what is generally accepted as progressive Republicanism. Among such measures may be included those guaranteeing bank deposits, providing exemption of farm improvements and of small city homes from taxes, and requiring dealers to carry a full line of repairs for all machines sold in North Dakota. Senator McCumber's defeat has been variously attributed to his position in favor of the bonus, to his prominence in framing the high tariff bill now before Congress, and to his support of the seating of Senator Newberry; but it probably is due chiefly to the fact that he neither went far enough in radicalism to suit the Non-Partisan League nor opposed radicalism strongly enough to satisfy the more moderate wing of his party.

IDEALISM AND THE POLITICAL MACHINE

GIFFORD PINCHOT, the Republican candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania, is a representative idealist in politics. It may be said that he is in a sense a practical idealist, because he has brought things to pass for the welfare of his country. But he would be the first to acknowledge that he is far removed from an experimental mastery of political mechanics. And from now on, in his career in Pennsylvania, he is sure to be face to face at every stage with the problem of the political machine. Cameron is gone and Quay is gone and Penrose is gone, and the machine is shaken, but it still exists, and the regular voting psychology of Pennsylvania, which is the support of the machine, still exists. As we see it, the problem of Gifford Pinchot is to manage his idealism in terms of political organization.

Since the recent primary the old order has shown its hand and power by electing a chairman of the State Committee who was opposed by the new candidate for Governor. Very likely Mr. Pinchot is wondering why the Pennsylvania Republican machine should act in such a fashion and at the same time highly resolve to help to elect him Governor in November. Perhaps he is inclined to suspect the Greeks bearing gifts. It may be, however, that these seemingly irreconcilable attitudes are entirely understandable and consistent. As conditions stand in the country, the Republi-



LYNN J. FRAZIER

can machine will have little stomach for defeating Gifford Pinchot. We regard his election as assured by a large majority after the vigorous campaign which he is capable of making. And the machine will help. But the machine, like the king, never dies. The machine is dead; long live the machine! is the continuing psychology of the regular political organization. The machine was beaten this year in Pennsylvania, badly beaten. But there are other years and other campaigns. And it is the psychology of political regularity always to keep the machinery intact in preparation for a turn in fortune. This explains, we think, why the Pennsylvania politicians did not with docility turn the organization over to Pinchot. It does not mean at all that they intend to knife him at the polls. They are holding on to the State Committee, for which Pinchot did not fight in the primary campaign, hoping for a better day.

The people of Pennsylvania and of the country expect Gifford Pinchot to continue to be an idealist. He has a great task to perform in aerating the political atmosphere of Pennsylvania and of reconstructing its governmental life. He cannot spend his time in petty stratagems and spoils. He is not the natural heir of Cameron and Quay and Penrose in the mastery of the machine. But we are anxious to see, and we expect to see, him temper his native idealism with practicality in the great work upon which he has now entered. His course in Pennsylvania will be imitated all over the country. His practical success will mean much to political progress in the United States. A political machine is never altogether bad. Sometimes it

comes nearer to being altogether good than some reforming coteries. In Pennsylvania the machine has had a tainted history. But the new Governor will undoubtedly find great sections of it which are sound at heart and wish to do right. Those sections of the machine, we think, he should cultivate and strengthen as the Governor of a great State has opportunity to do, and at the same time inspire them with a measure of his own idealism and vision. If a large section of the regular organization looks to the Governor as leader, even though it may be a minority section, it will be a controlling power. The majority will gradually come to follow on, and the minority will eventually become the majority.

We hope, and expect to see, Gifford Pinchot governing Pennsylvania with practical idealism, subduing the machine slowly by practical wisdom. The regular party organization has a function in American affairs, else it would not be so tenacious of life and influence. We are living in a period when more is to be gained by attempting to mold it than by attempting to wreck it. The great Roosevelt revolt in 1912 was like an earthquake, shattering the thickened crust of reaction in party affairs. It was a very necessary earthquake. Now we think the time for construction has come.

THE THREATENED RAILWAY STRIKE

AS they left the city for four days of vacation over the Fourth of July, many people on Friday, June 30, undoubtedly wondered how they might have to manage in order to find their way back. When they left, trains were running as usual; but they had some reason to fear that four days later passenger train service might be at the best irregular. They had read about the strike of four hundred thousand railway shop workers which according to the votes of the men involved was to begin at ten o'clock on the morning of the first of July. They had read of the proposal that men engaged in the work of maintaining railway tracks in good order should also strike. They had read also of the threatened strike of other groups of railway workers. Other people not planning to leave the city had read of the preparation made by the authorities of the city and the State, and even of the Nation, to substitute for the possible suspended railway transportation other means of getting food into the city. If there was little evidence of alarm at the prospects of the strike, it

DYNAMITE

fish traps, seines, lime jugs, these were the conventional tools of the Alabama miner or farmer who wanted to get fish a few years ago. The result was to be found in fishless lakes and sterile streams. The dynamiter and the seiner have not been wholly eliminated from Alabama; they are to be found there just as they are to be found in other States. But the people of Alabama have waked up to the abuse of their waters. The fight to educate Alabama started with the election of John H. Wallace to the Legislature some twelve years ago. It received a powerful impetus when an editor of the Birmingham "News" went fishing in a fishless stream in 1921. The story of what the sportsmen of Alabama have accomplished since that time is graphically told

By

GARRARD HARRIS

in a forthcoming article entitled

Alabama Goes Fishing

was probably due to the strong hope, if not expectation, that the strike would be averted, or at least that the walk-out of men not actually engaged in the operation of trains would have little, if any, effect upon the train schedules. Nevertheless the fact that the people of the Nation have been thinking of the discomfort, the injury, the possible disaster of a Nation-wide strike of railway workers has made all sorts of people wonder again whether it will always be necessary for industry, especially the business of maintaining and operating the steel highways of the Nation, to be carried on as if it were a species of war.

Those who had believed that as long as train crews kept on their job the railways would remain running were perhaps forgetful of the fact that the men in roundhouses and on the rights of way and in the signal towers are really quite as essential in the operation of a railway as those who drive or fire the engines or those who collect the tickets or those who care for the train. It is true that the brotherhoods of engineers, firemen, and trainmen had made no plans to strike; but they had received orders that their members were not to do any of the work that was to be abandoned

by the shopmen. That meant that they were not to move or even clean engines or couple or uncouple cars that had been left by train crews after the day's run. The public which uses trains but knows little about them had not perhaps sufficiently realized how complicated the operation of a railway is and how the different parts of the process of railroad-ing depend on one another. It takes its railways, as it does the tides or the winds of heaven, very much for granted.

Indeed, the public has to take the railways for granted. Under modern conditions of life it can hardly do otherwise. Not even at the height of the war in Europe was life more thoroughly disarranged than when the normal train service of France was suspended in order that the railways might be used exclusively for mobilizing troops. In this respect a really complete strike on the railways of this country would be as upsetting and demoralizing as the beginning of a war.

Concerning the merits of the dispute which led to the strike vote of the railway men during June the public has no adequate means for forming a judgment from first-hand acquaintance with the facts. Concerning these facts it has not been and cannot be fully and authoritatively informed by the press. Fortunately, it does not need to be. The American people, through their National legislative body, have constituted a tribunal for the determination of just such issues. The Railroad Labor Board has been fully informed by hearings of the need of the railways for a reduction in their costs, and specifically a reduction in the cost of labor, and, on the other hand, the demand of employees for a wage that will enable their families to live according to American standards. The Railroad Labor Board has approved a reduction of wages for certain classes of employees. Those who protest against this reduction declare that it means that in some cases a man will be forced to try to support his family on eleven dollars a week, and that, contrary to public policy, to the interest of the wage-earners, and even to Governmental authority, some railways have let contracts to private concerns for the repair of their rolling stock instead of making repairs in their own shops. Into such questions we are not called upon to go. The Railroad Labor Board, constituted for the very purpose of settling such questions, has made its decisions. It is the prime interest of the public to insist that the railway employees and the railway managers alike conform to the decisions made by the Railroad Labor Board within its lawful jurisdiction. It is only by constituting some such au-

thority over both the managers and the employees and then by supporting that authority with all its might that the public can prevent its highways from becoming the "no-man's land" of an industrial war.

Naturally, the men who have been subjected to the disagreeable experience of having their wages reduced are going to voice their objections. Nobody can blame them for objecting. But they should not be allowed to make their objection in the form of a strike that will paralyze any part of the essential transportation system of the country. A strike of that sort is not a strike against the managers primarily. It is a strike against the authority of the Railroad Labor Board, and therefore against those whom that Board represents—the people of the country. The men have a right to appeal to the courts and to public opinion; but they ought not to be given the privilege of conspiring to undermine the authority of the tribunal which the people have established for their own protection.

Men of the railway unions, moreover, should come to realize that hardship is not of itself a justification for a strike. They must realize that the whole country is passing through a period of deflation, and that it can pass through that period successfully only as people generally accept their share of it. If the railways, in "farming out" contracts for repair work, have violated an agreement or have adopted a policy disapproved by competent authority, they should be made to observe their obligations in good faith. In farming out these contracts, it is argued, the railways have simply taken measures to prevent waste and needless expense, and to this extent are contributing to the process of deflation. To a large extent, however, it is reported, the railways have shown a willingness to abandon the practice and to do all possible repair work in their own shops. If, nevertheless, the railway shopmen must find jobs elsewhere or must accept reduced wages in their present places, they may have to accept the hardship as part of the process of deflation which the country at large has had to experience and which has been a greater hardship to farmers, perhaps than to men of any other calling.

Perhaps the prevention of industrial war has to await the creation of some instrument of governmental authority so powerful that no element in the community will dare defy it. We hope that, if it is necessary, the people of the country will not hesitate to create such an instrument of authority. We hope, however, still more strongly that it will

not be necessary for the Government to have recourse to any such capital operation. A better solution is an appeal not to authority but to co-operation and understanding. Such a solution is not a mere dream. It is in existence at least as an experiment in one great railway system of this country. The Pennsylvania Railroad is largely free from the menace of this strike because it has wisely adopted a system of shop representation which provides means by which managers and men can establish and maintain mutual understanding. If that system weathers this storm, it will be one more proof of the truth that has been expressed in homely language, that molasses catches more flies than vinegar. Such mutual understanding is, after all, at the base of that spirit of democracy which is the life of our political system, and should be the life of all our industry.

THE VICTORY OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

THE plan for establishing in Southern Ireland a Free State the people of which should have that kind of self-government Canadians have long possessed, had already, before the outbreak just quelled, stood the test of approval by a majority of the Dail Eireann and that of approval at a popular election. Now it has stood the test of revolution. The insurgents who under Rory O'Connor as their general seized and held as a fortress the historic Four Courts building in Dublin fought with courage and desperation against the forces of the Provisional Free State and surrendered only after they had suffered severe losses in dead and wounded. But the Free State victory was complete.

Two utterances just after the surrender have a hopeful significance for the future. One was that of Michael Collins, head of the present temporary Free State administration. He said that he was determined to make every inch of Ireland under control of his Government safe for persons and property. The other was an agreement between commandants of Free State and Republican forces after a fight at Listowel to the effect that, as Ireland's interests were not served by civil war, they as patriotic Irishmen would unite for the common welfare. If these two principles gain general acceptance in Ireland, the future of the country may be brighter than it has been since the Home Rule Bill passed before the war.

There may be a healthful clearing of the air now that the minority have resorted to open war in place of assassina-

tion, kidnapping, and brutal destructiveness. If the Dublin revolution fails to stir up a civil war throughout Southern Ireland, the outbreak and its collapse will go far to convince the irreconcilables that the country is not with them, and that they cannot rally an armed force that would have any chance whatever against the organized and authorized army of the Free State.

The political fanatics whose hearts and brains are fired with hatred of England and who think more of revenge than they do of peace or prosperity can never be convinced—and, unfortunately, they form a very large class in Ireland. They never were in the majority; they never were fit to carry on government; they have now been shown that the people of Southern Ireland are not willing to sustain indefinitely the horrors of guerrilla warfare in the vain pursuit of the chimera of an Ireland totally separated from Great Britain. General Jan Smuts, more than any other man, convinced the Irish people at large that, whatever their aspirations for independence in the far future, they may well be willing for the present to have the liberty of action and self-government that satisfies the Canadian, the Australian, and the citizen of the South African Republic.

The case was quietly and forcefully put by the Provisional Government just before it proceeded to put down the armed insurgents, who attempted to overthrow the Government that the people had indorsed at the polls. Their proclamation said:

For some months past all classes of business in Ireland have suffered severely through a feeling of insecurity engendered by reckless and wicked acts which have tarnished Ireland's reputation abroad.

As one disastrous consequence unemployment and distress are prevalent in the country at a time when but for such acts Ireland would have prosperity. The Government is determined that the country shall no longer be held up from the pursuit of its normal life and the re-establishment of its free national institutions.

The patience exercised by the Free State in trying to placate the irreconcilables was futile because they were not dealing with reasonable men. Now the explosion has come, and has been dealt with firmly. It would be rash to predict anything of unhappy and turbulent Ireland, but there is at least better ground than before to trust that order will be established, the liberal Constitution offered the Free State by Great Britain be formally accepted, and representative government put on a sound and permanent basis.

A NEW MASTERPIECE FOR AMERICA



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"THE HOLY FAMILY," BY ANDREA DEL SARTO

This important picture, which has just been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, had been considered lost, but was finally located in the Fairfax Murray Collection, London

UNION IN THE LAND OF DISUNION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SHANGHAI CONFERENCE

BY FRANK T. CARTWRIGHT

SOME of you in the United States of America think much of church union these days. Many more of you talk much and think less on the subject. It is an extremely popular theme of conversation wherever thoughtful men are gathered. But to the man looking in through the window of your magazines and church papers the proportion of talk to accomplishment rather fogs the view; your room full of discussing friends is clouded with the smoke of immaterial things, and the scene is not as edifying as some of you may imagine. American religious life is not undergoing a magical transformation into a unified whole.

Is it conceivable that Brother John Chinaman is going to show America the way toward essential unity? Will he ever be able to lead his Uncle Sam to actual, organic union? Who knows?

Whatever your answer to these questions, leave them and any prepossessions you may have and come with me to Shanghai, China, to sit in the balcony of historic old Town Hall. Look down on the crowded auditorium where sit eleven hundred men and women gathered in the National Christian Conference.

Do they seem a forced conglomeration of warring units? No; they look and talk like the assembly of any one denomination. There are some arguments, occasionally one hears an electrifying speech, but the whole gathering is swept by a oneness of purpose and hope just as forest and field and stream are swept by the winds of God. It is a unified body, yet it is made up of Orientals and Occidentals, the twain which Kipling declared could never meet.

The six hundred Chinese delegates are a striking factor in the crowd, first of all because they are there at all. The first one of these nation-wide, interdenominational Conferences, held within the memory of delegates present at this year's Conference, was made up exclusively of missionaries; the second one, which came several years later, had so few Chinese delegates that they could not be noticed in the crowd; while the Conference of 1913 was only one-third Chinese. This year there are more delegates of the yellow race than of the white. They came from all parts of the land, north and south, even while the armies of the north and of the south were in the field fighting each other. Some are from remote Szechuan, one man having traveled sixty days to reach the Conference seat. Fukinese came in one body, speaking at least five dialects, yet able to understand the national language.

From your vantage-point in the gallery the tops of the foreigners' heads

look much alike—except that there is a variety in the amount and color of hair. Go down to the floor and talk face to face with these "much alike" men, and you will find that they are greatly unlike. You will hear the precise speech of England and the soft tones of America's South. Canada's virility will be noted; Norway's broken English will be heard. If you look quite closely, you will find even a few German delegates. Then when you begin to ask about church relationships you will be fairly smothered mentally, for High Church Episcopalians are there with Congregationalists, Seventh-Day Adventists are beside Presbyterians, Methodists of six different groups are working side by side, Lutherans are with Anglicans, until you find a total of one hundred and seventy electing units representing more than a hundred separate denominations. Yet they are meeting as *one* body, and growing out of their Conference has come a permanent National Christian Council, which is to be their common leader.

This is one result of an almost unanimous desire within the Chinese Church. Again and again in recent years have the Christian leaders decried the divisions in the forces of Christ, and during the days of this Conference (May 2-11) Chinese speakers have on several occasions asked that their Church be delivered from the divisions of the West, which "are largely historical, therefore are neither understood nor desired by the Chinese Christians." The slowly gathering momentum of this demand has led to the almost complete submergence of denominational spirit during the Conference, and some speakers were greeted with hearty applause when they went as far as argument for organic union. It is unquestionable that the pressure of thinking along lines of church unity, thinking which has brought very concrete results in nearly every foreign mission field, is very pronounced here in China.

While thought and talk do not always produce visible results, in the case of this nation the fruit is very evident. In the first place, for several years there has been an organic union of three denominations working in the southern part of Fukien Province. In the same province, as in several others, there are active church federations in which church groups as far apart in polity as Anglicans and Congregationalists are integral parts. Then in the week preceding the National Christian Conference a plan for actual union was laid before representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Lutheran Churches in China, and the evidence seems to indicate that this merger will

soon be accomplished. During the Conference a smaller meeting of delegates representing the various branches of Methodism was called, and these men established a commission to survey the possibilities of union on the mission field and to recommend a plan to their constituent bodies.

What may prove, in the light of future events, to be the most important movement along this line is the appointment by the eleven hundred delegates of a National Christian Council, a body of one hundred members representing all sections of China and all the major denominational groups, although the idea of denomination is largely buried in the Council. There are more Chinese than foreign members on it, there is an influential *bloc* of women, and there are enough graybeards to furnish wisdom and enough youngsters to keep their elders from settling into a rut. There was no idea of establishing a super-church. In fact, the danger of such a machine was seen and carefully guarded against. No one wanted to see an actual, authoritative council established; at least, no one dared speak openly of such a desire.

But there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of some national body directly responsible to the electing units and with so much of moral force in its personnel that all the Christians of China would be willing and glad to follow its leadership. For years a body somewhat similar to this has been in existence, the China Continuation Committee, but this was set up by outside agencies and was a self-perpetuating organization, so that even the members of the Committee recognized that a new type of leadership was demanded. In the face of China's chaos there was a recognition of need for a group of men and women who could speak, not for the Y. M. C. A. or the Anglicans or the Methodists, but for the *Chinese Christian Church*, and then could lead that Church into action. It is for this purpose that men have set up the National Christian Council and have authorized it to raise funds, to call executives, to do business on a big scale in the name of Jesus Christ.

China, politically speaking, is in a sad condition of chaos. The Southern armies of Dr. Sun Yat-sen are in the field against the armies of the Peking Government. In the North as I write these words the army of Chang Tso-ling, "the Mukden war lord," are digging their trenches after a first disastrous defeat near Tientsin, and the forces of Wu Pei-fu with the strong division under the Christian general, Feng Yu-hsiang, are preparing for another attack. Armies are in motion in distant Szechuan,

and no one seems to know just what is next on the programme. As a country China is just now rather a hash.

But in that aggregation of fragments there is a unity which you in the West cannot realize. One written language, one set of major customs, one series of three religions, one type of mind, these animate four hundred million people.

Outwardly China is a hodgepodge; inwardly she is very truly one nation. Growing out of that sense of oneness comes an insistent demand for unity in Christianity. It may develop into one Christian Church for all of this country. Perhaps there will grow up a few strong units in one strongly federated whole. If you can prophesy accurately what the

outcome will be, stand up and be numbered among the seventh sons of seventh sons. No one with whom I have talked out here is willing to do more than hazard a guess. But of one thing every one seems absolutely and gladly sure: the movement is forward and the sweep of it is almost irresistible. It will pay you in the homeland to watch it.

THE BRITISH MIDDLE-EAST MANDATES

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

IN a spirit of altruism, and in order to insure that victors in war should not profit by their victory (thereby removing one of the inducements to warfare), the mandatory system was launched by the framers of the League of Nations Covenant. That Covenant was embodied in the peace treaties with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. The treaty with Turkey never having been ratified, I suppose that, technically speaking, we are still at war with the Turks. Great Britain has accepted mandates for certain territories lost by them in the war—for Mesopotamia (Iraq) and for Palestine. The terms of these mandates have never been approved by the Council of the League of Nations; their further consideration was postponed until July. So far from profiting by our mandates, either in the Middle East or elsewhere, we have been pouring money in millions into the countries concerned ever since the armistice; Iraq and Palestine, taken together, are still costing the British taxpayer about forty-five million dollars a year, even on the assumption that there is no further trouble in those regions. That is the present situation. It is unsatisfactory, but it has to be faced, and the sooner the better. There is a limit even to altruism, and a considerable difference between not making a profit out of winning a war and suffering, of our own accord, additional heavy loss thereby.

We are doing this, be it understood, entirely in the interests of the population of the territories concerned, and, judging by the Egyptian precedent, we should after a space of years leave those people far more prosperous than we found them. But several points require attention. Great Britain, unaided by other Dominions of the British Commonwealth whose representatives signed the treaties establishing the mandatory system, bears the whole cost of these Middle-East mandates. The British people, through their representatives in Parliament, were not consulted when the responsibility was accepted, and there are indications that in these hard times they feel that it is beyond their power to face heavy financial sacrifice either for the sake of the people of Iraq, or for the sake of the inhabitants of Palestine

or Zionist immigrants in that country. Before the League of Nations Council will again consider the terms of the mandates in July many discharged service men will have been thrown upon the labor market by the "economy demobilization," and, even allowing for the improvement in trade expected to result from economizing upon the so-called unproductive services, the unemployment situation bids fair to become serious. Under such conditions, it is clearly everybody's business to study the Middle-East mandates.

The people of Iraq and of Palestine are described in the League Covenant as "having reached a state of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone," and, further, "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of a mandatory." The framers of the Covenant laid down the principle that the well-being and development of the people of territories surrendered by our late enemies in war should form a "sacred trust of civilization," and I should be the last to disagree with them, but we are obliged to recognize that we were in a state of moral exaltation in 1918-19, and that, now that it comes to footing a heavy bill for accepting mandates, the mood of many has cooled. The opportunity was lost. When the Versailles draft treaty, embodying the Covenant, was presented in June, 1919, no one imagined that three years would elapse and find the terms of the mandates still unsettled. Much has happened during those three years. The great armies which defeated those of the Central Powers have been demobilized and most of the great ships have been scrapped. There is no longer the same material force behind the ideal of the Covenanters. Nor is there the economic force that was hoped for when America was expected to join the League and to take a leading part.

Prolonged discussion, pernicious propaganda, and other factors have been at work locally, and at the present moment we are in doubt whether the "independent nations" of Iraq and Palestine

wish for any mandatory at all, though, if they must have one, we are given to understand that they would prefer Great Britain to any other country. Then, again, the word "mandatory" is anything but popular. It conveys the idea of predatory rather than of altruistic intention, or, at all events, an idea of dominance. "Why," we can imagine a cultured inhabitant of Iraq or Palestine saying, "should we be bracketed with the savages of New Guinea?" The distinction between class A, B, and C mandates is lost by the use of the general term. Taking the two mandates separately, they confer, in Iraq, the moral responsibility for maintaining internal order and for the defense of frontiers that may quite possibly be threatened with invasion, but they do not now imply the responsibility of the British taxpayer for civil administration beyond the expense of providing a high commissioner and, this year, for some heavy expenditure on repair of railways. In Palestine the question of maintaining internal order again comes in. The situation is complicated by Arab opposition to the Zionist policy of providing a national home for the Jews and by questions arising over the holy places. Against this has been set the alleged advantage to ourselves of greater security to the Suez Canal. Our special interest therein used to be due to the fact that we owned the greater part of the commercial traffic passing by that route. The security of the Suez Canal is of interest to other countries in proportion to their greatly increased share in that traffic. Moreover, to any student of strategy it is obvious that the best defense of the Suez Canal against any threats from the eastward is the desert of Sinai.

With so many conflicting interests at stake, the discussions of the Middle-East mandates in July are likely to be prolonged, and perhaps heated. If the people of Great Britain, who have been, and are, paying the piper, are to have anything to do with calling the time, I believe that their general wish would be to abandon altogether the word "mandate" as applied to "independent nations," and to arrive at the altruistic objects of the League of Nations Covenanters by some more simple method.

THE LAST FIRE

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

You saw the last fires burning on the hill
In that far autumn twilight when we took
The future by the hand through woods as still
As your heart is to-day, and crossed the brook.

The brook that gurgled through the quietude
Was just a slender stream that sauntered on.
How were we to know the thing we should—
That we had crossed our narrow Rubicon?

And after, in the shadow of the leaves,
When your great eyes grew with the growing night
They left the hollows where the twilight grieves
And mirrored back the bonfire on the height.

And what quick flame was in your eyes I knew;
And how the moment caught us on our way
Is Time's own story written for a few
In dust of ashes in your eyes to-day.

WEDNESDAYS

BY ANNIE B. KERR

WEDNESDAY was always a difficult day for Mary Martinelli to live through, and this one had been unusually hard. She had tried to sustain both body and spirit by thoughts of the gay evening that was before her, but the forelady had been out of sorts and had accused her unjustly of loitering, when, as a matter of fact, she had worked all through the noon hour. The day's work was over at last, and there would be no hated dishes to-night, for her mother had promised to wash them for her.

The dress she was wearing was new, bought especially for this occasion. It was brown satin, elaborately trimmed with shining beads. It had taken two weeks' wages to pay for it. In style it was the very latest, and with a little sigh of satisfaction she surveyed her reflection in the mirror and lovingly smoothed the shimmering folds. The whiteness of her face troubled her; her black hair and dark eyes accentuated her pallor. In her brown eyes there was a little wistful look as she turned away, conscious of the fact that on Wednesday she could never look her best. Hers was a sunny nature, however, and she gave a parting smile to the pale little image in the glass. Then hurriedly dabbing a bit of powder on the end of her nose, she caught up her hat and coat and ran out into the hall.

Avoiding the kitchen, whence issued appetizing odors of her favorite spa-

ghetti and meat-balls, she called good-by to her mother and hurried out into the street.

This was Angelina Salvadore's wedding night, and Angelina was one of her best friends. She was too late for the ceremony, but the reception was being held at the Institute.

She wished it weren't Wednesday night. So many of her friends had parties on Wednesdays, and usually she refused to go. She loved the gayety, the fun, and the dancing too, though that was hard for her with her stiff leg. When it came time for refreshments and it happened to be Wednesday—ah! that was the hard part, and she shrank from the ordeal. Well, of course *they* didn't know the reason, but God knew, and he might have managed better. Perhaps it was his purpose to test her. She had never failed him yet in all these years. What would they serve to-night, she wondered, and how could she ever insist that she wasn't hungry and didn't feel like eating when at that very minute she was faint and trembling from lack of food?

When she reached the Institute, she paused for a moment at the open door and gazed in with an exclamation of delight: "*O quanto è bello!*"

Flowers fairly flooded the room with glorious color—jars of goldenrod, bowls of zinnias and gladioli, vases of asters and cosmos. She did not know the names of these American flowers from

autumn woods and fields and gardens. But their beauty filled her soul with rapturous delight. In memory she was swept back to a happy day in her childhood when she had wandered through a glorious Italian garden on the shore of a blue, blue sea.

A friend's joyous greeting drew her swiftly into the glow of the yellow-tinted walls, relieved by pictures of old cathedrals and bright bits of landscape from far away. Soft curtains of cream-colored silk hung from the long windows. Bright chintz cushioned the wicker furniture. The mellow marble mantelpieces, elaborately carved, held bits of pottery and other lovely things from across the seas. The wicker lamps shed a soft light over rugs and books, all suggesting home and friendship. At one end of the room sat the bride and groom, their backs against the mantelpiece. Just over their heads the formal bouquets of the bride and of her maid of honor stood up stiff and straight—the pink roses and white carnations immovable on their wired stems—a vivid contrast to graceful cosmos and drooping goldenrod. Uncomfortable in his new clothes, the groom sat silent and awkward, ignored serenely by the bride, who greeted the club girls and other friends as she stood up to display her elaborate gown.

Mary was soon surrounded by a little group of friends. Their royal welcome made her quite forget fatigue and

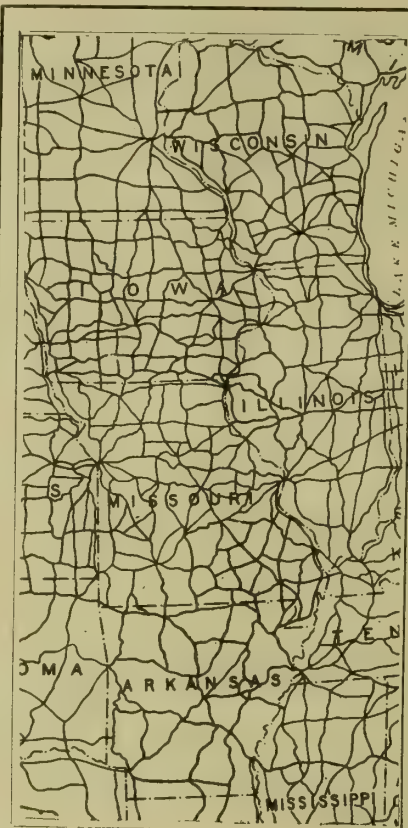
anxiety. All the difficult Wednesdays of the past slipped into the background, and she threw herself heart and soul into the festivities of the evening. Soon the dancing began. The room was filled with whirling couples; not only the young people danced, but the fathers danced with young daughters, mothers with their sons, and even the small children were given their full share of attention and enjoyment. When the music stopped, Mary sank breathlessly into a chair, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her feet still keeping time to the echo of the waltz that was ringing in her ears.

Suddenly a wave of faintness swept over her. She remembered that trays of delicious food would be passed continuously throughout the evening. Even as she was thinking the procession started—sandwiches of every description, Italian cakes and bonbons, Jordan almonds, ice-cream, punch, ginger ale, and soda. Steadily Mary refused everything; steadily she resisted the desire to run away home, where she would be out of the way of temptation and where an understanding mother would tuck her into bed. The girls pressed about her, laughing at her abstinence and refusing to take it seriously. She only shook her head, a little forced smile on her lips, all the laughter gone out of her eyes.

Then they began to dance again. Leaning her head wearily against the high back of her chair, she closed her eyes, the dark circles under them suddenly revealed as the color faded from her cheeks. Her body drooped pathetically, but her hands were tensely clasped in her lap. The bright light, the gay flowers, the merry dancers, had faded into the background and she was a little girl in that stricken city of Messina. She recalled the happy Christmas with grandmother and young cousins in the big hotel of which her grandmother was the proprietress; the feasting and games and dancing on that last night before the end came. She remembered how she had crept into bed, a tired, happy little girl, with the remnants of the feast still clasped in her hands, too sleepy to heed the torrents of rain which threatened to break the panes of her window. And then had come chaos—falling walls and floors, frightful pain, hideous cries from other members of the big household. Following those awful first hours were days and nights of terrible thirst and agony before her poor broken body had been discovered and she had been lifted tenderly in the arms of Russian soldiers and carried to the warship in the harbor of Messina. For those few brief minutes she lived over that lifetime of five days and nights as she had done each week in all the succeeding years. But she remembered also, with a little sigh of satisfaction, the year that had followed that awful time. She had been the heroine of the big hospital at Naples. Because her own poor broken fingers were helpless and useless, a real prin-

cess had fed her delicious fruit and held cooling drinks to her feverish lips. But that was thirteen years ago, and she was in America now, that promised land for which her childish heart had so often yearned.

It was Angelina's wedding night. And



Those who believe in
good roads—and those
who ought to—should
watch out for a forth-
coming article

By
NEWTON A. FUESSLE

It's called
Pulling Main Street
Out of the Mud

again the girls were offering her food for which she longed.

"Mary, don't be so silly! Why don't you eat or drink?"

"I don't want anything—honest, I don't."

"You do too. You're as white as a ghost—you look all worn out."

"Oh, come on, Mary, have a sandwich!"

"I don't want anything, I tell you." Her voice broke suddenly and the tears welled up in her eyes.

The girls stood about her in puzzled silence; they could not understand her—she seemed like some stranger instead of their merry playmate whom they knew so well.

"Why won't you have any refreshments, Mary?"

It was one of the Institute ladies who sat down beside her and looked lovingly into her troubled brown eyes.

"I can't, Miss Bradford."

"But why, dear?"

Should she tell? It would be such a relief to have them know—but would they understand? She could not bear it if they laughed at her or thought her queer. Many of them knew of that terrible experience at Messina. They knew she would carry the physical marks to the grave. But could they enter into that spiritual experience which was the most sacred thing in all her life?

"Oh," she said, desperately, "it is because of my vow." Now the girls were crowding around her, even kneeling beside her chair.

"Your vow, Mary?"

"Oh, you see," she said, clasping her hands and speaking in a voice of hushed reverence, "when I was in the earthquake at Messina I made a vow to God. I was so little and so afraid and so lonely, and every day the people were dying all around me. I didn't want to die. I wanted to go to my father and mother in America. And so I prayed to God, and I promised if he would save me I would fast every Wednesday. And you know"—her hushed voice took on an added solemnity—"all the two hundred in that building were taken out dead, but God saved me alive!"

"Why, Mary, that was years ago! Have you fasted every Wednesday in all this time?"

"Every single Wednesday."

"And how long will you keep it up?"

"All my life, of course."

"All your life! Oh, Mary!"

"But it was a promise made to God, and he gave me my life. What is a little food compared to that? I could never, never break my word to God!"

Her face was transfigured with an inner light; her pale cheeks glowed with delicate color, her shining eyes revealed a feast of soul in which her comrades could not share. With startled awe they looked at this new Mary, whose radiance of spirit they felt but could not define, and then turned away to join once more the merry dancers round the bride and groom.

At midnight, when they slipped through the darkened streets homeward, it was not of weddings or dancing or feasting that they were thinking, but of brave, steadfast Mary and the Great Friend who had heard and answered the agonized prayer of a little Italian girl.

SOME OF THE GOOD AND THE BAD IN GANDHIISM

BY R. A. HUME

MK. GANDHI is an idealist of most simple habits, who practices what he preaches. He intensely loves his native land, and is ready to undergo anything for what he believes will be good for his country. He clearly sees some of the injury which has befallen some interests in India through contact with the materialism of the West. He is a deeply religious man, and has been considerably influenced by the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of these teachings are refraining from returning evil for evil, and love for all men, even for enemies.

He has an intense hatred of all intoxicating liquors. By ardent advocacy of various temperance efforts, stimulated considerably by political motives, he has, at least temporarily, and I hope permanently, immensely lessened the drinking of such liquors. His special temperance method was getting many persons to stand in front of or very near to liquor shops to deter people from going into those shops. Sometimes these picketers would snatch away and smash bottles of liquor which had been bought.

Mr. Gandhi intensely desires to promote simplicity of life among all sections of his countrymen. One chief item in his programme is to try to get every single family, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, to have a primitive hand spinning-wheel in the home, and every one daily to spend some time in spinning plain cloth! He thinks this would very largely lead to discarding the use of foreign cloth. He urges the disuse of all sorts of foreign articles. He desires what he calls "national education," in which purely Indian methods would be followed.

But there are some bad things about Gandhism. While Mr. Gandhi has influence over men, he has a strangely inadequate understanding of human nature. Absolute and universal abstention from violence is the chief item in his teaching. But he often indulges in very violent language, yet strangely imagines that violent language by voice and in print can be used by himself and his associates without unavoidably resulting in violent actions by many people who do not have self-control.

Till lately there was a very large amount of good feeling and friendly intercourse between most Indians and most Europeans. But Mr. Gandhi's language in gatherings and in the press against what he calls "the Satanic Government" and his extravagant claim that the treatment by very many Europeans of very many Indians is practically treating them as slaves has suddenly created hatred in Indians in the place of much former friendliness.

Another bad element in Mr. Gandhi's influence and activities is the introduc-

कर्मवीर महात्मा मोहनदास करमचंद गांधी.

M. K. GANDHI. Born 1869. महात्मा गांधी.

IT was in response to inquiries from America that Dr. Hume wrote from India the accompanying estimate of the activities of the Nationalist leader, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

Robert Allen Hume, D.D., was born in Bombay, the son of American missionaries. He is a graduate of Yale College. He has been a missionary himself since 1874 and has identified himself with all the interests of his native land.

In a letter accompanying this article Dr. Hume's son, Professor Robert E. Hume, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, writes to *The Outlook*: "My father was the only American to be summoned by Mr. Montagu, when he was Secretary of State for India, and Lord Chelmsford, when he was Viceroy of India, to offer testimony and suggestions for the British administration of India. Not only has he been trusted by the English, but he has also been sent to the Indian National Congress as the representative of an India electorate. Accordingly he has been actively and sympathetically engaged in forwarding the progress of India from both sides of the English-Indian relationship."

Inclosed in his letter Professor Hume sent a picture post-card which has been widely used in India. It is a reproduction of a portrait of Mr. Gandhi bearing the inscription reproduced herewith. The first line is in the Sanskrit character, the mother of all the Aryan dialects of modern India. It may be translated as follows: "The efficient champion, the great soul (Mahatma) Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi." And the two words at the right-hand side in the second line are in the Gujarati language, meaning Mahatma Gandhi.

Concerning this Professor Hume writes: "Etymologically 'Mahatma' means 'Great Soul,' and is an epithet occurring several times in the sacred scriptures of Hinduism to designate a 'mighty being' (Chandogya Upanishad, 4.3.6), or a highly honored person (Katha Upanishad, 1.16), or a person regarded as very holy, saintly, perfected (Svetasvatara Upanishad, 6.23). But the preponderant usage in the Upanishads is to designate the Supreme Soul, the Supreme Being, the great Cosmic Soul. There is thus even in the appellation which is now being used for Gandhi an approach, from the line of superb appreciation of his person, to the veneration of him as almost divine. Verily, India is more ready than is America probably to receive an incarnation of adorable deity.

"And verily Gandhi has done something for the promotion of national unity in India that no Christian up to date has done, viz., the bringing together, even temporarily, of two diverse elements—the Mohammedan and the Hindu. But at what cost? The rupturing of East and West more violently than has been done since the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857.

"Gandhi himself, like the whole situation, is most complex. All sides must be brought forth into clear apprehension if the situation is to be saved."

tion and wide use of religious excitement in politics. Almost the chief characteristic of the British administration in India has been absolute abstention from religious partisanship. Ordinarily and naturally, there have been dislike and often strained relations between Mohammedans and Hindus, because polytheism and idolatry are hated by Mohammedans. Religious animosities and riots between Mohammedans and Hindus have been checked and controlled only by the strong arm of the British Government. But because the passing of the British rule is impossible so long as there is religious disharmony between these two principal communities, Mr. Gandhi has brought about a superficial harmony between Mohammedans and Hindus in order to promote their joint action in political activities. A very large number of Indian Mohammedans are disturbed over the injury to Turkey resulting from the Great War. They believe that the Sultan of Turkey is the Caliph or chief religious authority for the Mohammedan religion, much as the Pope is in the Roman Catholic religion; and that without the restoration to the Sultan of most of his former

political power he cannot adequately exercise his religious authority. Hence most Indian Mohammedans wrongly claim that the Sultan's limitation of secular power is practically an attack on the Mohammedan religion; and that because the British Home Government is one of the allies which has limited the territory of the Turkish Empire that Government is considerably responsible for an attack on the Mohammedan religion. Hence the hostility of Indian Mohammedans to the British Government in India and in Britain. And the Hindus, who have absolutely no interest in the Mohammedan religion, have under Mr. Gandhi's influence for purely political motives joined the Mohammedans in claiming that the British Government has attacked the Mohammedan religion. This is very unfair and bad in Gandhism.

Probably the most injurious influence of Gandhism is its rapid and senseless promotion of lawlessness. Theoretically, Mr. Gandhi does his utmost to teach and to promote lawlessness only to the Government. But the spirit of lawlessness to the State unavoidably promotes lawlessness toward parents, teachers, re-

ligious guides, and leaders of every kind. One of the finest elements in all sections of Indian society has always been reverence for parents, teachers, and religious leaders. Multitudes of these elders have recently had their proper and weighty influence undermined and flouted by Mr. Gandhi's appeal to youth to leave schools and colleges connected with Government, whether parents and elders approve or disapprove. The *pax*

Britannica has secured order throughout the land. Gandhism tends to make tenants refuse to pay dues even to private landlords. Lawlessness is the worst injury which an individual, a community, or a nation can suffer. Mr. Gandhi has not proposed or been able to arrange how, after destroying the present Government, if this could be done, orderly society could continue in an empire of three hundred and twenty

millions of people of diverse civilizations and religions, of whom only one male in ten and one female in a hundred can read. This is practically the teaching of Nihilism.

The above is an estimate of only *some* of the characteristics of the political teaching and effort of a remarkable man. In my judgment, a reaction against Gandhism has already set in.

Ahmednagar, India.

THE MIDSUMMER FLOWER PAGEANT

BY EDWARD K. PARKINSON

MAY usually sees the formation of a procession of summer blossoms, but not until the advent of summer do the brilliant, large flowers appear, for the spring flora is always smaller, more delicate, and generally more ephemeral. One must stoop down for the spring flowers; the summer flowers reach up to you. This wonderful pageant, formed in May and augmented in June, moves in stately fashion through July, when wild lilies blaze and tall purple-fringed orchids lift their purple spires; then it moves onward during August over stubbles gay with vervains and willow-herb and meadows fragrant with trumpet-weed. Slowly it files into September along streams flaming with cardinal-flowers and fields gay with goldenrods, until it halts and breaks rank in late October crowned with asters and immortelles. One sometimes wonders if these marvelous summer days are wholly appreciated? All through the winter they are sighed for, and now that they are here let us, by all means, enjoy them.

"It seems," said a well-known garden lover and litterateur writing of the charm of these summer days, "as if nature could not do enough when her appointed time arrives, as if there were no end to her prodigality of bloom and song and color and sunshine—birds singing amid the orchard blossoms, bees plunging into flower cups, meadows smothered with buttercups, swamps golden with marigolds, woods aflame with honeysuckles, fields crimson with clover, bird songs, insect hum, and flower blossoms on every side!" But gardeners, both amateur and professional, are too apt to lose their sense of right perspective; their own little plot of ground becomes too often the whole universe, and they are in great danger of becoming veritable Marthas, troubled over many things. This is all wrong, for, after all, flower gardening should be taken up for pleasure and recreation, and the moment one turns the joy of it into mere drudgery then the whole object of having a garden is gone. A few well-cared-for flowers, a bit of velvety lawn, perhaps a pool, an arbor to rest and take one's ease in, and beyond that what more can one desire in mid-July?

If there should happen to be no pool on the place, by all means concoct one, even if it be only a few kerosene barrels sawed in half and sunk into the ground to their rims, for these, connected by pipes or little stone ditches, make ideal spots for lilies or irises.

As to irises, by the way, a garden without them would not be complete, as they are among the very first large flowers of the garden to appear. To recommend any special variety of them, however, would be superfluous, for they are so numerous and are nearly all so very beautiful; easily grown, thriving in light soil and sunshine, one can rarely have enough of them. If the average gardener would only take the trouble to divide some of these large plants, and thus not only obtain them more abundantly for another year but increase the size of the flowers, he would soon find himself very well supplied with them. The great bearded iris is one of the most effective border plants known, and the cut flowers are also beautiful when arranged with their sword-shaped foliage. The Japanese section of the bed advances in bloom while the bearded iris is in blossom. Naturally a water plant, it should receive abundance of moisture in order to acquire its full development, and whenever possible it should be grown beside some stream or pool.

Another restful plant for the quiet, peaceful garden, and one which requires comparatively little attention except mulching in the autumn, is the peony, including the tree, the herbaceous, and the Chinese varieties, all of which give us one of our most lavish floral displays. Where one cannot grow rhododendrons, these are an excellent substitute in limestone soil, as they are equally floriferous, large-flowered, and varied in coloring. The earliest are the single dark crimson and the double fennel-leaved *Pæonia tennifolia*, the petals of the latter being a vivid scarlet crimson, one of the most distinct reds of the year, its feathery foliage quite unlike that of any of its tribe. Roses are scarcely finer than some of these fragrant Chinese varieties, notably the *Festiva Maxim*, which is pure white in color, marked with a bright carmine in the center; or

the *Marie Calot*, with its pale hydrangea-pink flowers with darker shadings in the center; or the *Madame de Verneville*, which bears beautifully formed flowers with sulphur-white guard petals, and has a compact white center touched with carmine. There is also the *La Tulipe*, which has large globular flesh-pink blossoms shading to ivory white, the center petals being tipped with carmine; this is also a vigorous grower and a very full bloomer.

Among the standard double peonies, *Monsieur Mallet* is effective, being rose-color with salmon shadings in the center; *Anemone flora Rubra*, a dark, rich crimson; *Edulis Superba*, with violet-rose guard petals and a mauve-rose center with lighter edges—these are all worthy a place in the garden. A few of the old-fashioned peonies which come into bloom from ten days to two weeks ahead of the new sorts should include *Mutabilis Alba*, blush-white; *Mutabilis Rosea*, bright rose-pink; and *Rubra*, a brilliant, glowing crimson.

The azalea is another plant which should be more frequently seen in our midsummer gardens; a garden lover, writing of these flowers, says: "I always rejoice when the azalea blooms, for in it I find a charm presented by no other flower. Its soft tints of buff, sulphur, and primrose, its dazzling shades of apricot, salmon, orange, and vermilion, are always a fresh revelation of color. They have no parallel among flowers, and exist only in opals, sunset skies, and the flush of autumn woods. I admit the rhododendron is magnificent where it can be acclimated; but even in England and on the Continent it is exceeded in gorgeousness by the azalea." Thus the ideal garden, where one may indulge in a sense of rest and freedom from hurry and hard labor, should be a simple affair, easily cared for, and beautiful to look upon. *Polonius's* advice to his son, in "Hamlet," might be fitly changed somewhat and applied into a wholesome admonition to the enthusiastic garden lover and builder, thus:

Costly thy plants as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the garden oft proclaims the man.

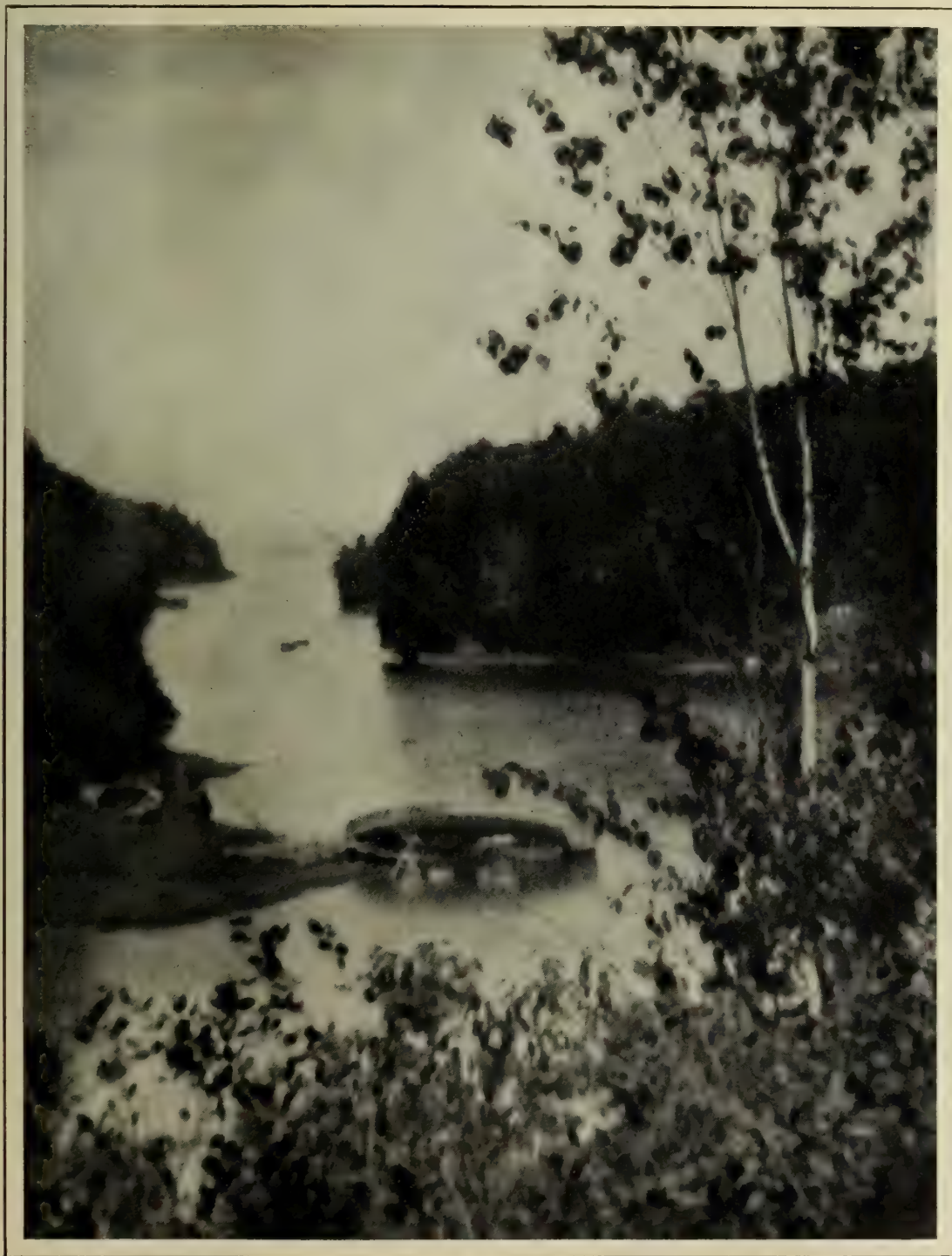
OUR SEACOAST NATIONAL PARK

PICTURES OF MOUNT DESERT AND LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

FOR a generation or more Bar Harbor and Mount Desert Island have been in the front rank of fashionable summer resorts. A new element of popular appeal will now make the island still more attractive to the tourist. This is the setting apart of a section of the island

as a National Park—the only one east of the Mississippi and the only great National Park that fronts on the sea. These photographs, taken both inside and outside of the Park's boundaries, give an idea of the scenery which is readily accessible to visitors to the Lafayette National Park.



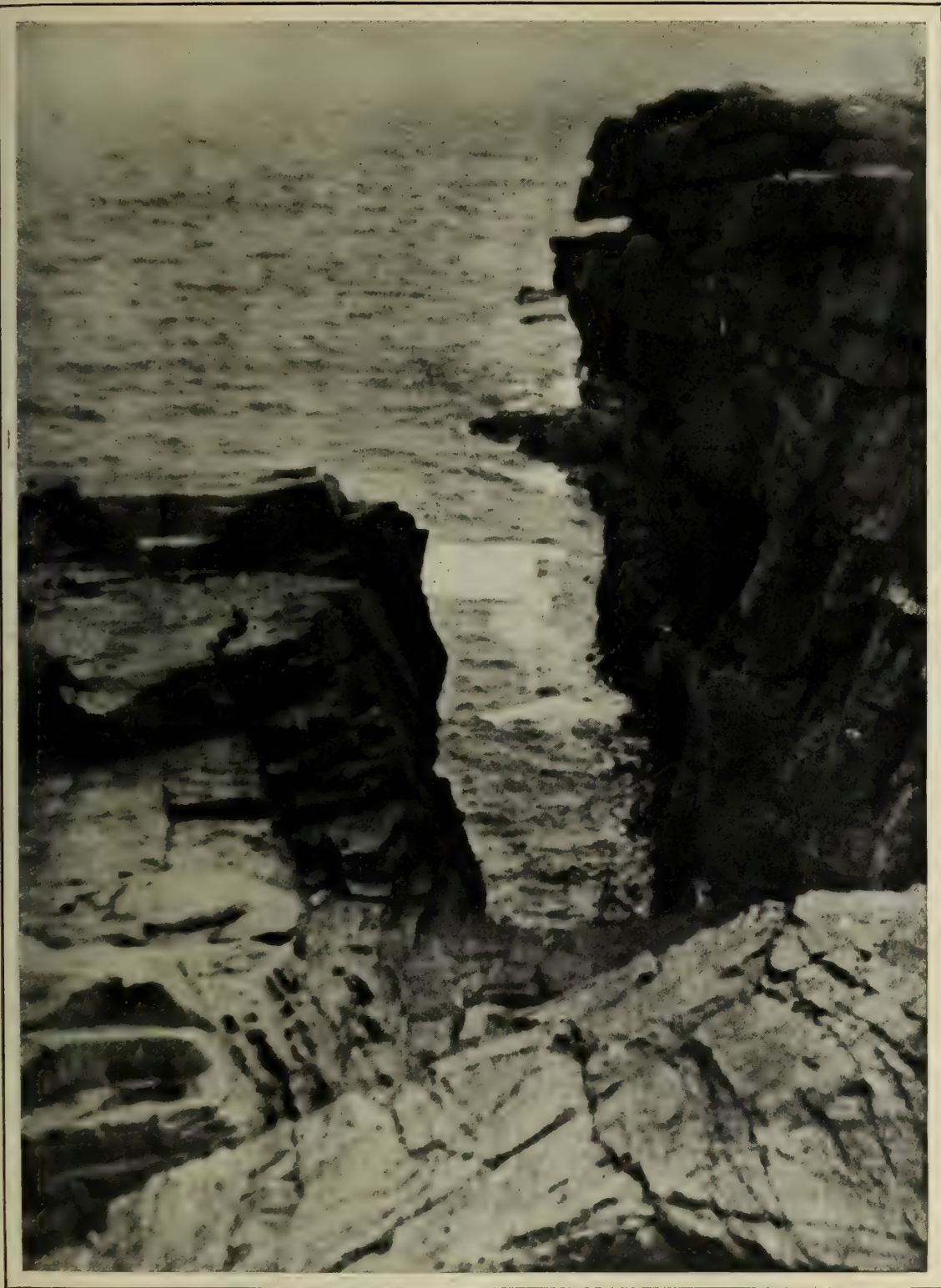
AN INLET OF SOMES SOUND

Somes Sound nearly divides Mount Desert Island, penetrating it for about six miles in a northerly direction. It and the adjacent waters were formerly much used by motor boats and yachts. Automobiles have now lessened the travel by water, while greatly increasing the total number of visitors both to the National Park and the various summer resorts of the island



GATHERING LILIES ON "THE BOWL," NEWPORT MOUNTAIN

Many attractive lakes are included within the boundaries of Lafayette National Park, some of them abounding in water-lilies



THUNDER CAVE, MOUNT DESERT ISLAND

These cliffs and others, such as the Otter Cliffs, are on the east side of the island and may be seen to advantage on the "forty-mile drive" around the island. This drive may now easily be taken by automobile in an afternoon, with incidental relaxation at attractive tea-rooms

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A GOVERNMENT "CUTTER" ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION

The outlines of Sargent and Jordan Mountains are seen in the background—a part of the National Park



HER LAST BERTH—AN ABANDONED SCHOONER FINDS A QUIET HAVEN

The long coast-line of Mount Desert affords numerous harbors, in some of which active maritime traffic still goes on. Fish, lumber, and quarried stone are carried largely in schooners. Quarries near the scene pictured above supplied the material used in the piers of the first Brooklyn Bridge

CHEATING THE PARK BENCH

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

S

WHAT about the jobless man on the park bench?" is an old question that is being revived with familiar frequency now that the fever of war production and universal employment has spent itself.

The city policeman, with his eternal "Move on," was the one man who seemed to have a direct answer to the question. But Edwin Brown, of Denver—"Lodging House Brown"—has matched the policeman's answer with a better one. Mr. Brown would have the jobless, homeless man move on, but to a municipal emergency home, where he can find good food and a night's rest and a chance to look to-morrow's world in the face in better spirit.

Mr. Brown has been personally responsible for the establishment of many municipal lodging houses throughout the United States. In order to get the experience necessary to rouse the cities to the need of emergency shelters for the jobless, Mr. Brown, who is a man of wealth and education, has lived as a "down-and-outer." He has put on workmen's clothes and mingled with those he has sought to help. He has traveled without funds from one city to another, in order to "get the feel" of life as it appears to the man without a dime. Then he has gone to the press with his observations, and usually a municipal lodging house has been established as a result.

Nor has Mr. Brown been satisfied with the mere establishment of lodging houses for the unemployed. He has "checked up" on such institutions after they have been established. An instance of his methods along this line was shown last fall, when the problem of the unemployed was most acute. Park benches were filled, even on cold nights. Jobless men, many of them war veterans, slept covered with newspapers. Some of them were in Bryant Park, in New York City, huddled about the statue of William Cullen Bryant, the man who wrote: "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—the eternal years of God are hers."

Yet New York, not so many years ago, built a municipal emergency home, at a cost of \$250,000, for meeting just such conditions. There was plenty of empty space in it, while the benches in Bryant Park were full. There was a weighty conference on unemployment on at Washington, but no word came from that conference which might relieve the immediate necessities of the men on the park benches. Something was the matter; and just the nature of that something was brought to light by Mr. Brown, who came into the city room of a New York newspaper and said:

"I have just been to the New York Municipal Lodging House, and would like to know why it is that with between eight hundred and a thousand

beds there and the parks filled nights with men who are out of work, less than half the beds are occupied. When I asked the lodging-house keeper for the reason, he said: "This place is chiefly for men who vote here. We only permit non-residents to remain one night."

The city editor detailed a reporter, who first interviewed some of the men on the park benches. The reporter found from these men that they would rather sleep in parks, hallways, or anywhere else than apply at the New York Municipal Lodging House.

Then the reporter put on an old suit of clothes and applied at the lodging house, where he found conditions bad. He reported that the inmates were so concentrated on the floors, despite the great floor space and bed capacity, that their health was endangered. The supper, according to the reporter's account, was bad, and the breakfast was worse. The ventilation was so poor that one man begged to be allowed to leave, only to be told to go back to his blanket on the floor or be put in jail. To pay for such quarters and such food the inmates had to work about the lodging house for two hours, or longer at Blackwell's or Randall's Island, thus depriving them of a chance to get jobs during the best time in the morning.

Yet it was only a few years ago that Mr. Brown was citing the New York Municipal Lodging House as something for other cities to copy. He had found there kindness and cleanliness. To-day, in a time of greater public need, he finds the same institution cursed by unemployed men, who would rather shiver in the parks than go near it. So much for the lost motion that comes through political mismanagement.

The same condition obtains pretty generally throughout the country, Mr. Brown has found in the process of checking up on the lodging houses that have been established by municipalities. During war-time prosperity there was little use for such lodging houses. Some were even converted to other uses, apparently on the idea that universal employment was going to last forever. Most of the cities maintained their lodging houses, but permitted them to run down. The position of lodging-house keeper became a sinecure, to be handed out to some political favorite.

When unemployment began to be a problem in Boston, former Mayor Peters, of that city, put on a ragged suit of clothes and undertook the same sort of an investigation which Mr. Brown started in New York. He visited the Boston Municipal Lodging House incognito and had supper, lodging, and breakfast there. Then he sawed wood for an hour in the morning to pay for his entertainment. As a result of his experiences he asked

for \$50,000 to make needed changes in the emergency home.

The Boston Mayor's visit to the Municipal Lodging House was the result of reading "Broke," a book in which Mr. Brown has set forth his impressions of several years of mingling with the unemployed—a book which from the standpoint of actual observation alone ranks with the studies of Wyckoff, Flynt, London, and others, with the added merit of a constructive purpose.

A youth who accosted Mr. Brown one February night in Denver several years ago was indirectly responsible for the establishment of many lodging houses. Also he was responsible for the investigations which have gained Mr. Brown the newspaper sobriquet of the "Millionaire Tramp."

Mr. Brown learned that this youth was sleeping at a brick kiln on the outskirts of the city. The next night Mr. Brown put on an old suit of clothes and tramped out to the kiln. It was about midnight, and the brick had been withdrawn. In the hot kiln were a dozen men, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Mr. Brown caught such snatches of sleep as he could, but frequently had to go to the opening of the kiln and get a breath of fresh air. About three o'clock in the morning, at the very coldest time, the men were awakened and informed that the workmen would have to fill the kiln with brick for the day's baking. Mr. Brown tumbled out into the cold with the rest. All were reeking with perspiration, and undoubtedly some of them contracted pneumonia and went to fill the overcrowded hospitals of the city and county. Since that night it has been one of Mr. Brown's chief contentions that municipal emergency homes, providing needy persons with shelter, are a good investment for a city from a financial point of view, as they save a heavy drain on hospitals and other institutions.

Mr. Brown entered immediately upon his crusade, which took him to New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, Salt Lake, and other cities. Usually he dressed in some such garb as he wore that first night at the Denver brick yards—a well-worn suit, with overalls added perhaps, a blue shirt, a cheap handkerchief, and a disreputable looking hat. Sometimes he went from the best hotels in such clothes, and barely escaped being ejected by indignant bell-boys and doormen. At other times he would make long journeys from town to town without funds, living with "migratory labor" on the road and learning just what that type of laborer thinks of life.

In the course of his investigations Mr. Brown had countless disagreeable experiences and some which nearly cost him his life. He slept on the Denver and

Rio Grande Railroad ash-heaps at Pueblo, Colorado, just after several unfortunates who had crawled there for warmth had been suffocated by gaseous fumes. He was thrown into bull-pens and vermin-infested jails. Sometimes he spent his nights voluntarily in such jails, with men who were forced to that disagreeable necessity rather than go through the alternative of freezing to death. One cold night in Salt Lake he sought shelter in a box car with some delicate youths who were trying to find employment in the West. The car was so cold that finally Mr. Brown was compelled to give up and seek his hotel, but not until the supposed down-and-outer had given his companions the price of lodgings elsewhere.

One of his most trying experiences occurred at Pittsburgh, where he was turned down by one charitable organization after another because he did not have a quarter for a bed and was sent away from a mission because he did not have ten cents. Finally Mr. Brown went to a park in Allegheny City, paying his last cent to get across the bridge. But at nightfall the police drove him out of the park. He turned back toward Pittsburgh and was followed by two hold-up men. He saw the gleam of a revolver as they approached him, but they turned back finally, one of the men remarking, "I told you it was nothing but a hobo." Mr. Brown walked across a railway trestle as his only means of getting back to Pittsburgh, and nearly lost his life, as he slipped and narrowly escaped falling into the stream. In Pittsburgh he was promptly "run in" by a policeman, and spent the night in the city jail, amid indescribable conditions.

The New York Municipal Lodging House as it was conducted immediately after its founding is referred to by Mr. Brown as a good example of what such an institution should be.

"I shall never forget one night I went there, disguised as a down-and-outer," he said. "I went from the Waldorf Astoria, where I had donned my disguise, and when I told an officer I was penniless and hungry—which was true, as I did not have a cent with me and had not eaten for a considerable time—I was not treated as a felon, but had the Municipal Lodging House pointed out to me. First I was given a good meal—not a few scraps, but a first-class, well-cooked meal, of the kind that puts a man at peace with all the world. Then came a shower-bath, and as I stepped into it the attendant put a germicide on my head and good-naturedly and picturesquely described its purpose as he did so. I was given a clean nightgown and climbed into a clean, warm bed. Next to me was a poor, feeble wanderer, probably seventy years old. As he crawled into the bed—perhaps the first comfortable bed he had reposed in for years—I heard him sigh, devoutly: 'God, I thanks thee!'"

"Nor are the benefits of a municipal lodging house all for men. I saw a woman and seven children come to the



(C) Harris & Ewing

EDWIN BROWN, WEALTHY PHILANTHROPIST OF DENVER, WHOSE PERSONAL INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE CONDITION OF THE JOBLESS HAVE RESULTED IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MANY MUNICIPAL LODGING HOUSES

New York Municipal Lodging House one night—driven to the street by a drunken husband and father. Also I saw a young girl hesitate before ringing the lodging house bell. The Tenderloin was to the west and the dark river to the east. As she stood on the steps in indecision, the door opened and she was gathered into motherly arms."

Mr. Brown's method of establishing municipal lodging houses was through publicity. He would visit a town that seemed to be in need of such an institution and, putting on his disguise as a down-and-outer, would visit the various charitable institutions in search of lodgings. Almost without exception, he says, he has been turned down by such institutions.

"While organized charity has its place in dealing with families," said Mr. Brown, "it seems to have no place in its scheme for the individual who is totally without means or shelter and who needs immediate help. It is no use asking such men for a dime or a quarter for a bed. One might just as well ask for a dollar."

Generally Mr. Brown's quest led to his arrest as a vagrant and a night in the bull-pen. On his release he would visit the local newspaper and tell his story, and the city administration generally

would "get busy" to remedy conditions on finding public sentiment aroused. One municipal lodging house after another was started through such personal efforts on Mr. Brown's part.

Mr. Brown has found, he says, that municipal lodging houses are proving to be a National asset in these days of industrial reconstruction when non-employment, especially among the unskilled classes, has again come to the fore.

"While unemployment conferences are being held," Mr. Brown says, "the unemployed man cannot wait for aid. War workers were able to save little from their high wages, because the cost of living advanced proportionately. The man out of work needs something for his immediate necessities, which a well-conducted emergency home supplies. A poorly conducted lodging house is worse than none at all.

"I do not hesitate to declare that ninety per cent of the unfortunates I have met would work if they had the opportunity. But these men, who have no place to turn, sleep in places where they contract illness from exposure. Then they crowd into the hospitals that are conducted at public expense. Many of these men drift into crime through their desperate condition. A man is hardly to be blamed for doing something desperate when he is cold, hungry, and miserable. It reminds me of what I heard a youth say at the municipal lodging house in Boston, where we were given miserable beds and where we could not eat the stuff that was given us at breakfast. The boy pushed the stuff away in disgust, saying, 'Oh, I'm going out and win a breakfast on the street.' Which meant that he was ready for something desperate that might bring him the price of a meal."

Mr. Brown is slight of frame, but his keen blue eyes tell of unusual determination. Sometimes, when carrying on investigations in big cities, he has been unable to stir out of his hotel for days, owing to the unnerving sights he has witnessed when he has been herded into some bull-pen with men who have committed no crimes. He nearly lost his life a few years ago while investigating working conditions among the sheep camps in the Far West. In throwing a heavy sheep into a dipping vat he sustained an injury which threatened to prove fatal. But as soon as he was able to stir about he began an investigation of conditions in sanatoria for the tubercular in the Rocky Mountain region. He secured employment in these institutions as a potato peeler or in any other humble capacity. As a result of his investigations he published a "white list," showing the institutions where patients received more than perfunctory care.

But lodging houses have been and still are his hobby, and when one of these municipal institutions is started it will be found generally that "Lodging House Brown" has had something, directly or indirectly, to do with it.

BANKER-FARMER CO-OPERATION

BY MAURICE A. HAWN

"WHAT has the banker actually done for the farmer? Isn't he really holding out on the farmer?"

These are almost the exact words of a farmer in a recent farmer-banker meeting in southern Illinois. For a few seconds every one present was too surprised to speak. The farmer's question was a bolt out of a clear sky.

The meeting had been called by the local Chamber of Commerce in the hope of establishing a better understanding between farmers and bankers. The President and the former President of the State Bankers' Association had spoken at some length on the War Finance Corporation and the Federal Reserve System and had explained the banker's limitations in obtaining funds for the farmers.

The farmer's query started questions. Coming pointedly and right on the heels of speeches breathing an air of co-operation, it brought the two sides almost at bay. But even to the farmers present, with the exception of the one who asked the question and perhaps one or two more, the skepticism as to the banker's helpfulness seemed a bit too strong. To the bankers it smacked of suspicion and hostility.

But a banker did not arise to reply.

A farmer answered.

"Well," came from a corner of the room, "I'm a farmer myself. But if I had to pick out the man who's helped me most I'd pick my banker. He's stood by me even more than, I expect, he should have done."

Other statements eulogizing the banker came steadily in for a few minutes.

But the farmer who had asked for examples of the banker's co-operation was not alone. Other farmers arose during the course of an hour's discussion. And, while they did not express themselves quite so bluntly, they gave out unmistakably the impression that they did not feel that everything possible was being done for them by the banker. The meeting showed simply that in that group of perhaps fifty farmers there were five who were inclined to deprecate the banker's assistance to the farmer and who were obviously suspicious of any advances by anybody to improve relations between the two.

Of the different meetings which are held for bettering relations between manufacturer and farmer or farmer and banker, some are successful. Others are like the one just described, where the dominant impression of each group on leaving is the need for co-operation. Still others take on a less encouraging look because there are men present who cause friction. And, since these radicals

are spokes, even though warped ones, in the wheel of agriculture, finance, or industry, they have been permitted to have their say. They are suppressed as much as conditions will permit. But when they do break out it is natural that their remarks should create an incorrect idea of the farmer.

The writer was present at a second farmer-banker meeting in which misinformed members caused even more misunderstanding among the two groups.

After a talk on courageous activity in the present depression, a talk dealing with the proved value of optimism to finance and industry and the possibilities it holds for farmers, a young farmer arose.

"We've just listened," he said, "to a talk on optimism, which is nothing more nor less than soft soap. Salves over our feelings and gets us nowhere. I don't see, myself, any particular cause for feeling encouraged."

"Other parts of the Nation have not been hit like we have. We farmers bought things at an extremely high price. We bought heavily, too. For many of the things we are still paying. But we are paying in products worth nowhere near what they were when we contracted to buy the articles."

"In other words, deflation has hit us farmers harder than any one else. It is a serious blow, too."

"And who started it? Not the farmers! Wall Street started this period of depression for its own benefit. It had bought in immense amounts when money was worth very little. Now Wall Street has been largely instrumental in the calling in of billions of dollars, thereby increasing the value of the dollars outstanding."

"Payments to Wall Street in the dollar of to-day mean much more than payments in the dollars of the date of the sale."

"It looks to me like the only way to solve the situation is to follow Germany or some similar country's example. Issue enough money to restore former conditions. Follow out Edison's and Ford's plan. Wall Street and the banks generally have crabbed things. Let's issue enough money to put us back on our feet. Let's queer Wall Street's game."

"The gold standard is a big farce, anyway."

"In closing, I want to say that the only way we farmers are going to get anywhere is by helping ourselves in some such method as the one I mentioned."

A noticeable tittering spread over the room when the young farmer sat down. His idea on the gold standard apparently amused the audience more than anything else. But the speech was

spoken. It stuck in the minds of some of those present because the speaker displayed a bit more knowledge than they had about some phases of the economic situation. In other words, the speaker had just enough information to be dangerous to the meeting. His ideas weren't forgotten immediately. This could be seen from the fact that several of the less prosperous-looking farmers could be heard from time to time talking about the "paper-money" idea.

To those almost completely ignorant of economic matters nothing is more eagerly gobbled up than a plan for remedying our business ills through practically unrestricted printing of money. Several times already has this proved disastrous. But the idea pleases many.

Strange to say, even now some reports advise that Europe is prospering far beyond America. And, stranger yet, there are those who believe them. They point to the "success" of the money systems of such countries as Germany, Poland, and Russia. They do not know that the amounts of money printed in these countries are so hopelessly, inconceivably immense that they will never be redeemed; that the amounts printed by these countries alone run up into the trillions.

While it has been heretofore conceded that education is a very desirable thing for the progress of the country, it is now evident that greater education in some circles is an absolute necessity to business recuperation. And no better education could be given the different groups than an intimate insight into the problems of each other. Plans are afoot for something of this nature between the banker and the farmer. It will be a godsend.

The vital need of a better appreciation by each group of the other's conditions is emphasized by the occurrence in the second farmer-banker meeting just described. Such an appreciation would here have saved friction and antagonism born of a woefully incomplete and distorted idea of economic conditions.

Our different enterprises are so entirely essential to each other that one may well feel relieved and encouraged when he perceives how each branch is trying to learn more of the other and of the relation between itself and that other. If radicals can be suppressed until they are just a bit more educated far greater progress will be made.

In a period of depression recovery may be expected in almost direct proportion to the willingness of industry, finance, and agriculture to solve problems with a view to the greatest good to the greatest number rather than particular good to some particular group.

A RIGHT SHERIFF

BY LUCY FURMAN

IF the Kentucky mountains could be looked down upon from an airplane, they would have the appearance of the convolutions of a coral. The ridges, not high, but so steep that the effect of height is produced, twist, turn, double, and wind until they form a maze through which no stranger could hope to find his way. There is practically no level land anywhere, except narrow strips of bottom along the larger creeks. The roads are usually in the creek beds or just alongside.

A more ideal country for moonshining could not be imagined. Though corn-fields often extend half-way up the steep mountain-sides, the upper part of the ridges is always timbered, and at their very summit are usually the "high rocks," with their fissures, grottoes, and other hiding-places. Also horizontally through all the ridges run coal veins—any man can climb varying distances into his corn-field and open him up a "coal bank," digging out all the family needs with his pick—and an old coal bank makes a fine place for a still.

For more than a century the people of the mountains have been accustomed to still their own "corn liquor," just as they have made their own cider or brandy. The excise laws they have looked upon as unjust and extortionate. They have said that a man has a perfect right to use the corn he raises in any way he sees fit, and that it is no business of the Government's. County officers, even in counties that were nominally "dry," have seldom undertaken any enforcement of liquor laws. Circuit judges have sometimes imposed fines upon the sellers of liquor, when they could be caught. A few years ago it was no uncommon sight to see "rat-houses"—small log structures seven or eight feet square, with a tiny window or hole toward the road. Through this hole a buyer would pass his jug or bottle and his money. A hand from the inner darkness would receive both, and shortly the jug would be passed out again, filled. As only the hand of the "rat" was ever seen by the buyer, he would never be able to swear who had sold him the liquor, and sellers were seldom convicted. As to the moonshiners, or stillers, who made the liquor, the hunting of them was left entirely to Federal revenue officers, who came in only at rare intervals, with small knowledge of the country; and of their coming the moonshiners were sometimes forewarned by the very sheriffs themselves, so that their raids accomplished little.

About forty years ago the corners of three counties, remote from the county seats and particularly noted for their lawlessness, were cut off and made into the county of Knott. For years the

new county continued to live up to its reputation—there was a feud or "war" of eighteen years' duration, there were numerous killings (a "killing" is never a "murder" in the mountains), and every "citizen" was more or less a law unto himself. Though in the past twenty years there have been fewer homicides and felonies, moonshining has gone on unchecked, and this in spite of the fact that the county has been for years nominally "dry."

When Andrew Combs, of Hindman, the county seat of three hundred people on the forks of Troublesome Creek, took office as Sheriff of Knott County in January, 1918, it was with the determination that the laws should be enforced. Andrew is a fine, strong, silent man, whose every feature bespeaks will power, force, grim courage. He said nothing, made no promises, but went quietly to work.

The results of his four years in office and the varying ways in which they are regarded may be gathered from two remarks, one repeatedly made by mountain wives and mothers to the women of the Hindman Settlement School, which has been for twenty years established in the county: "I tell you, women, we have got a right sheriff now! He's a-breaking up stills, and tarrifying the stillers, and saving our boys for us!" and a second, voiced by a venerable citizen, who, shaking his white beard with vehemence, declared: "Eh law, this fifty-dollar-a-still bounty is the pure ruin of the county, making men turn traitor again' their own flesh and blood and hunt 'em down like varmints!"

Even in the old days, when "corn liquor" was only a dollar or two dollars a gallon, stilling was profitable. When war times, the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment, and the building up of numerous mining towns within marketable distance sent the price soaring to forty and sixty dollars a gallon, the increase of the business may be imagined.

In the first place, a description of a mountain still may be of interest. A safe spot is found, usually high in a wooded hollow, sometimes behind a fallen rock, or in a sink-hole or an old coal bank, but always alongside a little stream of water. Then the furnace, a round affair made in the shape of the metal still which is set within it, but a little larger, is built of flat rocks cemented together with mud. At the bottom of it, and just over the fire, is a large flat rock, covered thickly with moss or clay, so that the bottom of the still will not be heated, but the flames will pass up and around the sides of the vessel, making an intense heat. The top of the furnace is closed over with stones, except for one small hole through which

the smoke escapes. The still itself usually holds from forty to a hundred gallons, and may be made of two metal wash-tubs bradded together, or of a metal oil tank or barrel, but is often made of copper sheeting, shaped and bradded by hand. In the top, over a hole twelve inches in diameter, is a metal arm or "snout," tapering off to a small size and connecting with the coil of copper pipe which constitutes the "worm." This worm rests in a barrel or "flake-stand" alongside the still, and through this barrel cold running water, conducted from a stream above, continually flows. The still itself and the worm, being precious, are always lifted out of furnace and flake-stand when not in actual use and securely hidden away.

Half a dozen or more oil or flour barrels have been procured and stand near, ready for the "mash." Also the "malt corn" has been prepared by sprouting, say, a bushel of ordinary corn in a wet, warm place, then drying it, sprouts and all, and then grinding in a sausage mill, after which it may be kept indefinitely.

The moonshiner takes the corn from his crib in his wooden sled, drawn by a mule or a couple of steers, and goes to mill (there are numerous log water-mills scattered along the creeks), returning with so many "pokes" of meal. The still is set in the furnace and a quantity of water heated. Then about a bushel and a quarter of meal is put into the bottom of each barrel, and enough warm water poured into it to make a "dough." This is well stirred, until equally heated, and then a layer of malt is spread over it an inch or two thick. This "dough" stands for twenty-four hours, when it is broken and stirred up, malt and meal together, and enough warm water poured in to fill up the barrel. This remains about six days, fermenting, and is called the "beer" or "mash," and is very sour.

When the six days are ended, the still is again brought up and set in the furnace and well domed over with rock, and the worm is also brought from its hiding-place and set in its barrel, armed guards keep lookout, and the real business of "stilling" begins. The beer is poured into the still, a barrelful at a time, and an intensely hot fire is built under it. As it boils the steam escapes up through the metal snout and into the worm, passing through the cold coils, in which it is distilled, running out into a bucket or other receptacle alongside the barrel. To "run off" a stillful usually takes about two hours, and six barrels of "beer" would take twelve hours. No stop is made until all the beer is thus boiled and run off. This is the time of greatest danger to the stillers, when the most vigilant watch must be kept. Often



ANDREW (AT RIGHT) AND A DEPUTY, WITH STILL

it is done at night, so that the smoke will not be seen. Thence has come the name "moonshining."

The fluid obtained from this first distillation is called the "singlings," of which there will be about fifty gallons from six barrels of "beer." The singlings is not fit for use, being too weak. It is then put back into the still and boiled in the same way and redistilled, emerging this time very strong, the first "shots" being almost pure alcohol and like fire to the tongue, and far too strong to drink. But it becomes weaker all the time; and either the strong and weak are mixed together or the strong is diluted with water, to make it drinkable.

A very recent innovation is the "thumping keg," an ingenious arrangement placed between the still and the worm, which shortens the process of distillation about one-half.

Like all truly brave men, Andrew Combs is extremely modest and silent, and it was a most difficult thing to get him to talk about the experiences of his four years in office.

"I have never hunted stillers by riding along the creeks and main roads," he said; "they always have watchers out, and then, too, whenever a moonshiner finds you are in his neighborhood he will carry the news to every other moonshiner before you can possibly get there.

"Usually I would slip out of my home after midnight and would ride while it was dark, and then before day take to the ridges, afoot—I and whatever deputy or deputies happened to be with me.

We would then scatter out in the timber, in any place where we had reason to think there was a still, and come in on the stillers from different sides.

"One time I and my brother got one located right below the mouth of Big Branch of Ball. At the mouth of Clear Creek we took to the ridges and came out on Big Branch. The still was in a hollow that sloped down from the top of the ridge to a big rock. Just below this big rock, in a deep hole, it was set up. We saw them just building the fire under the furnace. One man was out with a double-barreled shotgun, finger on trigger, watching the road down below, never thinking of any one coming down on him from the ridges. We watched for two hours, hoping to get the drop on him; but he would not turn his gun loose a minute. The other fellow had a gun, too; though he was tending the fire, he always kept his gun in one hand. I slipped along down and got behind a tree near the still, and at last the man who was tending the fire came up about half-way to me, set his gun against a tree, and turned back again to the fire, when I stepped out, picked up his gun and arrested him. Then my brother came down, and I handed him this gun and told him to stay by the still, and I would try to get the other fellow, who had just gone around past the big rock on his beat watching the road. I took after him and ran him a long way, but he finally escaped.

"Often when I and my deputies would get wind of a still one of us would slip to the place and see what stage of the

game it was in. By examining the barrels of mash we could tell almost to the hour when they would be ready to run it off, and then we could be on hand and take, not only the still, but the men too.

"One time I heard there was a big still on Mallet Branch of Carr. We went up and crossed the gap in the mountain, and there left our nags and took to the ridge. On the far side was a cleared field, and we could see a big bunch of men down in the head of the hollow. We made a circuit and finally slipped down and got within ten steps of that still and stayed there for fifteen minutes, listening. There were thirteen men and some boys, all sitting there working at the still and talking, and all pretty drunk. Suddenly I spoke, turned my gun on them, searched them all for guns, arrested them, and chopped the still up and set fire to everything I could. I saw one of the old men trying to motion to a young man who was coming up the hill with a lot of fruit-jars, but he failed to see the warning. When he arrived, I said to him, 'Are you bringing us some dinner?' He said, 'No, I brought these to put my liquor in.' Then, in a flash, he saw who I was, and was sorry he had spoken.

"Occasionally a still will be quite near a house. One I recall was not a hundred yards from the house. A little pen was built around it; it might have been a hog-pen. Although I had reason to think there was a still on this place, I had no idea it was down by the house, and walked right into it. When I was almost up against it, one of the boys



A MOONSHINE STILL IN OPERATION

popped his head above the pen, and I turned my gun on him. Then the other raised up, and I got him too. About three gallons of liquor were already run off, and a good stream was still running. While I was cutting up things the third brother walked in, and was taken.

"Another time I was going up a hill where I had noticed a slick trail from the house to a hollow above, and right in the path met a moonshiner carrying the still on his shoulders. He was all bent over under it, and could not see me, and was an astonished man when I arrested him.

"The most perfect still place I ever saw was right out in the middle of a steep, open field, where an old coal bank had been. The man had dug out the entrance, deepening and widening it a lot, until he had a place in there about eight by sixteen feet. Then he had covered it over with slanting boards, and thrown dirt back all over them, leaving just a crack or two for light. When you looked over the field, you saw absolutely nothing. The only way I discovered it was that he had a pipe buried, through which the slop was run off, emptying out quite a distance down the hill, and I happened to notice the white-looking sediment there on the ground. The man is in Federal prison now.

"Another time I saw smoke on top of

a ridge over beyond Hollybush, and went up to investigate. There, right on top of the ridge, in a grape-viney patch where a small stream of water came out of some big rocks, was a still, with the men working at it. It was a very dry time, and the leaves on the ground crackled so I found it difficult to slip up on them, hiding behind trees as I came. But I managed to get within a few feet, behind a rock, where I could hear their whole conversation and watch them work with the still, filling it up with beer, etc. One of the men was a very good old man, Uncle Jimmy —, sixty-six years old. He was terribly downfallen when I stepped out and arrested him. He said: 'You don't need to search any of us for weapons, for we hain't got any; we didn't come here to fight.' He said to one of his boys, 'Joe, I wisht you never had found that spring there.' He was such a nice, peaceable old man I hated bad to have to take him to jail.

"But they are not usually peaceable like that. One time we heard a man was running a still, and found it right in his house, where he had hidden it for safe-keeping. He himself was up in the field hoeing corn, and we waited below until he came down to dinner, and then surrounded the house. He saw us when he was almost there, and jumped out over

the palings and a high bank, barefooted, and went right into the brush. We got his two brothers when they came in, however. The first man got him a pistol and followed us when we left, and when we came out from getting our dinner at the house of one of my deputies, Green Gayheart, near by, he started in firing at us from above. He fired five or six bullets at us, and barely missed me. Finally I located the blaze of his pistol, and almost hit him, but he got away. Then he went off and got a high-power rifle and came back to Green's and laid for him. Green was starting out, and went to the little branch by his house to wash the mud off his shoes, and was stooping over, with one foot on a little pole in the branch, when a steel ball hit right between his feet and nearly knocked him down. Then as Green went into the house he shot at him again, just missing him. Several times since the men of this family have ambushed us, hiding behind logs or rocks, and one time they certainly would have killed Green if one of his boys had not discovered their hiding-place and turned him back.

"On the same creek, which is a very bad one for moonshining, another of my deputies was killed last summer, Lawrence Conley. A noted desperado did the shooting, but was paid two hundred

dollars to do so by two men, 'moonshine kings,' who were concerned in a lot of stills.

"Sometimes there is a real battle. We had broken up a still on Buck Lick Branch of Ball early one morning, after riding most of the night. While the still things were burning I saw a small boy running in the valley below, and knew he was taking the word to somebody, but did not know who. We continued along the ridge and came out at the head of a fork of Buckhorn, and heard a noise down in the hollow and a man saying, 'They are sure coming!' Looking over a big cliff, I could see a crowd of men right down under me, all arming and getting ready—there were thirty or forty—and just below them was a big still in the branch. I heard one of them, Old George —, say, 'Here's the place to get them,' and he climbed up on a jutting rock, or small cliff, with his gun. My deputies came in sight about that time, on the ridge, and all hands went to shooting. Old George jumped right off of his rock, twenty feet high, and the others dropped down behind logs. I ran down, found Old George crawling around below the rock with blood all over his hands, took his gun, and then stayed on his rock shooting and trying to hold the men all down about the still so they could not get away. Our boys kept right on down the hill, while I stood on the rock guarding them. There was a real battle, with lots of shooting on both sides. Finally I went down myself, hoping that we could round them up and take them all. But one of them slipped around and got on the rock where I had been and began shooting into us, and the first thing to do was to put him out of business; and while I was attending to him the others got away, except old George.

"While we were destroying the still the wife of the man whose land it was on (she was a sister-in-law of one of the deputies) rushed out on us and said, 'You just can't destroy our still—I hain't going to stand for it!' and talked and hollered and tore her hair and did everything she could think of. She said to her brother-in-law, 'If you stick an ax in it, I will bust your head!' He said, 'All right, go ahead.' He came down on it with the ax, and she picked up a big rock and flung it at him. It just missed. She kept right on rocking him and us 'until the still was all destroyed.

"Right often we have lively times with the women. One woman down on Beaver, where we found a still, prayed and cursed and went on at a great rate, trying to claim they didn't know about it being there. But I told her it was no use, that I saw that the rived boards they had over the beer barrels were exactly like those she had on her chicken-house and warm-bed.

"Another time when we had found a still over on Jones's Fork of Beaver, right in the middle of a man's field, I

had no ax to cut it up with, and said to my deputy, 'I will go down to the house and get one.' Before I left I noticed some fresh hog meat up at the still that the men had been eating when they saw us coming and ran. I went down and stepped into the kitchen, and there sat three women, one of them cleaning hog's feet with a big butcher knife, and there was plenty of other fresh hog's meat around. I asked for an ax. The woman said nothing at first. Then she said, 'It looks like if you are in that business you would fetch your own ax.' I told her it was too much trouble to carry. Then I walked out in the yard and picked up an ax I saw lying there. She got up, knife in hand, and said, 'You shan't take my ax.' She charged right down on me with the butcher knife. I paid no attention to her, but went right on up and cut up the still. While we were in the midst of it her man began to shoot at us from high up in the timber. He shot some fifteen or twenty times. The bullets were just singing around us, but fortunately they were a little high to get us.

"But the nearest call we ever had was one night at the end of a three-day raid, during which we had destroyed ten stills altogether, with 5,885 gallons of beer and 267 gallons of whisky. Three of these, on Middle Fork of Quicksand, were under one large roof, about twenty feet square, made of boards rived from a big oak log that lay on the ground near by. One of these stills was made from an oil tank, one from a metal oil barrel, and one from a metal cracker barrel. There were also three worms and three flake-stands, and there were 2,680 gallons of beer, contained in eighteen oil barrels, one hoghead, and four large boxes. Two of these stills had big fires under them, the third was just in the mash stage. Just as we reached this still they began to shoot down on us from a spur just up the branch, and a bullet hit the leaves just above my head. We scattered out and ran up and tried to catch them, but they got away in the timber. Then we cut and burnt up everything, and the roof being very dry, it made a grand fire.

"After destroying several other stills on Shepherd's Branch of Quicksand, we came the third day by the head of Salt Lick across the mountain to Bee Tree Branch of Licking, where we cut up another, then to Trace Fork of Licking, where we cut up two more. Night came on, and we tried to find a place to stay all night, but everybody around there was moonshining, and nobody would take us in. Finally we rode up to a widow woman's who had a big barn and a big house. She said she had no room for us, but we told her if she would let us stay in her barn in the hay we would be thankful for that. The barn was about a hundred yards from the house, on the road, down next to the creek. We put up and fed our horses and then went into the house for supper—the

woman had said she would get us a little—each man eating with his gun beside him. While we were eating a man came to the gate and called the old woman out to the fence, and would not even talk to her there, but made her go down the road with him about twenty paces. We did not like the looks of this very much.

"After eating we went to the barn, which was nearly full of hay, hung up our lanterns in three different places, made us nests in the hay, and lay down and went to sleep, six of us in a row. About the time we dozed off a thirty-two pistol bullet cracked, and in just a thought the bullets were coming in on us from three or four different places on the hill above—bullets from high-power rifles, 45 automatics, 32 automatics, 45 Colts, shotguns, and others; we found shells the next morning from eight different kinds of guns. The high-power bullets cut a plank in two within six inches of a deputy's head. Splinters were flying, bullets were whizzing and whistling as thick as hail through the loft and above our heads. I have never understood how any of us escaped alive.

"As soon as I made sure all the boys were awake, I grabbed my gun—all our guns were in one corner together—blew out the lantern which was hanging nearest over us, jumped down from the loft, ran outside, and began locating the men by the flash of their guns. As soon as I would locate one bunch, I would let them have my fire. By this time the boys had all gotten down out of the loft with their guns and blown out the other lanterns, and then we all got out in the corn-field and tried to locate them if they shot any more. After waiting there for some little time, I had the boys light the lanterns again, hoping that would draw their fire; but they were done. Finally we climbed back in the hay again and went to sleep, and had a good rest. When we went in to breakfast next morning, I remarked to a young man who sat at the table that somebody had been drunk and trying to shoot around in the road last night. We went up before leaving, and found signs where a number of men had been—two behind a big rock, others in three or four spots—with shells of various sorts lying around, and one fine heavy automatic pistol. Although later we made inquiries, we could get no trace of anybody, the entire neighborhood being moonshiners."

In Andrew's term, which expired in January, there were destroyed 142 stills, 35 worms, 26,850 gallons of beer, 784 gallons fermenting meal, 228 gallons of singlings, with 17 guns captured, and 138 men captured and indicted, with 25 more to be indicted.

Unfortunately, a sheriff cannot succeed himself. Whether there will ever be any further enforcement of liquor laws in Knott County remains to be seen.

THE BOOK TABLE

THE "GRAND PERHAPS"

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

LIFE has often been compared to a voyage. We are all on shipboard, passengers and crew, coming from we know not where, sailing we know not whither, under a captain whom we never see.

The scientists study the vessel in which we are embarked. What is its structure? what its mechanical contrivances? How can we make the journey with greater ease and comfort? They also study the mechanical structure of the passengers; their nerves, muscles, blood-vessels, digestive and breathing apparatus. The value of the service rendered to their fellow-passengers by these scientific students is incalculable. A few of them have concluded that the passengers are automata, doing what unseen mechanical forces compel them to do. This theory of life is called sometimes materialistic, sometimes mechanistic. Whatever place it has made for itself in the schools, it has never had any considerable influence on social organization or the conduct of life.

The artists are apparently employed in enhancing the pleasure of the voyage: in decoration, music, literature, entertainment. But the more serious of them are animated by a higher purpose. They express beauty in color, form, sound, ideas and ideals—that is, in painting, sculpture, music, and literature—and this does much more than add to happiness; it adds to life. By expressing for us what we cannot express for ourselves they elevate, inspire, enrich the lives of their fellow-passengers.

The philosophers study themselves and their fellows. They seek to ascertain what is the meaning of the voyage, whence these passengers came, whither they are going, what duties they owe to one another, what duties, if any, they owe to their captain, and what they can learn about his character. Much of the prosperity of the voyage depends upon getting the right answer to these questions.

Says Amiel in his journal:

In every union there is a mystery—a certain invisible bond which must not be disturbed. This vital bond in the filial relation is respect; in friendship, esteem; in marriage, confidence; in the collective life, patriotism; in the religious life, faith.

Respect, esteem, confidence, patriotism, faith, are not objects to be observed, they are experiences, and as experiences must be studied. What they are and how they may be developed, trained, harmonized, it is the object of philosophy to ascertain and report. The understanding of them is at least as important to civilization as the understanding of steam and electricity. But

science cannot investigate them. Science can only investigate what it can observe.

Scientific demonstration of ethical and spiritual truth is impossible. All that the scientists can do is to check up the philosophers and tell them whether their interpretations of the *inner* life are inconsistent with what scientific students have discovered in the *outer* life. Religious convictions, like artistic convictions, are in the scientific laboratory only hypotheses, but they are not less certain on that account. They are more certain. We *know* what we have experienced within more surely than we know what we have deduced from the observation of external phenomena. The "Grand Perhaps" becomes an absolute certainty when it is a fruit of the common experience of mankind. "The highest philosophy," says Kant, quoted approvingly by Huxley, "in dealing with the most important concerns in humanity is able to take us no further than the guidance which she affords to the commonest understanding."

This brief and therefore necessarily imperfect and inadequate statement of the essential difference between scientific and religious investigation will, I hope, enable the reader to apprehend a very brief statement of the respective values of the two books¹ which have called forth this article. The character of each is fairly indicated by its title.

Sir Henry Jones in his opening chapter demands absolute freedom of inquiry in religious thought, unhindered by any reverence for tradition. He justly says: "Religion not only cannot but ought not to satisfy the heart of man and control his emotions and will unless it also satisfies the intelligence." To the intelligence Sir Henry Jones appeals; and, while he recognizes the truth that to a purely scientific investigator the convictions of spiritual faith are what Browning has made Bishop Blougram call them, a "grand perhaps," they are none the less on that account to be accepted and acted upon in life. "The Perhaps" of religion, says Sir Henry, "is so magnificent, if it is true: for it gives new worth to everything! While, without it, life is at best petty, its interests are shallow, and it passes away so soon! Indifference as to the truth of this 'Perhaps' is not easy for man and it is not wise."

The conclusion of the Christian religion, confirmed by a broad experience, and therefore much more than a "perhaps" to the Christian, he thus embodies in a pregnant sentence in his closing

chapter: "The religion of Love, which Christianity is, undoubtedly identifies the destiny of God and man: God suffers in our sufferings and rejoices in our joys. He is our Father; and he moves with us, because he moves in us."

"A Student's Philosophy of Religion" has grown out of lectures delivered to students and is essentially a book for students. Professor Wright is not an advocate, but an investigator, and he leads the student by a laboratory method to conclusions which are frankly but not dogmatically stated. He defines religion as "an endeavor to secure the conservation of socially recognized values." In the first half of his book he applies this definition to an examination of the great world religions and notes the unique gift which Christianity has bestowed upon the world: "The matchless personality of Jesus Christ, a personality from whom men may gain a fuller appreciation of moral values, and a reinforcement of their wills so that they may be able to realize these values in their lives." In the last half of his volume he takes up the various theological problems of our time, still as an investigator, and presents his conclusions, stating the problems with great frankness. These conclusions are based on experience, not on scientific or quasi-scientific argument:

"This is a moral universe, that is, it is a universe that recognizes and seeks to achieve moral ends."

"If man would try to find God he must not look without, though God in some sense is everywhere—but must look within."

"The efficiency of prayer is a matter of immediate experience; the existence and nature of God are difficult philosophical questions upon which it is unnecessary for the worshiper to make up his mind in order to receive the benefits of prayer."

"In prayer and other forms of religious experience (at least those of a more rational and intellectual character) man becomes aware of God and is strengthened by Him for the performance of his tasks."

"The man who walks through life with the aid of the Great Companion surely ought to be, and usually is, a wiser, stronger, and better man than one who has to rely solely upon his own efforts and those of his fellow-men. Has a man a *right* to such a belief, however, in view of its uncertainty? . . . There can be but one answer to the question. He certainly has this right."

These disjointed sentences may serve here to indicate the general character of the conclusions of Professor Wright and the spiritual foundation on which they are based. We can best describe his spirit by applying to him the words which he has used in describing Dr. Hastings Rashdall: "Dr. Rashdall's books are among the most helpful in existence for the Christian student who believes that an absolutely honest and

¹ A Faith That Enquires. The Gifford Lectures for the Years 1920-1921. By Sir Henry Jones. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.
A Student's Philosophy of Religion. By William Kelley Wright, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.75.

fearless study of philosophy will be of more value to him in the end than the obscurantism usually found in religious books written by and for clergymen."

"A Student's Philosophy of Religion" we recommend to the special consideration of ministers who are also students—that is, who do not allow parish

problems so to absorb their attention as to prevent their continuing courses of careful study. It will give the student admirable pictures of the great world religions, and it will help him to understand what both professional and amateur philosophers are thinking about and how to give them sane and spiritual co-operation in their thinking.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

ALL THE WAY BY WATER. By Elizabeth Stancy Payne. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.

A helter-skelter tale of a girl pursued by detectives for a supposed crime. She takes refuge on a yacht, whose owner aids her to escape and inevitably falls in love with her. Lively, if not probable.

"BROKEN STOWAGE." By David W. Bone. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

In seagoing parlance, "broken stowage" means the small lots of freight put in corners in the hold not needed for main cargo. It is an appropriate name, therefore, for this book of odds and ends about the sea in the way of sketches, talks, and tales written by the author of "The Brassbounder," a volume which gave pleasure and amusement to lovers of the sea and sea lore.

COPPER STREAK TRAIL. By Eugene M. Rhodes. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.75.

In this story of the cowland and the mining country Mr. Rhodes, who is a practiced and successful teller of Western tales, unites into one romance several incidents of an exciting kind. The action is rapid and one's attention is fully held.

COVERED WAGON (THE). By Emerson Hough. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

Mr. Hough always enjoys visualizing the pioneer advance in our West and the adventures and hardships of those who pushed forward into a new country. In this new novel he compels us to admire the purpose, courage, and sincerity of the men who trekked across the continent and relates incidents of danger and endurance with graphic power. As a novel this is hardly as good as Mr. Quick's "Vandemark's Folly," but as a piece of fictional description it is excellent.

DA SILVA'S WIDOW. By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

Short stories by Mrs. Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley and best known as the author of "Sir Richard Calmady." Each deals with a dramatic situation or a single human problem.

LOVE-STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON. By Gilbert Frankau. The Century Company, New York. \$2.

Two things stand out with almost startling reality in this story of English life. One is the fox-hunting scene, which is described in such detail and with such gusto that one knows the author must have followed the hounds himself; the other is the murder trial, to which the whole situation in the book leads up and the relation of which is dramatic and moving in a high degree.

As a love story—and the author challenges criticism in this direction by his title—the narrative is at times too passionate and at others so long drawn out as to make one wish that the book moved more rapidly.

WANDERING JEW (THE). By E. Temple Thurston. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

The reason for the publication of this play is in doubt unless it was to afford an example of what a shoddy piece of dramatic technique an excellent light novelist can turn out. Strangely enough, any literary qualities that might be supposed to form a part of any enterprise by Mr. Thurston are equally lacking. The famous theme of the Wandering Jew is shaped into a rather tawdry melodrama which reaches its climax in a Spanish Inquisition scene.

WINTER BELL (THE). By Henry M. Rideout. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.75.

A well-knit tale of a stalwart woodsman falsely accused of murder on convincing but misleading evidence. His out-of-doors spirit is almost, but not quite, crushed by the village lockup, the contumely heaped upon him by the mob, and the bewildering experience of trial, conviction, and State's prison. But a charming vein of romance runs through the story, and when release comes happiness comes with it.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CANNIBAL-LAND. By Martin Johnson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.

The sporadic cannibalism of the poor, decadent savages who inhabit certain of the South Sea islands is "played up" in this book for all that it is worth, or more. Nevertheless the author makes an interesting story of his experiences in trying to obtain moving pictures of the supposed cannibals and their feasts. The photograph of the chief Nagapate was worth going far to get.

NATURALIST IN LA PLATA (THE). By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

The sixth edition of a standard book on South American animals and birds—one of Mr. Hudson's earliest books. Written in his characteristically entertaining style.

OLD PARK STREET AND ITS VICINITY. By Dr. Robert Means Lawrence. Houghton Mifflin Company, New York. \$3.

Boston is rich in traditions of great men and events, and many of these traditions are recorded in this book in a way that will interest every lover of New England. Park Street is one of the shortest of streets, being but the length

of a city block, but it has had many famous residents and its annals are long. The street was worthy of a book, and the book is worthy of the street.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

BLUEGRASS CAVALIER (A). By Edwin Carlisle Lilsey. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. \$1.75.

BLUE CIRCLE (THE). By Elizabeth Jordan. The Century Company, New York. \$1.90.

HOMELAND. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.90.

IN THE MORNING OF TIME. By Charles G. D. Roberts. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.90.

JIMINY. By Gilbert W. Gabriel. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

KIMONO. By John Paris. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.

LINE OF LOVE (THE). By James Branch Cabell. With an Introduction by H. L. Mencken. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$2.

MOON OUT OF REACH (THE). By Margaret Pedler. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.90.

PURPLE SPRINGS. By Nellie L. McClung. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.90.

RAHAB. By Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.

RICH LITTLE POOR BOY (THE). By Eleanor Gates. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

ROAD TO THE WORLD (THE). By Webb Waldron. The Century Company, New York. \$1.90.

SWEET WATERS. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.75.

POETRY

FIRE BIRD (THE). By Gene Stratton Porter. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$1.75.

WINGS OF TIME (THE). By Elizabeth New-
port Hepburn. The Frederick A. Stokes
Company, New York. \$1.90.

SCIENCE

STORY OF DRUGS (THE). A Popular Exposition of Their Origin, Preparation and Commercial Importance. By Henry C. Fuller. Illustrated. (The Century Books of Useful Science.) The Century Company, New York. \$3.

MISCELLANEOUS

ESSENTIALS OF INDUSTRIAL COSTING. By George S. Armstrong, C.E., M.E. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$5.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE AND ITS REORGANIZATION. By Elisha M. Friedman. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$7.

NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND ART (THE). By Benjamin Brawley. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York.

NEW HOMES FOR OLD. By S. P. Breckenridge. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

NOVISSIMA VERBA: LAST WORDS 1920. By Frederic Harrison. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

OLD STONE AGE (THE). By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

OUTLINE OF WELLS (AN). By Sidney Dark. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

PEACE OF JUSTICE (THE). By Raphael-
Georges Levy. Preface by Raymond Poincaré. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

PENOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Louis N. Robinson, Ph.D. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. \$3.

TEN YEARS AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES. By Baron von Eckardstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$6.



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THE WEEK-END WILD MAN

BY J. C. LONG

PROBABLY every dweller in civilization, whether of Main Street or the metropolis, dreams of breaking loose some time and getting back to "fundamentals." He wants to go "out where the West begins." Or he pictures himself on some long summer canoeing trip in Alaska. Perhaps his fancy turns to Alaska, or to the mystic beauties of central Asia. At any rate, he wants a change. He wants primarily wild country and fresh air. He wants to shake off confining routine.

But this dweller is an ordinary sort of chap leading an ordinary life. He has perhaps but two weeks' vacation during the year, which he finds have, somehow or other, been scheduled for visits to his own folks and to his wife's relatives. So he puts away his dream of the wilderness and lives with a sense of being thwarted.

To-day, however, thousands are finding that they can be week-end wild men. All they need to do is to step into a

motor car, make certain inquiries, and they will soon be finding their way off the beaten path into the longed-for wilderness. Within week-end motoring distance, within about sixty to seventy miles or less, of the biggest cities in the country can be found great deserted areas where man can commune with the stillness and the stars.

New York City residents can find camping grounds in the Catskills at such places as Chichester, northeast of Kingston, or they can visit the State Forests of North Jersey, which are only three hours away from Jersey City. In these reserves are the ridge and western slope of the Kittatinny Mountains. Here camp sites, spring water, trout fishing, and small game hunting in season are offered free to the public. Three lakes where fishing, boating, and hunting may be had are near by. The camp sites available are of several kinds; some of them near good roads, some in clearings or old fields, and some deep in the

woods. New Jersey resident applications receive first attention, but visitors from other States are welcomed.

The Bostonian will find camping accommodations at Wellesley, or he can purchase a permanent site for his exclusive use in wooded areas which may be found not many miles from the city.

The resident of Philadelphia is not far from the Pocono Mountains and the Delaware Water Gap. He can also find solace in the forests of South Jersey. The "Penn State" Forest of the South Jersey group is five miles east of Chatsworth, on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and consists of 2,700 acres of pine and cedar forest in one of the wildest sections of that State.

Not far from Cleveland is the camping-ground of Marblehead, located on a peninsula combining the advantages of water and woodland. There is also another wooded camp site near by, at Amherst, Ohio.

There are thousands of square miles of woodland available at moderate prices on the east coast of Michigan, but the transient Detroiters who does not own his own shack in the woods can find accommodations in the outskirts of such communities as Milford and Tecumseh.

There are dozens of towns in Illinois which have set apart outlying woodlands for visitors where the Chicago man can find fresh air and outdoor life.

As one works farther west, the possibilities for a quick journey into the wilderness become increasingly easy. The Rocky Mountain National Park is within ready motoring distance from Denver. California abounds in free playgrounds. There is the Angeles National Forest near Los Angeles, the Santa Barbara National Forest a little farther north, and about seventy-five miles above San Francisco begin the Trinity National Forests.

The beginning week-end wildman would do well to consult such motoring organizations as the American Automobile Association or local motor clubs for maps and information regarding camp sites. He may find it well to initiate his experiences in week-end camping by going to those sites provided by various townships. There he will likely be able to find stoves, shelter, sometimes even hewn wood and electricity, already provided. As he becomes less of a tenderfoot he may branch out into the wilder areas. Then he can write to his State Forester and learn where there are camps in the real wildernesses.

The State Forester is usually a man after whom many other politicians might pattern. There is not usually much money in his job. He is doing it primarily for the love of the work, and he will take pains to help all those wishing to visit his domains. The State Forester of California, for instance, has made a thorough study of the wild man's requirements and makes these suggestions for his equipment:

Clothing.—An old business suit of corduroy, khaki, or overall material. Include a sweater or mackinaw, and figure on medium-weight underwear.

should be of wool, medium-weight, or two pairs of medium-weight cotton. Shoes should be stout, easy on the feet, with soles heavy enough for hobnails. A flannel shirt half size larger than usual should be worn. Leggings of canvas or leather are an advantage, and buckskin gloves without cuffs are best for general use. The hat may be of felt or cloth, with a moderately wide brim.

Bed.—Air mattresses are the most comfortable beds for the mountains, since they can be placed even on bare rocks. There are, however, a number of objections to them, one of which is their cost.

Bedding.—The most serviceable bedding is an eiderdown quilt, with an extra covering of denim, and two light wool blankets. The quilt can be pinned with blanket pins along the bottom or side to form a sleeping bag. Wool quilts can be substituted for eiderdown, although they are not quite as warm. A 7 × 7-foot 10-ounce canvas will make an excellent bedcover to be placed next to the ground, and it is also useful as a pack cover. In the pine forest pine-needles, raked up before building the fire and with the cones removed, will make a wonderful bed.

In addition to their desire to help, the State Foresters realize that besides its health values this camping movement is likely to have a profound effect on National economic policy. We have been exhausting our timber supply. Every one knows about it, every one believes that forestry is a good thing, but it has been a political issue of so minor interest as to command little attention. As the average man develops the camping habit, comes to know the Forest Reserves, forestry will become part of his life. He will meet the officials or their deputies, learn some of the problems, and have the same interest that he has in his home and his town. We may then see the time when conservation will receive the same intent attention as the income tax.

THE MOUTHFUL

A Folk Tale from the Azores

BY ELSIE SPICER FIELDS

ONCE upon a time in one of the islands of the Azores there was a poor woman who lived a most unhappy life. She and her husband were always quarreling. Every day when he came home from work he was cross and said harsh words to her. She always responded with bitter words, and things would go from bad to worse until at last he would beat her.

One day the woman took her water-jar and went to the fountain to fill it as usual. She was so unhappy over her unpleasant life that great tears were rolling down her cheeks. There was a little old woman standing by the fountain.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" she asked as she saw the tears upon the poor woman's cheeks.

When she had heard all the story, the little old woman took the water-jar and filled it at the fountain.

"Go home, my daughter," said she. "Keep this water in the jar. Preserve it carefully. The moment your husband says a cross word to you fill your mouth with a drink of it."

The woman thanked her gratefully, and went to her own home.

The next day when her husband returned from work he began to scold her as usual. She was about to reply when she suddenly remembered the old woman's advice. She ran to the water-jar and filled her mouth with a drink of water. To her great amazement, her husband soon stopped scolding. That night, for the first time in many weeks, she went to sleep without a beating.

Things kept on going well for several days. Just as soon as her husband said unpleasant things she would fill her mouth with water from the jar. Then he would get over being cross. Now there were smiles instead of tears upon the woman's face.

At last, however, the water-jar grew empty. Once more the woman took it to the fountain, hoping that she might again find the little old woman who had given her the magic water. She found her waiting at the fountain.

"How did my prescription succeed, dear daughter?" asked the little old woman.

"How can I ever thank you for all

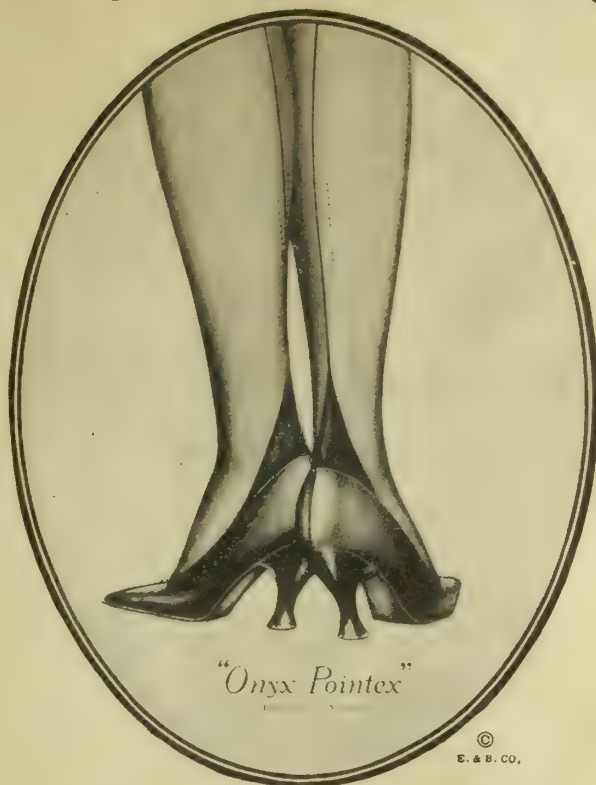
that you have done for me? Now I am happy once more. My husband no longer beats me. I did not dream that my life could ever be so full of joy. Give me, I pray you, more of the magic water."

The little old woman smiled gently.

"Dear daughter," said she, "the water which I put in your jar is nothing except this from the fountain. It is the very same which you always carry home. This is the secret: When your mouth is full of water, you cannot reply when your husband says cross words to you. If you do not keep up the quarrel, it soon ends. That is why your life is happy now instead of sad. Go home, and whenever your husband says an unkind word to you pretend that your mouth is full of water and do not reply. Go in peace, my child."

The woman always remembered the good advice which the little old woman gave her at the fountain. She never again quarreled with her husband. When she had children of her own, she passed on to them the secret. Now it is generally known in the islands that if one does not want to keep up a quarrel it is well to pretend that his mouth is full of water. This is the reason, perhaps, why the people of the Azores are so peaceful and happy.

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SHALL AMERICA CANCEL HER FOREIGN DEBTS?¹

BY THOMAS B. McADAMS

President of the American Bankers Association and Vice-President of the Merchants National Bank of Richmond, Virginia

EVERY day the call comes more clearly for America to assist in working out the great economic and social problems now confronting the peoples of the earth, those complicated questions of internal and international relations upon the solution of which the future of the world's civilization definitely rests. When liberty, which has ever been the inspiration

¹ The substance of an address delivered by Mr. McAdams before the Convention of the Illinois Bankers Association in St. Louis, Missouri, June 23, 1922.

of America, and those principles underlying the right of human beings to have a voice in their own government seemed in jeopardy, our answer was given in no uncertain terms and we spared neither men nor money in stemming the tide which tended to establish the rule of force rather than justice as the controlling factor in civilization. The question confronts us to-day whether we may not delay co-operation so long as to lose largely the effect of the part played by this country in winning the greatest conflict of the ages—a victory, as we be

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lieve, definitely recorded on the side of right and truth. The sacrifices already made and the contributions which future generations will be called on to make in liquidating the heavy burden of debt cheerfully assumed by our people should appeal to us—even though we be callous to the humanitarian call of service to others—to prepare to take our part in readjusting world problems on a basis which will insure the incorporation in such solution as may be agreed upon of the principles and ideals we have always been accustomed to regard as dearer than life itself.

What is our present responsibility? Since the armistice we have made two definite contributions—the limitation of the naval armaments of the leading nations, which inevitably means more expenditures for constructive measures and less for destructive machinery, and the great volume of relief afforded the starving and suffering in different sections of devastated and disorganized Europe. But are we prepared to say that, having done so much, our duty is definitely discharged? Are we fearful that through participation in an economic conference we should be called upon to cancel the \$11,000,000,000 of foreign debts? If this be the reason, it can easily be handled. We do not have to cancel these debts, and such a policy at this time would be a bad thing for debtor and creditor alike. We can follow safely, however, the same policy which would be adopted by a banker under a condition where he found a valued and honest customer of long standing temporarily embarrassed. Under such circumstances, the banker would not stand aside and take no interest in whether the customer improved his condition or went further on the road toward bankruptcy. He would first tell the client he would give him more time, such time as the situation might demand, and then by the organization of a creditors' committee or otherwise give him the benefit of his counsel, his sympathy, his co-operation. This method has been pursued in hundreds of cases in America in the recent past, and splendid old concerns, temporarily on the rocks, have thus been enabled to readjust their budgets, remodel their organizations, and with renewed hope push forward again toward prosperity. Why cannot America, with propriety, aggressively apply the same principles of co-operative helpfulness toward assisting those who are indebted to us to work out their own salvation and ultimately, at some mutually convenient day, liquidate their indebtedness to us? Forgiving a debt rarely cements a friendship; making the terms of payment easy but ultimately insisting upon payment increases the mutual respect of creditor and debtor and makes for stability of character. Mr. D. R. Forgan, of Chicago, has pointed out that no one can see far enough into the future to tell whether or not at the end of another quarter of a century the situation may be reversed and America find herself, after some great upheaval, financially in



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

debt to the world. We would certainly not then wish to request the cancellation of such indebtedness, and the sensible course to pursue would seem to be the keeping these obligations intact against a rainy day—not simply for their monetary value, but for the increased influence this country may exert in the readjustment of world conditions, the rebuilding of world prosperity.

We may have been justified in not going into the League of Nations, but we must recognize that in our refusal we assumed a definite responsibility, should failure result, and it can be fairly attributed to Europe and the world's not receiving the benefit of our assistance, interest, and advice. A weary world has done its best to create a piece of machinery, with all its imperfections, to help stop aggression and the ruthless destruction of property and lives through warfare, to build up a spirit of co-operation among nations, and to substitute sympathy for jealousy in international relations. While undoubtedly approving of the end to be attained, we have refused to even give the machinery created our sympathy and co-operation, and have apparently preferred to believe it can accomplish nothing for humanity, although we have admitted our inability to suggest a better plan or even such modifications of the existing one as would justify our wholeheartedly standing side by side with the other nations in their efforts to insure human happiness as contrasted with despair. Though true it is that reservations were proposed as a basis for the ratification of the Treaty, yet, although the war has been over for nearly four years, America's record as a nation is still one of inaction either with or without modification of the original proposal. Our failure to participate more actively has perhaps been stimulated by the strength of our financial position and the fear that we would be expected to assume the entire responsibility of backing such plans as might be agreed upon; while it has been suggested that budgets should be balanced and foreign obligations to us put in definite form before we could, with propriety, even confer on economic subjects of mutual interest. Perhaps we have been wise so far, but unless we wish to jeopardize everything for which we fought and suffered the time has now come, or will soon be here, when our policy should be more definitely outlined. We cannot through inaction escape either our responsibility or our opportunity. We cannot ignore either the commercial or the humanitarian side of the question. The world needs our advice, our intelligence, our sympathetic guidance; and the very fact that we are separated geographically and have no selfish international ties or ambitions gives us the privilege to speak with the assurance that we will be listened to and affords us the opportunity to render a more substantial service of leadership than can be performed by any of the other great peoples of the world. Does our being rich justify us in hoarding our

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resources, like a miser in the midst of a community sorely needing his assistance for a proper development of its activities, both commercial and eleemosynary? Does the fact that we are strong justify us in refusing to use our power in bringing order out of chaos, and will not National laziness be as destructive of the National structure as does human inertia result in destroying real manhood? We cannot answer these questions by simply reiterating the statements of George Washington as to entangling alliances. He was unquestionably right at the time and under the conditions this policy was promulgated for the guidance of the Nation still in swaddling clothes, but no doubt such observations as he would have made as to transportation or the most effective method of lighting a home would be no more completely out of date.

Whether we like it or not, the improvement in transportation and the development of the telephone, telegraph, radio, and the other marvelous inventions of the last century have definitely brought us into close contact with the world, established a mutual interest in the commercial welfare of each other that is essential to progress, and so tied us together as to make our successes and failures largely dependent upon world conditions—world ideals. If this be true, our future commercially challenges us not to throw away our opportunity for suggestive leadership; our progress at home and abroad calls us to see that the principles of consideration for the rights of others be incorporated as an international policy; while the manhood and womanhood of nations large and small—those that have lost everything but hope—cry out to us to contribute something of our time, our ability, our selves, that so far as is humanly possible suffering and desolation may not again be inflicted upon great masses of people simply because the ambition of some ruthless ruler wills that it be so. Can we fail to hear this appeal? Will we much longer stay idly in the background of comfortable surroundings, or will we manfully put on the armor of righteousness and go forward to battle in behalf of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

BY THE WAY

ARTHUR BALFOUR, while at a dinner during his visit to Washington, praised the colored people. "I visited Washington a good many years ago," he said. "All the hotel waiters were colored then, and I confess I preferred the quaint colored service to the present sophisticated and elaborate service of the whites.

"The day of my arrival, when my waiter, an old colored man with snowy wool, brought me the menu, I put a coin in his hand and said, 'Just bring me a good dinner, uncle.'

"He brought me an exquisite dinner, and during my fortnight's stay we followed out this programme daily. By pushing aside the menu and handing him the coin, he selected a much better dinner for me than I could have chosen myself.

"The day of my departure, as I took leave of him, he said,

"'Good-by, sir, and good luck, and when you or any of your friends what can't read the bill of fare comes to Washington, just ask for old Calhoun Clay.'"

From the "Minnesota Star:"

"Golf not only improves your general health, but enables you to understand the jokes in the comic weeklies."

From "Kasper," of Stockholm:

Apothecary's Apprentice—"What is in this bottle with no label?"

Chemist—"That's what you use when you can't read the prescription."

American shipping was rarely seen in Hamburg before the war, but it now occupies third place in the tonnage of the port, according to a statement in a nautical magazine. Hamburg was once the world's greatest port as to amount of tonnage. Last year it had recovered its status to the extent that its tonnage amounted to about sixty per cent of that in 1913. In this tonnage British shipping occupied the first place, German the second, and American the third.

In Poland there was a period following the war when over a million sub-normal children received daily one substantial, warm, carefully balanced meal of American food. Poland is now getting on its feet again, and the children of that country have forwarded to the children of the United States, as a testimonial of their gratitude, a huge quantity of souvenir toys, which are to be distributed among invalid, crippled, and orphaned children here by the American Relief Administration. These souvenirs were made by Polish children with their own hands, as a labor of love. They filled eighty-eight enormous cases when shipped to America.

Newspapers in India, a correspondent of the "American Printer" says, are mostly printed in English by natives, who, though knowing little of any language but their own, are marvelously adroit in setting up "copy" the white man reads to them line by line. The

white man has his troubles with the natives, however. They are strong competitors. "Every half-caste who wishes to lead a peaceful life purchases a second-hand press. Thus armed, he enters the fray without knowing anything about the business. The native proprietor of a job press is another competitor. There also is the Parsee printer, the persistent Japanese, the plodding and watchful Chinese. The manager must do everything from correcting proofs to overhauling the engine. All advertisers expect an editorial puff—if the editor objects, out he goes, for, say many proprietors, 'advertisements are to a newspaper as the very breath of life; editors are not.'" There are also countless vernacular sheets in India, many being printed in secret dens on an old-fashioned screw press.

In boyhood reminiscences of New England life James L. Ford tells in "Scribner's" of his experiences at a Friday evening prayer-meeting long ago in his native village. "On this occasion," he says, "I witnessed two elderly rustics engaged in their favorite pastime of praying at one another. One of these interlarded his supplication with: 'And if they be enny one of us here ez hez been a leettle mite sharp on a hoss trade, we ask the Divine forgiveness for their sin.' When the other man's turn came, I heard a nasal voice saying: 'And if they be enny of us pore sinful critters ez hez burned down their barns for the insurance money, we hope they will find forgiveness and grace.'"

The little Abbey of Buckfast was a Cistercian house destroyed by Henry VIII, Edward Hutton says in the London "Sphere." "I imagine," he goes on, "had any one thought of the matter during the last four hundred years he would have regarded it as dead as mutton, the last place in the world to experience a resurrection. Well, it is rising again. It is risen. With their own hands the monks have actually rebuilt it larger and greater than ever it was. They have erected an enormous church, with a huge central tower containing fourteen bells, one of which weighs two tons. They have built a noble monastery, a cloister is about to be erected, and in August the great new church will be dedicated. The bees—the monks live by their bees—should swarm finely this year."

"Tram conductors in Prague," "Punch" remarks, "salute passengers as they alight by saying, 'We have been honored by your presence.' In London the abbreviated version of this courtesy is 'Push off.'" And on the New York subways, "Wash step!"

Paris, according to the New York "Evening Post," is trying to devise a plan to distinguish waiters from guests. An infallible sign, the "Post" says, is that if you are utterly unable to catch a man's eye, he is a waiter.

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LADY with private cottage will rent few rooms during August and September. Gentiles only. Address Y, Box 394, A-on-by-the Sea, N. J.

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Companions and Domestic Helpers
WANTED, by September 1, young woman as mother's helper for three children. One servant kept. Delightful Michigan town. 1,769, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman to keep house for small family of adults in New York City. Share family life. Sunny south room. Time to carry half year's college credits. 1,766, Outlook.

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CONGREGATIONAL pastor, middle-aged, Yale graduate, desires position as companion during August. 1,773, Outlook.
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GOVERNESS desires position. Mountains or beach. Expenses only. 1,777, Outlook

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

FOR sale, seven hand-carved bookcases, Italian walnut. Mrs. R. A. Lawrence, 60 West 68th St., New York City. Tel. Columbus 7760.

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OPPORTUNITY for invalid or convalescent to have luxurious home in country with nursing and medical attendance at moderate rate. 1,776, Outlook.

The Outlook

JULY 19, 1922

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A WAR AVERTED

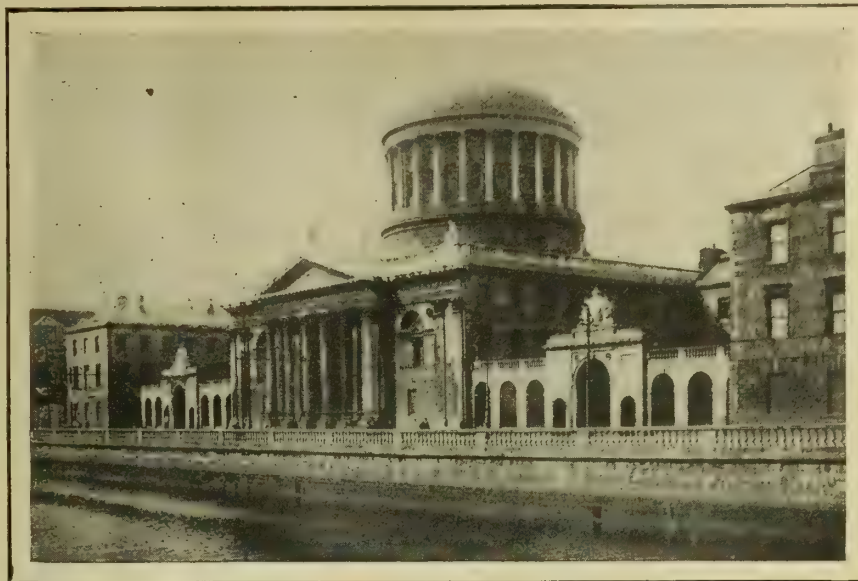
THE Chileans and Peruvians, although they took a little longer than some had expected, have reached an agreement in regard to arbitration of their Tacna-Arica differences. The acceptance on July 8 by the Chileans of the latest Peruvian proposal, providing for the friendly intervention of the United States in case the decision of the arbiter is against the holding of a plebiscite to determine ownership of the disputed provinces, brought the conference which has been in progress in Washington since May 15 to a virtual conclusion. Only the final drafting of the protocol remained to be done, and that was not expected to take more than a week and will not present any difficulties, as all the principles have now been agreed upon.

This means that in two months, through the invitation extended by President Harding to the two countries to send their delegates to Washington and through the informal good services which Secretary Hughes has rendered in the negotiations after the failure of the two delegations to reach a direct agreement, there has been happily and successfully solved a problem which for thirty years past has been a source of misunderstanding and ill feeling between Chile and Peru and a threatened source of war and international friction in South America.

The success of the conference in Washington should add to the prestige of the United States throughout Latin America and help to strengthen inter-American relations. There are other boundary disputes in South America (between Ecuador, Peru, and Colombia; Bolivia and Paraguay; and a question of the Plate River line between Argentina and Uruguay, although this latter is practically *in statu quo* and not likely to cause any trouble); also several pending boundary questions in Central America; but none of them has been of the importance or possible source of danger as has Tacna-Arica. Therefore the settlement of this problem, which in a short time will be an interesting matter of history, can be looked on as a great accomplishment.

THE IRISH GOVERN IRELAND

AN Irish majority is behind the Irish Free State, and now an Irish army has put down the minority insurgents. With the collapse of the attempt to hold the ancient Four Courts building as a



(C) Keystone

THE FOUR COURTS

Scene of the dramatic battle for the right of the Irish majority to rule. This struggle is destined, perhaps, to prove as memorable as the fall of the Bastille

fortress and the defeat of minor revolutionary outbreaks in Dublin and elsewhere the ascendancy of the Free State is attained and its power to carry on government proved. De Valera, as we write, is in hiding; his fellow-leader Charles Burgess (Cathal Brugha, in the old Irish tongue) has died of wounds; other leaders are scattered or prisoners. No doubt the flame of insurrection will still flicker here and there in Southern Ireland, but the main body of the people have shown that they will not join in an effort to overthrow by violence the rule established with their consent by their own fellow-countrymen.

Even in Ireland majorities have some rights. The patriotic idealism which longs for absolute independence is not dead and is held even by many of those who are wise where the followers of De Valera are wild. That ideal is impossible of attainment at this time; sensible minds accept self-government as part of the British dominions as preferable to turmoil and bloodshed.

The Free State Government in calling upon Irishmen to enlist in the only existent legal Irish army—a call that is being answered by thousands of enlistments—declares that the national army now in existence is able to cope, and has coped, with organized resistance on a large scale, but that local outbreaks of disaffection require a large force. The proclamation puts the case in a nutshell when it says: "The valor and patriotism of our national army has broken the conspiracy to override the will of the

nation and subject the people to a despotism based on brigandage and ruthlessness, regardless of the people's inalienable right to life, liberty, and security."

The new Ireland is being established, not by England, but by the Irish.

SOUNDING BY SOUND

STRANGE as it may seem, in all the centuries that man has been sailing the seas he but little improved his methods of sounding the depths of the ocean, certainly not much from the days of Columbus and Magellan, until World War developments made radio apparatus available for the purpose. But since 1918 listening devices used by the submarine chasers in the war zone have been made so efficient that the mechanical errors of deep-sea sounding have been eliminated, and the human error, confined to the acuteness of the auditory nerve, nearly so.

A short time ago the United States destroyer Stewart finished a cruise from Newport to Gibraltar and return, during which a new sounding device which can be used in both deep and shallow water was given a service test. The results of the test show that a minute and accurate exploration of all the sea floor of the globe is possible by the use of this new device. Here, then, is an invention which bids fair to revolutionize piloting and navigation. Here is one more milestone toward ultimate safety in maritime transportation.

It seems that the Stewart made the

outward trip from Newport to Gibraltar in nine days, during which time over nine hundred soundings were taken at frequencies varying from twenty minutes down to two minutes. This did not interfere with the ship's movements, she steaming along the course at fifteen knots, except a two-hour period when special soundings at one-minute intervals were taken. These latter soundings proved that successful work can be accomplished by the device at intervals of one minute in the deepest water. Thus the outline of the bottom of the sea over the course between Josephine and Tysburg Banks was minutely recorded. The sea bottom there was found to be an extensive plain bordered by mountains and tablelands, some of which rose four thousand feet above the plain. Several deep depressions not heretofore charted were also discovered, and positive depth data were secured where mariner's charts show only negative data in the vicinity of the Azores. It is believed that the outline of the world's ocean trade routes would give any number of such landmarks for use in finding a ship's position.

This new device gives immediate measurements of the depths of water, even at high speeds, so that delays in reading the depth are reduced to a negligible interval, there being no lead to heave or wire to unreel and reel, as in the other means of obtaining soundings. The apparatus is the result of a solution of a very definite naval problem, and was designed principally by Harvey C. Hayes, physicist of the Naval Engineering Experiment Station at Annapolis. The device uses a sound transmitter in combination with a sound receiver and depends in its operation upon the reflected echo of a signal given off by the vessel's sound transmitter being received by the same vessel's receiver. The sounding transmitter in this device develops a high frequency vibration in a diaphragm which is in contact with the sea water against the vessel's hull. This high-pitched note carries a great many miles, while the receiver is capable of registering sound transmitter signals over a great distance; hence its ability to pick up the "echo" of sound reflected from the ocean's bottom at depths which are impracticable for the old types of sounding machines.

This universal sounding apparatus can be chalked up as a credit when the taxpayer counts the cost of the Navy, for, like many other naval developments, it has a very definite value commercially, and will be in use for all time. It is possible now to construct the device cheaply and install it on merchant ships, where it will prove of the utmost benefit to navigators, especially in foggy

and thick weather, when ships have to rely to a considerable extent upon the taking of soundings.

One by one the terrors of the sea are being robbed of their worst features and some are being done away with altogether by the development of electrical appliances in the hands of our naval experts. All this goes to show that the naval officer is not alone a warrior who breathes out threatenings and slaughter, but he is also a scientist who has the trained mental equipment to attack the million and one problems of this mechanical age of sea power and arrive at a solution which is available for the navy and the merchant marine alike.

EDUCATORS IN COUNCIL

THE annual Convention of the National Education Association, held in Boston during the week ending July 8, was notable for its freedom from platitudes and its abundance of practical talk. The place of honor must be given to the paper written Secretary Hughes and read before the Convention. Mr. Hughes's generalizations were never raw nor sleepy. His address was often epigrammatic and always practical and forceful. Such phrases as "The primary lesson for the citizens of democracy is self-control" and "The sentimentalists are just as dangerous as the materialists" illustrate the pointed vigor of the address.

Mr. Hughes's topic was "Aims in American Education," which might mean almost anything, but his application of his subject to the needs of the community was concrete. He declared, for instance, that to get results we must insist on accuracy, on mastery of a subject, and that in the secondary schools at least "we should stop scattering." Mr. Hughes explained this by affirming that in high schools and academies "there is at present a bewildering and unsuccessful attempt at comprehensiveness. It fails of its purpose in giving neither adequate information nor discipline." He frankly declared that personally he did not think a satisfactory substitute had been found for the classical and mathematical training, but declared that, however this might be, "the important point is insistence upon concentration and thoroughness." On similar reasoning he deprecated "intellectual vagrancy in college."

The entire programme of the meeting was notable for the specific and definite nature of the topics discussed and the papers read. It really gave the thousands of teachers present the substance of a short summer school in education, with the advantage of lecturers and speakers of National reputation.

The Association again declared its endorsement of the Towner-Sterling Bill

creating a Federal Department of Education and providing National aid for education. It is reported that the Convention was stirred to a strong utterance on this point because of what one of the press reports calls "a curiously ill-timed assertion" in the speech of welcome made by a representative of Mayor Curley, who said that "Boston was self-sufficient in education and wouldn't stand for any interference from the United States or anybody else."

Though State public school systems should be co-ordinated, we think that the plan of doing this by Federal control through a secretary in the Cabinet should be considered with greatest caution.

The next meeting of the National Education Association will be a World Meeting and forty-five nations have been invited to send representatives. Out of this meeting it is hoped that an international association and a permanent council of international research will be formed.

The new President of the National Education Association is Mr. William B. Owen, the President of the Chicago Normal College.

THE LEGION AND THE BONUS

OPPOSITION to the proposed bonus for all American veterans of the World War has been characterized so largely by charges that the advocates of the bonus are selfish, disregardful of the welfare of the Nation, actuated by greed for public funds or desire for political support, that it is almost necessary for an opponent of the bonus who believes in the honesty of the ex-service men and the public spirit of the average Congressman and Senator to keep assuring himself of his own consistency. As a matter of fact, the widespread approval of the proposed bonus would be impossible if the demand for the bonus were nothing but a raid on the public treasury. Some Congressmen have undoubtedly been reckless in making promises that now they find it difficult to fulfill, and some of the men who served in the war have become embittered by their experience and have lost their enthusiasm for sacrifice in the interest of the public which has forgotten them; but, on the whole, there is every reason to believe that both the opponents and the supporters of the Bonus Bill are for the most part good average citizens who want Congress to do what is just and right and reasonable in the matter.

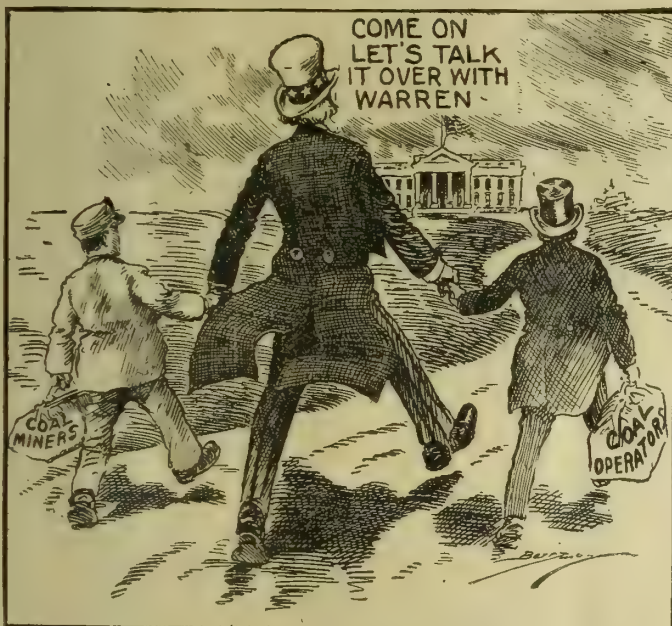
Addressing itself to the opponents of the Bonus Bill, the American Legion, through one of its spokesmen, John Thomas Taylor, Vice-Chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, prepared a statement, at the request of the New York "Herald," one of the

THE BUSINESS WE HAVE TALKED OF

(Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Scene 2)

S

Berryman in the Washington (D. C.) Evening Star



THE BEST WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY

From Ernest A. Short, Washington, D. C.

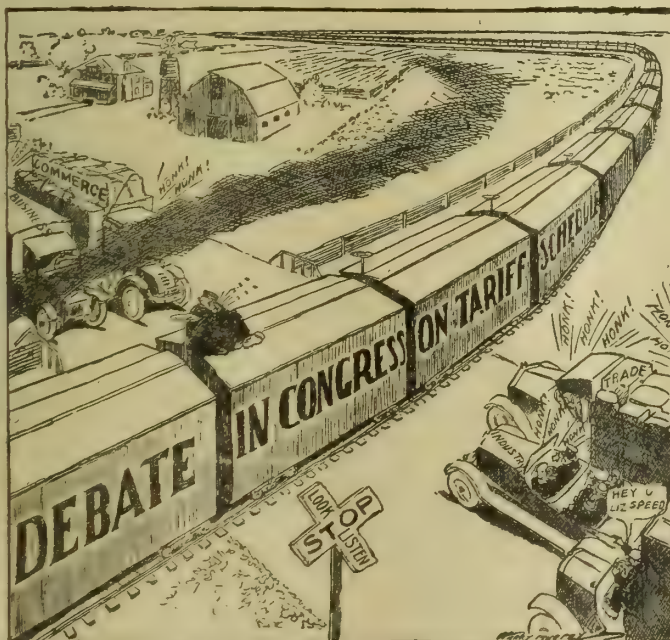
Keys in the Columbus Citizen



WILL HE EVER WAKE UP?

From W. H. Thompson, Granville, Ohio

Murphy in the Buffalo Enquirer

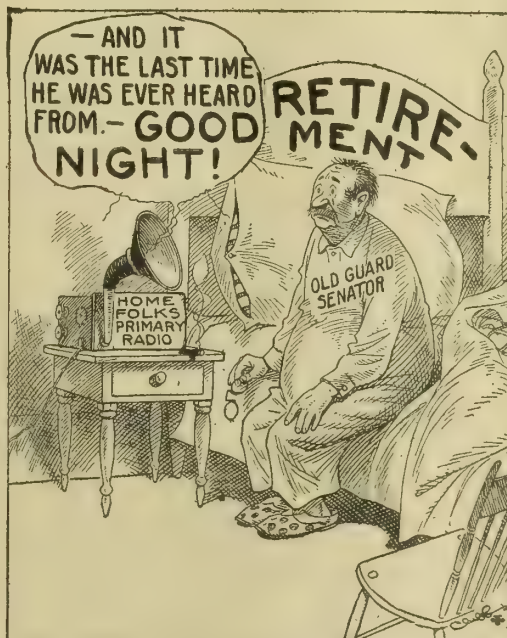


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IT'S A LONG WAIT

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Clubb in the Rochester Herald



THE GOOD-NIGHT STORY

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

most vigorous opponents of the bonus, outlining the Legion's position.

In view of what is asserted to be the approaching passage of the Bonus Bill, Mr. Taylor in his statement urges the opponents now to turn their attention to aiding the veteran in making his selection among alternative forms of bonus which will be offered to him. The mass of the common people, he asserts, have approved the bonus because they understand the privations of the veteran. The opponents of the bonus, on the other hand, he says, are members of that class that think and live in terms of money and have profited most from the war. Concerning this, the thing Mr. Taylor has overlooked is the large number of farmers, as well as men of very moderate means who are dependent on salaries, who oppose the bonus, not out of any lack of sympathy for the veteran, but out of concern over the danger involved in any additional financial burden upon the Nation.

Mr. Taylor's statement is a reminder that all the other countries on the Allied side in the war provided for adjusted compensation at the close of the war; and that the lower house of Congress has approved the provision for adjusted compensation by a vote of 333 to 70. Above the physical benefits of the bill he places the mental and spiritual benefit that will come to the veteran in the evidence that his country appreciates his services and sacrifices. In particular, Mr. Taylor says:

Everybody who reads the bill is for it because of its constructive features. The main opposition to it has been through ignorance of these provisions, which include home and farm aid, vocational training, land reclamation, and paid-up insurance.

This latter has been the chief object of attack because, like other paid-up insurance policies, it carries a loan privilege, first from the banks and later from the Government. In addition veterans entitled to less than \$50 on their adjusted service credit may receive their obligations in cash.

These constructive features are intended to help stabilize the veteran, aid him in getting back to his former station in life, and, if possible, to place him in the position he would have occupied had he not been called to take up arms in defense of his country, and they are intended to prevent him from being penalized economically for his service compared to the man who stayed at home and reaped the benefits and rewards.

Such a statement as this by Mr. Taylor should have the attention of the opponents as well as the supporters of the Bonus Bill now in Congress. Whatever may be said in favor of the cash features of the Bonus Bill, however, the fact remains that the men in authority who understand finance and who understand the veteran are convinced that any measure entailing the obligations in-



(C) Keystone

WALTER M. HOOVER, WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS

involved in this bill will do more harm to the veterans by retarding the recovery of prosperity in this country than any good that could come through direct payment of money.

WITH RACKETS AND OARS

A FRENCHWOMAN and an American fought out the finals for the British tennis championship. The representative of France and the winner was Mademoiselle Suzanne Lenglen. The American representative was Mrs. Mallory. The disappointing record made by Mademoiselle Lenglen during her last year's invasion of America was more than wiped out by her decisive defeat of the woman before whom she was forced to withdraw last summer. Though the cable despatches indicate that the fight was closer than the score would lead one to believe, a defeat to the tune of 6-2, 6-0 can be explained on the grounds of nothing but absolute superiority. We are sorry to find that Mrs. Mallory has been reported as complaining that the match was played too late in the day to afford an equitable test of skill. The sun shines alike, we have been told, on the just and the unjust. It also shines alike on the defeated and the victor.

If our representatives in the Women's British Tennis Championship failed to carry off the wreath of victory, we were at least more fortunate in a British event of perhaps even greater importance. The American sculling champion, Walter M. Hoover, of Duluth, won the Diamond Sculls at Henley-on-Thames by the generous margin of fifty yards. The contest for the Diamond Sculls has been rowed for nearly one hundred years. It is twenty-two years since an American crossed the line a victor. B. H. Howell won the race in 1900. The

first American to win the trophy was E. H. Ten Eyck, of Worcester, who rowed for it in 1897. Apparently Hoover was given a most cordial reception by his British opponents.

GOOD BUSINESS IN GOVERNMENT

THE Government, closing its books at the end of the fiscal year, finds that it is apparently \$338,269,000 richer than anticipated. A threatened deficit of \$24,468,000 has been converted into an actual balance of \$313,801,000.

The transformation is largely one of dates, rather than figures. Analysis of the balance-sheet discloses that the \$338,000,000 change was brought about by two circumstances, as follows:

First, the Government collected about \$138,000,000 more than it had expected to collect during the fiscal year; and,

Second, the Government spent about \$200,000,000 less than it had expected to spend.

In the first total there is a windfall of \$81,000,000 from the Emergency Tariff Law. When the Director of the Budget submitted his estimates to the President last December, customs receipts for the fiscal year were placed at \$275,000,000. Presumably the Director adopted the estimate of the Government actuary and other Treasury officials. They guessed wrong on the tariff and wrong on the volume of imports to the extent of about twenty-five per cent, their error being an understatement of receipts, with the result that there are un hoped-for millions in the Treasury to-day. This kind of wrong guessing, however, is the sign of a careful management.

In addition, \$44,000,000 were received from a totally unexpected source, the Federal land banks. These institutions experienced difficulty several years ago in disposing of their bonds, and in addition were hampered in their financial operations by a court decision, so the Government took their securities, paying cash therefor. The bonds were a frozen asset until recently, when the situation changed. They became liquid, and the land banks bought them back.

The remaining \$13,000,000 of unexpected receipts came from other quarters. A considerable sum came from heavy sales of surplus war materials left on the Government's hands.

On the spending side, we have paid out \$200,000,000 less than we had counted on paying out, but we have not saved it. The obligation to pay remains; it merely has been postponed from the last fiscal year to the present one. For a certainty, it will be reflected in the balance-sheet at the close of this year. As Secretary Mellon wrote Senator McCumber last April, that sum "represents delayed settlements [with the railways] of matters arising out of



(C) Harris & Ewing

RAILWAY EMPLOYEES AT WASHINGTON QUITTING WORK—THEIR FACES SEEM TO INDICATE THAT THEY ARE STRIKING CHEERFULLY!

Federal control and under the guaranty for the six months following Federal control. . . . The postponement of these payments to 1923 is, of course, reflected in a corresponding reduction of railroad expenditures for 1922."

Under the budget system, now nearing the first anniversary of its inauguration, there has been undoubted economy in Government expenditure, but the economy is shown indirectly in the balance-sheet. The savings were effected last fall, when General Dawes clipped the wings of soaring estimates. There is no one item that is Dawes's on the balance-sheet; no entry upon which a searching finger can be placed in identification of a budget saving. But Dawes and the budget are there, none the less; were it not for the system and the pruning knife, cost of government in 1922 would have been millions more and the balance on hand millions less.

THE FUTILE VIOLENCE OF RAILWAY STRIKERS

BEGINNING peacefully, the strike of the railway shopmen has lately been in some places accompanied by acts of lawless violence. In the neighborhood of one of the division shops in Missouri, strikers stopped a Wabash train, cut the air hose, and threw rocks in the windows, and have so interfered in another place in Missouri with officers of the company as to prevent the performance of their duties. The President of the Wabash Railway Company, reciting these facts, has appealed to the Governor of the State and, in order to prevent interference with the operation of mail trains, to the Federal Post Office Department. Strikers have also interfered by violence with mail trains in Texas and have caused loss of life by riots in Illinois. In perpetrating such acts the strikers are doing injury to a cause which at best is not good. They

are not merely trying to put out of order the transportation facilities of the country, but to injure the Railroad Labor Board, which the people of the Nation, through their representatives in Congress, have erected as an instrument for subordinating the interests of railway operator and railway employee alike to the interest of the public.

In contrast to the shopmen, those employees of the railways who are engaged in the maintenance of ways have chosen so far a reasonable course. Without yielding anything in their contention that the Labor Board's wage decision was unjust, the maintenance of way unions have decided to continue work at the present wage decision under protest, meanwhile taking up their grievances first with the railway managers, and, in case of failure there, to bring them for reconsideration before the Labor Board. This is applying to industrial questions the same spirit that men accustomed to free institutions apply to political questions. In countries where revolutions prevail the cause of instability is the unwillingness of the people to abide by the decision made by the courts and at the polls. Until men learn to abide by such decisions and use orderly methods to see that they are reversed if they think they are unjust there will likewise be instability in industry. We hope that the course pursued by the maintenance of way unions, as stated by Mr. E. F. Grable, their chief, will find its natural reward in a sympathetic consideration of their reasonable claims. And we hope, for the same reason, that the striking railway shopmen will meet with pronounced and instructive failure.

A REASONABLE WAGE SETTLEMENT

IN the midst of the railway strike, with all its bitterness, confusion, and inconvenience, it is comfortable and as-

suring to read the official announcement that the Pennsylvania Railroad and over forty thousand of its employees have come to an agreement on a disputed question of wages by conference methods instead of by a resort to a strike.

In our issue for August 31 last Sherman Rogers, Industrial Correspondent of The Outlook and one of the foremost leaders in this country of the movement for employee representation in industry, reported the adoption by the Pennsylvania Railroad of an employee representation plan which "is one of the broadest in real democratic principle in existence to-day." This plan provides that delegates elected by the employees "will sit with the company's officials and draft all rules and regulations pertaining to relations between the management and men."

Acting under this arrangement, an agreement has just been made, effective July 1, for the reduction of wages, with due regard to the cost of living, in the departments of maintenance of way and of telegraphs and signals. Because of this employee representation plan the Pennsylvania Railroad was not a party to the agreement between the United States Railroad Labor Board and the other railway companies of the country.

THE OFFICIAL STATEMENT

THIS action of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its employees is so important in itself and is so indicative of what might be done more generally in American industry that we quote at length from the official statement of the Pennsylvania Company as follows:

The negotiations were entirely voluntary and were conducted solely between management representatives on the one side and elected representatives of the employees on the other, free from outside intervention.

The information on which these negotiations were based was gathered,

jointly, by representatives of the management and of the employees, from industries in the territory served by the Pennsylvania system. The management desires to thank not only the employees and their officers concerned for the spirit in which the negotiations were conducted, but also the industries along the lines of the system for their co-operation in furnishing such information.

This successful outcome of the wage negotiations with the maintenance-of-way and telegraph and signal employees constitutes one of the most notable achievements thus far recorded for the Pennsylvania Railroad's employee representation plan. This plan, for the amicable settlement of controversial questions, was first put into effect, by mutual consent, on January 1, 1921.

Since that time, and prior to the opening of negotiations over the pending wage revisions, the plan has been instrumental in bringing to peaceful and satisfactory settlement more than nine thousand controversial questions between management and employees.

The spirit of this announcement and of the action that led to it illustrates the principles of what *The Outlook* has for many years been calling industrial democracy, and for as many years has therefore often been denounced, on the one hand by stubborn reactionaries, and on the other by intellectual radicals, as visionary and impractically optimistic. Mr. Gompers is an example of the reactionary and Professor James Harvey Robinson of the intellectual radical. Mr. Gompers opposes the employee representation plan because he wants the despotic power, formerly unmistakably wielded by organized capital, transferred to organized labor. He stands for class domination, not for co-operation. Professor Robinson in his "Mind in the Making" not only assumes but positively asserts that reformers may expect to find preachers, universities, and business men giving no help in the endeavors after industrial justice.

We may perhaps add without too much pride that General Atterbury, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who has been devoted in his support of the employee representation plan, has acknowledged the important part performed by Sherman Rogers, of our staff, in its successful introduction on the Pennsylvania system.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN FOR ENDING THE COAL STRIKE

HAVING called representatives of the striking miners and of the mine operators into joint conference, President Harding put before them last week a proposal which he hoped would end their deadlock.

Recognizing the serious consequences

which would follow a coal famine that could hardly be avoided if production were not resumed, the President suggested that the miners return to work at the old scale, which would remain effective until August 10, but that in the meantime a coal commission, consisting of three members to be chosen by the miners, three by the operators, and five by the President himself, should determine a temporary basic wage scale to be effective until next March; that in case of failure to reach a decision by August 10 the commission should have power to direct the continuation of work on the old scale until the new scale is ready. Involved in this plan is a proposal for a thorough investigation of every phase of the coal industry.

This plan is not unlike that which was proposed by President Roosevelt during the great anthracite strike of 1902.

Obstacles in the way of the immediate adoption of President Harding's plan at once presented themselves. One of the most serious of these was the fact that the operators' representatives at the conference were not nominally representative of the whole coal industry. Another obstacle lay in the fact that one of the very questions in dispute was whether the strike should be settled Nationally or by districts. Before this issue of *The Outlook* reaches its readers it is probable that the success or failure of this plan will be definitely known.

In the light of what happened to the obstructionists in the case of the anthracite strike in 1902, it is hard to imagine any group putting itself in the way of a reasonable plan for providing fuel for the needs of industry and for households during the coming winter.

THE SMALL COLLEGE

THE small college is coming into its own again.

In the early days an American college education was to be had only in small institutions. Harvard a hundred years ago had no more students than Amherst or Williams have to-day. The very phrase "small college" was given a special flavor by Daniel Webster in his famous apostrophe to Dartmouth before the United States Supreme Court.

But not long after Webster's time the pendulum of education began to swing the other way. Money was given and students flocked to the big universities. The cry was all for vocational education, for training that enabled a man to get a lucrative job in industry or finance, for physicists and chemists and engineers, for schools of mines and lab-

oratories and hydroelectrical research equipment.

Against this flood tide the small colleges struggled on—sometimes valiantly, sometimes foolishly, but always feebly. For the small college cannot either in teaching staff or equipment compete with the great endowed or State universities in furnishing a training in applied science or scientific research.

But all the time the small college has had a function, a peculiar function, which it too often either forgot or neglected—a function which during the recent graduating season was recalled by more than one college president and by several distinguished Commencement speakers. Secretary Hughes and President Harding both referred to it in effective educational addresses.

That function is, not the discovery and dissemination of new facts in science or philosophy, but the development of character or personality in the individual student. It was this that President Garfield had in mind when he defined the ideal college as a log of wood with Mark Hopkins at one end and a student at the other.

If any failure is to be ascribed to the great university, it is the failure to assure this personal contact. Of the undergraduates that passed through Harvard during William James's incumbency how many failed to come into vital touch with that great spirit that now regret what they lost!

That this vitalizing intercourse may, and does, exist at the small college was illustrated by a delightful incident at Bowdoin's Commencement. In conferring the honorary degree of Doctor of Science upon Professor William Albion Moody, of Bowdoin, President Sills used these words: "Thirty-eight years teacher of mathematics at his Alma Mater who has made generations of freshmen tremble and generations of graduates rise up to bless him for having inoculated honest intellectual habits."

At this characterization a ripple of appreciative laughter and applause swept over the graduating class, which, clad in academic gowns, sat in front of the dais. Not one of them, however often he may have flunked in Professor Moody's classroom, or however small the residuum of mathematical formulæ which his mind retained, but felt a sense of gratitude, not for equations he had been taught, but for the impress he had received of an upright, high-minded, clear-seeing, straight-thinking, honest-hoping personality.

For this kind of education there are needed no laboratories, no rich equipment of apparatus, no complicated and expensive machinery—only a blackboard, a few choice books, a love of

truth, a desire to know what the noble minds of the past have done, and a great spirit of human sympathy and a divine yearning for the future of the race. These the small college can possess, and the colleges or universities, large or small, that do possess them will give us our future leaders.

THE FIGHT OF A CLEAN SPORTSMAN

THERE is no name in the annals of professional baseball in this country which has lingered affectionately so many years in the memory of millions of fans as has the name of Christy Mathewson. Only last week an emotional wave of interest again swept over the United States when this idol of other years was reported in every important newspaper from the Atlantic to the Pacific to have hurled the first ball in a "bush" league game at Saranac Lake, straight and true across the plate for a "strike." It was the only ball he pitched, but some two thousand persons, including old friends from near and far, gathered in that secluded health center to see Mathewson do it.

He appears to be winning a grim fight of years with tuberculosis, contracted abroad, if memory serves us right, with the American Expeditionary Forces; winning it by the exercise to the utmost of the highest human quality of perfect self-control which made him so long a pre-eminent victor on the baseball diamond. He was a human thoroughbred in this field of National sport. He was applauded by millions for his character as much as for his victories, and the chief quality of his character was self-control. Nobody who has ever seen him pitch can forget it. The rest of the team might go to pieces, but Mathewson never did. Batters might find his curves furiously for the time being, but he coolly bided the turn of the tide. He was directly credited by the experts with winning one of the World's Series single-handed. Our recollection is that in this series the opposing team did not score a run against him. He never disputed an umpire's decision. He might look whimsically and regretfully in an umpire's direction, but he never said a word. He was a marked contrast to the latest popular idol, Babe Ruth, whose self-indulgent two hundred and fifty pounds seems always to be brawling with umpires, and who seems to be always wishing to thrash the grand stand whenever he strikes out and the grand stand jeers.

Mathewson was a graduate of Bucknell University, in Pennsylvania, and he

was an intelligent thoroughbred in his chosen vocation. Breeding and training will tell, whether in man or beast. Joe Patchen was the most famous race-horse of his time, because added to his other qualities was a perfect self-control. When the whole field of horses came rushing down towards the judges' stand and the bell rang for them to try again because they were not fairly in line when they passed the starting-point, all the other horses might go tearing down the field in a frenzy of excitement before they were pulled up; but as soon as he heard the bell Joe Patchen would stop suddenly as if he had a stroke of apoplexy and, turning quietly around, would walk slowly back to the original position at a great saving of energy and nerve over his adversaries. But he was usually good to win three out of four heats in any race in which he entered. He was everything that every other horse was, plus self-control.

It is Christy Mathewson's human self-control which has shown itself in a highly intelligent, unblemished character and career, which brought him unprecedented success on the baseball diamond, and which is now probably happily winning for him his fight with one of the grimmest and the most subtle of all physical foes.

Good breeding and good discipline count heavily. One of the Harvard rowing coaches at New London the other day is credited with a bit of philosophy in describing what brings victory in a grueling four-mile race. He is reported to have said to his men that the way they would perform in the first mile depended upon their training, in the second mile upon how they personally had lived, in the third mile upon how their fathers had lived, and in the fourth mile upon how their ancestors generally had lived.

Christy Mathewson has not only a good character and technical training, but he must also have a good pedigree.

Last year, when it became known that he needed funds in his fight at Saranac, a single benefit game on the Polo Grounds in New York netted him, according to our recollection, from thirty to forty thousand dollars. And there was no limit to the extent of his backing by the vast multitude of his admirers. It was not that he was a great sportsman pitcher, although he was that. There have been other great pitchers. But the thought of the kind of man Christy Mathewson had always been aroused the generosity of a great company of Americans. Mathewson is a type, whether in sport or politics or business, which the American people prize.

MUSIC AND POLITICS

IN an impromptu speech before the Republican Glee Club of Columbus, Ohio, President Harding drew a natural and apt comparison. He said, if we may paraphrase his words as they were reported in the despatches, that political parties were like glee clubs—they could only be successful if all the members sang together. He said that if the members of glee clubs acted like some party workers the sopranos would demand special consideration because they sang soprano and the altos, tenors, and basses would do likewise, to the immediate destruction of harmony and the eventual destruction of the glee club. He continued his comparison by applying it to his own situation. We quote directly. "I don't care to be a soloist," he said, "because I am President, but somebody has to do the directing. If men are not willing to sing to measure and score and the director's plan of harmony, there will not be much singing."

The President's comparison is admirable. Political parties must sing together if they are to produce the music of organized government. But the comparison can be developed further than it was by the President, if he has been completely quoted.

Political parties are like glee clubs. We have two such major glee clubs in the United States. These organizations are striving, not only for harmony within their ranks, but also to attract a National audience. They must, if they are to be successful, not only sing well, but they must also sing the music which the public wants.

In 1912 the music sung by the Republican glee club was so badly chosen that the bulk of the regular audience marched out of the Republican tent in a body, to the great advantage of the Democratic choir leader across the street. By 1916 a large body of auditors had tired of the Democratic programme, but not enough had gone back to the Republican tent to fill the house. By 1920 the tunes of the Democratic club had worn out their welcome, with the result that the Republican glee club director had to hang out a S. R. O. sign after the November elections.

The National audience will listen to the glee club which offers the most inviting programme, played with the greatest skill. The skill is important, but the programme must not be forgotten.

We think that there are increasing signs that the public is growing weary of some of the tunes in the Republican repertoire.

“AT WAR OVER CIVIL SERVICE”

FEW articles ever published in The Outlook have elicited such strong protests as the special correspondence by Newton Fuessle entitled “Washington at War Over Civil Service,” which was published in our issue of June 14. This article was based upon statements secured from sources which both The Outlook and Mr. Fuessle had good reason to consider most authoritative as to the facts in the case. Some of the protests against this article have come from people interested in Civil Service reform; some have come from men with experience in Government positions of administrative responsibility; some from present or former Civil Service employees; and three from officers, National or local, of the Federation of Federal Employees.

Most of these protests, even when vigorous, are restrained in language and generously refrain from attributing to Mr.

Fuessle and to The Outlook any intention to misrepresent the facts.

The one letter which is heated as well as earnest in its remonstrance is from the Acting President of the National Federation of Federal Employees. It characterizes the article as ignorant and demagogic.

In general, writers of these letters of protest seem to understand that the purpose of this article was not to state The Outlook's view concerning the Civil Service, nor even Mr. Fuessle's, but to report the state of mind which is to be found in some, if not many, Washington officials.

With the exception of a letter from the United States Civil Service Commission, there is none of these letters that we can find room for in full; but in quoting from them we attempt to cover most of the important points.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Commissioners

JOHN H. BARTLETT, President HERRBERT A. FILER, Chief Examiner
GEORGE E. WALES JOHN T. DOYLE, Secretary
HELEN H. GARDENER

IN the June 14 issue The Outlook printed an article entitled “Washington at War Over Civil Service,” by Newton Fuessle. The substance of the article is to the effect that administrative officers of the Government are hampered in their work by the present laws which regulate the Federal Civil Service.

There are certain inaccuracies in the article and evident misunderstandings which this Commission desires to correct. The Commission does not admit that the conditions of which Mr. Fuessle complains exist in marked degree; to the extent to which they do exist they are the result of interference with and failure to enforce the laws.

A typical case is described as that of an assistant secretary of a department who one day finds that his personal secretary is not on duty after office hours, when he wishes to give her certain dictation, and who on the next day is casually informed by the same clerk, “I sha’n’t be in to-morrow or the next day. I’m going to Baltimore to visit friends.” This assertion is supposed to be made without inquiry as to whether it would suit the convenience of the clerk's chief to have her absent at that particular time.

It is definitely within the power of an administrative officer of the Government to require his subordinates to continue at work after the usual office hours if the public business makes such action necessary.

Is it not a charge against the discipline of an office, rather than against the Civil Service laws, to state that the administration of the office is so lax that a clerk is permitted to absent herself at her pleasure, without regard for the wishes of her superiors?

This is a quotation from the article: “Many of these officials, coming from private business and professional careers into Government responsibility, confess that they find themselves bewildered, baffled, and fairly hamstrung by the insolence and indifference of

Civil Service employees, who consider that their jobs are life jobs and most of whom go about their duties with lazy inefficiency.”

Is that not an arraignment of departmental discipline rather than of the Civil Service system? If employees are insolent, indifferent, lazy, or inefficient, what is to prevent their discharge? It is just as much a part of an equitable merit system that inefficient and otherwise unsatisfactory employees be removed as it is that competent employees be retained, and a department head who fails to remove an inefficient employee fails in his duty.

The removal law requires that the person whose removal is sought shall be given a statement in writing of the reasons for the proposed removal, and that he shall have opportunity to make reply. Although the employee may make reply, the matter may end there if the employing department so rules. The decision rests with the employer. There is no further hearing unless the employing officer wishes it. The publicity in the matter is the safeguard against abuse of the power of removal. The employer must go on record and the employee may go on record, but the employer is the sole judge.

Mr. Fuessle missed the point here altogether. It is a fact that dismissals often are not made when they should be made. But the failure is not the fault of the law; it is due to interference with the operation of the law. Frequently when an unworthy employee is slated for dismissal he produces in his defense an array of influential supporters difficult to deny. It is this outside interference and the failure to stand against it that causes the trouble.

Comment is made in the article upon the alleged abuse of the privilege of sick leave. It is stated that “to take advantage of such sick leave one must present a doctor's certificate; but it appears that these are not very difficult to obtain.”

Is that not also a reflection upon departmental administration? It does not require clairvoyant power for an administrative officer to satisfy himself that an employee is abusing the sick-

leave privilege. Actual evidence is easily obtained. If an employee is suspected of deception, it is a simple matter to have a physician or nurse connected with the welfare section of the department call at the employee's home and make investigation. It is not unusual for this course to be followed.

Abuse of the sick-leave allowance is ample ground for dismissal. A department head failing to take disciplinary action in any such case clearly is open to censure.

In this connection it may be stated that, under the law, it is entirely within the discretion of the head of a department how much, if any, vacation leave, within a thirty-day limit, he will allow, and how much, if any, sick leave, within a thirty-day limit, he will allow. Under the law, a department head may curtail either vacation leave or sick leave, or deny them altogether.

It is said that “the present Civil Service laws and rules do not insure a reasonable return of effort for money paid out.” What the Civil Service laws and rules actually do is to select through competitive examinations, with much more care than is exercised by most private employers, men and women who have demonstrated their ability to perform the classes of work for which they are certified as eligible. All appointments are made for a probationary period. An employee may be dropped with little formality at any time during the six months' probation; and after that time he may be removed, through the procedure outlined, at any time, if his work or his conduct, *in the opinion of the employing officer*, is not satisfactory. The matter is one entirely within the judgment of the employer. His action is not subject to review by any one, unless there is charge with offer of proof that the removal is for political or religious reasons.

The conditions described by Mr. Fuessle, to the extent to which they exist, have nothing whatever to do with the Civil Service laws, rules, and regulations. Mr. Fuessle himself says that Commissioner Spry, of the General Land Office, is able “to cope effectively with Civil Service red tape. The Commis-

sioner has reorganized what was once a rigid and unwieldy staff into a flexible and competent organization." There are no special Civil Service laws and rules governing the employees of the Land Office. Mr. Spry works under the same Civil Service regulations that are said to hamper other administrators.

The Commission repeats that a department head who does not remove an employee who is insolent, indifferent, lazy, or inefficient fails to make good his oath of office.

The Commission requests that this letter be published in *The Outlook*.

By direction of the Commission:

Very respectfully,

JOHN T. DOYLE, Secretary.

FROM THE PULLMAN CONDUCTOR TO T. R.

Apparently it is not merely the new officials who come into Government service at Washington from business and professional careers who find themselves—to quote Mr. Fuessle's words—"bewildered, baffled, and fairly hamstrung." The Civil Service employee himself is occasionally repulsed by "insolence" or "indifference" that proves baffling, bewildering, and hamstringing. At least so seems to have been the writer of a letter from Washington which we print here in somewhat condensed form.

TUESDAY night of last week, as I entered a train at Flagstaff, Arizona, en route to Washington, I was reprimanded by a Pullman conductor because I inquired whether he could find me a lower berth and because I did not accept with joy the prospects of three nights' riding across the seething plains in a stuffy, hot upper berth, in a second-class car that pretended to give first-class accommodations.

For the benefit of all who were riding in the "smoker" he proceeded to give us his philosophy of life. He told us that "Americans have too much money." (Ye gods! A Government employee having too much money—just because he wanted to spend \$3 for a little better opportunity to avoid some of the alkali dust, heat, and smoke!) Then he proceeded to tell us a few things. "Look at me!"—and we had to admit he was a chesty specimen of humanity. "I am the president [or some exalted ruler] of the Pullman Employees' Union," etc., etc. "Money is no object in my life. I can wear diamonds" (and he certainly wore a sparkler). "I can wear silk shirts" (and he exhibited one which was of wondrous if not artistic design. Oh, yes, he had a "whole house full of them in Los Angeles").

And then, having introduced himself by way of these and sundry other remarks to show that he was a "Socialist" and "living for his fellow-workman" (just as though because my shirt was mended and because I wore no diamonds my heart could not be with my fellow-workers), he proceeded to explain "ma-

chine politics" as she is run in the great State of Illinois. The story is too long and too sordid to tell. Furthermore, I missed some of it by dropping into a reverie, thinking of the deluded notion that seems to prevail among some classes that only by displaying a silk shirt and diamonds can one imitate the "rich" and have at heart the interests of his fellow-man! His philosophy seemed to be that of creating an opportunity to let the other pig at the trough.

Annoyed and dumfounded at his little speech (and it was an eloquent one) addressed to all within hearing distance, but primarily to me, because I had the effrontery to ask whether a lower berth was available, all I could ask was, "What is your remedy for machine politics?" With a smile and a gesture he departed, saying these memorable words, "Civil Service."

And now, this morning, on my return to Washington, as I open *The Outlook* for June 14 (p. 308), I read with surprise of the "War Over Civil Service." Quite a write-up! It begins with what seems to be the wail of a newly appointed executive who apparently has not learned the T. R. art of ringing off visitors with a glad hand-shake that leaves them at the door wondering how it all happened, yet admitting that they had no right to intrude upon the Government's business. And then when he rings on his secretary at 4:31 P.M., he finds she has departed—probably to do her shopping before going home to cook her frugal meal and take care of a dependent parent.

WILLIAM W. COBLENTZ.

FLOUNDERING IN UNFAMILIAR DUTIES

Amusement over the helplessness of the official whose experience Mr. Fuessle cited winks at the reader from several of the letters of protest. This official, "inexperienced and somewhat dazed with his new duties," as Dr. Crook, of Springfield, Illinois, characterizes him, had spent practically all day seeing callers. Instead of finding fault with his stenographer for leaving him at closing time, or with the system for permitting her to leave, he should have organized his work. This seems the prevailing opinion concerning the official whose experience forms the text of that part of Dr. Crook's letter which we quote. Dr. Crook is the Chief of the State Museum at Springfield.

EMPLOYEES who are expert in their work and accustomed for many years to see newly chosen officials floundering in unfamiliar duties naturally show an independent bearing. On the other hand, the new official, like many new members of a school board or newly appointed church trustees or department heads, thinks that he should make himself felt, and, not knowing how to do it better, decides to show that he is a live wire by "firing and hiring."

What trouble there is with the Service comes largely from inexperienced heads of departments.

A. R. CROOK.

FACING THE FLIGHTY YOUNG WOMAN

One who has spent over half a century in the Government service, who has seen the improvement since the old days of corruption and has observed the effect of the war conditions which brought great numbers of young women hastily into work for which they were unfitted and at salaries higher than they otherwise could have got, can see the present situation in perspective. Such a one is the writer of a letter from which we make the following quotation. He agrees with the writer of the preceding letter that the chief of the division is principally responsible. He writes:

A good proportion of female clerks are (bless 'em!) everything a chief of division could wish, sensible, apt in comprehension, businesslike, and efficient. But there is a certain proportion which lacks these qualities, and there is no means of telling such individuals until they have been tested in the office. All clerks come in on six months' probation. If they are inefficient, saucy, or flirtatious, it is the business of the chief of division to discharge them. But few chiefs have the courage to say to a moral but flighty young woman, "You must go because by your behavior to the men you disturb the efficiency of this office."

In short, the efficiency of a division is what the chief makes it, and I believe this to be true in all such situations, Governmental or not. The variations of human nature are much the same everywhere, and respond in similar fashion to discipline or the want of it.

I may add that the debilitating climate of Washington from May to October and the extra cost of electric light in the winter months (especially in the dark, crowded, and ill-ventilated older buildings) render it very doubtful if there would be any economic gain by lengthening the hours of labor in the Government departments.

AN OLD CHIEF OF DIVISION.

"ON THE DOT"

Others higher up come to the defense of the subordinates in the Civil Service. Among them is one who for six years was assistant chief in the Office of Extension Work, United States Department of Agriculture. Part of that time was during the war. For the service of clerks who remain over time, work on Sunday, never shirking, never slighting their work, he believes the American people owe a debt of gratitude. In his letter he writes:

PROMINENCE is given to the fact that the clerks quit work on the dot, and this is featured with an illustration. There is nothing strange about this, or

nothing about this which is peculiar to Government service. It happens that here in New Brunswick there are several large commercial plants. If I happen to go by one of these plants in the afternoon about five o'clock, I find the employees pouring out like bees from a hive. Their official day's work is over; they are anxious to get out in the open, to go on a hike, or to care for the home garden.

This same thing is true with the Government clerks in Washington. They usually live long distances from their office; they have gardens or lawns to care for; many of them are enrolled as students at one of the universities of the District, and, sad to relate, many of them, after office hours, work to supplement the meager salaries paid them by the Government. They are expected to leave their office promptly at the close of the day's work. If they remain fifteen minutes over time, they are required to register before leaving the building. If any Government property is missing, then these clerks who have remained over time are likely to be called upon to account for the time and explain why they loitered around after the close of the day's work.

Without doubt it is the security of the position which seems attractive to a prospective clerk. It could not be the salary, it could not be the opportunity of promotion, and it could not always be because of the congenial heads of offices who must be satisfied. I doubt if a more efficient, faithful, painstaking lot of clerks could be found in any industrial organization in the United States than are found employed under the Civil Service in the departments at Washington.

L. A. CLINTON,

Director of Agricultural Extension.

Rutgers College,
State University of New Jersey.

RED TAPE AND ROUTINE

Another official, a chief clerk of the National Park Service, testifies that he has had several secretaries working for him directly and he is yet to find one who was not courteous, who did not have interest in the work, and who was not willing to stay long hours. He makes two interesting comparisons, moreover, between Governmental and commercial work. His computation of days' leave during the year leads him to the conclusion that they are practically identical for the commercial workers and Government workers except that Government workers do not have the occasional half-hours or hours or days that are commonly granted to employees in commercial houses. The other comparison he makes is between commercial and Governmental red tape. This is what he has to say about it:

CIVIL SERVICE red tape is charged with robbing young men of initiative. Well, there are a great many young men and women that get into the Service

that have no initiative to begin with, and they are quickly slated down to the ordinary routine positions, where they stay as a rule, but there are also routine employees in commercial houses without initiative.

I know of one large concern in New York City with which I did a large amount of business some years back, but for some reason or other they would not mark their shipments according to instructions in the orders, which caused not only a great deal of confusion at the receiving point but loss as well. They were finally told that unless they could comply with these instructions our business would likely be transferred to some other house.

I have come across a number of other instances of like nature. The only difference is that the commercial clerks are not adversely advertised by their employers, whereas the Government clerk is frequently the subject of a scathing report or statement by certain chiefs of bureaus who wish to abolish the system of appointments through the Civil Service.

B. L. VIPOND.

A QUESTION OF FACT

Several letters—among them the letter from the Civil Service Commission printed above—declare that Mr. Fuesle's correspondence misstated the facts concerning vacations and sick leave in general; but the specific reference to the employees at the Government navy yards, gun factories, naval stations, and arsenals has elicited correspondingly specific replies. Mr. Fuesle's statement that these employees are allowed a leave of absence of fifteen working days, from which absence on account of sickness is deducted, is perhaps most authoritatively denied in the letter from the Commandant of the Charleston Navy Yard, as follows:

GOVERNMENT employees at navy yards, gun factories, naval stations, and arsenals are divided roughly into two classes—"mechanics" and "classified IV 'C'." The latter includes draughtsmen, inspectors, clerks, stenographers, typists, messengers, etc. All employees are given thirty working days' leave annually; no leave can be taken until after one year of service. In addition to this, the "Classified IV 'C'" are allowed fifteen days' sick leave.

Also, compensation is allowed upon injury claims in case any employee is absent due to injury. It might be added that during the first service year leave is frequently taken without pay; this, during the second service year, can be made retroactive with pay, because an employee during his second service year is allowed thirty days for the first year and thirty for the second service year, or sixty working days with pay.

R. E. POPE,

Captain, U. S. Navy, Commandant.

United States Navy Yard,
Charleston, South Carolina.

SOME STATISTICS

In respect to this matter of leave of absence on account of vacation or sickness the Acting President of the National Federation of Federal Employees writes as follows:

A GREAT deal might be said also about the point of view of a man or a periodical which argues by implication for lengthening the working day in an age when a shorter working day is the standard, and which cites with approval deductions from the employees' pay for absence on account of sickness. In so far as taking advantage of regulations is concerned, the author of the Outlook article would have done well to inform himself from the records of the Joint Congressional Commission for Reclassification of the Civil Service, which records show that, although the annual leave allowance is thirty days, the average amount taken is only 27.2, and that, while sick leave can be granted on showing of a doctor's certificate, only three per cent of employees take that amount of sick leave, and fifty per cent take no sick leave at all. The average amount of sick leave taken is 5.4 days.

GERTRUDE M. McNALLY,
Acting President.

ORGANIZED FEDERAL EMPLOYEES

With reference to this body popularly known as the Federal Employees' Union, the Secretary of Local 25 of that body writes as follows:

YOUR correspondent refers to the Federal Employees' Union. The official name of that organization is the National Federation of Federal Employees. It embraces employees in all departments of the Federal service exclusive of the Post Office Department. I feel that it would have been profitable for your correspondent to interview the National officers of the Federation at Washington. This "union" was organized to secure "the united efforts of all employees toward the betterment of the Government service . . . and to promote the welfare of its members." Its constitution forbids violation of any Federal statute or interference with the business of the United States; and under no circumstances shall the Federation "engage in or support strikes against the United States Government."

The caliber of the Federation, which embraces all classes of employees, including the scientific and professional grades, is indicated by the recent concentration of its efforts in favor of the passage by Congress of the so-called Reclassification Bill, which is supported by the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, the National League of Women Voters, and other organizations of National scope. This bill, incidentally, reduces the permissible amount of annual sick leave from thirty to fifteen days. In general the bill provides for a reclassification of all Civil Service positions outside of the Post Office Depart-

ment (which has already been reclassified) and the establishment of a modern employment policy for the Federal Government.

A. W. STOCKWELL,

East Boston, Massachusetts.

Secretary.

THE INEFFICIENT SPOILS SYSTEM

Passing by the interesting but not directly pertinent protests recorded against the inadequacy of salaries paid to Government clerks, we close this report of the response which Mr. Fuessle's correspondence evoked by reporting some of the remarks in which conditions under Civil Service regulations are contrasted with those under the spoils system. One writer, Secretary Stockwell, from whom we have just quoted, cites the "practically unanimous testimony of administrators before and since the day when Theodore Roosevelt was one of the United States Civil Service Commissioners, in favor of the merit system and against the spoils system." Three branch presidents of Federal Employees' Union No. 2, Washington, D. C.,

jointly deplore Mr. Fuessle's correspondence because they allege that "its effect is to give aid and comfort to those who would discredit the 'merit' system with the end in view of a partial return, at least, to the old 'spoils' system." When President Cleveland extended the Civil Service he blanketed in those already in the service. In addition to these there are those who are in office in consequence of political appointments which are made from one Administration to another. This point is made by a former Civil Service employee, who writes from Montana. "There is a sort of double incubus over the real qualified employee who is doing the work. Is it any wonder, therefore, that he becomes philosophic," inquires the Montana man, "when he sees that there is absolutely no future for him and that his salary is paid out to others who are not earning it?" And another writer who writes from Washington makes the following interesting comparison:

Side by side in Washington are two illustrations, one of the "spoils" system, the other of the Civil Service or "merit" system. At the Capitol, where the former flourishes in full vigor, the endeavor is to crowd onto the pay-roll the largest possible number of names, and at as generous salaries as the public will stand. In the executive departments, where the Civil Service principle prevails (albeit thwarted to some extent), there is ever present the endeavor to abolish unnecessary positions and to institute economies. This statement must be qualified to the extent of excepting bureaus and services of "war-time" creation. In these, at least to a considerable extent, "war-time" salaries and expense accounts prevail.

GEORGE A. WARREN.

No one denies that there are defects in the present Civil Service system. For the most part these defects, it is widely believed, can be removed, or reduced, by the enactment of the Sterling-Lehlbach Bill now before Congress.

THOSE WICKED CHINAMEN

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

THERE is a type of short story, quite popular in this country, which may be classified under the general title "The Heathen Chinese."

Every one of my literary friends has one or two of them among his earlier efforts. Magazine issues are not complete without a picture of a flat-nosed villain dropping poisonous powder into some one's last cup. As to the "movies," they would go to speedy ruin were it not for "Dragon's Claws," "Mandarin Loves," and the like.

The fictitious Chinaman in the States is always more or less a sinister figure. It is he who smuggles the white slaves into the country under the ingenious guise of tea packages. It is he who sells drugs to young millionaires when they are innocently eating chop suey. It is he who—but what is the use of enumerating all his crimes? You saw them all on the screen.

When I came to this country and saw the Chinaman painted in such dark colors, I was greatly surprised, even alarmed. I had often met with the Chinese citizens of Manchuria, which after the war of 1904 became a Russian province, and these quiet, law-abiding, hard-working, extremely honest people never once struck me as being romantically wicked. I dined in their restaurants, discussed things with their *intelligentsia*, bought silk from their wandering merchants, drank their "Dragon's Whiskers" tea. And not one dangerous meeting! Well, I thought, there must be something in the American air which develops the potential criminal instincts of the "heathen Chinese."

After seeing many a yellow menace

"movie" I was even afraid to intrust my laundry to a Chinaman. I dreaded Chinatown. I shuddered at the mention of Chow Mien.

But not now. After my five years of studying America that romantically dreadful illusion was shattered, together with many another. The "heathen Chinese" lost all his criminal splendor. He became, like any other foreigner, for the most part a poor, ignorant, hard-working thing, competing more or less successfully with the higher-paid American laborer.

Sociologists say that here lies the main reason for hating the yellow man—his lowering of wages. But there is also another reason, a psychological one, which makes him in your eyes a mysterious criminal—his extreme reserve.

We all are sub-consciously afraid of silent men. They affect us like silent danger. Especially if they happen to come from a distant country of which we know but little. It is the primal instinct of self-preservation which urges us always to suspect the unknown, be it food, animals, ideas, or other human beings.

In Russia we did not fear Chinamen, because they did not come to us from abroad. On the contrary, the Russians invaded their territory, conquered their aristocratic province, made its population subjects of the Czar. We seldom fear our inferiors, and Chinamen seemed to the Russian masses infinitely inferior, since they were defeated.

Here, Americans also assume superiority to the yellow men. But, as the Chinamen are not under your political protection, there always lurks in your contemptuous attitude toward them the

fear of the unknown, the elusive, the strange.

If you knew the Chinaman's soul, you would stop romanticizing about him. The yellow man would become for you just a differently colored human being, with rather peculiar traits of national character, but without that terrible radiance of mysterious evil which fascinates the "movie" audiences. Unfortunately, great masses of Americans are interested but little in any country besides their own.

I say "unfortunately," because the friendly curiosity toward other nations is a powerful factor of civilization. It replaces the ancient fear of the unknown with the desire to study it. And it is a widely recognized truth that we hardly can hate anybody whom we know well.

If I had no pity on the "movies," I would recommend you to meet with Chinamen socially. Some of them are highly educated, know English to perfection, and, when treated properly, they often throw aside their Oriental reserve and become entertaining and cordial companions. They may teach this young nation of yours the wisdom of their ancient civilization. Their main national trait is honesty, as most travelers state. So you need not be afraid to trust a Chinaman with either your laundry or your friendship.

But if the mysterious yellow villain changes into a friendly foreign visitor, what will become of the chief "movie" stunt? How can I attack the beloved theme of the photoplay writers? No! For the sake of the moving-picture tradition, let us preserve the holy fear of Chinamen.

OLD WARS AND MODERN WAYS



(C) Harris & Ewing

GENERAL BUTLER, PRESIDENT HARDING, GENERAL PERSHING, AND
GENERAL LEJEUNE IN FRONT OF THE CANVAS "WHITE HOUSE"
ERECTED BY THE MARINES ON THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD



P. & A. Photos

MARINES MOVING TO THE ATTACK OVER THE HISTORIC WHEAT-FIELDS OF GETTYSBURG

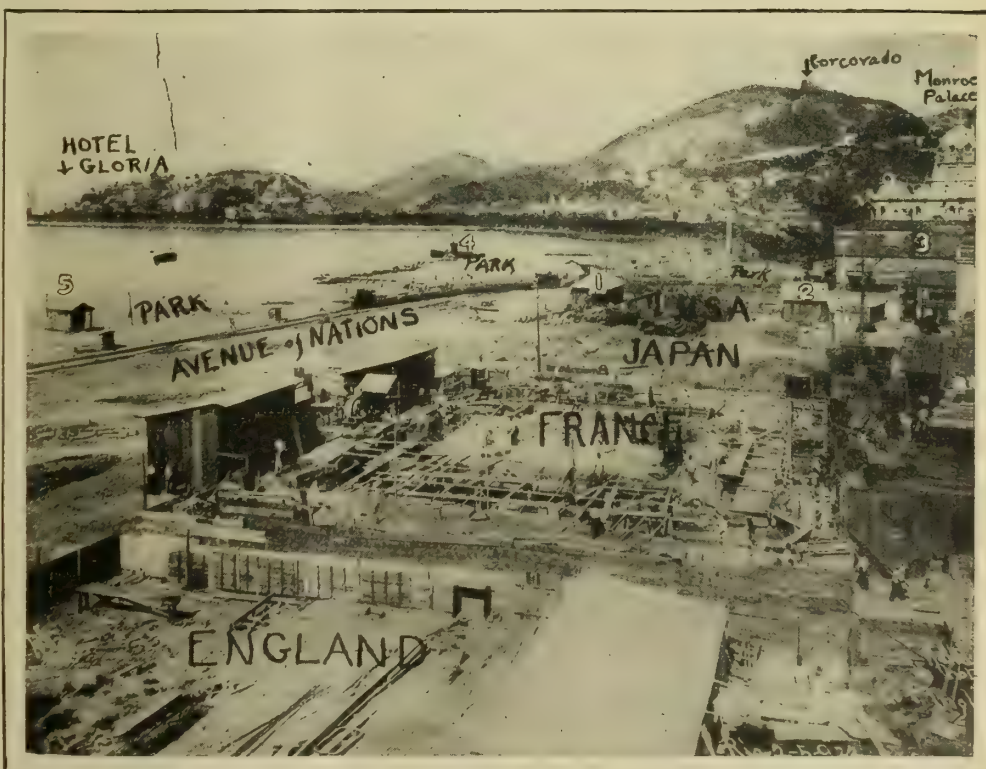
The Marine Corps staged a double reproduction of the famous battle which marked the high tide of the Confederacy. The first battle was a presentation of the conflict as it was fought in Civil War times. The second presentation showed the battle as it would be fought to-day, with modern means of attack and reconnaissance. Tanks advanced over the fields where Longstreet charged; airplanes hovered over the historic lines on Cemetery Ridge. The maneuvers took place on July 1, 3, and 4

BRAZIL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY



Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

These two views show the site and the surroundings of the great Centennial Exposition which Brazil is planning for the coming year. The upper picture gives a panorama of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro at night. It is taken from the top of Mount Corcovado. The lower picture shows the site of the Exposition and is taken facing towards Mount Corcovado, the tip of which appears over the hill in the background. The dome of Monroe Palace appears at the extreme right; the monolithic monument marks the junction of the Avenida Rio Branco and the Avenida Beira-Mar. The West Gate to the Exposition will extend across the Beira-Mar just west of the palace grounds, as shown by the trees to the right of the monolith. The North Gate will be to the right between the low building shown and the Monroe Palace. At the left is Gloria Hill. A portion of the bay shown in the photograph is to be filled in by earth from the Morro do Castello, now in process of being demolished. The new Gloria Hotel is shown in the extreme left. The ground between the low, long building marked "3" and a straight line drawn from shed "1" to the monolith will be parked. The Avenue of Nations is to be at the left of the shed "1," which is in the street, and will merge with Beira-Mar at the monolith. The bay from the shore to boat marked "4" is now being filled in for a great public park which will extend in a curve following the present shore-line from shed marked "5" to the Gloria Hotel



Underwood

THE RIGHT TO WORK

BY KINGSLEY MOSES



A PUPIL OF THE JEWELRY CLASS (SHRIVELED LEFT ARM)

THE idea that crippled or physically disabled men and women have a right to profitable employment and an active share in the affairs and pleasures of the world is a conception comparatively new.

Within the memory of the majority of us it was a fact taken for granted that unfortunates injured in industry or disabled by illness must simply drop out of active life. The future of these unfortunates was nobody's business or particular concern; they were simply swept aside. For such of them as happened to have kindly disposed relatives the future was one of supine and more or less uncomfortable dependence; for such as had no kin—well, there were almshouses.

True, so far as financial relief alone was involved, there was in many cases recourse to the law; as, for example, if the employer had been criminally negligent. But the law is often tardy, always expensive, and sometimes oblique in its judgments, and the poorer folk generally have little faith in its workings. But in many other cases there was, under the prevailing industrial code, no ground for

appeal. In cases of illness not directly to be traced to the invalid's daily employment the situation was entirely and pitifully hopeless.

So these discards of society were shunted aside to provide for themselves as best they might. The world moved on and left them helpless, unable to engage in active labor, ignorant of methods by which they might fit themselves for other lines of endeavor, and, worse than all perhaps, filled with bitterness and resentment against a human system that tolerated such conditions. In their own hearts they were thwarted, miserable, and unhappy; and their attitude was naturally reflected by their families. If only from a practical and economic view-point, it was a bad business.

This particular problem has long been realized and agitated by social workers; but, unhappily, the attention paid to social workers—more or less as a result of the sentimentality of the workers themselves—has been rather desultory and spasmodic. There were so many other things to do. So until the close of the war the movement had generally small impetus

A few cases will illustrate the problem.

A young railway worker in Syracuse, New York, lost his foot in an accident. The boy was paid his legal amount of compensation by the railway. He attempted to develop himself into a singer, since his experience in the local church choir encouraged him to believe that he might make a living by his voice. But voice training is a long and difficult routine. The boy spent his compensation award, and was still unable to cash in on the value of his musical accomplishment. What then?

A coal miner, forty-two years old and illiterate, lost his leg. He had a wife and several children to support. All his life had been spent in and about the mines. That was his world. Naturally, it was not supposed that he could carry on underground, and he was not mentally keen enough to be fitted for any other work. This man's future, then, was not promising.

In New York a young girl of seventeen was an expert in the manufacture of silk lingerie. In a fall she injured her elbow severely, and an X-ray, tardily taken, disclosed an ugly fracture. Careless treatment resulted in a new formation of bone that prevented her bending her arm. She was no longer able to operate her machine.

Martha Kern, as we shall call her, was at eighteen a lifelong cripple from infantile paralysis. She was confined to her home, and even there could get about only on crutches. There seems small chance for a girl with that handicap.

Bessie Young—again for obvious reasons the name is fictitious—had also been a paralytic. She was a rare case; she had the courage to try to earn a living despite her affliction. But training in millinery work had left her unresponsive and uninterested. Again, fond of children though she was, work as a nurse-girl in private families irritated her nervous condition and made her a not desirable helper. She seemed, through the very misfortune of her condition, barred from lucrative and congenial employment.

Another young girl, whose leg had been amputated, began to brood upon her condition, which, as she thought, barred her from the companionship of young people of her own age. She was acutely sensitive about her artificial leg and extremely loth to go out.

Even more difficult was the case of a man adjudged ninety per cent disabled from terrible burns received in a chemical plant explosion. He was absolutely bald; all his hair had been charred away. His left hand was weakened, his right hand so shockingly deformed that he could only grasp articles as one uses a pair of pincers. His face, as a result of the burns, appeared repulsive. It seemed

impossible for him to find employment. People shrank at the sight of him.

Yet in every one of these cases, through the activities of the men engaged in the work of industrial rehabilitation, a remarkable cure or a material improvement has been effected, and the disabled persons have been restored to profitable and pleasant occupation.

In June, 1920, Congress passed a bill providing for the promotion of the vocational rehabilitation of persons disabled in industry or otherwise and for their return to civil employment. Thus Congress recognized the importance, entirely aside from a Christian or humanitarian point of view, of conserving the country's human resources. People, human beings, were at last to get as much attention as barren tracts of land—for reclaiming useless acres that may prove valuable has long been a worthy and profitable real estate venture.

So, successively, the United States has officially indorsed and provided for: first, vocational education as a regular and normal training for all citizens; second, the obligation to rehabilitate and re-establish its disabled soldiers in civil life; and, third, the conservation of a class which greatly outnumbers our war wounded.

Recognizing the fact that the several States must take a direct financial and intimate interest in this work, Congress wisely provided that a certain sum should be set aside each year for the promotion and maintenance of the project; and that of that sum there should be allotted an amount to each State equal to the amount raised by the State itself. For example, New York provided the sum of \$75,000 and was entitled to \$75,000 more from the Federal Government. In this the Nation has had the co-operation already of more than thirty States of the Union, with the others slowly beginning to follow. California, Indiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, New York, and Pennsylvania are already conspicuous for their activity.

The procedure followed in treating the cases which come to the attention of the State boards is, briefly, first, to determine so far as is possible what the real trouble is with the applicant, and then to discover for what available work the disabled person may best be trained with expectation of reasonable success in that vocation. Very frequently nothing more than a little moral encouragement is needed, and the consequent exercise of the Board in finding the person work. In the cases of the two apparently helpless cripples (the coal miner and the girl embarrassed and self-ostracized on account of her artificial limb) there was, as a matter of fact, no treatment necessary save a little moral bucking up. Taken back into his former employment by the mining company, the middle-aged workman soon learned to get about with almost his old-time agility. And the girl, encouraged privately to dance, discovered that the slow



PUPIL IN TYPEWRITER REPAIR CLASS (HUNCHBACK AND PARALYTIC),
INSTITUTE FOR CRIPPLED AND DISABLED MEN

shuffling which to-day passes as dancing was quite within her powers, took heart, made friends, and is now cheerfully employed as a saleswoman in a pleasant music store.

But in the majority of cases there is a much more serious problem. The sick person has to be cured first, then trained, and finally placed in the right sort of employment.

Too great emphasis cannot be placed upon the latter function of the various boards. Had the young man from Syracuse whose foot was gone been encouraged to persist continuously with his singing, it is extremely dubious whether he could ever have succeeded. Morbid at being a continual drain upon his family and the State, he might easily have lost courage. But, instead of that, when, after training at a barbers' school, he secured profitable employment in that trade, and continued his singing lessons at night, it is easily possible to foresee that he can go on to ultimate attainment.

Then, again, careful scrutiny of the patient's preferences must be given. A hated task is a hard task, badly done. The silk lingerie worker referred to previously loved that sort of labor. Having discovered so much, the Board insisted on treatment for her arm that would return her to the work, where she is now, once more, a success.

The girl we call Bessie Young, who through nervousness resulting from her ailment could not be interested in millinery manufacture or tolerate the exactions of service in a private home, was made perfectly content by employment in a regular day nursery, where at the same time she could exercise her fondness for children and be assured of regular hours and wages. Martha Kern, on the other hand, almost bedridden and incurable invalid though she was, took to millinery work eagerly, and is now not only taking private orders but turning out material for a wholesale house as well.

It is very largely a question of the individual and of careful study of each individual. In the case of the man horribly disfigured from burns neither a return to the old work nor training for some related work was feasible. He was reluctant to mix with his fellow-men because of his appearance; particular and, in a sense, unique occupation had to be hit upon, and then opportunity to engage in that work discovered. Yet even this the Board did, settling the man happily at last in the country, where, with the inheritance of a love for gardening, he was established as a raiser of flowers, which through the co-operation of his wife and young son he was able to sell profitably.

This is the sort of thing that the Rehabilitation Bureaus are doing in those



INFANTILE PARALYSIS CASE TRAINED TO MILLINERY WORK

States which have actually accepted the plan and begun the work. Getting the sick person a job, after first curing him (or her), and then keeping him in the job by co-operation with his employer—that is the foundation of the effort. There is of course much more. Artificial limbs are furnished when necessary; all the required training is given—in some cases even cost of maintenance is paid weekly during the course of training; but most important of all is the choosing carefully of the right type of employment. Without close and intelligent attention to the needs of every applicant all this work might be wasted and profitless. And, sadder even, the roused hope of the sufferer might be dashed so that his subsequent condition would prove more miserable than had been his plight before commencing training.

The Workmen's Compensation Laws, formulated gradually by most of our States and inaugurated in 1912 in those

widely separated localities, Arizona and New Hampshire, quickly followed by Connecticut and New Jersey, provide compensation generally for death or injury resulting from industrial employment, and in the case of injury stipulate the sums payable according to the nature and extent of the incapacity.

But, as Mr. Frederic G. Elton, district director of the work in New York City, points out:

"It is of course pretty generally admitted that compensation does not compensate for an injury; in fact, there is always the danger of destroying the character and work habit of the individual. In making provision only for a monetary consideration to its injured workers the State is not recognizing that the workers are human assets, and that injured workers, like idlers, are liabilities, the maintenance of which devolves upon the State and society.

"Primarily it is necessary to preserve

this contribution and not to permit its decrease. The mere payment of a monetary compensation does not do this. While it may temporarily relieve the individual, it often robs the State of a percentage of the aggregate effort of its citizens, and, as this percentage grows, retards the progress of the State and Nation. Therefore, since it is economically necessary to the progress of the State that the man power be maintained, it would seem that it is an obligation that the State owes to itself to see that each individual when injured is physically and vocationally rehabilitated as far as it is possible, and returned with the least loss of time to his proper place as a worker."

This is the scientific, economic aspect of the endeavor. Its consequences and possibilities are no less important. In this day of turmoil and in too many quarters in America as well as Europe of violent class hatreds, it is an ill thing to have in any community such bitterly disappointed and thwarted lives as must be the result of negligence in the care of our sick and crippled. The misplaced sympathy of well-meaning friends, self-pity, and ignorance too often turn the crippled man or woman into the devious roads of radicalism. Over-introspective, like Hamlet, they begin to hate themselves and their own maimed and futile bodies. And that hate, like poison gas, spreads out through their immediate families, their friends, and the whole neighborhood. They hold their late employers, their fellow-citizens, the whole of society at large, responsible for their own ailments and misfortunes; and their bitterness inevitably breeds bitterness.

That the movement now so generally adopted and sponsored by the several States as well as by the Nation is appealing to the academic as well as to the business mind is evidenced by Harvard University's inclusion in its summer course this year of a study of rehabilitation, under the joint direction of the University, the National Tuberculosis Association, the American Occupational Therapy Association, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and the Committee for Mental Hygiene.

The Bethesda of complete physical cure is not always, in this twentieth century of ours, practicable or to be dreamed of; but the peace of mind that has its source in active and agreeable occupation seems certainly to be within the reach of those who have so greatly suffered.

THERE ARE OTHER THINGS BESIDES WRECKED BODIES IN THE WAKE OF MODERN INDUSTRY WHICH NEED REHABILITATION. SOME OF THESE THINGS THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY HAS SET ABOUT MENDING OF ITS OWN INITIATIVE. FOR INSTANCE, BUSINESS ETHICS.

"CLOSING IN ON COMMERCIAL BRIBERY"

IS A FORTHCOMING OUTLOOK ARTICLE WHICH TELLS OF THE PROGRESS WHICH IS BEING MADE TOWARDS THE ELIMINATION OF EVIL TRADE PRACTICES WHICH A FEW YEARS AGO WERE ACCEPTED AS INEVITABLE.

FOR MAISTER GEOFFREY CHAUCER

BY ROBERT HILLYER

A BARD there was, and that a worthy wight,
Who from the time that he began to write
Served God and Beauty with an humble mind.
And most of all, he knew and loved mankind.
Laughing he was, and quick at many a jest;
The Lord loves mirth,—the devil take the rest!
A simple grace ere wine was poured at dinner.
A ready hand outstretched to saint and sinner,
A prayer at times, not lengthy but devout.—
This was our poet's faith without a doubt.
Travel he loved, and wonders had to tell
Of royal France and Italy as well.
And everywhere he went, his furtive pen
Took down the secrets of his fellow-men.
Their faces and their sores, high and low,
From lordly Petrarch and Boccaccio.

Under the meanest villain who could find
Some tavern audience with the tales he told.
Yet with his scribbling, he never strayed
From duty to King Edward, whom he served;
And though he roamed both France and Italy,
England was where he ever longed to be.
And loathed he returned with magic spells
That England might have pleasure of his spells.
And hear his brave chivalric stories sung
By English pilgrims in the English tongue.
Noble his spirit was, and gay his heart;
A judge of wine, a master of his art.
He loved all men, nor was ashamed to show it:
He was a very part, gentil poet.
Gentil in life, and parfit in his rhyme,—
God send us such another in our time!

WHY GERMANY FAILS TO PAY

BY JOSEPH DANZIGER

A REFEREE in bankruptcy is constantly called upon to determine whether the bankrupt is willing but unable, or able but unwilling to pay his debts. In arriving at a decision the referee must decide, not only on the financial data at his disposal, but also upon the moral attitude of the bankrupt towards his debtors.

Germany comes to the court of nations pleading insolvency. In attempting to arrive at some standard for judging her ability to pay at least a part of the reparations her political tendencies as well as her economic potentiality must be considered. There are three distinct political currents in Germany, each directed in a separate channel. To the left is a considerable portion of the population which admits the national obligation to pay for deliberate damage done by German militarism. The middle course, representing probably a majority of the population, waives all discussion of moral obligation, but accepts reparations as inescapable. To the right is the channel that offers resistance to any payments under all conditions. It is composed of small but tremendously powerful interests, agrarian as well as industrial and financial. The men who represent this tendency merely wish to do nothing, to pay not a single mark they can evade paying until *der Tag* when America, England, and Japan become involved in a tripartite war. Germany, they say, will then have the opportunity to settle with France alone, and they will fall upon their old western enemy hip and thigh. In the meantime they conceal arms on the landed estates, retain private organizations of armed soldiers more or less secretly, but in public they talk, plead, and stall to gain time and evade any permanent settlement of the question.

Although this latter tendency is not representative of popular opinion, it is powerful enough to obstruct any genuine reconstruction of Germany's internal finances. It is the work of those who seek to make even a partial reparations programme an unworkable proposition. Besides the Junkers, to whom war is a popular game and their social and political privileges the only purpose of society and state, the big financial and industrial interests are equally bent on a policy of immediate inaction. At the head of this aggregation is Stinnes, the coal baron, a silent, saturnine figure, who never appears in public, never expresses a personal predilection. He owns seventy-six newspapers, of every conceivable political complexion from monarchism to single-tax, all of which are unanimous in their pro-Stinnes attitude toward reparations. His rather shabby office on Budapeststrasse is the radiating center of more driving power than issues from the Reichstag's building. Stinnes is not only absolute dictator of the People's Party, but also a powerful influence in the Center Party. His representative in the Cabinet is Hermes, officially a member of the Centrists' party, but in reality representative of special interests in the amorphous conglomeration known as the Wirth Government. In Greek mythology Hermes was messenger of the gods, titular deity of thieves and merchants; in the German Cabinet Hermes is Minister of Finance and spokesman for Stinnes.

Rathenau, Foreign Minister, represents the financial group opposed to the Stinnes interests.¹ He is a member of the Democratic Party, a small clique of

Berlin business men. One day, when the Wirth Cabinet faced one of its frequent crises, Rathenau visited the Chancellor, demanded his immediate appointment as Foreign Minister or the Democratic Party would refuse to co-operate further with the Government. The appointment was published that very day, and the Democratic Party stuck.

Wirth himself seems to be honest enough. He knows what is needed for a reconstruction of internal finance, but he can only rely on the Social Democrats and the left wing of his own party, the Centrists. All other factions in the heterogeneous coalition oppose any efficient methods for financial reform. Under these political distractions an annual budget deficit is inevitable. It increases from month to month, and the proposed remedies are mere temporizing patches which will ultimately aggravate the evil. The first essential to reparations payments is that Germany shall set her own financial house in order; but to do so would eliminate a conspicuous and specious objection to payments. For this and other reasons that will be referred to later, dominant interests reject all programmes for effective financial reform.

THE ALTERNATIVE WHICH GERMANY FACES

THE German Government can pay no greater amount than it collects from the nation, but if the Government is controlled by interests that refuse to pay even enough to support running expenses the effect on reparations payments is obvious. Every student of economics has had the ancient witticism thrust upon him at some time, that there are only three ways of acquiring wealth: earning it, receiving it as a gift, or stealing it. Conversely, there are three methods for Germany to meet

¹ The appointment of Rathenau as Minister of Finance was a surprise, as he had previously been Minister of Commerce and was widely known as a member of the Democratic Party.

reparations payments: either with gold or its equivalent, with goods delivered to the devastated regions to supplant wealth destroyed in the war, or with direct labor values.

The last-named form of payment is the most primitive. French Syndicalists have declared their willingness to welcome German comrades on the former battle-grounds of northern France and co-operate with them in a common effort to rebuild the ravished departments. The French Government, however, will not listen to this plan, so that payments in direct labor values are eliminated. At best it would be complicated by the amount of good will exercised by the German Government and the readiness of the imported German labor to render value received. As human nature is constituted, it would be a dubious proposition.

There remains the alternatives of payment in goods or in gold or its equivalent. Economists, as distinguished from politicians, are pretty well agreed that the forty billion gold marks which Germany has agreed to pay as indemnity for war damages is the ultimate amount which can be reckoned on at least during the present generation. The additional sixty billion gold marks to reimburse the Allies for the cost of the war is too conjectural an amount to be worthy our serious consideration. The German gold reserve, amounting to about one billion gold marks, is now held at the disposal of the Reparations Commission and amounts to less than one annual interest payment of three per cent on the capital charge of forty billion gold marks. So then, as Germany does not possess the gold to pay reparations, she can only pay by means of a favorable trade balance. That is, if the national capital should not be impaired for the purpose of meeting reparations payments, Germany must export more goods than she imports. Otherwise, she must sell her capital assets, such as lands, houses, factories, or stock certificates. During the last two years much foreign capital has gone into Germany for such purchases, establishing balances abroad. The result has been that reparations were paid out of the sale of capital assets, and not from current earnings. This method of paying obligations is sure to prove disastrous to the future economic stability of a nation, as it would be if a business man sold his capital assets to pay a current loan at the bank.

It would be a less serious matter if these assets were purchased at gold values, but such is not the case. I know of a twenty-one-flat building erected with modern improvements just before the war that was sold to a Spaniard for the equivalent of about one thousand dollars, a much smaller sum than the replacement cost of the bricks. The building is located near a subway station in a new high-class residence section, and the low price was possible because of the low rate of exchange.

Germany has had an unfavorable trade balance since the close of the war. Immense quantities of raw materials, especially food products, were imported as soon as the blockade was raised. Hides and textile fibers were also required to fill the utterly depleted stocks. To a limited extent this demand has now been satisfied, at least for immediate and imperative needs of the population, for the average German does not possess his pre-war purchasing power, and is compelled to buy fewer and cheaper clothes, to eat less expensive food, and has nothing at all for imported luxuries, like California fruit or real coffee beans. Imports are therefore restricted to indispensable necessities for home consumption, and other raw materials are intended to be worked up and exported.

The year 1921 closed with an unfavorable balance, but this has gradually diminished from month to month. The value of all imports and exports for the last three months of the year were:

	Exports (Marks).	Imports (Marks).
October	9,711,508	13,875,052
November	11,911,874	12,277,894
December	14,554,071	13,706,573
Total for six months	66,585,819	78,526,140

While the unfavorable balance averages almost two million marks per month for the last half of the year, it was reduced to 366,000 marks in November, and December exports exceeded imports, disclosing a slight favorable balance. An analysis of these figures discloses that, while the value of imports did not vary materially, the total tonnage decreased from month to month. Over two-thirds of all imported values for the six months ending January 1, 1922, were foodstuffs. The value was about the same for November and December, but the tonnage for the latter month was two-thirds that of the former. The contrary is true of exports. During the last quarter of the year the tonnage was constant for each month and the value increased as shown above. This is partly accounted for by the constant drop in the mark, but is more essentially due to shifting economic conditions. As agricultural productivity increased foodstuffs were imported in lessening quantities, whereas the value as well as the quantities of textile and metal exports has been rapidly increasing.

REPARATIONS IN KIND

THE essential deduction to be drawn is that as German agriculture recovers its pre-war productivity and business connections abroad are restored Germany can be expected to slowly convalesce and ultimately re-establish her favorable balance of trade. When this is done, but not until then, she will be able to make cash payments for reparations on a sound economic basis without disturbing the welfare of other nations. This is the contention of Sir Robert Horne, British Chancellor of the Ex-

chequer. Sir Robert's assertion is eminently correct, provided Germany can be induced to set her internal finances on a sound foundation. In the Wiesbaden Conference Germany agreed to pay seven billion gold marks in goods during the next five years. The method adopted by Belgium should be a model for France. A Belgian manufacturer requires a million francs' worth of machinery to restore his destroyed plant. He secures bids in the regular way from both Belgian and German sources. If he decides to place the order in Germany, it must be approved by the Belgian authorities after they have assured themselves that prices are acceptable. The Belgian is not required to make a direct payment. The German vender sends his bill to his Ministry of Reparations and is paid in paper marks. The value of the invoice in gold marks is credited to Germany by the Belgian reparations officials. This method permits absolute freedom of action to vender and purchaser, the two interested Governments merely acting as bankers in the transaction. The same method can be applied to building materials, and even to the actual construction of houses if the French Government would admit the introduction of German labor.

Cash payments would necessarily entail a roundabout and economically wasteful process. Germany would have first to establish a heavy export trade in order to obtain an adequate favorable balance. In other words, German labor, instead of making good the damage caused by German militarists, would be forced to compete with, let us say, American labor, and at a wage far below the American margin of subsistence. If gold payments are insisted on, Germany will be in a position to meet them within the next five years, but the result will be disastrous to our exports of raw materials to Germany and finished products to other foreign markets. For if the German export balance is chiefly used to pay reparations there will be nothing left to buy commodities required for domestic consumption.

So far as we are concerned, cash indemnities will be a double disadvantage to us; on the one hand, it will expose us to competition with industries that procure skilled labor at fifty cents and less per day; and, on the other, it will limit the purchasing power of an excellent pre-war customer to the barest and most indispensable necessities.

There is no essential economical obstacle to reparations in kind. On the contrary, while cash payments would cause unemployment in competitive industrial countries, payments in kind would have the reverse effect. They would restore the productive potentiality of an important section of western Europe and create means of employment for inhabitants of the most valuable mining and manufacturing districts in France. Reduced to its lowest terms, it would mean that Germany would have to support not more than two million

men while they were engaged in recreating wealth which had been destroyed in the war. If Germany could support eight million men during nearly five years of war and blockade and furnish them with the most efficiently constructed instruments of destruction, then she can surely support two million men engaged in the arts of peace, especially as she would no longer be inhibited by a blockade nor have to support a large army, but she could trade with all the world and when the time came join the other civilized nations in the economic rehabilitation of Russia, her natural hinterland.

OFFICIAL GERMANY OBJECTS AND HOLDS TO
A POLICY OF RUIN

THE only objections to this just, practical, and simple plan for the restoration of willfully destroyed wealth have been raised by official and industrial Germany. The objections are specious and futile. They will not stand the light of economic analysis. Therefore it is next to impossible to secure the desired data. Men at the helm confine themselves to platitudinous statements that contain no convincing facts and which a supine German press repeats without question. They decline all interviews with foreign correspondents. They fear the incisive inquiries of trained American journalists, as any foreign correspondent in Berlin will testify. Not only that, but official statistics which are available to all and sundry in Washington are carefully secreted in Wilhelmstrasse. When I requested certain statistics essential to the preparation of this article, I was blandly informed that Herr Rathenau had taken them home with him to study out a statement for the Genoa Conference. A Councillor in the Foreign Office replied to my protest: "Why, if we published all the facts in our possession our enemies would know as much as we do."

The statement of Walter Rathenau at Cannes that reparations payments are responsible for the fall of the mark is a good example of popular sophistry. Reparations have in no case been paid in paper marks. No sane banker would accept them as a permanent form of investment, although thousands of German-Americans have been induced to buy marks—the actual currency in most cases—in the expectation that they would eventually be restored to their gold value. Aside from this comparatively small item, reparations are paid by exporting gold or some other form of wealth or by the sale of capital assets.

An acquaintance of mine bought a fine country house in South Germany about a year ago. He paid \$2,500 for it, or a quarter of a million paper marks at the current rate at that time. He gave his check for the price in dollars. His New York bank then credited the German bank with \$2,500. This credit was turned over to the Reichsbank in exchange for its equivalent in paper marks, which were transferred to the

"ONCE upon a time gold was one of the splendid things of life, a lesser brother of the sun. It glittered on statues and furnishings, on pictures and books, tables and altars, on uniforms and bridal clothes, on the heads of kings, and about the brows of saints; it caressed the necks of women and encircled the arms of men."

So writes

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

in an article entitled

"GOLD IS DEAD"

It is not a fairy story, even if it begins "Once upon a time." It is an eloquent interpretation of one of the great dramas of the progress of civilization. The article will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Outlook.

seller of the property. The Reichsbank then used the New York credit of \$2,500 as part of the next reparations payment.

The pre-war value of the property referred to was 100,000 marks, or about \$25,000. The purchaser bought it in this case because he could get it for about one-tenth of its pre-war value in dollars. This process has been repeated to the extent of billions by English, Scandinavian, and French investors in real estate and industrial values. Foreign credits were thus amassed and reparations payments met with them. If it were continued indefinitely, it would result in all German wealth being acquired by aliens. However, it cannot be continued indefinitely. For every foreign investor there are hundreds of Germans who profit by the present chaos to concentrate wealth in a few hands. Stinnes is a well-known example of this type.

To say, as Rathenau did, that the sale of capital assets abroad had an influence depressing the value of the mark assumes profound economic ignorance on the part of his listeners and is as logical as it would be to assert that a horse walks up hill because he is pushed by the cart behind him. The mark is worth a small fraction of its gold value because there are so many in circulation. A graph showing the rate of dollar exchange in marks for the year 1921 describes an almost parallel curve with the inflation of Germany's floating indebtedness. This mainly consists of treasury certificates deposited with the Reichsbank as "security" for additional currency. But, as the security is worth no more than the Government's ability to pay, its value is reflected in the number of marks required to buy a perfectly stable dollar. When the Government

finds that its revenue is insufficient, it issues treasury certificates to balance the deficit. These are used as the basis for further inflation of the currency, and as a result the purchasing power of the mark is reduced still more. Prices of labor and materials gradually advance, so that the next budget based on former market prices is likewise inadequate and the deficit must again be balanced with treasury certificates to be used as the basis for further inflation. This vicious circle has been pursued for the last three years. The results are startling.

Among total assets of 150,000,000,000 marks the most recent Reichsbank statement disclosed 130,000,000,000 marks of these to be treasury certificates and 5,000,000,000 marks composed of the other forms of currency, which had been accepted for redemption and are no more assets than their value as waste paper. The bank has issued 122,000,000,000 legal-tender notes. The significance of this may be vaguely estimated when it is remembered that in 1913 the total wealth of the German nation was appraised at 325,000,000,000 gold marks, and this included rich mineral deposits now confined within the borders of France and Poland. It is clear that the state of German finances and the financial stability of the Reichsbank are on an extremely wildcat foundation.

SALVATION BY TAXATION

THE only means of restoring a stable currency and sound Government finances would be the adoption of sound methods of taxation. There are two opposing forces. One is the Nationalists' or Junker Party. This faction is opposed to any adequate form of property tax. Agricultural products sell at very near world-market prices. Potatoes, for example, cost one hundred and thirty times the pre-war price, although the gold mark has only risen to sixty times the paper value. Such necessities as bread and potatoes have attained the nature of a semi-luxury, and butter is beyond the means of the average skilled mechanic or salaried man. The consequence has been an enormous increase in the price of agricultural land. The obvious procedure would be a heavy taxation of such inflated values to meet the inflated costs of government administrations and stop the further inflation of the currency. But the Junkers have served notice that they will not tolerate any such property tax, and, as they are known to have arms secreted on every big estate and large forces of disciplined units under their command, the Government fears to employ any vigorous opposition to their wishes lest they accomplish a *coup d'état*. The big interests, both financial and industrial, also oppose any property tax. They insist upon the present consumption and occupation taxes. Currency inflation has proved a benefit to them. It enables them to employ labor at less than one-tenth the wages of similar labor in America. This gives them a clear field

for such foreign commerce as they go after. Unemployment fluctuates with the rate of exchange. When the mark declines on Wall Street, unemployment is proportionately reduced in Berlin. That is, the lower the rate of exchange, the less labor cost in gold, and consequently more business for German employers. Labor is not paid in proportion to the decreased purchasing power of the mark.

Metal workers comprise about three-fifths of all industrial labor. In 1913 the average wage was .58 marks per hour; by the end of 1920 it had risen to 5.44 marks, and a year later to 9.71 marks per hour. Measured in gold, this was 14 cents before the war, and less than 5 cents at the beginning of this year! I am aware that it is not altogether fair to compare gold values in arriving at any conclusion regarding the adequacy of present wage scales in Germany, but this computation is made here to disclose the immense advantage over foreign competition which the existing economic conjunction affords the German exporter. Obviously, our iron, steel, and metal workers cannot compete with countries where skilled labor earns less than 50 cents per eight-hour day.

In arriving at this conclusion I encountered characteristic difficulties. I could get no official data concerning wages, although Germany conducts a very efficient Department of Labor. I was referred to a table published by the Frankfort "Gazette." On examining this, I found that it only referred to Frankfort labor conditions. That city has less manufacturing than any large center in Germany. I was surprised to see that the metal workers' wages had been quadrupled during 1921, not at all in accordance with conditions in Berlin, where many metal industries are located. I therefore secured wages statistics from 222 different cities with a total population of over twenty millions and arrived at an average wage. Instead of a four times increase in wages, the average increase during 1921 was less than sixty per cent. During that year the wholesale price index increased from 1,400 to 3,600 and the cost of living from 800 to 1,650. Retail prices have also advanced rapidly during the present year, so that labor is much worse off now than a year ago.

A stabilization of the mark would put an end to this, as wages would tend to approximate the pre-war standard of living. To prevent this, the industrial and financial interests are determined to continue the existing period of inflation, which affords them a tremendous advantage in foreign markets.

The situation reacts in another way on American business. Low wages and salaries prevent the consumption of necessities. A shirt at 400 marks is a luxury to an office employee whose salary is only four or five thousand marks a month, and he must have a pretty good job if he earns that much. He would have to appropriate nearly a

week's income to pay for a pair of shoes. This means a decreased demand for cotton, hides, and other commodities. It limits the importation of food products to an indispensable minimum. Copper products are unattainable for the average man, and such electrical devices as may be found in any American household are only within the means of the very rich in Germany.

To add to the advantage of the manufacturer and the financial embarrassment of the Government the railways are run at a great loss. Railways, post, and telegraph had a joint deficit of over 9,000,000,000 marks, nearly 7,000,000,000 marks charged to the railways. The steady increase in the cost of operation and maintenance necessitated a seventy per cent advance in rates early in the current year. The result was a marked decline in passenger earnings, showing that the charge was more than traffic would bear. However, overhead costs continue to increase and a large deficit is imminent in 1922.

An adequate basis of taxation would remedy all this and might even be used for deflation. The enforced loan of 1,000,000,000 gold marks to be used for meeting reparations payments is the only remedy proposed. The largest item in the 1922 budget is 71,000,000,000 marks from stock transfer and other corporation fees and taxes, 32,000,000,000 marks customs and stamp taxes, 10,000,000,000 marks coal taxes (excise), 3,500,000,000 marks tobacco taxes, and 1,000,000,000 marks each from taxes on beer and sugar consumption. There is an optimistic estimate of 2,500,000,000 marks' profit from the railway administration, which can scarcely be realized and 3,000,000,000 marks on post-war profits, which is likewise more liable to be a delusion than a realization because the law contains many evasive jokers. The separate states must also derive their revenues from these sources. Their incomes are prorated to them by the federal Government.

It will be observed that, with the exception of the problematical profits tax, all the revenues described above are levied upon consumption and traffic. Property, as such, goes scot free, and property values alone reflect the consequences of inflation. This is true of personal property as well as real estate. Stocks advanced during 1921 on the same scale as the increased price of the dollar. The gold value of such wealth is not materially affected by the fall of the mark.

Capital actively engaged in business suffers from impaired efficiency as a result of the depreciation of the currency. It is become more and more difficult to finance a business as the mark declines. A competitive business enterprise must take orders at the market price, but when the goods are delivered and have to be replenished the radical increase in prices call for a much larger investment in marks than had been needed a few months before to pay for the same

amount of material. There is a large machine plant near Dantsic that enjoyed a big automobile and truck business before and during the war. There is a brisk demand for their output in the Austrian and Russian succession states which are within easy hauling distance. Nevertheless the automobile department had to be shut down for lack of capital. The proprietor told me that he could use sixty or one hundred million paper marks to finance this business, but, although his credit is AA1 and the business would almost come of itself, he cannot raise the money.

A shoe manufacturer in Middle Germany has "increased" his capital from 150,000 pre-war marks (gold) to 2,000,000 paper marks. Naturally, he is harder up now than before the war. A one-story shed with wooden walls and tar-paper roof built last year cost him more than his four-story brick-and-concrete fire-proof factory. To such enterprises the tax on capital stock and consumption is an intolerable burden. An outright property tax would wipe out some of their book profits on appreciation of buildings and personal property, but it would benefit them in the long run by wiping out the Government deficit, stabilizing the mark, and consequently increasing the purchasing power of the masses. However, they persist in ignoring these palpable facts and lend their support to the votaries of evasion and haggling.

The Army of Occupation is another hindrance to the economic sanitation of Europe. It is a luxury that neither France nor Germany can afford. Its purpose might be better accomplished by an accord between France, Poland, and Czechoslovakia similar to the Little Entente and threatening Germany with immediate invasion in case there was even the appearance of a recrudescence of militarism. In fact, such a threat might be more effective than the actual occupation of the Rhineland. The Junkers are mostly east of the Elbe, and, whereas they view the occupation of the industrial western provinces with equanimity, the possibility of a Polish invasion and the quartering of the despised Pole on their baronial estates would serve to curb any reactionary moves.

GERMANY CAN PAY

GERMANY needs a breathing spell and the opportunity for her statesmen to restore economic order by rational means and unhampered by Junkers, Stinneses, or Rathenaus. She may not have vigor enough to obtain this freedom for herself. The Allies may have to thrust it on her as a condition for meeting reparations obligations. The future alone can tell which course may be the right one. Two facts are now well established: Germany is able to pay reparations in kind without injury to herself or others, and she can do so promptly whenever special interests are rendered powerless for further evasion of her just obligations.

ALABAMA GOES FISHING

BY GARRARD HARRIS

THERE is probably more running water in Alabama, potential angling water, than in any other State in the Union. Certainly there are more navigable rivers and more miles of navigable river water than in any other State—that much can be learned from Government surveys. All of these rivers have creeks, brooks, and other tributaries which once were full of fish.

Vandalism, growing more and more destructive as more efficient agencies of destruction came to hand, wrought havoc with the fishing, especially in the north-central portion of the State, the mineral region, until only a few of the larger streams had anything left at all to tempt a fisherman.

Fish traps, seining, dynamiting, the use of "lime jugs" and calcium carbide—all of these have been used by unsportsmanlike people. Did a coal or ore miner or limestone quarrier desire "a mess of fish"? He dealt with dynamite in his occupation of shooting out coal and iron ore or limestone for the furnaces and kilns. He put a few sticks in his pocket, hid himself to the nearest water and exploded the stuff in the deep pools. Dead fish, killed by the concussion, would rise to the surface. He took what he wanted and did not bother about the rest. The explosion killed everything in its vicinity, big and little. The water thereabout was made barren.

If a countryman did not have a seine—and nearly every neighborhood had one—he would take a two-gallon jug, fill it almost full of lime, hammer a wooden or corn-cob stopper in and wire it down tight, leaving a groove so water could enter the jug. Stones attached would sink it, and then it was let down easily in the water so as not to scare the fish away by a splash. The water, entering the jug and coming in contact with the lime, generated a tremendous heat, and directly there would be an explosion. The water would boil and seethe and a milky area from the lime spread out. What the explosion did not kill by concussion the lime in the water quickly made sick and inert. Ye gentle yokel filled a croker-sack with such fish as he could salvage, leaving the surface of the water covered with small dead ones, and perhaps many large ones he could not reach. The lime-water went on downstream to make other fish ill and kill myriads of the small fry which could not recuperate from the poison.

When acetylene gas came into more general use, some destructive genius tried using carbide in a soda-pop bottle instead of lime in a jug; it was quite as destructive, and is a favorite method of some town vandals even now. It is all just another variation of Charles Lamb's old child's story about the Chinese youth who burned down a house every time he wanted some roast pig!



THE FLEET OF FISHING BOATS AT CAMP OLIVER, ON LAKE BANKHEAD, READY FOR THE MEMBERS TO GO OUT AFTER THE DENIZENS OF THE LAKE ON OPENING DAY, MAY 15, 1922. MOTOR BOATS ARE MOORED AT THE WHARF

It never seemed to occur to any one that the streams were being made barren; that the small fry were being exterminated along with the large fish. It was a case of "after me, the deluge." The trapper, seiner, dynamiter, lime-jugger and carbide user cared nothing about saving a supply of young fish for replenishment. It was the same reckless spirit of waste and destruction which has characterized all America—with mere variations as to region.

Then some twelve years ago John H. Wallace, Jr., a young lawyer of Huntsville, Alabama, was elected to the Legislature. He prepared a code of conservation laws and provided for the office of "Fish and Game Commissioner." When the next election came on, nobody seemed inclined to run for office, so he made the race and was elected. It was a huge joke in the State then. John Wallace stood a lot of chaffing; they called him the "buzzard protector," the "catfish captain," and all that sort of thing. A magnetic personality, an orator of no mean ability, Wallace stumped the State, preaching his doctrine of conservation and explaining the code of laws he had passed.

He had no opponent for the office, but there was some opposition and grumbling. Farmers wagged their heads and swore they'd "be teetotally derned if anybody could keep them from shootin' a mess of fish outen their own cricks, or seinin' 'em when they got good an' ready, or shootin' a patteridge anywhur, anytime, they felt like it, b'gosh!" Wallace was elected, and procured some further amendments and amplification of

the conservation laws. He spent most of his time going about over the State, lecturing, visiting schools, and inculcating the fundamentals of his doctrine. He instituted "Bird Day" in Alabama, and issued a handsome volume of conservation data, illustrated with colored plates of some Alabama birds. "Bird Day" in the public schools of the State is a fixture, and each year there comes another volume from the Department of Conservation.

Wallace's term expired, and he ran again. This time he procured the enactment of a hunting license, and had *ex-officio* game wardens appointed in conjunction with other county duties. The hunting license had rough sledding in the Legislature, but Wallace put it over and it stuck, and a few scattering arrests and convictions for violation of the game laws began to inculcate some respect for them. Still, there was the dead-weight of inertia on the part of sportsmen and the public generally. Where there was one conviction there were hundreds of offenses never punished.

Once more Wallace ran, defeating an opponent this time, for the office was now designated as "Conservation Commissioner," and it was one of considerable dignity and prestige in general estimation. Wallace further perfected the game code, shortened the season for shooting of game birds, and was making real headway, when he died in 1921. An able and active conservationist stepped into the place, but John Wallace was the father of conservation in Alabama.

What Commissioner Wallace com-



DINING HALL, COMMISSARY STORE, AND KEEPER'S HOUSE AT CAMP OLIVER ON
OPENING DAY BEFORE THE FINISHING TOUCHES WERE ADDED

The dormitory (not shown) is twice as long as the dining hall, and the private cottages are in the rear and back of the reader. Lake Bankhead is down the slope to the left, past the keeper's house

plained of chiefly was lack of co-operation on the part of sportsmen and those who should be directly interested in the preservation of denizens of field and stream and the natural beauties of the State. His story was admitted to be true and what he said valuable, but it was much like the weather, which Mark Twain once said everybody complained of yet nobody did anything about.

On a perfect day in early March, 1921, one of the editors of the Birmingham "News," who had lately come to the State, took a day off and hied himself to Shade's Creek, one of the most beautiful streams in the State, running through Shade's Valley, about six miles from Birmingham. If there is any water in this whole country that ought to be teeming with fish, that stream is it. This newspaper man is a good fisherman, and he fished that stream closely for about seven miles, until late in the afternoon. An old colored man came up a path along the bank and stopped to observe the hopeful Izaak Waltonian.

"Havin' any luck, boss?" he inquired, in friendly interest.

"Not a bite or a strike all day."

"Huh! I reckon not; ain't nothin' in dis yer creek!"

"Ought to be; it's the prettiest water I have ever seen."

"Dat's de trufe—and hit used ter have. I been livin' round heah fifty yeahs, an' hit used ter be plumb chock full of fine fish."

"What's the matter now?"

"Dese yere devilish miners down at Oxmoor, an' dem folks in dat town, an' dese yer po' white trash livin' round about. Dey have been dynamitin' it from een to de yuther. What dey ain't killed wid 'splosives dey has seined out, twell now dey has even quit dynamitin' it, for hit's a plumb waste of time. Dere ain't nothin' here to kill—not even mud turkles."

He went on his way, which happened

to be the way back of the newspaper man, who wound up his line and walked along, learning more about the vandalism and methods of destruction. March 9, 1921, the Birmingham "News" contained a straight-from-the-shoulder editorial urging the need for the many real sportsmen of Birmingham to get together and put a stop to such conditions, within the vicinity of Birmingham, at least.

Two men responded by calling on the editor, Major Lucien Brown and J. H. McCollister. It was decided to make a start. On the same typewriter the same hand that wrote the editorial typed off three sheets containing a call for organization. The three men signed, and the three copies were placed in sporting-goods stores, to be called to the attention of sportsmen. Several other editorials followed at intervals.

Clerks in the stores were very indifferent. They did not even take the trouble to show the copies of the call to customers who might be interested. Then Major Brown and McCollister "got their dander up" and personally carried the lists to sportsmen they knew. About two hundred signed, and on June 5 the announcement was made in the "News" that the meeting for organization would be June 6, at eight o'clock, at the Court House. Conservation Commissioner Wallace had accepted an invitation to be present and make a talk. About three hundred sportsmen were present, and the club was launched with W. G. Oliver, a wealthy business man and popular sportsman, as president. A constitution and by-laws which Commissioner Wallace had brought were adopted. The organization was named the "Jefferson Fishermen's Association," in honor of Joe Jefferson, the veteran actor, one of the most devoted fishermen this country has ever known. The charter members numbered about two hundred. At the meeting two weeks later fifty

came in, and the enthusiasm began to spread.

A reward of \$100 was offered for the arrest and conviction, or for information leading to the arrest and conviction, of any dynamiter or user of explosives; a less amount for seiners. Placards offering the reward and stating the laws of Alabama about such vandalism were printed on heavy pasteboard and members tacked them up all along the county roads and fishing routes. The dues of the club were fixed at \$2 per year. Each member had to be of good standing, had to subscribe to "The Sportsman's Creed" and promise to obey the laws and try to induce others to. These were the only formalities. Memberships rolled in.

The meetings grew larger and were the most amazingly democratic affairs. Bricklayers, professors, doctors, iron-molders, carpenters, lawyers, preachers, laborers, bankers, and business men all met upon the utmost equality and fraternity. All were sportsmen, fishermen, and disciples of conservation in earnest about doing something constructive. That was enough—what else a man was or was not didn't matter in the least. The idea soaked in that real conservation was the result of education, and the members went after more members with the enthusiasm of zealots, to convert them and get them to work.

Inquiries from over the State began to come in as to qualifications for membership. As Birmingham is situated in Jefferson County, outsiders imagined the club was designed purely as a local affair, and numerous hunters said that they would join but they did not particularly care about fishing. The name was then changed to "The Alabama Fishermen and Hunters' Association." A more comprehensive constitution and by-laws were adopted and the organization legally incorporated.

The amazing growth continued, and there soon became manifest a disposi-

tion to have a home, or center, or headquarters, of its own. President Oliver suggested going out on Lake Bankhead, and he was empowered to select a site. The Black Warrior River is about twenty-eight miles from Birmingham and is one of the most beautiful streams in the State. A system of locks and dams has made it navigable and a large tonnage is carried on it to and from the ports of Mobile and New Orleans. The uppermost lock, No. 17, is one hundred feet high, and the water backed up behind this dam goes into many coves and valleys and forms what is known as "Lake Bankhead." It has a total shoreline of about four hundred miles, is vastly deep in places, and is a magnificent fishing territory. It is too wide and deep for seining, and even dynamiters or other vandals have not been able appreciably to diminish the fish there.

The Association bought seventy-two acres of land on its borders, a beautiful site in every way. Bonds of the Association (6 per cent thirty-year first-mortgage securities) were authorized to the extent of \$20,000, and the first \$10,000 was used in paying for land and erecting the most necessary buildings and improvements. A dormitory where one hundred members can sleep has been erected, and several box tents for the use of families; a mess hall where one hundred at a time can dine; a fine kitchen and pantry built, as well as a store building and the keeper's lodge. The tract was surveyed with the contour of the land, and those members desiring to erect cottages were awarded lots on nominal lease for thirty years, the buildings to be erected to be approved by the Buildings and Grounds Committee to preserve the harmony of the surroundings. A central site has been left for the main club-house or assembly hall, which will be a rustic structure, mainly wide porches and large lounging-rooms with stone chimneys and great wide fireplaces. It will give a wonderful view from its knoll. The balance of the bond issue will be used in constructing this building. Some fifty pretty cottages and camps have already been constructed on the tract by private individuals, with others in prospect.

The government of Camp Oliver, as the place has been named, after the enthusiastic president of the Association, is vested in the Governing Board, made up of the chairmen of the Buildings, Grounds, Sanitation, House, Restaurant, Boats, Safety, Rules, Press, Water and Light, and House Committees, with the president and secretary of the Association as *ex officio* in the same capacity for the Governing Board.

Members may go to the camp and spend a week at a time, being provided with a cot and shower-baths and all other conveniences except food, without any cost whatever. If the member desires to cook his own food, the "community kitchen" has been provided—a

raised dirt platform within a retaining wall of rock with little grated open-air brick fireplaces. If he desires to buy food from the restaurant, it is obligated to furnish a wholesome, well-cooked meal at 50 cents.

There are no paid officers save the secretary, and he receives a nominal sum. There is absolutely no "overhead" for maintenance of Camp Oliver, for the boat renting, restaurant, store, and gasoline privileges have been leased for a sufficient sum to pay the interest on the bonds, and the lessee is obligated to act as keeper and superintendent of the camp.

July 1, 1922, the actual paid membership of the Association was 2,079, with new members coming in at the rate of several every day. Branches are in progress of formation in other parts of the State. The dues of these branches will be \$2 a year, of which \$1 will be remitted to the parent club to be used in restocking waters and in carrying on the propaganda of conservation.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries is co-operating, and agents have been in conference with the Association. These agents express the belief that in some of the cold, clear hill-country streams of north Alabama the famous rainbow trout will thrive. The Association is now conducting temperature records in some of these streams to determine this. Much work was done this last spring under the direction of the Bureau representatives in removing small fry of bass and other game fish from congested private ponds and distributing them in barren public waters. Every stream in Jefferson County has been restocked and 50,000 fingerling bass liberated in Lake Bankhead at Camp Oliver.

A convention of sportsmen from all parts of the State will be held at Montgomery in September, at which time a programme for shortening the open game season, the imposition of a bag limit for fish, prohibiting fishing in the spawning season, providing for a fishing license and for permanently employed fish and game wardens will be worked out, and presented to the Legislature in January for adoption, with the moral and political force of the sportsmen of the State behind it. Several smaller sportsmen's clubs are expected to affiliate with the Alabama Association at that time. Another plan is to have the State employ the \$120,000 accumulated in the State treasury from hunters' licenses and fines used in establishing a fish hatchery for the State to accelerate the replenishing of waters and keep up the supply. Preventing pollution of streams by mine water or refuse from manufactories is another object.

The winter programme of the Association embraces lectures and talks to the children of all the schools on conservation, true sportsmanship, and interesting hunting and fishing yarns; close co-operation and encouragement of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts; and

carrying on the propaganda of conservation in all ways possible, together with the organization of branches at other points in the State.

There are sixty women who are enthusiastic members of the Association, and more women are going to be sought as members and interested in outdoor life. The families of members are planning to make use of Camp Oliver this summer, and sixty-five lots have been assigned to members who have to build within thirty days or forfeit. A number of artistic cottages are now under way on the grounds.

Since the organization and offering the reward and the first convictions, if there has been a case of dynamiting in Jefferson County the Association has not been able to hear of it, and every member constitutes himself a committee of one to report all depredations and violations of the law he hears of. Seining has practically ceased, and the tendency now is to build, to restore, to make beautiful.

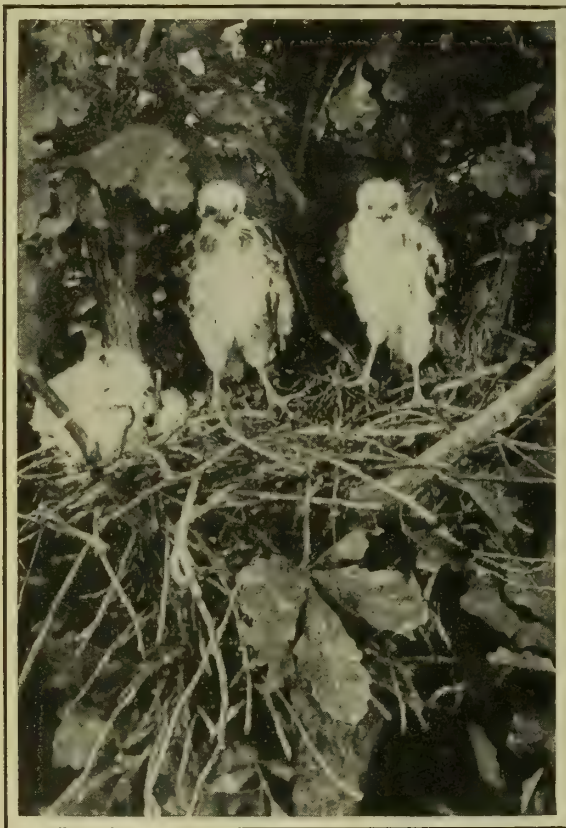
The grounds at Camp Oliver are being planted with wild honeysuckle, or azalea, rhododendron, mountain laurel, holly, wild crab-apple, dogwood, and judas-tree. The cottage owners are going to embower their cottages in wild woodbine and Virginia creeper, and bring such ferns and wild flowers as the woods are full of. The club colors, russet and moss green, are carried out in the staining of the buildings and roofs.

Over on the eastern border of the State the Coosa River, famous as a fishing ground, has been dammed at one place by the Alabama Power Company, making a great inland lake which is famous already as a fishing ground. It has offered free to the Alabama Fishermen and Hunters' Association sufficient land and buildings, left from the construction camps, for another camp similar to Camp Oliver, and the offer will probably be accepted and provide a rendezvous for the sportsmen of the northeastern part of the State. The same company is now constructing another dam toward the south-central part of the State on the same stream, and makes a similar offer as to that location, affording a camp for the sportsmen of that region. The Association is thus armed with the attractive proposition of three model fishing and hunting camps with which to approach the lukewarm sportsmen of the rest of the State who have not yet come into the organization to add their individual force to the weight of those who are aggressively fighting for real conservation and constructive and upbuilding effort. Organizers will take the field in September and endeavor to gather into the Association ten thousand sportsmen before the year is out.

And all of this because a newspaper man went fishing and didn't get a bite, and then voiced his indignation at vandalism which had come to be accepted as a matter of course!

A PAGE OF DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



SAUCY YOUNG HEN-HAWKS



RED-WING BLACKBIRD



KING-BIRD'S NEST



BLUE JAY ON HER NEST

Photographs from J. E. Whitehouse, White Bear Lake, Minnesota

THE BOOK TABLE

LIVES UNALIKE

TO many readers not especially interested in the art vagaries of the post-impressionists the name of Gauguin is best known because he was the fiction model, so to speak, of W. S. Maugham's novel "The Moon and Sixpence," a powerful, repellent story. Naturally, the novel might be supposed to exaggerate—but not at all; Gauguin was stranger than Maugham's character. An Outlook reviewer wrote of the latter: "A man who might have had love, friendship, decent living, but who renounces all to follow an instinctive desire to paint. Until middle age he is a commonplace business man with no perceptible leaning to art. Then he abandons wife and children heartlessly and without provision, lives in filthy poverty in the slums of Paris, and later in Pacific islands—and paints, paints, paints! He is brutal, lustful, and detestable."

Now comes a volume of Gauguin's letters¹ to his only friend, de Monfried, and his own words show that his life and his acts are exactly described above. Frederick O'Brien, who writes the Foreword, says: "Gauguin's whole life as a painter was an outcry, almost a curse, against materialism, against accepted success; against laws, morals, money, critics, and clerics." His personal morals were atrocious; he heartlessly deserted wife and children and later one woman after another; in his wretched, dying days in the South Seas the only one who cared for him was one of these discarded mistresses. And when, near the end, he at last became homesick for civilization, de Monfried wrote him: "You must not return. Now you are the great dead. You have passed into the history of art." In other words, Gauguin's fame as a genius rested on his repudiation of all that is civilized and decent, so he must not spoil the pose! Nowadays his pictures sell at high prices, but in these letters we find him offering to sign an agreement to send a dealer fifteen canvases each year for five years for the sum total of \$480 a year! He made it his goal to be a savage (O'Brien uses those words), and apart from posthumous fame he reaped that reward.

Whether Gauguin was a great painter or a freak is a matter of opinion. With Cézanne and Van Gogh (who died an insane suicide) he is hailed as a leader in a new art. This book does not convince one of his genius. It does furnish a tragic picture of the profound moral abyss into which a man may fall who sacrifices to one passionate desire all bonds of friendship, family affection, and decent conduct.

Why, then, discuss Gauguin? It may be confessed that one reason is that he may be contrasted with the author of

"Pages from the Past."² John Ayscough is the name on the title-page, and it may be remembered as that of a writer of a few moderately successful novels. The author is really a Catholic ecclesiastic, the Right Reverend Monsignor Count Bickerstaffe Drew. He is a delightful raconteur, a man who has enjoyed life immensely, who believes that the world has progressed and is progressing, who has warm sympathies and keen wit—the very antipodes of the self-immolated martyr to art ideals above described. He knew every one worth knowing a generation ago, has anecdotes or bits of criticism about Trollope, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, and scores of people in literary, political, and social circles. His tone is friendly and urbane, but has the spice of apt retort and repartee.

Dr. Drew perhaps saw Cardinal Manning at closer range than any one else. His reports of the Cardinal's somewhat caustic wit and contrasting serene faith are good reading. Here is one about the snubbing of an ostentatious prelate:

Once he brought a very magnificent bishop, who by no means despised ornament, to see St. Thomas's Seminary.

"It is very plain," remarked his Lordship, scanning the rather austere façade.

"You are right," rejoined the Cardinal most sweetly. "Quite. There is nothing vulgar about it."

On another occasion the same prelate was a fellow-guest, with the Cardinal, of royalty. The Bishop came in purple; the Cardinal presently arrived in his ordinary black coat, breeches, gaiters, and apron; to whom the Bishop rushed up, much perturbed at thus eclipsing in splendor a Prince of the Church.

"Never mind, my dear Lord," said the Cardinal. "It does not matter. I dare say no one will notice you."

And here is a story of Manning's friend Dr. Rawes:

Concerning him, one who had been

¹Pages from the Past. By John Ayscough. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.50.

his pupil told me this story. The Doctor was his confessor, and he had been used to make his preparation for confession out of his own head. But on one occasion, finding a prayer-book in his seat in chapel, while waiting his turn to make his confession, he examined himself out of the formula he found there, and determined to make present use of it.

When he went into the box, at first, while the youthful penitent followed his usual simple method, he was heard with the usual patient tolerance. But when, mindful of the book, he added:

"Since my last confession I have not always been duly submissive to my superiors," there came from beyond the grille an irrepressible movement of impatience.

"Nor," the boy went on, "have I been invariably affable to my equals."

"Ugh!" from the confessor.

"Nor," added the penitent, completing his formula, "have I been condescending to my inferiors."

"You haven't got any!"

Evidently, judging from this delightful book, the life religious, sacerdotal, and celibate does not prevent a man being humorous, observing, and astute. Thus Manning observed of Disraeli:

Dizzy was a Jew with a fund of Anglican predilections. He could not abide Nonconformity. (Nonconformists are traditionally Liberals.) He liked the Church of England because it is established and therefore ornate. He had also strings of affection for the Catholic Church because it is "the old Religion." He said to me one day, with high glee, in reference to a bill he was introducing, "It won't touch us, nor you; but it will dish the Dis-senters."

And John Ayscough adds, as to Disraeli's novels: "They are too sparkling. The ladies and gentlemen talk like the ladies and gentlemen a ventriloquist holds on his knee."

Altogether this is a gracious and cheerful book and one that goes far to take the taste out of one's mouth left by Gauguin's morbid and self-centered groanings.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE (THE). By Princess Pauline Metternich. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

Princess Pauline was a brilliant and erratic personage at the Court of Napoleon the Little. Presumably this is a translation, but nothing is told us as to when and where the original appeared except that in a prefatory chapter by Edward Legge—a sort of *chronique scandaleuse* of Paris and Vienna Court life—he remarks that he read in 1920 in "Le Temps" that the Princess was going to publish her recollections. She was both the granddaughter and the daughter-in-law of Prince Clemens Met-

ternich, the famous Chancellor, for she married her Uncle Richard, son of the Chancellor.

The book is not important historically or politically, but it has some lively bits of reminiscence about Metternich, Napoleon III, Eugénie, Liszt, Wagner, Count Taaffe, Home, the medium (Browning's "Sludge"), and other notables of a generation ago and more.

LENIN. By M. A. Landau-Aldanov. From the French. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. -\$.3.

This book will be interesting, and perhaps valuable, to any reader who is already somewhat familiar with Lenin and the recent history of Russia. By

¹The Letters of Paul Gauguin to Georges Daniel de Monfried. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.

others it must be read with caution. There are several sects in the Communist school, and no love is lost between them. The author of this book is a representative of a sect bitterly hostile to the one to which Lenin belongs. The portrait is therefore that of a hostile critic. One chapter is devoted to "The Personality of Lenin." It is not flattering. He is not financially corrupt. He rendered valuable service to Germany, but was never her paid agent. He lives frugally and does not care for money. But he is a fanatic and has himself repeated the titles his comrades have given him: "autocrat, bureaucrat, formalist, centralist, one-sided, pig-headed, stubborn, narrow, suspicious, unsociable." He has surrounded himself with all kinds of common criminals, especially thieves. He writes poorly, is not an orator, knows very little outside of political economy. But he has a certain kind of magnetism; is a good hater; inspires and foments class hatred. "The strength which has made him the true prophet of our plunge to the depths of revolution lies in his ability to appeal to the lowest instincts of human nature." And his fanaticism makes him as unscrupulous in his methods as was Robespierre, with whom he may be compared.

This may be a true picture; we suspect that there is a large measure of truth in it. But no one, not even the author, would claim for it that it is unprejudiced. The author's anticipation of the future is encouraging to believers in the right of personal property and the civilization which has been built upon that right.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER. By Oscar Douglas Skelton. 2 vols. The Century Company, New York. \$8.

No one could have seen the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier without finding him a singularly picturesque man. He came from an old Canadian-French family, but emancipated himself from Catholic and Conservative tutelage, for he was a natural Liberal. The story of this emancipation is the most interesting part of the present volumes. But they are interesting throughout. Not only do they describe an appealing and dramatic character, they cover the period of the development of Canada since its confederation—that is to say, from the status of a group of small provinces to the status of a nation. In this transformation Laurier was a great guide for the Dominion—perhaps he was the most eminent statesman Canada has produced. Certainly there was no more eloquent advocate of Imperial representation than he. Of a man like himself as such a representative he once said: "I should regard it as a glorious day when Canada would be represented in the historic halls of the Commons of England by a French-Canadian who would bring into these new surroundings . . . the logical spirit, the ardor of feeling, the lively imagination . . . which from all time has characterized the

French genius." Yet with this he was equally insistent on Canada's independence. "Canada is a nation," he declared, "Canada is free. . . . In a few years the earth will be encircled by a series of independent nations, recognizing, however, the suzerainty of England."

MY AMERICAN DIARY. By Clare Sheridan. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$3.

Some readers are prejudiced against books written in diary form; they expect to find in them a lot of dates and inconsequential entries. This book will fairly disappoint such readers; the dates are unobtrusive and the entries, while gossipy, are sprightly, entertaining, and often shrewd in their characterizations. They cover a wide range of travel in both the United States and Mexico. They are certainly unconventional and, some readers will think, too frank—but then the author is an unconventional woman and is accustomed to speaking her mind. Her book reflects her character with unsparing fidelity.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL SOUTH AMERICA. By Annie S. Peck. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

This is a useful and valuable compendium of information. It has new maps and is otherwise up to date. The publishers correctly describe it as a "mine of information in regard to the several countries of the southern continent—their cities and ports; transportation systems, exterior and interior; physical characteristics and natural resources; products and possibilities, agricultural, mineral, stock-raising, and forestry."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN (THE). By William Haslam Mills. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.50.

This story of the hundred years' service of the Manchester "Guardian" to its own town, to Great Britain, and to the world is told here succinctly and interestingly. American journalists may learn from it the inspiring lesson that, in the case at least of the high-minded Englishmen who founded and have conducted the "Guardian," exalted ideals and consistent devotion to them have resulted in a steadily widening success for their newspaper.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOUSE OWNER'S BOOK (THE). By Allen L. Churchill and Leonard Wickenden. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$2.

The house-owner who objects to the high cost of repairs in these days may learn many money-saving tricks from this book. And even if economy is not his first thought, there are many things about the house—such as its electrical equipment, the treatment of hardwood floors, the water supply, etc.—that are explained so simply and thoroughly that the puzzled reader will be happy in the possession of the book.

IN THE CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE: MY OWN STORY. By a Burglar. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

Here is a tragical narrative with a happy ending. The author, he tells us,

was unjustly sent to jail when a mere boy and his life thereby directed into channels of crime. His various prison experiences, his share in the "Mark Twain burglary," his sentence of ten years therefor, and his final redemption and resolve to become a useful member of society are described effectively.

NELSON'S NEW DICTIONARY. Prepared by the Nelson Editorial Staff, with an Introduction by John H. Finley, LL.D. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. \$1.

A handy little word-book that will find a useful place on many a desk or typewriter. The print is larger than in most books of the kind, and the definitions are brief but comprehensive.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

PRIVILEGE. By Michael Sadleir. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.

ROMANCE OF FIDDLER'S GREEN (THE). By Clara Endicott Sears. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.75.

RUSTLE OF SILK (THE). By Cosmo Hamilton. Illustrated. Little Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.90.

SALT LAKE. By Pierre Benoit. Translated from the French by Florence and Victor Liona. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.

SNOWDRIFT—A STORY OF THE LAND OF THE STRONG COLD. By James B. Hendryx. G. P. Putnam Sons, New York. \$1.75.

BIOGRAPHY

DAUGHTER OF NAPOLEON (A). Memoirs of Emille de Pellapra, Comtesse de Brigode, Princess de Chimay. Translated by Katherine Miller. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

HUGO MUNSTERBERG. By Margaret Munsterberg. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

SERGEANT YORK AND HIS PEOPLE. By Sam K. Cowan. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$2.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

EUROPE IN CONVALESCENCE. By Alfred E. Zimmern. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

GERMAN CONSTITUTION (THE). By René Brunet. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3.50.

IMMORTAL ITALY. By Edgar A. Mowrer. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

PRINCIPLES OF THE NEW ECONOMICS. By Lionel D. Edie. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.75.

PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By Thames Ross Williamson. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. \$1.60.

RUSSIA IN THE FAR EAST. By Leo Pasvolosky. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.

RUSSIA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY. By Baron Sergius A. Korff. D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.25.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH (A). By Ramsay Muir. The World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York. \$8.

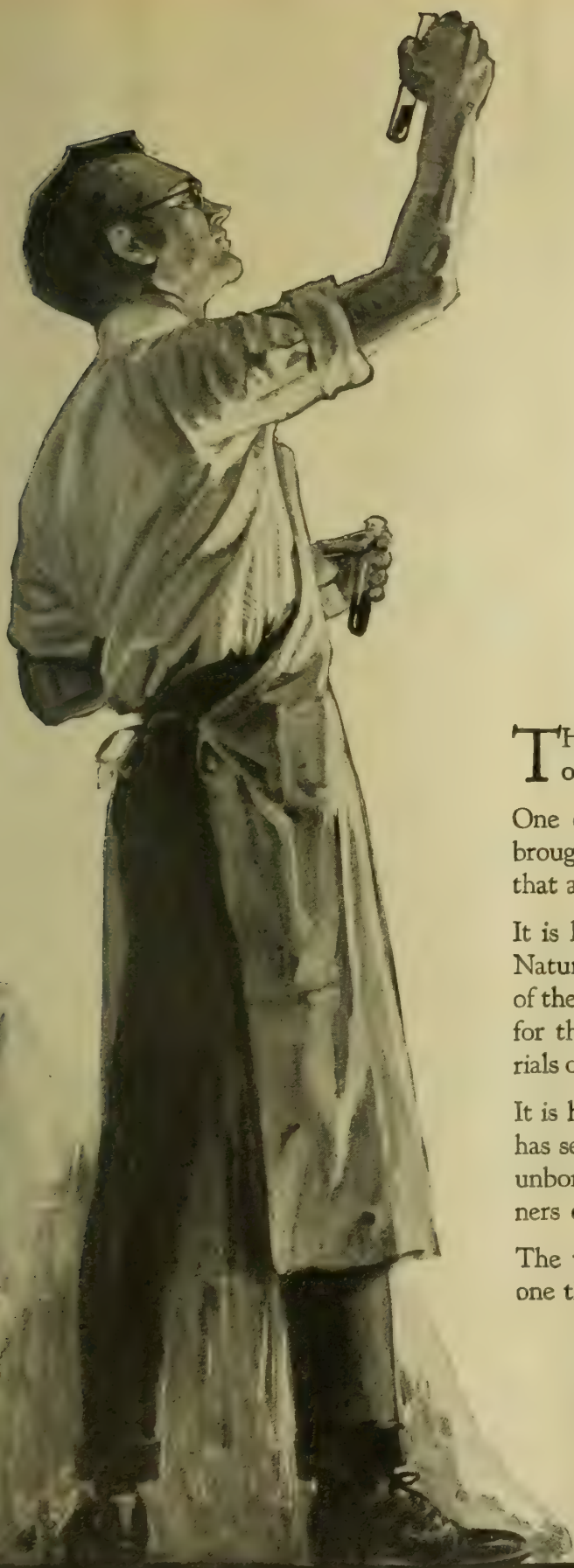
MISCELLANEOUS

POVERTY AND DEPENDENCY. By John Lewis Gillin. The Century Company, New York. \$4.

PSYCHIC LIFE OF INSECTS (THE). By E. L. Bouvier. Translated by L. O. Howard, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. \$3.

SENESCENCE, OR THE LAST HALF OF LIFE. By G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$5.

STORY OF CHAUTAUQUA. By Jesse L. Hurlbut. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.



*"Came Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer, he who snatched from the sun's glowing chariot thrice-precious fire and brought it, hidden in a fennel-stalk, to earth, that men might live like gods in its pleasant warmth."
(Transl. Greek Myth)*

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(Near Boston)

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The ENGLSIDE
Beach Haven, N. J.

NOW OPEN. The best combination of seashore features on the coast. Matchless bay for sailing and fishing, perfect beach and bathing. Five tennis courts. The Engleside has all the modern conveniences, private baths with sea and fresh water. Booklet. R. F. Engle, Mgr. SURE RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER

NEW YORK

Adirondacks Interbrook Lodge and Cottages
Keene Valley, N. Y. Season June 1-October 1. Very heart of highest peaks. Rooms available only for September. Rates \$18 and \$20. Illustrated booklet. M. E. Luck, Prop.

KEENE VALLEY INN. Keene Valley, N. Y. Altitude 1,200 ft. Mtn. climbing, tennis, fishing. Capacity 150. \$18 week up. Illus. booklet. W. W. Black, Prop.

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks 18 Cottages
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

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Golf—Riding—Dancing—Tennis
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Have desirable rooms with table board. Own garden. From July 1 to Sept. 8. Rates on request. Phone Rye 710. L. A. GUYLEE, Mgr.

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Hotel Webster

(Near 5th Avenue)

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ALL SUMMER FISHING

Only Maine Camps in Vermont

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Come to the Green Mountains. Trout, salmon, lakers, aureolas, bass, pickerel. Fly fishing all September. Boating, bathing, tramping, tennis. Five lakes. Miles of streams in unbroken forest. Main camp, twelve cabins. Open fires. A table we are proud of. Boats on all lakes. Good old guides. No mosquitoes nor bad flies. Accessible to New York and Boston by motor or rail. Reliable references near you. 75 miles from White Mountains. Garage. May 1st-Oct. 15th. No hay fever! H. A. QUIMBY, Mgr., Averill, Vt.

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A Quiet Country Home (Now Open). Address G. W. POWERS, Cambridgeport, Vt.

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SAIGENT.

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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 25 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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FLORIDA

Sarasota, Fla. For Rent, Winter Season 1922-23
Attractively furnished cottage facing beautiful Sarasota Bay. 8 rooms, 3 baths, all conveniences. Also furnished apartment, 6 rooms. E. POPE, 1116 Century Bldg., Chicago.

MAINE

FOR SALE OR TO LEASE FOR A TERM OF YEARS. Cottage at Squirrel Island, Maine. Fireplace, enclosed porch, electricity, bath, 5 bedrooms. Faces the sunset over the bay. Maine championship tennis played on the island. Furnished, \$3,500. H. W. HOBBSON, Squirrel Island, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS

Furnished Cottage Ocean Frontage
Ten rooms and bath; boating, etc. Reasonable. R. E. FARRIER, Nantucket, Mass.

Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS

To Let for August At Sagamore Beach, Cape Cod
a new furnished cottage, 7 rooms, 4 sleeping-rooms, all modern conveniences, large piazza. B. M. B., "Rosemead," Sagamore Beach, Mass.

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IDEAL OUTING BUNGALOW FOR RENT

On Metedeconk River, near Bayhead; new, furnished 6-room house; 2-car garage; hot and cold water. Address 6.939, Outlook.

BASS LAKE Bungalows, 3 and 4 furnished rooms; rent by week as desired; 14 hours Lackawanna. D. O. Miller, Blairstown, N. J.

Camping Sites near Spring Lake
Ocean within walking distance. Inquire Southern Tea Room, Sea Girt, N. J.

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Boys' Camp Site for rent. Long lease. Buildings and equipment can be purchased for next season at reasonable price. Exceptionally beautiful and healthful place, large area, near railroad main line. Unusual opportunity. For details apply to 7.945, Outlook.

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A Newly Remodeled Farmhouse, 1 mile from the ocean, in southern Rhode Island. Ten rooms, bathroom, hot and cold water, fireplace, sleeping-porch, verandas, beautiful trees. Pure spring water, trout brook, pond, 120 acres. Barn, garage, poultry-house, icehouse. Desirable for summer home or for entire year. Immediate sale on account of owner's health. Address 7.893, Outlook.

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Summer Home (farmhouse) for sale, plainly furnished in camp style. Southern Vt., elevation 1,700 feet. Beautiful woodland and mountain scenery; bathing brook, abundance of berries; good soil for vegetables; water in house, cool spring near by. Railroad 8 miles, auto bus; village 2 miles; good neighbors. Price \$1,250. Address Mr. R. CALLENDER, 429 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia.

Country Board

WANTED

Elderly people to board and care for. 7.897, Outlook.

Boarders Wanted

Wanted to Board Party of three or four people. Farm, all conveniences. Pleasant surroundings. 7.883, Outlook.

A Few Guests Taken at a quiet ocean resort one mile from Spring Lake. Large rooms and porches; garage on premises. Exceptional meals. Inquire Southern Tea Room, 1721½ Chestnut St., Phila.

Boarders Wanted—Highland Farms. Mile from depot, 4 hours from Boston. Outdoor sleeping. \$9 and \$12 per week. Mrs. Charles Edwards, Chester Depot, Vt. R.D. 1.

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BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED! Any subject immediate reading and report. Dorrance, Publishers, 808 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

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START profitable mail-order business at home. We teach you by successful method. Particulars free. Waltham Company, Mail Order Dept., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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RARE opportunity for woman, capable, educated, with some capital, as associate in high-class girls' boarding school. Handsome home, large grounds, near New York. 1.788, Outlook.

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WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DICTATORS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side.

TEACHERS wanted for public and private schools, colleges, and universities. Education Service, Steger Building, Chicago.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

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EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet C.M.-27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE manager of experience (female) for small restaurant in ideal location in Washington, D. C. Must be very capable, as owner leaves town indefinitely. Only those with definite references need answer. Address 822 Connecticut Ave.

WANTED—Administrative assistant to executive of important public scientific institution in Middle West. Give qualifications, salary expected, career. Apply 1.796, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CHRISTIAN woman of education and refinement, one especially fond of children, will find congenial employment as managing housekeeper in business man's home. Three refined and cheerful motherless children, youngest eight, very much need the influence of such a woman. Begin September 1. References. 1.792, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, for September, experienced teacher, lady, governess, Protestant, not over thirty, for girl eight. Country. Sixty dollars month. Good references. Please send photo. Box 15, Fairville, Chester County, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, hospital training, desires position to care for delicate child or infant. Best references. Box 1112, North Warren, Pa.

Business Situations

CULTURED young woman having knowledge German, Spanish, French, experience in business and foreign travel, desires position private secretary-stenographer to party traveling abroad. References exchanged. 1.782, Outlook.

MATURE gentleman, with boy 8, desires position as housemother in boys' school near New York. Box 312, Hackensack, N. J.

WANTED, by young man, 32, single, with five years' experience, position as farm manager or assistant. Excellent references. 1.787, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE—Capable young woman, publicity experience, successful campaign work, desires interesting high grade position, preferably in Philadelphia or New York. 1,802, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HOUSEKEEPER, middle-aged, experienced, conscientious, good manager, wishes position in small family. Gentlemen. Suburban home, one servant. Reference. 1.783, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers
CONGREGATIONAL pastor, middle-aged, Yale graduate, desires position as companion during August. 1.773, Outlook.

FIRST-class housekeeper, music teacher. Secure now. Give particulars. 1.789, Outlook.
GENTLEWOMAN of refinement and ability desires position—chaperon to one or more motherless girls, or housemother in boys' school. Has traveled extensively. 1.799, Outlook.

CHANGE desired. Housemother, matron, other responsible position. Executive ability. Refined, Protestant. 1.794, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Position, governess or companion. Miss Deans, Essex Center, Vt.
KINDERGARTEN teacher, experienced, wishes school position. September. 1.791, Outlook.

ORIENTALIST, Ph.D., instructor in large university, twelve years' student and teacher of Indian languages, literature, and religions, reading Sanskrit and Pali, speaking Hindustani, author of articles in scientific and popular magazines, desires position that will take him to India. 1.790, Outlook.

BROTHER and sister, experienced teachers, former mathematics and science, latter home economics or housekeeper, desire positions together. 1.795, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send to-day for free copy America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

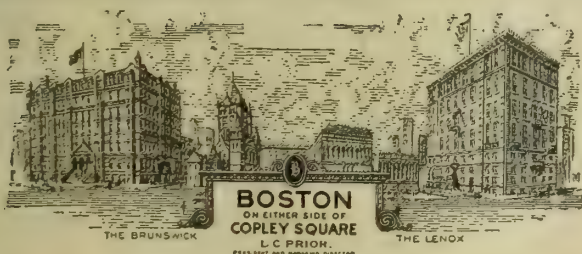
MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

OPPORTUNITY for invalid or convalescent to have luxurious home in country with nursing and medical attendance at moderate rate. 1.776, Outlook.

WANTED—Two normal girls, three to ten, summer cottage, Connecticut hills. References. P. O. Box 182, Hartford, Conn.

GENTLEWOMAN, alone, is seeking an unselfish, old-fashioned, practical woman, 40-50, with common sense, good chin, to share country cottage and expenses. 50 miles from N. Y. Only those fond of quiet country life and animals and looking for permanent home need apply. Address Refined, 1.795, Outlook.

WANTED—A Martin & Martin side saddle, in good condition. 1,801, Outlook.



Two Boston hotels that have contributed greatly to the traditional distinction of the Back Bay.

The LENOX
Boylston St. at Exeter

The BRUNSWICK
Boylston St. at Clarendon

St. John's Riverside Hospital Training School for Nurses

YONKERS, NEW YORK

Registered in New York State. Offers a 2½ years' course—a general training to refined, educated women. Requirements one year high school or its equivalent. Apply to the Directress of Nurses, Yonkers, New York.

THE FACTS TO BE CONSIDERED

Write for a list of vital questions which will help you choose a school

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
598 Fifth Avenue

YOUR WANTS in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank **AND FILL YOUR WANTS.** Address Department of Classified Advertising

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If you are an investor you owe it to yourself to read "Variety and Classes of Railroad Bonds"

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THE WORLD'S FASTEST PASSENGER SERVICE-de-LUXE
By
AQUITANIA BERENGARIA MAURETANIA

Other services—a little less speedy but no less comfortable—by the new SCYTHIA, LACONIA, SAMARIA, CAMERONIA, in co-operation with the renowned CARONIA and CARMANIA.

CUNARD
AND ANCHOR LINES
25 Broadway New York
or Branches and Agencies

to Europe
—there is no better way—



Her God-Speed Gift of Flowers

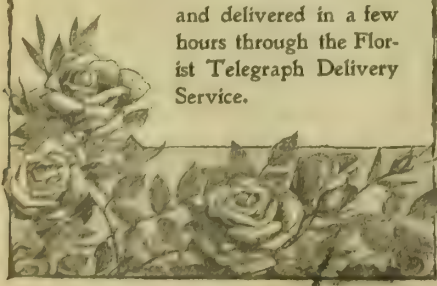
"God-speed" is a word not often used nowadays, but the spirit of its genuine old-time sweetness returns when you "say it with flowers."

How different the journey companioned by the thought that somebody cares. And in life's journey how pleasant the way when garlanded about each stepping-stone of time—our birthdays—are those God-speed remembrances from friends expressed in flowers.

"Say it with Flowers" Your Florist will be

glad to aid in your selections of floral tokens appropriate for every occasion.

Flowers may be telegraphed to any place in the United States or Canada and delivered in a few hours through the Florist Telegraph Delivery Service.



BY THE WAY

ONE of the favorite ways of "seeing New York" is from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. In fair weather this gives an interesting view of the busy Avenue, with its fine stores, its congested traffic, its churches and residences. The outside seats of the bus are therefore nearly always crowded—except in rainy weather, when they are deserted by all but a few hardy sight-seers. A rainy day brings a loss to the bus company of \$1,000 an hour, a daily paper says. On the other hand, the ill wind that brings for the busses a dark rainy afternoon proves a good thing for the subway, whose income thereby gains \$10,000 for the half-day, it is said, from the passengers who might otherwise walk or take the bus or a surface car.

Let the stranger in New York City who by chance becomes oppressed with the vastness, the unfriendliness, or the noise of the metropolis, turn into Twenty-ninth Street at Fifth Avenue and go into the quiet of the Little Church Around the Corner and read the following inscription on a small memorial window. Having read it, he should go away heartened again for plunging into the maelstrom outside:

RICHARD MANSFIELD

One who never turned his back, but
marched breast-forward
Never doubted clouds would break
Never dreamed though Right were
worsted Wrong would triumph
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to
fight better
Sleep to wake.

So pungent are some of the Japanese sayings, the Boston "Transcript" observes, that our equivalents seem flat in comparison. For example, where we say, "Accidents will happen in the best of families," the Japs have it, "Even a monkey will sometimes fall from a tree." "The more haste, the less speed," becomes "If in a hurry, go round." And where we say, "Oil and water will not mix," they say, "You can't rivet a nail in a custard."

"When I was a little girl, five or six years ago," says the twelve-year-old author of a prize letter in the "Nebraska Farmer," "I was told to cook some asparagus while my mother was working in the garden. I called to mother and asked her how much salt to put in it. She answered back, 'Oh, about a level teaspoonful,' but I understood her to say, 'Eleven teaspoonfuls.' I thought that a great amount, but said to myself, Mother must know. Still, I only put nine spoonfuls in. As we began supper I said, 'Mother, I didn't put eleven teaspoonfuls of salt in the asparagus; I only put nine in. I am sorry if I didn't put enough in, but eleven spoonfuls seemed like so many!' 'Eleven teaspoonfuls!' exclaimed mother, and father and mother and brothers had a good laugh on me. Whenever asparagus is mentioned I think of the first time I ever cooked any."

Dwyer's Letters and Views from Strange Cities

In November I ran a little advertisement in The Outlook in which I told of my Personal Weekly Letters from foreign towns, each letter from a different city, each enclosing a view. I offered a free specimen letter to all Outlook readers who would send their names and addresses.

I received scores of letters, and seventy per cent of the inquirers are now subscribers. They are more than subscribers. They are Friends. I think of myself as the Traveling Friend.

These November subscribers have received letters from Cannes, Monte Carlo, San Remo, Genoa, Ajaccio, Calvi, Toulon, Marseilles, Turin, Milan, Lake Como, Verona, Venice, Trieste, the Italian Battlefields, Padua, Thun, Lucerne, Chiasso, Monaco, and other places. They write me splendid letters of thanks telling me how delighted they are with the Letters and Views.

Outlook readers are intelligent searchers after reliable information. My letters contain that information because they are mailed in the city I write about. I am on the spot.

You probably know my work. I am the author of many books and a thousand short stories in leading magazines.

Wouldn't you like a free specimen letter and view? No obligation. A bright chatty letter of people and attractions. Of Monte Carlo and the Casino perhaps? Of lovely Lucerne and the Lake? Of Venice and her thousand Canals?

Write me to the European Forwarding Address:

James Francis Dwyer

37 Boulevard Gambetta, Nice (A-M) France

3 Pounds for \$1.00

Old Home Coffee

Direct from the Importer to you by Prepaid Parcel Post at the wholesale price. A rich, strong, "flavor" coffee in the whole bean—or ground as you want it. Its aroma delightful, taste delicious; a coffee for the connoisseur at a "popular" price. It's a *Real Drink!*

SPECIAL OFFER! Three (3) Full Pounds, with One (1) Pound Old Home Cocoa FREE, Post-paid for \$1.00.

Plantation-to-Consumer Coffee Co., Inc.
Direct Importers and Distributors
101 A Front Street New York City

PERSONAL STATIONERY
\$1 Your name and address fashionably printed on 200 society note sheets and 100 envelopes at only \$1.00, postage paid. Send money order or \$1.00 bill to
MARCELLA'S STATIONERY SHOPPE
506 Fifth Street So., Minneapolis

SPENCERIAN SILVERED STEEL PENS

*Will Not Corrode,
Always Keep Bright*

Samples of *ten* different patterns and finish, sent on receipt of **10 cents**, including a thirty-two-page booklet on handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York

The Outlook

JULY 26, 1922

S

ABNORMALCY

HE may go from his desk or his counter to his home in the suburbs, to dig in his garden or to spend his evening at a movie. He may work in the fields all day and then let down the pasture bars and follow the cows to the barn for milking time. He may take the afternoon off from his office for a session at the baseball game or for a round of golf. He may spend his day in a machine shop and go with his family to an amusement park in the evening. He may be making calls, all day and some of the night, on his patients. Whatever he does, the ordinary citizen finds the routine of one day much like that of another. It is only in the newspapers that he lives in a world of unrest. There he finds himself in the midst of civil war in Ireland, in the conflict of a great coal strike and a railway strike involving hundreds of thousands of men and their families in America, in famine and terror in Russia, in revolution and anarchy in China, in political disorders in Germany, and in the fiasco of an international conference at The Hague. Most of the news of the day he finds disturbing. He is really living two lives—one in his immediate environment, the other in the environment of his imagination.

Even in the midst of the terror of the French Revolution life, according to Carlyle's description, went on much as usual on the other side of the Seine. To-day we in America are really nearer to Ireland and Russia than the people of southern France during the French Revolution were to their compatriots in Paris. For the great majority, physical life to-day is actually more nearly normal than it seems. It is the minds of men that are disturbed more than their bodies. This of itself is a sign of progress. Every one who reads and thinks lives not only in the present but in the future, lives not only in the spot he calls his home but in all parts of the world.

If the world seems restless in these days, it is because it knows more than it ever knew before.

RUSSIAN RELIEF

HERBERT HOOVER, Secretary of Commerce, has rendered an account of the activities of the American Relief Administration in Russia. The record of the achievements of this organization under Mr. Hoover's management is in



Underwood

HUNGRY RUSSIAN WOMEN KNEELING IN GRATITUDE BEFORE AN AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL WHO HAS ARRIVED IN SAMARA WITH AMERICAN CORN

itself a complete answer to those who have charged that America lacked sympathy with suffering Russia because it has refused to recognize the minority Government of that distressed country.

According to Mr. Hoover's report, the Relief Administration "is now reaching all accessible persons whose lives are in jeopardy, and the loss of life directly due to starvation ceased some time since, although almost every one in Russia is hungry. There was considerable loss of life early in the winter, which would have been much abated had the Russian railways been able to transport the large surplus of supplies which the American Relief Administration maintained in Russian ports."

There appear to be supplies enough to carry through until the next harvest, and the surplus then available will be devoted to the further support of destitute children. Apparently a comparatively good harvest is looked for this summer. The famine region, it is expected, will produce three or four times the quantity of food which it did last year—a fact due to the large shipment of seeds. It is good news that the great famine is under control, even though it cannot yet be said that all sources of suffering have been eliminated.

The amount of material shipped to

Russia amounts to a surprising total. Europe sent some 45,000 tons of material having a value of approximately \$5,000,000. The United States Relief Administration has, for its own account and that of other agencies acting through it, shipped supplies amounting to 788,878 tons. The estimated value of these supplies totals more than \$59,000,000.

THE APPARENT FIASCO AT THE HAGUE

BETWEEN the Russian Bolsheviks and the rest of the world there is a great gulf fixed. Lloyd George's attempt to bridge that gulf at Genoa proved futile. Even political engineers, no matter what their ability, when they build bridges must have foundations for their piers; and the shifting sands of Bolshevik infidelity furnish no solid bottom on which to build any trustworthy international relations. This proved to be evident at Genoa. Nevertheless it was provided that experts representing Russia, as well as other European Governments, should meet at The Hague a few weeks later in order to see whether they could plan something that would bridge the gulf.

Of course the new attempt is proving futile, like the other. At the Hague Conference the chief British representative, Sir Philip Lloyd Greame, has ap-

parently reached on behalf of Great Britain a conclusion which virtually reverses the policy advocated by Lloyd George at Genoa. When the French insisted that foreign property rights in Russia be protected and foreign property seized by the Bolsheviks be restored, they encountered an obstacle in Lloyd George himself. Now at The Hague Great Britain has virtually come around to the French view. All the cost in money, energy, and anxiety involved in these two conferences, the one at Genoa and the other at The Hague, seems to be a high price to pay for convincing Lloyd George of the obvious. However, if there was no other way to show the utter unreasonableness of the Bolsheviks, these two conferences may have been worth while.

Whether anything further will come from The Hague is not at all certain as we write. There was every indication by the 15th of the month that the conference there was about to dissolve, although, on second thought, it decided to reassemble in the beginning of the following week.

The Russians under Litvinoff, who is an extreme Bolshevik, assumed at The Hague a very toplofty attitude. They insisted that they could make no agreement concerning the payment of debts, or the restitution of foreign property, or compensation for foreign property seized, until they were assured of receiving credit from the despised capitalistic countries. Naturally, the representatives of the other countries said that they could not agree to extend any credit to Russia until it proved its willingness to pay its debts. That seemed to be the *impasse* against which the delegates at the Hague Conference ran.

Litvinoff, the Russian chief, was not only toplofty but at times jocose. When the other delegates protested against Litvinoff's declaration that it would be impossible to find an impartial chairman for the Joint Commission, and asked him if there were not an impartial man to be found in all the world, Litvinoff replied:

There are two worlds—the Soviet world and the capitalistic world. I am sure neither could supply an impartial chairman. Unfortunately, there is no third world to supply a chairman. There is said to be a third world in the skies, the only one where angels live, but I do not think any of its inhabitants are at The Hague. Certainly we have not met any angels hereabout.

It is hard to take the Bolsheviks seriously except as one has to take seriously fanatics and the insane. Their effrontery would be comical if it were not simply another phase of that dispo-

sition of theirs which has filled Russia with untold and untellable misery.

THE TWO STRIKES

By the middle of the month both the strike of the shopmen on the railways of the country and the strike of the anthracite and bituminous coal miners seemed to be in a condition which might easily be resolved into some kind of compromise or settlement. At the same time not even the President's proposal to the coal miners and operators nor the activities of the Administration in connection with the Railroad Labor Board seemed to have made very definite progress. Early last week there transpired little significant news of any definite action on the part of any of the parties to these strikes; but there were indications that before this issue of The Outlook could reach its readers there might be either some temporary agreement or, in the absence of that, some drastic action on the part of the Government.

It has become increasingly evident as a consequence of the coincidence of the two strikes that the danger of a shortage of coal in New England and in the Northwest has been materially increased. Secretary Davis has pointed out that in the case of the anthracite strike of 1902 the Administration did not interfere until after the strike had been under way for twenty-three weeks. Cold weather was then imminent. The present coal strike has been under way for a shorter time and there are many weeks yet before winter begins. On the other hand, the anthracite strike affected only a part of our coal supply, while these two strikes affect not only the mining but also the transportation of coal for the entire country.

Mr. Helm's correspondence on another page presents a trustworthy report of the coal shortage and its consequences.

SOLVENCY—THE COUNTRY'S FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

SENATOR BORAH has done something which is not often accomplished. He has succeeded in making the question of taxes dramatic.

In his Senate speech of July 6 he translated dollars and cents into human lives. He made Paying-Up Day as vivid a reality as Spending Day. Whether or not we accept Senator Borah's view entire, his speech must be acknowledged to have been notable in character and effect.

Senator Borah began by a summary of the money-spending bills now awaiting the consideration of Congress—bills the passage of which hangs upon the acceptance of the pending tariff legislation.

First on the list comes the Bonus Bill, entailing a total expenditure of from four to six billion dollars. After this comes the Ship Subsidy Bill, which Senator Borah estimated would call for from fifty to one hundred million dollars a year, and which he declared "will exempt some of the people of the country from the payment of a portion of their taxes; which will select a few and give them an opportunity to succeed in the midst of the distress which presses down upon the remainder of the people." Following this is the proposal to create twenty-four new Federal judges, a number which the Senator from Idaho regards as greatly in excess of our present needs. Last of all is the proposal to loan Liberia \$5,000,000, "at a time when the people of the United States are bled white, when they are absolutely without money to initiate enterprises, and when the great reclamation projects of the West are standing as they have stood for the last seven or eight years."

After his summary of proposed American expenditures, Senator Borah took up the financial condition of the European Powers. He quoted approvingly Lord Inchcape's comment upon the British Budget Committee's report: "I suggest to you that the first line of a country's defense, and of the defense of civilized life, is solvency. If a man's expenditure exceeds his income, if he is wise, he reduces his expenditure. If he is foolish, he goes on spending and borrows on his assets, pledging them for his loans, until he can borrow no longer, and then he is ruined. We are at the parting of the ways. We must reduce our expenditure and cease borrowing or we will come to grief. . . . At present we are slithering down an inclined plane of prodigality and indebtedness that will land us, unless we act promptly and resolutely, in the ditch. . . . If this goes on, our whole social and industrial fabric will go to pieces." Senator Borah compared the military budget of France to-day with its budget of 1913, and then added: "Five years after the war has closed, and after our antagonists have been reduced to practical helplessness, and after the signing of the Four-Power Treaty, and after every appearance of peace, they have increased their expenditures from 15,000,000,000 francs to 19,000,000,000 francs for 1923." If Germany has been reduced to practical helplessness and if there is every appearance of peace upon the Continent of Europe, then the Senator's eyesight is very much better than ours.

Of the other European countries Senator Borah said: "Russia is in collapse; famine stalks her streets. In Germany the assassin's face haunts her public

IN SUCH BUSINESS ACTION IS ELOQUENCE

(Coriolanus, Act III, Scene 2)

Enright in the New York World



SOFT MUSIC BY THE SNAKE CHARMER

From Noel B. Van Wagenen, New York City

McCay in the Louisville Herald



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THEY CAN'T RESIST THIS

From H. D. Cornwall, Louisville, Kentucky

Cassel in the Knoxville Sentinel



POLITICAL LOG-ROLLING!

From Mrs. Patterson Milner, Russellville, Tennessee

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



WASTED EFFORT

From Esther Marshall, Columbus, Ohio

men and reparations dull the energy and blast the hopes of the people. Austria, Hungary, Rumania—why recount them, for we must know that bankruptcy is everywhere threatened?"

Such is the situation now confronting the world as Senator Borah sees it. The future he envisages in the following manner: "The time may come, and, in my opinion, it is very likely to come, when the United States will have to stand, as it were, at the Marne on this question of preserving financial civilization. The time may come when our reserves, economic and financial, will have to be called upon as our reserve of man power was called upon in 1917, and it behooves the American people and the American Congress to prepare for that as we prepared for the great conflict which confronted us in 1917."

THE DOOR OF THE TREASURY

FROM the economic evils confronting the world Senator Borah sees the one door of escape. He points out the way to those whose appeal to the country for present help promises to make that help unattainable for them and their children. Senator Borah's message to the veterans of the war is a frank and eloquent effort to tell the unpleasant truth as he sees it to men whose best interests he has deeply at heart.

Prosperity, we assume, is to come, not through individual sacrifice and individual effort, through self-exertion and personal initiative, but through the open door of the public treasury. . . .

I grant you that if this policy is to continue there is no argument by which you can exclude the American soldier from participating in its temporary advantage; but it should also be said that there is no logic by which you can exclude him from its permanent disadvantages. No one is more deeply concerned in getting back to right principles and sound policies than these young men. No one is more vitally interested in the future welfare of the country. The unwisdom of the course we are now pursuing will fall more heavily upon these young men and theirs in coming years than upon those who are now in places of authority. It may be vain in this mad hour of political exigency and reckless appropriations to urge these views, but the inevitable hour will come when the soldier himself will regret, deeply regret, he ever consented to become a part of any such scheme. It may be idle—it may even be thought presumptuous—at this time to speak for a different standard, but I doubt not at all that in later years the soldier himself will rue the heedless hour when he exchanged a noble heritage for less than a mess of pottage. The thing which he gave, and stood ready to give, was without money and without price. The thing which he earned, the glory

which was his, transcends the miserable values of the market. He does not rightfully belong in this futile scheme to rebuild civilization and reconstruct a bankrupt world through subsidies, bonuses, appropriations, taxes, and debts.

Of the war and its aftermath Senator Borah then said:

We were told that this would be the real test of democracy—could a republic devoted to peace stand against the onslaught of centralized and thoroughly trained and highly militarized Powers? We all know the result. The pride and the exultation we experienced over those first encounters of our troops no tongue can tell. They had met the test. They had vindicated our whole theory of government. They had justified our standard of civilization. They had checked and were soon to turn back the armies which had brought three great nations to bay. They had demonstrated that there was something, after all, higher and more masterful than sheer force—than mere organization. Behind the gun was character. Behind the weapons of destruction was unbought, unpurchasable love of country. Such service, sir, is the only security a republic can ever know. Such service spurns the idea of compensation, eludes all estimate, and defies the sordid rules of arithmetic. Let those disposed to do so trifle with the future by attempting to write across this glorious record "adjusted compensation."

But stern as was the task of the American soldier in war and unstinted as was the praise he won, a yet more inexorable obligation and a great opportunity awaited his return to civil life. The course which we are now pursuing will prove in the long run more dangerous to our Government than a foreign foe. A proud, strong nation may suffer a reverse in arms, but time may still find it triumphant. An independent and self-reliant people may be overcome by the fortunes of war, but time fights on their side to final victory. But a nation whose citizenship has been drugged and debauched by subsidies and gratuities and bonuses, who has surrendered to the excesses of a treasury orgy, has taken the road over which no nation has ever yet been able to effect a successful retreat.

The responsibility for the future course of the Nation cannot be dodged by those who hold the power of Government in their hands. Senator Borah's appeal to his own party to heed the warning of the times is one which the Senate will not soon forget.

CHEMICAL WEAPONS OF PEACE AND WAR

GERMANY has won a victory all along the line in Washington. As a consequence, America may find itself in the state of dependence upon Germany very

much like that in which it was before the war.

Everybody ought to know that the dye industry is a source on which a nation may draw most effectively in war. The same industry which provides dyes provides also a great variety of medicines and certain kinds of fertilizer, and can be turned to almost instant use for the manufacture not only of noxious gases but also of high explosives.

For this reason Germany has been carrying on for many years what may legitimately be called a chemical warfare. This is a warfare that has been conducted in peace time as well as in the time of hostilities. Germany has carried on this warfare with skill and force.

In order to gain her ascendancy Germany established what amounted practically to an international monopoly. It is not possible here to detail the methods Germany used in building up this monopoly. The story is told incidentally in Victor Lefebure's book on "The Riddle of the Rhine." It is necessary here only to refer to two of those methods. One was the governmental aid given to the concerns engaged in the chemical industry; the other was the aid given to Germany by American laws.

According to the patent laws of America, Germans could take out patents in this country and let them lie idle, thus insuring themselves against competition from America without establishing any factories in America by which those patents could be used in America. This is what the Germans did with regard to the chemical industry. They were able to do this because Americans were interested in other industries and with easy good nature let the Germans do this chemical work for them.

Then came the war, and we suddenly discovered that we were not only without dyes but we were without adequate means for providing our Army and Navy with modern ammunition. So long as we remained neutral there was nothing for us to do about it; but when we became a belligerent and the Government took in charge the property of enemy aliens we had the opportunity to develop a chemical industry ourselves.

Of course the Government took advantage of all enemy property that could be effectively used in the conduct of the war. This of course is legitimate in international law and morals. There is every reason why the Government should turn against its enemy the instruments which the enemy had created for its use against that nation. There were other patents besides these chemical patents that the United States employed. Among them were patents covering gun sights and the like which the

American Government had used and, we understand, is using. All these patents, together with other property, were taken over by the Alien Property Custodian. Such property, so far as it is the property of private persons, is not subject to confiscation; but it is subject to seizure for use, provided just compensation is made. When the war was over, these patents, together with other property of Germans, remained in the hands of the American Government.

In America in the meantime a chemical industry had arisen which was made possible because Germany was no longer able to prevent it by appealing to her patent laws. Thus, relieved from the competition from Germany and from the patent incubus, the American chemical industry promised to supply American dyes for the American market, and also American fertilizer, American medicinal supplies, and, if need be, American gases and American high explosives for military purposes.

GIVING OUR WEAPONS AWAY

SOME of the German patents were turned over to the American Army, but the German chemical patents were sold for a comparatively small sum to an American corporation organized for the purpose of buying them. This corporation, known as the American Chemical Foundation, is of a quasi-public character and is alleged to be not for the purpose of making profits. A former Alien Property Custodian, Mr. Francis P. Garvan, is its president and, we understand, serves without remuneration. Its purpose is to see that these patents are used for the general interest, and not for the purpose of building up a chemical monopoly in this country. The sale was made under authority from Congress by the President, Mr. Wilson.

Meantime the law which had placed an embargo upon the importation of dyes and similar chemicals from Germany was destined to expire. There was an effort to extend that embargo in order to prevent the underselling of American manufactures by the German chemical trade organization. No tariff, it was argued, could possibly protect an American industry. The German organization, which is a combination of German concerns, would under any tariff law be able to sell at a loss a certain kind of dye greatly under the American cost of production so as to drive the American manufacturer of that dye out of business, then it could take up another dye and drive another manufacturer out of business, meantime getting its profits from dye sales in other parts of the world. Of course all the Germans in this country who are connected with the

German chemical trust and some Americans employed by it or interested in importing chemicals were very much disturbed at the prospect of the establishment of this chemical industry in America. Pressure came upon Congress from German concerns in this country and from very rich interests connected with the German chemical trust. Some Americans without any financial interests have also seemed to be very much disturbed by the proposed embargo. These Americans have held that the American Government had no right to seize these patents and is in honor bound to turn them back to their German owners; that, moreover, an embargo of this sort is carrying the protective idea to a preposterous extreme. Strangely, there are high protectionists who are opposed to this embargo because they say that if we are to have protection we are to have it by tariff charges, and not by prohibiting importation. Thus opposed to this embargo are four different and, in some respects, diverse elements in the American population—the pro-Germans, certain conscientious liberals, all logical anti-protectionists and free-traders, and many extreme high protectionists.

In spite of the opposition, it was expected that Congress would provide for an embargo which would allow for a limited time importation of only such chemicals as were not being produced in this country in sufficient quantity to supply the demand.

Suddenly, however, T. W. Miller, the present Alien Property Custodian, acting upon the express direction of the President, made a demand upon the Chemical Foundation to turn over to the Government the patents, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., it had secured. The President, guided by the Attorney-General, Mr. Daugherty, is apparently of the opinion that the transfer of this property to the Chemical Foundation contravened international obligations or was contrary to the public interest. President Harding's action at once stirred up Congress and was probably the cause for the defeat in the Senate of the embargo provision by the narrow vote of 38-32.

THE NEED FOR NEW PATENT LAWS

IF it is settled that German dyes and chemicals are to be admitted to this country, there is very little chance that the dye industry, at least, will find it possible to prosper here unless some means is taken to prevent the methods of industrial assassination which have been employed by the German chemical trust. And certainly if the German patents are to be turned back to the

German owners there will be a serious handicap placed upon all the chemical industry of America, for some of these patents are basic.

The argument that these patents are private property which the Government has no right to confiscate is not altogether pertinent to the actual situation. In the first place, this property is not purely private property. It is vested with a German governmental interest. Its use for the development of chemical warfare and high explosives puts it out of the category of purely private interest. In the second place, property in patents is not like property in land or goods. It is property which is vested with a public interest in this country, for it is property in a right granted by the Government. Moreover, the seizure of these patents for use is not confiscation. These patents were sold for a sum of money, and that money can be turned over to the former owners of the patents. There are some instances in which property temporarily seized during warfare ought to be restored intact; but there are other instances in which this action cannot or ought not to be taken. In such cases, other things being equal, justice is done by money compensation.

One thing is clear. Congress ought promptly to make such changes in the patent law as to establish at least approximate justice between Americans and foreigners. At present Germans and other foreigners can take out patents in this country and let them lie idle, thus preventing their use in competition with their own manufactures; while Americans, if they want to take out patents, for example, in Germany, have to undertake the manufacture of patented goods in Germany in order to hold the patents intact. This is an unfair arrangement.

Meanwhile all the Germans and the pro-Germans in America are rejoicing at this new victory.

HYDROGRAPHY FROM THE AIR

AN aviator flying over a body of water enjoys, if the atmospheric conditions are favorable, a spectacle not vouchsafed to the seaman navigating the same waters. From his lofty vantage-point he gets a clear view of objects submerged to a depth of thirty or forty feet. This remarkable transparency of the water to the eye of the airman was turned to advantage by the Allied air services during the World War, when German submarines were spotted with great success from airplanes.

Now it appears that the photographic plate, more sensitive than human vision, reveals even more striking vistas of the



AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF MUD FLATS AND CHANNELS NEAR CAPE CHARLES, VA.

All the features shown in the picture are under water
Photographed by Dr. W. T. Lee

submarine world. Thus it is possible to use the camera in making rapid surveys of shoals and channels for the benefit of navigation. M. Volmat, a French hydrographer, has recently made a hydrographic survey of the waters in the vicinity of Brest, one result of which was to disclose a number of dangerous submerged rocks that had not previously been charted. In this country Dr. Willis T. Lee, of the United States Geological Survey, has taken a series of remarkable submarine photographs from the air along the Atlantic coast.

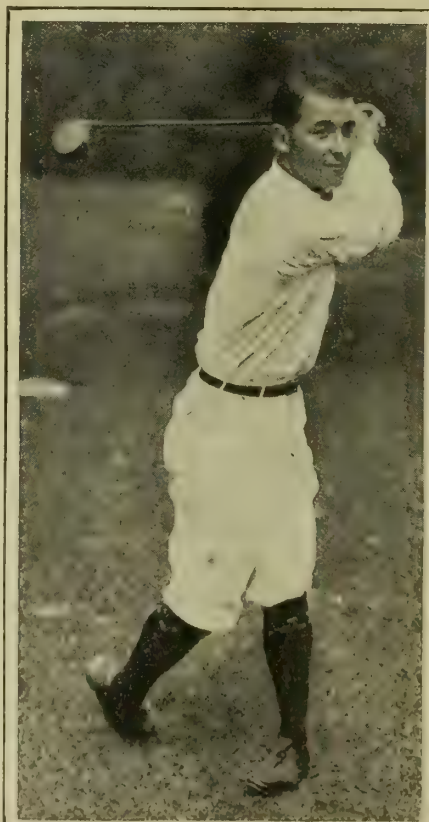
Such pictures are successful only when the water is calm and the air perfectly clear. Moreover, they probably give in some cases an erroneous impression as to relative depths. For these reasons they can never replace the ordinary methods of sounding, but, as an auxiliary process, aerial photography is undoubtedly destined to become a part of the routine practice of hydrographers.

A VICTORY UNEXPECTED BUT DESERVED

HOLDERS of the American and the British open championships of golf went down to defeat before a young American of Italian parentage named Gene Sarazen, a twenty-one-year-old golf professional of the Highland Country Club, in Pittsburgh. The American open championship tournament, played this year at the Skokie Country Club, at Glen-coe, Illinois, which resulted in the unexpected victory of Gene Sarazen, drew perhaps the most remarkable field of players ever assembled upon an American course. Sarazen's victory was well earned.

An amateur, Bobby Jones, of Atlanta, one of the youngest stars of National

prominence, tied for second place with a veteran professional, John L. Black, of Los Angeles. Only a single stroke separated these two players from the National open champion. William Melhorn, a home-bred professional, of Shreveport, Louisiana, was fourth, and Walter Hagen, the American home-bred professional who recently won the British open championship, was forced to be content with the fifth place. The winner



Levick

GENE SARAZEN, THE EX-CADDY WHO WON NATIONAL FAME

of the tournament finished the seventy-two holes with a total score of 288.

A remarkable feature of the tournament was the huge gallery of seven or eight thousand people which followed the leaders around the course. Such a gallery is no help to good playing, for the concentration of mind and muscle required by par golf is not furthered by even friendly applause. According to the newspaper reports of the tournament, many of the players were seriously hampered by the large gallery, which did not always follow the rules which orderly spectators must observe on a golf course. The American public, educated largely in the ethics and customs of professional baseball, may have much to learn before it can accustom itself to the traditions and manners of golf. We seem to have made a most successful adoption of the royal and ancient game of Scotland. We hope that we shall soon have as great a mastery over the atmosphere of this game as we have over its technique.

WHY NOT "LIMITATION OF LEGISLATION"?

THIS harassed old world needs "limitation of legislation" as well as "limitation of armaments." Statutes, laws, and regulations of all sorts make each year confusion worse confounded. It has been asserted that every person in the United States, unwittingly in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, violates every day some Federal, State, or local law or regulation; perhaps the honest judge himself in going from his home to the court-room where he hands down every day his judgments of justice breaks some minor regulation, for which offense a policeman, if he were near by and had studied his book of regulations carefully enough, could place the eminent judge under arrest.

A leading authority on American police administration recently estimated that the average policeman, to enforce the city ordinances, State laws, and Congressional enactments committed in whole or in part to his charge, must have a working knowledge of at least 16,000 statutes. This fact was pointed out in a recent speech in Washington by James A. Emery before the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association.

Why not a Congress some time which would subtract five hundred useless or foolish or annoying laws from the statute-books, instead of adding five hundred laws to those same bulky volumes? Such a Congress might earn recognition as the greatest the world had yet seen.

In one of our State Legislatures a few

years ago an extreme illustration occurred of the desire of a member to have his name attached to some piece of legislation. This particular member was sent to the Legislature from a more or less rural district. He introduced a bill providing that a bounty of five dollars be paid by the State for the hide of every loup-cervier (the Canada lynx or wildcat) killed in the commonwealth. Most of the members did not know what a loup-cervier was, and had to consult a dictionary, or some other member who had beaten them to the dictionary, to find out what this particular animal (popularly known in some places as Lucy Vee) was. The legislator who desired to have his name go down in history as the author of an addition to the laws of the State is said to have traded his vote on practically every other piece of legislation which came up at that session for votes on his pet measure, which was passed. The State pays as much as twenty or thirty dollars some years for the animals killed on which this bill offered a bounty!

If there is one place above all others where there is pride of authorship, it is in the halls of America's State and National capitols; and, as in the field of belles-lettres, there is plenty of plagiarism. Similar bills also are frequently introduced by a half-dozen or more members, each hoping his may be the one which will stick and bear the mark of fame.

The United States "easily holds first place in the manufacture of statutory law," declared Mr. Emery in his speech. "A single Congress," he added, "usually receives some 20,000 bills. Many of the States consider not less than 1,000. During the year 1921 forty-two Legislatures were in session. Judging from past years, Congress and the States annually enact an average of 14,000 statutes. The State and National legislation of a single year recently required more than 40,000 pages of official print."

Certainly, it is time for a Congress on Limitation of Legislation.

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

A CORRESPONDENT asked us recently for some information regarding the nature and activities of the much-discussed National organization that stands behind the Prohibition Amendment. Every now and then one hears the statement made by irritated opponents of the Prohibition Amendment that it was "put over" on an unsuspecting public by a small, bigoted, and despotic body of men called the Anti-Saloon League. As a

matter of fact the Anti-Saloon League of America is not a small oligarchy, but is a large democratic and representative body. If it is controlled by bigots, then many hundreds of thousands of American citizens must rest under that stigma.

The Anti-Saloon League of America is the creation of the Anti-Saloon Leagues of the various States, and came into existence by their action long after State Anti-Saloon Leagues were organized. The numerous State Leagues sprang into being chiefly through the efforts of various Protestant denominational church boards, which are the chief factor in the constituency of the State Leagues. It is the State Leagues which elect representatives to the National Board of Trustees. These Trustees form the governing power and source of authority in the Anti-Saloon League of America. The National Trustees elect National officers, declare the National policies, and adopt the constitution and by-laws of the Anti-Saloon League of America. Thus the organization may be roughly compared to that of the Federal Government, which gets its power and authority from State representation.

As in the case of the Federal Government, there has been a constantly growing authority given to the National officers of the Anti-Saloon League by the constituent State bodies for the purpose of securing efficiency in carrying out National policies. At the last National Convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America, held in the city of Washington, D. C., in December, 1921, the National Board of Trustees by much more than the required two-thirds vote gave additional executive powers to the General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America for the purpose of increasing co-ordination, co-operation, and agreement between the executives of the various State Leagues. The constitution of the Anti-Saloon League of America makes it incumbent upon each State League, which is a component part of the National Association, to carry on its work in harmony with the policies adopted by the National Board of Trustees.

Any intelligent and fair-minded man who is accustomed to studying, comparing, and tabulating the sources and factors of historical progress must come to the conclusion, no matter how wet his sentiments may be, that the Prohibition Amendment was not a sudden and sporadic political move, planned in secret and enacted by surprise, but is the result of steady-growing and concerted action by men and women who compose a majority, and perhaps a very large majority, of the qualified voters of the United States.

GERMAN PAPERS PLEASE COPY

FORTY years ago the city of Elizabeth, New Jersey, was down and out—or, rather, in the Salvation Army phrase, was down but not out. It has just celebrated in a rousing jubilee the extinction of the final bonds which stood for the ancient debt, the last penny of which, principal and interest, has now been paid. In this there lies on a small scale a lesson for some of the great nations which are struggling with financial burdens, and it may particularly suggest to Germany that she spend less time in groaning and protesting and take steps, as little Elizabeth did, to meet her debts fairly and honestly.

The trouble with Elizabeth forty years ago was that she had, as the phrase goes in business, extended herself too much—that is, she had pushed forward streets, sewers, pavements, and so on beyond what was required, much in the boom fashion of the early Western towns. Then came a panic and Elizabeth went bankrupt. She could not meet the interest on her debts; she could not sell ordinary short-term bonds in the market; she could not even pay her policemen.

Fortunately, the ancient town—it was originally Elizabethtown and its waterfront was Elizabethport; now both form the city of Elizabeth—had capable and intelligent financiers among its citizens. They faced the situation bravely, formed a plan for consolidating and amortizing the debt, provided for a long-time bond issue on which this was based, and set valiantly to work to build up the city on reasonable and sensible lines. Needless to say, the result was all that could be hoped; the city grew and prospered, and is now a large, fine, and well-governed place; the interest on the bonds was duly met by taxes, and each year the sinking fund for redeeming the bonds grew. It may almost be said that the city has long been free from the burden of its past bankruptcy; now the last vestige of it has been wiped out. A gigantic structure representing two and a half million dollars' worth of bonds was jubilantly burned, the city Comptroller threw into the fire a facsimile package of the bonds, and there were street dances around the conflagration. Flags, decorations, parades, and speeches added enthusiasm to the celebration.

A city, like a man, need not be out of debt to be happy. In both cases the point is to distribute the burden of the debt so as not to let it bear too heavily at any one time. If a small town could do this, and at the same time increase its prosperity, its population, and its property enormously, why cannot a big nation manage its affairs in the same way?

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH IN THE COAL INDUSTRY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

THE fight is on—a fight to the finish—in the coal fields. Employer and employee are locked in an industrial death grapple. Miner and operator fight grimly with whatever weapons may be seized, each for his economic life. The patient public, whose patronage has reared a two-billion-dollar industry of coal, is either flouted or disregarded. The President's offer to restore peace has been spurned by the miners, accepted by some operators, and rejected by others.

This is the sixteenth week of the strike. Since the beginning of the coal year, April 1, there has been mined less than one per cent of the normal output of anthracite and about one-half of the normal output of bituminous. A shortage of both hard coal and soft coal is assured during the coming winter. Industries are already closing down for lack of fuel, prices have shot skyward and without check past the barrier of the so-called gentlemen's agreement with Secretary Hoover, passenger trains have been discontinued wholesale, and stocks have dropped to below the danger-line.

Anthracite coal has virtually disappeared from the market. There will be none whatever had for weeks, possibly months. A furnace requiring ten tons, for instance, for the winter will have to get along on a maximum of six or seven. That maximum assumes resumption of work at high pressure within the next two or three weeks. The maximum is unlikely, for work probably will not be resumed on that scale, if at all, within that time. The minimum—

It is entirely possible that there will be no anthracite coal whatever available for consumers at the beginning of winter, save the carry-over in the cellars from last spring, plus the dribbles which have been secured from retailers' small stocks, now exhausted, during the summer.

Bituminous mines in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, the Pittsburgh field of Pennsylvania (second largest in the country), and Iowa are one hundred per cent idle, according to the United States Geological Survey, because of the strike. In central Pennsylvania, the largest single field in the world, about one-eighth of the normal production is being mined. Alabama and three fields in Kentucky alone are unaffected. Even in West Virginia, otherwise unaffected, two great fields, each mining millions of tons annually in normal times, are hard hit by the walk-out.

That great section of the United States lying west of the Great Lakes and north of an east-and-west line running through Chicago faces dire extremity next winter. The Northwest fills its bins each year from the mines of western Pennsyl-

vania, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, and other fields within freight-rate distance of Southern lake ports. It has become gospel in the coal trade that the Northwest must obtain its winter fuel while navigation is open on the Great Lakes.

Up to July 9 there had been shipped to the Northwest less than 4,000,000 tons of coal via the Great Lakes. Up to the same time last year nearly 11,000,000 tons had been shipped. A year's supply is about 25,000,000 tons. They must have that coal or freeze. The winters are cold in the Northwest, and the mines of Washington (at present running at about half of normal) and Montana are remote from most of the territory and have not the capacity to supply it in case of extremity.

Two years ago, when temporary shortages and a slow movement threatened the Northwest's fuel supply, the Interstate Commerce Commission by drastic priority orders parceled out coal cars to producers and virtually compelled the shipment of coal to the Northwest, so that that great territory would not freeze. At the time this unheard-of action was taken the Northwest had received more coal than it has this year. Even if the Commission were to attempt now to repeat the programme, there would not be coal to move without depriving other sections needing it as badly.

Make no mistake about this: Because of the lack of coal there will be dire extremity next winter in that thinly settled empire. The State of Minnesota, already alarmed, is clamoring for coal and is the first to sense the coming calamity.

New England is another section which gets most of its coal by water. She has not yet awakened to her peril. There is yet coal at Hampton Roads and at other tide-water piers that she may have, but she has been waiting for developments—and apparently for the price to come down. It will be hard work to supply New England with bituminous from the non-union mines if she begins to order now. Of anthracite of course she may expect none save small shipments from vanishing stocks as long as the present deadlock continues.

Some bituminous coal moves all-rail to New England. Most of this comes from central Pennsylvania. During the week ending July 8, 481 cars, or about 25,000 tons, were sent her in that manner. During the same week of last year she received 2,729 cars, or about 137,000 tons.

West Virginia alone—with the comparatively unimportant exception of restricted output from some Pennsylvania fields—is digging coal available for the Atlantic seaboard and the East. And West Virginia, because of the shopmen's strike, is having unexpected trouble.

Her carriers tapping the non-union fields are beset by labor difficulties and are slowly becoming glutted with traffic. Logan, the banner field, lost twenty per cent of producing capacity during the week ending July 1. Up to that time the volume of coal mined in that field was so large that the money coming in, if equally divided, would have netted \$100 a week for every man and boy on the operators' pay-rolls.

Transportation troubles plague Kentucky fields also. At Madisonville, Kentucky, the headquarters of one non-union field, there were a day or so ago no less than forty-three purchasing agents, each trying to buy coal. Usually the coal operator or sales agent sends his men to the consumer, seeking orders. Now the tables are turned. These forty-three men have come from the consumer to the market. They are bidding fancy prices against each other for coal as yet unmined. Each car that comes from the pit is grabbed up at soaring figures. These men have orders to get coal, and the dollar talks.

The rail strike hit the Chicago coal market a broadside that sent the packers, railways, and manufacturers—all with stocks dangerously low—running to cover. The yards became glutted and conditions grew worse rapidly toward the end of the week. As usual, prices stiffened and then struck out for higher regions at increasing speed.

More than 100 passenger trains on the Wabash and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroads have been taken off because of the coal shortage.

These miscellaneous facts are cited to show that the American public at last has awakened to the gravity of its peril. In the face of the impending calamity the United Mine Workers of America flatly rejected the President's offer that they return to work at their old scale of wages until a fair arbitral body could determine a reasonable, impartial wage. In the face of this public calamity, the President's offer was rejected by the Pittsburgh Coal Producers Association, composed of some of the largest mining concerns in the country; by the Central Coal Association of Pennsylvania, whose tonnage is larger than that of the Pittsburgh crowd; and by the Indiana operators.

Nevertheless coal will be mined. The President's invitation to the operators to return home is being construed in Washington to-night, not as an invitation, but as a command. The bituminous operators are going home, and some of them will try to mine coal.

And then will begin the really critical period of the strike.

Herrin and Wellsburg tell the story of what labor is willing to attempt in defense of what it regards as its rights.

There is not an operator in Washington to-night within the writer's knowledge who does not fear the days to come. They look for bloodshed. They fully anticipate calling for troops, and many of them believe that the troops will be United States Regulars. They are preparing to break the backbone of the strike.

Another West Virginia could do it, but there is none. And, as the writer re-

marked in these columns months ago, West Virginia is at once the hope of the country in this crisis and the despair of union miner and union operator alike. Because of her the union operator of Pittsburgh and Indiana rejected the President's offer. That operator would have little chance, with high wage scales, in competition with non-union coal.

It may be that, under heavy and un-

ceasing guard, union mines will run non-union. If the production of such mines can be brought up to 3,000,000 tons a week, the strike is over. There will be coal for all—at a pinch—who need it for their mills and factories. What is left of the union under such circumstances would have to go to work to keep from starving.

Washington, July 17, 1922.

WALTHER RATHENAU

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM EUROPE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

AT the opening session of the Genoa Conference the German delegates filed in, rotund and rubicund.

I noted among them a thinner, paler man. He looked more like some old portrait of an early Italian poet than like any Teuton. His conical-shaped head was inclined to baldness. His eyes were deep-set and piercing; they gave the impression of one who no longer cherished illusions but who had both precision and independence. His beard was clipped close. He had no German bull-neck. His neck, in fact, his whole body, was slender. He did not lumber along like his brother delegates, but moved with grace and easy assurance. He took a seat next to Chancellor Wirth, I noticed, and frequently engaged him in conversation.

The un-German-looking person was Walther Rathenau, German Minister of Foreign Affairs. His manner of speech, I discovered later, harmonized with his appearance. No rough gutturals. No long-drawn-out sentences where you have to wait for the verbs at the end before you know what the speaker is saying.

As to matter, in distinction to manner, I remember one day when Herr Rathenau was speaking to a number of us journalists at his hotel and when we had the opportunity of talking with him. No whines from him. No sob stories. Even if there was regrettably no direct confession of his country's wrong-doing, there were constantly evident a frank recognition of obligations due, a desire to co-operate and to co-ordinate in self-disciplinary and positive action so as to meet them, and a good will for the rest of the world.

This terse, intelligent talk was emphasized at the closing session of the Conference. I heard notable speeches from Lloyd George, Barthou, Colrat, Facta, Rossi, and Schanzer; from Tchitcherin; and especially from the Swiss ex-President Motta. But the address to elicit the longest and loudest cheering was Rathenau's. Instead of speaking in his own tongue, he addressed his audience in a language understood by all. It was hard to believe him a German, his French was so good. I jotted down the following points, and translate them:

"The world situation will not become

better until certain truths are recognized:

"(1) Every nation's debt is too large in comparison with its revenue. No country can really balance its budget, save America, without whose help European reconstruction is impossible.

"(2) Every creditor has a duty towards his debtor in getting together the means to pay debts.

"(3) World economy cannot be re-established until confidence is. The world is no longer at war, but it is not at peace. The world's mechanism is not functioning; there is unemployment, hunger. Nine-tenths of pre-war wealth remains, but confidence is lacking.

"(4) The force of no one nation is great enough to bring about world reconstruction. We need a universal force. We must make sacrifices. We must give international credits."

Walther Rathenau was the son and successor of Emil Rathenau, the founder of the enormous A. E. G.—the *Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft* (General Electric Company)—in Germany. Walther's splendid intelligence, great cultivation, and organizing talent were his, not only as his father's son, but also by virtue of varied and suggestive environment—for instance, in journeys to Africa in colonial work for the Government, in independent ventures in aluminum in Switzerland, and in the development of his own patents in the electrochemical industry. When only thirty years old, he had already begun to found branches of the A. E. G. at Amsterdam, Baku, Buenos Aires, Manchester, and elsewhere, and in this endeavor saw much of the world.

Eight years ago the elder Rathenau died, and the son took up the furnishing of material to the German army; he became head of the Raw Materials Branch of the German Government. His work was done with great efficiency, as the Entente Powers found to their cost. Some critics have charged him with ultimate responsibility for the wholesale looting in Belgium and northeastern France.

At all events, during and since the war no one among German industrial chiefs has been more eminent than Rathenau. Comparisons between him

and that other great captain of industry, Hugo Stinnes, are of course inevitable. The two men differed in character and in economic views. Rathenau's ideal was his famous "horizontal plan;" it would group together in co-operation, under Government direction, all industries of the same class.

Politically, Rathenau seems to have been about the only German who in 1914 rightly measured the ultimate dangers that menaced his country. A monarch in whose supposed ideals of peace he had sympathized had capitulated to the increasingly powerful military clique. Disillusioned, Rathenau was not slow in showing his disdain for German pretensions. The war was not two years old when he declared: "We have no right to impose our thoughts and sentiments on civilized nations. Whatever their weaknesses, there is one thing we have not yet learned—the will to shoulder our own responsibilities. We are a generation in transition."

Such a sturdy, well-nigh haughty character, surprised neither by Germany's defeat in the war nor by her revolution after the war, was destined to shine as a publicist even more than as an industrialist. He wanted Germany to recover her economic independence. But he wanted her still more to regain her proper place among the nations.

To this moral end Rathenau was one of the first (and certainly the most important among them) boldly to proclaim the necessity of speedy reconciliation with France. And this, if not on moral grounds, then for the sake of Germany's economic interests. Long before he joined the Wirth Cabinet—the best post-war Ministry Germany has had—first as Minister of Reconstruction and then as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Rathenau's was far and away the most powerful German influence towards a better international understanding and comity.

And the patent means, he asserted, was by a sincere and serious effort to carry out the terms of the Versailles Treaty. "We have lost," he added, "and it is the usual and right thing for the loser to pay." From that moment with the Junkers and military party he was a condemned man.

This in general. In particular, his



(C) August Scherl

WALTHER RATHENAU

This autographed picture of Germany's murdered leader came to us from an American friend of Dr. Rathenau, G. H. Watson, who received it from Dr. Rathenau himself a short time before his assassination

was the only really practical attempt made to reconcile German reparation payments with Entente demands—namely, the payment in goods as in money. This arrangement, as German representative, he concluded last sum-

mer in Wiesbaden with M. Loucheur, the French representative.

Rathenau was not blind to the possible consequences to himself of his astute effort. Last August, after the Erzberger murder, he said to M. Loucheur: "I, too, shall be assassinated." He was, falling victim of the 319th German "political crime."

Certainly it was a moral counterweight to conclude a treaty with Bolsheviki. This event, and the man of its signing, justly damaged Rathenau's reputation outside of Germany and Russia.

With far less justice, indeed, his prestige abroad was clouded by his attempts to influence Parliament towards the French and English position and also against further currency inflation. But Parliament is still obsessed by low taxation and high inflation. To show how hard it was for the Wirth-Rathenau Government to gain any headway against such obsession one has but to remember that the Government has been able really to rely only upon the Majority Socialists, the Centrists (Catholics), the Peasant League, and the Hanoverians—228 Deputies; while it has had against it the National People's Party (reactionary Nationalists), the People's Party (Former Liberals—and not too liberal!), the Independent Socialists, and the Communists—223 Deputies.

Whatever his errors of judgment, his excellencies made Walther Rathenau the first German of his day. All well-wishers had hoped for him a long life, not only for the sake of the Republican ideal in Germany, but as well for the sake of international reconciliation. That life, at the age of fifty-six, has been cruelly cut short.

Brigue, Switzerland,
June 26, 1922.

ARE WE GOING HUNGRY?

BY HUGH J. HUGHES

"**N**OW, don't put in a lot of statistics," warned the editor. So, instead of statistics, which are a weariness to the flesh, I'm going to talk to you in figures—plain, every-day, groceryman's figures that you and I can understand and juggle with both hands.

The question before the house is, "Are we going hungry, and, if so, when?"

It is a practical question, and some folks would like to make us believe that they have the answer, and that the answer is, "Soon!" They argue that we are a sizable family of more than one hundred million folks, tolerably high livers, and that we are gaining new relations faster than we are finding new sources of food supply. And I admit that sometimes it does look that way. The family does seem to be growing, and at the rate the lands are wearing

down and filling up the sea bottoms it will be a long while before the continent doubles in size. So you can see, plain as day, that some day or other we are coming to the bottom of the meal sack.

Or are we?

The average man's notion is that this broad land of ours is a humming hive of industry, worked to the limit. That is purely a notion. It is approximately as correct as the idea that every great executive is a whirling dynamo of ceaseless energy, or that every comedian is happy twenty-four hours in the day.

The fields of Japan, from which our Nipponese friends get their daily rice and trimmings, liberally helped out by side-dishes of fish, are about the size of our own State of Connecticut—maybe a little larger, but not bigger than Connecticut and Rhode Island together. And you know Al Paddock?

Well, Al could jump his way across both States, lengthwise, in exactly 5.9 hours, taking out the time between jumps. (Come on and disprove that, you statisticians!)

Which merely goes to show that until we are put to it we don't really know just how much we can do either at jumping or at growing food.

But what we are doing is a fairly simple story. We are keeping a matter of a couple of months or so ahead of the bread line and soup kitchen. And we are not doing so badly, either. Food is rather valueless except as food. After we have grown what we need for ourselves, with a few hundred millions of dollars' worth thrown in for the bugs and the birds, the rest really doesn't matter. Not unless we can sell it or give it away to the betterment of our souls. If we were obliged to, we really

INDEPENDENCE AND INFAMY

CELEBRATING FINLAND'S INDEPENDENCE

Troops drawn up before the Cathedral in Helsingfors at the recent Independence Day exercises to commemorate the national entry into the realm of republics



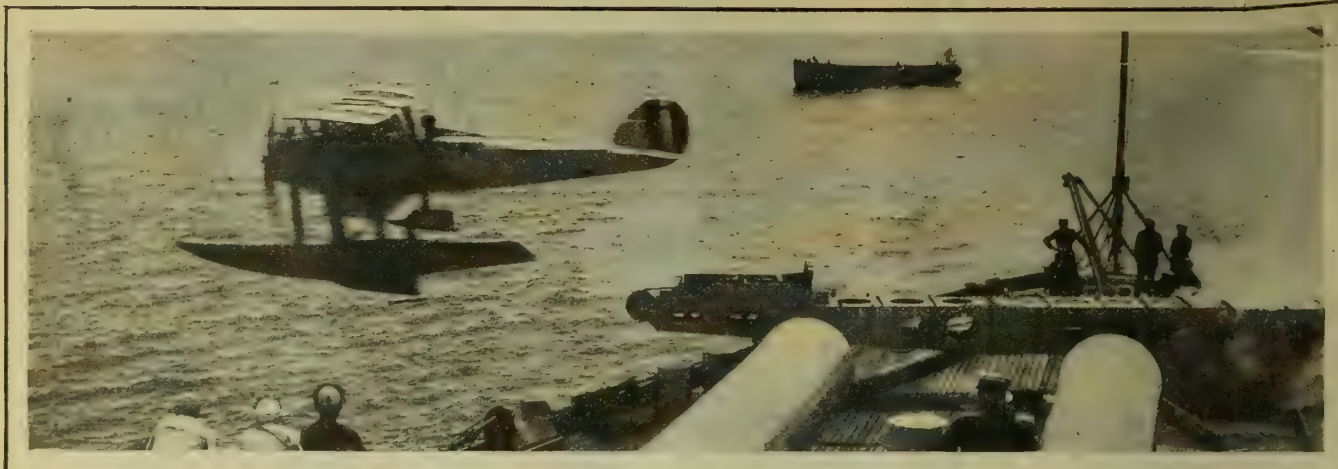
Wide World Photos



Underwood

THE SHATTERED CITY OF AIDIN, SIXTY MILES SOUTH OF SMYRNA

It is said that two thousand victims of Turkish massacres lie beneath its broken walls



U. S. Navy Official

A TURNTABLE CATAPULT ON THE DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP MARYLAND IN THE YEAR 1922. THE PRINCIPLE OF THIS LAUNCHING DEVICE DATES AT LEAST FROM THE DAYS OF DIONYSIUS I, TYRANT OF SYRACUSE

THE ANCIENTS PAY TRIBUTE

BY CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

AVIATION experts of our Navy, in an effort to place aviation where it belongs in the fleet, turned back the pages of history 2,261 years to the time of Dionysius I, Tyrant of Syracuse, and found what they needed—the catapult. Together with the aircraft carrier, the catapult launching device solves the problem of supplying our fleets with aircraft for all purposes. This saves our aeronautical skins, so to speak; while at the same time these developments applied to commercial aviation will have a far-reaching effect on the economic features of that method of transportation.

This is characteristic of mechanical development in the Navy. It was the solution of a naval problem which gave the steel industry to the world, and, in the same way, the Diesel engine, the electric propulsion of monster ships, the machine-tool industry, and the radio wonders of the day with their thousand and one applications to communication and directional use. Now the Navy leaps forward in the development of aeronautics to a point where the practical use of catapults or projecting devices and retarding landing devices permit aircraft to take the air and land in relatively small areas—so small, in fact, that huge landing-fields on the outskirts of cities and towns will be unnecessary for traffic handling alone, although such facilities may be required at terminals for testing, repairing, and for emergency purposes.

This means that almost any flat roof can be made a landing-field. By using catapults and arresting devices we may do away with the loss of time occasioned by traveling to and from landing-fields distant from business centers. Where business men now leave their offices, step into an elevator, and gain the subway running under the building, they may in the future reverse their elevator

trip and go to the roof, there to be whisked away in a waiting airplane without the bother of transferring baggage from office to station or from office to landing-field. The returning business man will alight on the roof of his office building and in less than five minutes be dictating letters at his desk. This is not fanciful; it can be done—and will be tested out shortly in Chicago.

Even skeptics must give way when they learn these facts: That in experimenting with arresting devices on the deck of the aircraft carrier Langley

loaded planes alighting at a speed of sixty miles an hour have been brought to a dead stop in the short distance of forty feet! And this without discomfort to the crew! That with a revolving catapult, similar to deck torpedo tubes in operation and taking up about the same space, large airplanes and hydro-airplanes have been projected into the air at an initial speed of sixty miles an hour without reference to the direction of the ship's head or the wind. And in this case, too, there was no discomfort to the crew.

Now comes Admiral W. A. Moffett, Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, with the statement that United States mails will be crossing the Atlantic Ocean in three days before another six months rolls by. To cut in half transatlantic mail time is now possible, the Admiral declared, its accomplishment merely requiring the installation of catapults for launching airplanes and seaplanes from the decks of the mail steamships.

"I have taken up the matter with the Post Office Department and the Shipping Board," the Admiral said, "and I do not believe that I am overstepping the bounds when I predict that the three-day schedule will be in operation before January 1, 1923.

"See how simple the whole business is," he continued, "when within economical airplane distance from either coast, east or west bound, one or more planes would be launched from a mail steamship, and in five hours the mail carried, say, five hundred miles over the sea would be ready for distribution in New York or London.

"This plan for reducing ocean mail communication to three days is sound," concluded the Admiral, "and our own tests of the catapult prove it to be entirely feasible. It will be a great boon to business the world over, for the cata-



U. S. Navy Official

THE OLD BATTLESHIP ALABAMA IS SHOWN REEKING WITH PHOSPHORUS FROM BOMBS DROPPED BY AIRPLANES

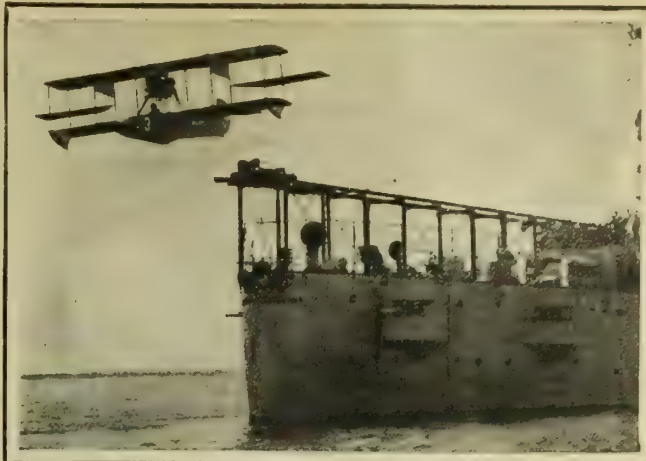
Any battleship, unprotected by its own planes, would be an easy victim to attacks from the air. The modern catapult makes such protection possible



U. S. Navy Official

THIS METHOD OF CARRYING AIRCRAFT TO SEA CAME INTO USE IN 1919

It interfered with the handling of the turret and made it impossible to use important range-finding instruments



U. S. Navy Official

IN 1916 THE NAVY TRIED OUT THESE CATAPULT RAILS ON THE NORTH CAROLINA

This method worked successfully, but had the disadvantage of requiring the ship on which the catapult was installed to turn out of formation to put her planes in the air

pult equipment, the airplanes, and the flying personnel will require only a nominal expenditure when compared with the benefits which are bound to accrue in the speeding up of the delivery of all classes of ocean-going mail."

From a naval standpoint, the catapult has placed us once more ahead of all other navies. This is because we can place aircraft on any ship in the Navy; hence we are not limited with respect to the number of aircraft we may take to sea with our fleets. Before the catapult was perfected we were so limited. By limiting the size and tonnage of our aircraft carriers, the Washington Conference limited our naval air force, although our conferees disclaimed any attempt at limitation of aviation, either naval or military.

It will be noted that our conferees gave us *some* aircraft carriers, while they denied us a single battle-cruiser. This was because it had at last filtered through the skulls of official Washington that a fleet without aviation units always present with it is a fleet unfit for fighting. You can blunder along without battle-cruisers, but you can't go to sea without aircraft. Worse. A fleet without aviation is deaf, dumb, and blind. Supremacy in the air is just as vital to sea power as it was to the Allies on the western front.

Submarines, destroyers, and light cruisers are mere chaff for aircraft to sweep from the seven seas. Many think that this truth dates from the Army-Navy bombing experiments off the Virginia capes last summer. "Look, sailor," some one yelled in my ear, "here's a despatch! The famous U-117 has just been sunk! She went to Davy Jones in seven minutes after the Navy planes dropped four small bombs on her!" But that kind of work was in the day's duty for our naval aviators in the submarine zone during the war. We have men in our naval air service covered with decorations from our allies for sinking U-boats. And they used smaller bombs in those days, and, too, the submarines were manned and armed, not helpless, water-logged craft like the U-117.

But, it may be asked, didn't the Army-Navy bombers off the capes sink ex-German destroyers, and the cruiser Frankfurt, and the battleship Ostfriesland? To be sure they did. Well, then, doesn't that make battleships obsolete? Aren't battleships dead? No. Don't fool yourself. Battleships are not dead. They are more useful than ever. Aircraft have made them so. Aircraft are keeping them alive. Aircraft have taken those immense floating forts and made them into terrible agencies of destruction on a scale never thought possible by the battleship's loudest advocates. But without aircraft along with them they are like huge lumbering prehistoric mastodons crashing aimlessly through a jungle; without aircraft they are useless; worse than that, they are dead—deader than a boiled ham. Thanks to the catapult, they have been given a new lease of life.

You know a monster—the devil fish. An enemy or its prey approaches. There is a sudden and sickening commotion in the water. A dense blinding cloud of inky acidity is forced in all directions by a horrible convulsion of the monster. In that convenient gloom the victim is blind, bewildered, groping. But frightful phosphorus-like orbs are there, and mighty tentacles lash about till they wrap the victim in an embrace of slimy contracting, irresistible coils like muscles lacking shape yet moving under the impulse of malevolent power. Slowly at first those slimy bands compress, then faster and faster they pull and crush until doom and oblivion is the victim's portion.

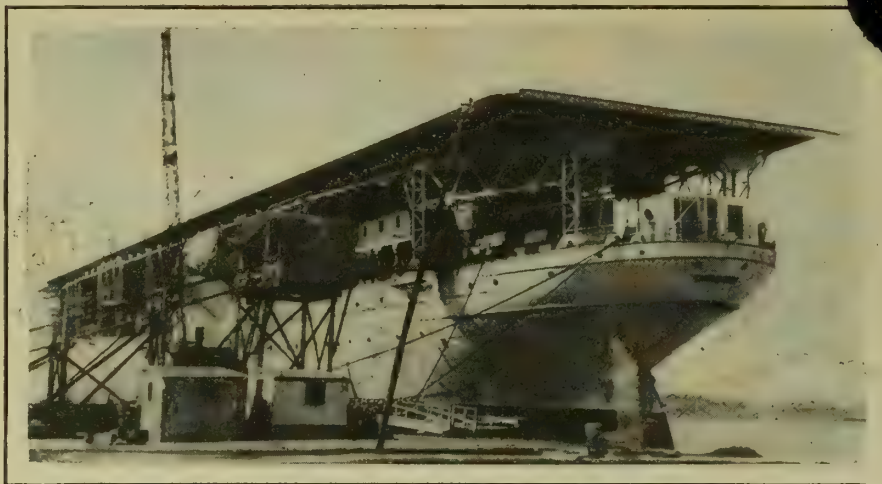
Do not aircraft give a battleship something of this power? Can't you picture it yourself? Night is on the sea. The darkness is uncanny. Not a star, not a ray from the heavens. But ships are there. They move in orderly array. The navigating details at their posts, all other men below. They are merchant ships; they are warships; it makes no difference what they are, they are doomed. For away off there in the darkness are battleships; their guns have a range of thirty-five miles—they may be that far from the unsuspecting victims.

Suddenly those on watch hear a fearful drumming sound followed by a hoarse scream, and a mighty shell falls in the midst of the formation. Two or three more shells come at short intervals. Then the very heavens fall in a crash of sound, and terrific explosions follow so closely that it would seem that the ocean bed had blown up in volcanic wrath. A half-hour of pandemonium, and the face of the waters is again calm, the darkness settles on the sea as before. But no ships are there. They have vanished. The battleships have done their work.

That is the way it is done. Battleships can now shoot over the horizon and far beyond, they can use their guns to the limit of their range. It may be that those on the battleships never see their victims. It is not necessary. The catapult has given them aircraft, and aircraft are animated periscopes; they reach for miles in the air; they cover immense areas in a fraction of time; they direct gunfire, they give the range, the elevation, and they correct the mistakes. They can do it at night—helped by radio. That's what makes battleships so terrible; aviation gives them tentacles, searches out their prey despite the darkness, makes them twice as destructive as before. No, friends, with aviation battleships are thrice armed; battleships are not dead yet.

Armies in the field will find the catapult and arresting device two of the most important pieces of equipment in the whole gamut of military aeronautics. Portable catapults and arresting platforms in movable sections will permit the use of aircraft with an army, no matter what the terrain. With such apparatus an air force can keep its place at the front with all the other mechanical impedimenta of modern armies. No longer will airdromes be required at great distances behind the lines. Repair shops and storage plants of course must be in the rear, but the fighting force will be along the front, ready at a moment's notice to take the air.

It will be readily seen that these two devices for launching and arresting



U. S. Navy Official
THIS ENORMOUS FLYING DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER LANGLEY IS A FLOATING LANDING-FIELD OR AIRDROME AND PERMITS TAKING OFF AND ALIGHTING BY ALL CLASSES OF PLANES

planes will greatly facilitate the use of radio control of airplanes and seaplanes either from ships, the land, or mother airships carrying planes. In fact, mechanical projection and retardation upon alighting have heretofore held up the development of radio-controlled aircraft of the heavier-than-air types; the new landing-deck and catapult have removed the restricting difficulties.

Historically, the story of the development of these two pieces of epoch-making apparatus is sufficiently important to find a place in one's aeronautical scrap-book. Mechanical flight was given to the world on December 17, 1903, by the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, when a primitive airplane held the air for a short time and covered a short distance. This airplane had no wheeled under-carriage, but relied on skids for keeping its wings and body off the ground. To take off a mechanical device was necessary, so the Wrights solved the difficulty by using a launching rail on which the skids could be shot ahead by a rope attachment to a weight in a pylon, the fall of the weight furnishing the power required.

Dr. Langley, who nearly won the laurels which came to the Wright brothers, when he tried out his flying-machine on October 7, 1903, used a form of launching rail with power supplied by a spring in addition to the thrust of the propellers. This trial took place from the top of a houseboat at anchor on the Potomac River. It may be that these instances foretold the naval use of the catapult, but they really portray the primitive landing gear of the first heavier-than-air machines, and the use of mechanical aids for taking off were abandoned with the improvement of the flying-machines themselves.

So rapid was the development of aircraft, and so obviously was it adapted to naval use, that only seven years later, on November 14, 1910, we find a civilian aviator, Eugene Ely, making the first flight ever made from the deck of a ship. He took off from the deck of the U. S. S. Birmingham in a Curtiss land-type biplane. The value of this experiment

was greatly increased when Mr. Ely, scorning the intended use of a temporary platform which had been placed upon the fore part of the ship to facilitate the getaway when the ship should be headed into the wind, made his flight while the vessel was at anchor.

Two months later, on January 18, 1911, Mr. Ely reversed his performance by landing an airplane on the deck of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, the next day adding to his fame by flying the same plane from the deck on which he had landed. These were fundamental performances, inasmuch as they presaged the present-day aircraft carrier.

In February, 1911, Mr. Glenn Curtiss flew from the waters of San Diego Harbor, landed alongside the Pennsylvania, and his seaplane was hoisted aboard the ship. The same plane was later hoisted out, and Mr. Curtiss flew it back to the starting-point. This was also a fundamental performance, for aircraft carriers and all other types of surface vessels are provided with cranes for hoisting on board the aircraft which they carry. This is an absolute necessity in the case of catapult-equipped craft.

Following the Ely-Curtiss experiments in 1911, Captain Washington I. Chambers, U. S. N., then in charge of naval aviation affairs, conceived the idea of using the catapult for projecting planes from the decks of ships. Although the catapult, according to history, as a military weapon dates from Dionysius I and his siege of Carthage, its use in aviation dates from November 12, 1912, when Lieutenant T. G. Ellyson, U. S. N., in a Curtiss seaplane made the first flight from a catapult on a ship.

This first catapult was extremely experimental, but so were airplanes and seaplanes in those early days. Improved designs of aircraft caused improvements in the catapults; a second apparatus, based upon the first, was installed upon the stern of the armored cruiser North Carolina in 1915, and successful flights were made by Captain H. C. Mustin, U. S. N. This catapult proved so reliable and efficient that similar types were installed upon the armored cruis-

veloped by the British, the aircraft carrier, a specialized ship having a large landing-deck and facilities for repairing and storing large numbers of planes of all the necessary types for naval use. Taking the cue from the carrier, taking-off platforms were installed upon the turrets of battleships for the use of spotting and fighting planes. Then came the limitation of such devices by the adoption of the director-firing system. Battleships could not turn out of column for a favorable wind direction launching a plane, and the plane platform interfered with the function of the turret. Back we went to the carrier.

Then the "5-5-3-1.75" Treaty limited the number and size of our aircraft carriers, and we were obliged to turn catapults again for the solution of the problem of taking aviation to sea with the fleets. Hence the turntable catapult. For this new apparatus is a bridge-like structure mounted on a revolving base upon which there is a car to carry the plane, the car being propelled by compressed air. The old type of catapult employed a compressed-air car, but this car was propelled along a fixed track of some length. This necessitated the turning of the ship during launching practice in order to launch the plane directly into the relative wind. Inasmuch as battleships cannot turn out of formation or head all over the ocean in the presence of the enemy without disregarding tactical advantages, the old type of catapult would not do. The new type, however, solves all those tactical problems and, in addition, gives the plane a launching velocity in excess of its lowest flying speed, which assures that at the end of the run when the plane is released it will be lifted into the air on its flight at the same time the release is accomplished so perfectly that the pilot's senses are completely alert, so that he takes control at the proper instant the plane reaches the end of the run and is projected from the car.

The Bureau of Aeronautics is installing these new catapults on all our battleships and is contracting for plane and catapults of various sizes in order to put aircraft on all classes of naval vessels of the combatant type. In addition, Admiral Moffett advocates putting aircraft on merchant ships as a means of protection against raiders in time of war, and of course to facilitate the transportation of the mails in time of peace. It also follows that passengers on ocean going ships may save time en route by utilizing planes launched from catapults within flight distance from the shore. Altogether, the catapult is a remarkable adjunct to the practical use of aviation, and, used in conjunction with the landing-deck, opens up a field not hitherto thought possible, namely, the arrival and departure of aircraft from city buildings.

applied only in one out of every five

is only one way of making the death an active and real deterrent against the commission of murder—that is, by having the death penalty inflexible and inexorably imposed in every murder case. Such a penalty is not desirable. And where first-degree murder is shown to have a strong leaning, the natural aversion to taking another man's life that exists in the normal human being, to convict and charge. This is also emphasized by the fact that in States that have abolished the death penalty first-degree murder convictions have immediately become easier to obtain.

It is only certainty and unflinching application of punishment that will act as a restraint against crime. The prospect of just a few years' imprisonment under the deceptive guise of a life sentence will not do it where society is dealing with characters to whom human life means nothing. A life sentence, if it is to mean anything, must be made to mean a good deal more than a prison term.

It is frequently urged by prison authorities that the imposition of a life sentence in its literal sense would deprive the prisoner of the one thing that counts to him up, and that must be the prospect of all effort at reformation—hope. For that reason, they declare, a life sentence meaning that to the prisoner it makes him uncontrollable, drive him to insanity, convert him into a beast in prison form.

It is wholly agree with that view, but under that, in the main, a problem of management that can and will be solved.

I have good reason to believe that there are instances where genuine reformation is possible even in the cases of men who have taken life. But such cases do not warrant the release of men from the penitentiary after a few years. Society's duty to it is to make punishment severe to make it exemplary, and, secondly, to make the length of the sentence a guaranty of the genuineness of reformation, if it is evident that the life sentence under unfavorable circumstances be not less than, say, twenty years, of course innocence be shown. If conditions are not so favorable, the sentence should mean a life sentence, less, and no governor or authority should have power to pardon or parole in such cases, especially where the prisoner is

out the moral right of society to execute? That aspect of capital punishment has often been discussed, usually been made the basis of its abolition. It has also as often been condemned as false, foolish, sentimental. But if capital punishment fails as a deterrent of crime, it has lost its pur-

pose in a practical way, then its continuation must be justified upon some sound moral ground.

The most commonly urged justification is the Mosaic principle or law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." But, even assuming that the "eye for an eye" principle in taking life can logically be adopted for the sort of offenses we choose, ignoring it as to others, its application and justification must rest entirely on the basis of revenge—a basis of action that would be difficult to reconcile with the enlightened spirit of modern civilization, and with the basic principle of the world's preponderant religious influence, which is the very antithesis of the spirit of revenge.

One of the strongest points against capital punishment is the natural revulsion of feeling of man individually when a life is taken—even where the State acts as executioner. The human conscience rebels at the thought of life being taken under such circumstances as well as under any other.

ONE or two States, recognizing the danger of a mistake connected with convictions on circumstantial evidence, have definitely barred the death penalty in capital cases where the evidence is of a purely circumstantial nature. Yet even such a safeguard does not go far enough, because of the possibility that the most convincing kind of direct evidence may be trumped up by the witness.

In an address before the Governors' Conference in Boston in 1916 Governor Edward F. Dunne, of Illinois, said:

In 1901 there was convicted of murder in the city of Chicago one Synon; he was condemned to die. His case was appealed to the Supreme Court, which reversed the lower court because of objectionable remarks by the trial judge while the accused was on the witness stand. Synon's second trial was held in the court over which I had at that time the honor to preside. He was acquitted after many reputable witnesses had testified that he was four miles from the scene of the crime when it was committed. The man was saved by a few harsh and prejudicial words of the judge before whom he was first tried; and thus errors, upon which he was able to appeal, became the means through which it was possible for him to establish his innocence. Only those words in which the Court had committed error in uttering stood between him and the cruel tragedy of which my State would have been guilty.

Several years ago two youths were sentenced to death in Pennsylvania. One of them secured a new trial and was acquitted.

The case of a man named Stielow, who is declared to have been three times close to the electric chair, once within less than an hour, only to be finally saved by the confession by another to the murder of which he was accused, has been a sad example of the

One case, involving only life imprisonment, however, was taken to the United States Supreme Court on the admissibility as evidence of a confession of an Indian before his death to the murder of another Indian for which one Donnelly was convicted. Under the rule of law, such evidence was declared inadmissible and Donnelly's guilt upheld. The decision from which Justice Hughes, now Secretary of State, and Justice Holmes and Lurton, however, dissented.

There are many other cases on record where innocent persons were saved from the death penalty by fortuitous circumstances, likewise where it is certain that innocent persons have been executed.

Undoubtedly, the chances of such innocence being shown are infinitely greater when the man who is charged with crime is still alive and where his freedom is the stimulus of his and his friends' efforts at exoneration than where death has rendered such efforts futile.

It was Lafayette who said: "I shall ask for the abolition of the penalty of death until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me. When the law has once spoken, no protestations of guiltlessness are sufficient to interfere with its operation. It is true that the governor has the power to pardon and commute, but he consistently set up his judgment against that of twelve men without substantiating evidence of innocence or strongly mitigating circumstances, and that evidence may come too late.

Through the manner in which executions are carried out the citizen is made to feel that a relentless power is utterly apart from and without regard to what is exacting a human life. Yet the citizen bears full responsibility for the act as much as if he himself personally set in motion the mechanical operation which effects the death penalty. Suppose, instead of asking public servants to carry out executions, the task were required to be performed by an individual citizen picked in the same way that jurors are selected—and none could be fairer. Capital punishment would cease to exist as soon as such a plan was sought to be enforced. If capital punishment is essentially a fundamentally right, why should citizens shrink from such a task, when, for example, no citizen will hesitate to take a life in protection of his person, his property and family?

THE greatest power in all creation is the power over life and death. In dealing with murderers we are dealing with persons who have attempted to arrogate to themselves this divine power for revenge, for unlawful enrichment from some one else's property. Can it be fairly said that a man who has been executed has been denied the right to life?

wealth takes unto itself is delegated to the discretion of an individual—the governor; the official representative of the public, to be sure, but still an individual. I contend that no single human being, or even a small group of human beings, should have vested in him or them such an unqualified and sweeping power, for virtually it becomes his or their individual responsibility. And that is an unthinkable condition.

I am a strong believer that even the Chief Executive's authority to grant freedom to prisoners should be radically restricted, especially in the case of life prisoners, so as to obtain only in cases where clear proof of innocence is produced or in the event of mortal sickness. For unwise and indiscriminate use of the pardon and parole power is one of the really serious elements contributing to crime conditions. For one thing, if the criminal is made to realize that this one avenue of possible evasion of the consequences of his crime is completely closed to him it is bound to contribute as a deterrent influence—an influence that will be further increased as defects in our processes and plan of criminal justice are corrected, so that a dead certainty of his punishment will be impressed upon the person planning a crime.

It will also tend definitely to cope with the repeater—the man who commits one crime, is paroled or pardoned, and thereby is encouraged to new, frequently more severe, offenses.

THE case of one of the life prisoners in the Ohio State penitentiary at this time is in point. After having been arrested seven times for various offenses and allowed to escape with either a fine or a short workhouse sentence in one instance, or with no punishment at all, he was finally convicted and sent to the reformatory for life for burglarizing an inhabited dwelling in the night season. Less than three years later he was paroled. A short time after he was re-arrested, following several new crimes, and returned to the institution. Within a year and a half he was again paroled. Less than two months after he was again arrested, but the case was not pressed. After another crime, he was sent back to the reformatory for the third time. And again he was paroled. Another crime with a penitentiary term, from which he was released in less than two years, came next. Then followed a long series of the most severe crimes, including two murders, for one of which he is now serving a life sentence.

A life sentence is really a misnomer in Ohio, as it is in most other places. In the first place, the Governor may parol a life prisoner at any time at his discretion. Then, under the Ohio laws, a life prisoner becomes eligible to be paroled after ten years. This means just

of the last-described type is not safe to be again set at liberty at any time. However, there is a possibility that some life prisoners whose records are less reprehensible may be reformed, and for that reason a time when they may become eligible to parole should be fixed, but, in the interest of society and the protective influence as a crime restraint of such a policy, there should be a definite bar against the release of any such prisoners on any ground, except proof of innocence or because they are dying, prior to at least twenty years' imprisonment.

I have in mind several life prisoners at the penitentiary—trusties who have served varying periods, and whose exemplary conduct allows them a measure of freedom denied to others, model prisoners in every way—who committed unpremeditated murders, usually while crazed with liquor, as the first offense against the law in their lives. Yet in its substantial effect their life sentences are not a whit different from that of the confirmed criminal whom the jury's recommendation of mercy barely saved from the electric chair.

That is hardly such comparative justice as will tend to instill a salutary fear of punishment in the person contemplating a crime.

It is in a correction of such conditions as these rather than in capital punishment that the solution of our criminal problem lies. I believe that the public is gradually awaking to this fact; that the death penalty is serving no good purpose (except dispensing with the necessity of feeding, housing, and providing work for the prisoner) which cannot be accomplished with much better effect in the interest of society by imprisonment; and that the public's will to abolish executions will be expressed in many States before many more years, I feel assured.

This growing attitude is indicated by many signs. Thus some States, like Idaho, while retaining the capital punishment idea, have made it practically a dead letter and have not applied it in years. In Nebraska Governor Samuel A. McKelvie in his last Message to the State Legislature urged the abolition of the death penalty, and also action to prevent the Governor or any one else but the Court to alter a sentence. In New Jersey, though the death penalty continues, one of the serious defects in the present system has been recognized. There, so Burdette G. Lewis, the noted prison authority who directs that State's institutional work, has advised me, a law has been passed "which makes life imprisonment near life imprisonment and not a period of years. There is therefore no minimum term for life imprisonment. A Court of Pardons, consisting of the Judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals, the Chancellor, and the Governor, has full power to parole any convicted prisoner at any time after his conviction."

Mr. Lewis also urges a centering of "the modern attack upon the failure of the courts to convict murderers." "This," he says, "is one of the very serious problems before the country." On this point Governor T. A. O. Preus, of Minnesota, where capital punishment was abolished in 1911, says there has neither been any great increase or decrease in homicides since then, but that "it seems to be a little easier to get convictions."

Colorado is one of the States where both capital punishment and elimination of the death penalty have been tried. Governor Oliver L. Shoup, of that State, is in complete accord with the statement of Thomas J. Tynan, warden of the Colorado State penitentiary, who says:

While we have capital punishment on the statute-books, and while it is enforced in extreme cases, yet I have never been able to see where it has done any good. On the other hand, many men who have been sent to this institution under death sentence and who have been commuted to life, have made great progress, and, in fact, some who have been liberated on parole have become very useful citizens.

Personally, I am against capital punishment from every standpoint.

Governor Emmet D. Boyle, of Nevada, where there has been only one execution in twelve years, is "disinclined to believe that capital punishment is of any particular value."

Governor Warren T. McCray, of Indiana, has also expressed himself to me as not very friendly to the capital punishment idea, but, inasmuch as the laws are on the statute-books, he deems it his duty to carry out the decrees of the courts. That has been exactly my position in Ohio. Since the beginning of my term of office, a year ago last January, twenty-six murderers have been condemned to death. As long as capital punishment is the law of the State, necessarily it is my duty to enforce it, and I have not granted a single commutation of sentence. Nineteen men have therefore been executed in that time and seven more are now in the death house awaiting electrocution.

It is hardly necessary to say that governors in connection with these cases are compelled to steel themselves against the most pathetic pleas that touch the heartstrings of human emotions—pleas of fine old ladies going on their knees to implore for the life of those they bore and nursed and reared through boyhood, and who to them are still boys incapable of wrong-doing, of wives and children—all innocents—who must suffer with those whom their son, or husband, or father, has deprived of a son, husband, or father.

Scenes of this kind cannot fail to convince a man that no human being is sufficiently free himself from sin or error to exercise the supreme power of life and death.

GOLD IS DEAD

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

OF all the unforeseen happenings we have lived through during these last ten years, the least expected perhaps is this one—gold has disappeared! There is no more gold in the world, or so it seems.

Once upon a time gold was one of the splendid things of life, a lesser brother of the sun. It glittered on statues and furnishings, on pictures and books, tables and altars, on uniforms and bridal clothes, on the heads of kings, and about the brows of saints; it caressed the necks of women and encircled the arms of men. The most gorgeous ornament in the world, it was at the same time the faithful minister of Riches, the only one she trusted as she did herself, convinced that he would never betray her, as, alas! the fruits of the earth, the sea's promises, the words of men, and the laws so often did.

But about a century ago gold began very gradually to change its ways. Like a converted sinner, it became austere in demeanor. It took a dislike to idleness, to luxury, and to a society which for so many centuries had worshiped it. It vanished from furniture and weapons, from the tables of the rich, and from all the objects man uses daily; it withdrew even from kingdoms and the Church. Henceforth it would serve neither God nor the king. It would serve only the interests of men. Thus it became the eternal wanderer of gain, forever straying through the world, living, like a Bedouin in his tents, in the modest and easily removable purses of men.

The generations of to-day have seen and known it only as the unchanging and incorruptible measure of wealth. But even in this guise they had up to the year 1914 seen and recognized an infinite number of gold coins, indefatigably passing from hand to hand. To-day this is so no more. Gold has disappeared from almost the whole world even in the form of money.

Mediæval legends tell of queens who abandoned the splendors of their courts to wear the rough garments of a nun in some solitary convent. One might say

that the proudest queen of our times, Wealth, has also endeavored at a stroke to surpass the queens of ancient times in humility, as though, suddenly remembering that she too, like other human things, was dust, she no longer desired to have as her symbol an indestructible and incorruptible metal, but chose a frail substance, the most perishable and meanest of materials—paper, a thing made of waste refuse.

Gold still dangles from women's ears and winds about their necks and wrists and fingers. It still shows itself timidly, almost shamefacedly, in the minute trifles of men's dress, and takes refuge—its last hiding-place—in the cavities of decaying teeth. But henceforth even wealth, that supreme achievement of our times, recognizes its image more clearly in the glaucous decay of papyrus than in the eternal effulgence of gold. The world no longer wishes to be resplendent.

Have times, then, changed to simplicity? Have we at last given heed to the sages and saints who for more than two thousand years have been denouncing gold as the tempter and perverter of mankind? Is the world, then, preparing to purify itself of its inveterate vices—cupidity, sensuality, extravagance? Have men extinguished in their hearts *l'auri sacrafames*, which to the Latin poet was the source of all evil?

Nothing of the sort. Gold was never so abundant as at present, when it is never seen. Men were once content to wash the sands of streams in patient search for the grains of gold the river waters had brought down from the mountain; they spent years watching for these scarcely perceptible particles of immense treasure hidden in the depths of the earth. To-day man, digging shafts and tunnels by the hundred thousand, has finally reached the subterranean cave where gold has lain sleeping from the beginning of the ages,

and, having captured the sleeper, has wakened him.

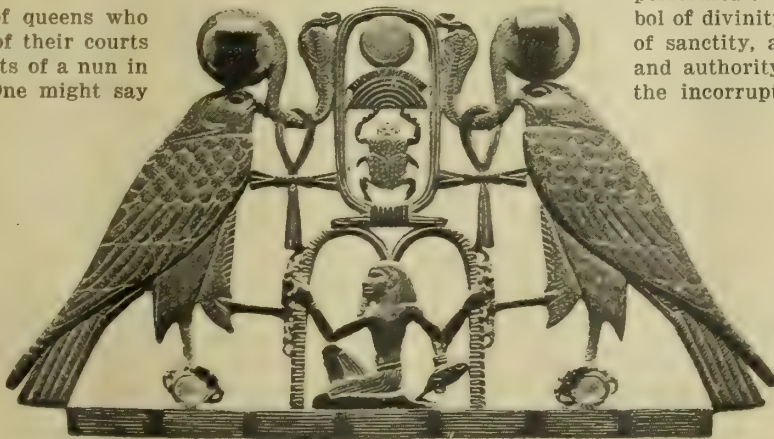
During the four years of the World War more gold was mined than in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries together. But a strange fate has overtaken this precious metal made in the image of the sun—that of passing from one obscurity to another. Man descends through many perils to seek it where it is hiding in the dim caverns of the earth; with unmeasured labor he bears it out to the light of the sun; but there he buries it again in new caverns that he has constructed with infinite art. Again no one can see it. The lesser brother of the sun is doomed to eternal darkness.

When there was little of it, gold shone everywhere; now that there is an abundance of it, it hides as though afraid of men and light. The metal which, as the ancient poet said, "shines like the flame" seems to want to join the night-prowling animals that flee every morning at the sun's first beam.

How has this strange metamorphosis come about? How account for it? And what does it mean? Among the strange contradictions by which the modern world is torn, this is one of those for which we must seek some explanation unless we would live as though blind and deaf. The disappearance of gold—or rather its death, for it is no less than dead—is the last act of one of the great dramas of the human spirit.

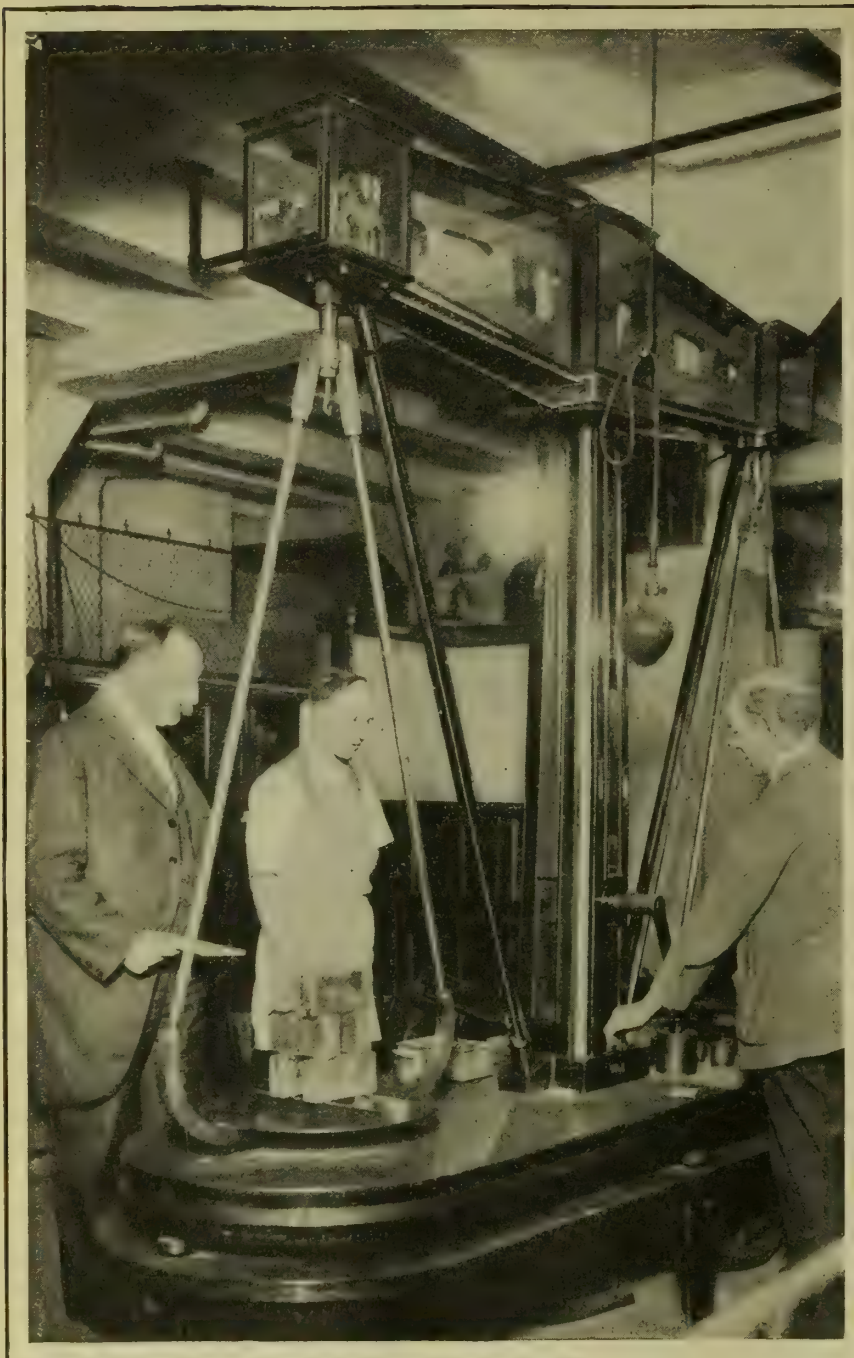
Gold has but one virtue. It does not feed nor warm nor protect from heat and cold; it offers no succor to man struggling with the multiplicity of human ills; it satisfies none of the imperious needs of human nature. But it shines, it glows, it dazzles, like the flame. It delights and excites like all glittering things. It is a flame that never goes out and never needs to be lit again.

And that is why for many centuries it performed two offices among us. A symbol of divinity and perfection, an aureola of sanctity, an attribute of sovereignty and authority, it was at the same time the incorruptible measure of exchange



THE JEWELRY FROM ANCIENT EGYPT WHICH DECORATES THIS ARTICLE IS A GORGEOUS SURVIVAL OF THE TIME WHEN GOLD WAS A "LESSER BROTHER OF THE SUN." IT IS PART OF THE SPOIL FROM ROYAL TOMBS

THIS IS THE GOLDEN PECTORAL OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS. THE OBVERSE IS INLAID WITH LAPIS LAZULI AND TURQUOISE. THIS PECTORAL WAS PROBABLY WORN SUSPENDED FROM A NECKLACE OF DEEP, RICH AMETHYST BEADS



(C) Keystone

GOLD, "THE ANIMATING FORCE OF INDUSTRY, COMMERCE, AND AGRICULTURE," TAKES ON THE SOMBER DRESS OF THESE PLAIN PARS WHICH ARE BEING WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AT THE SUB-TREASURY IN NEW YORK AND, WE TRUST, NOT FOUND WANTING

among men, the tangible symbol of wealth; it was capital and coin; it was the most august of all the rare and magnificent materials, gems, marbles, tapestries, ermines, Tyrian purple, that represented to the eyes of men whatever transcended the mediocrity of human nature.

These two offices were related. Gold was money because it was a precious substance, the most precious of all known substances. And, although it was good neither for food, nor warmth, nor covering, it symbolized something beyond the human—divinity, perfection, sanctity, authority. Because the rich worshiped it without avarice the poor admired it without envy when they saw

it on clothes and furnishings and on the altar. No material substance had in those times a more mystical significance than gold. A sign of invisible things, it served merchants in their exchange of goods; and men very naturally attributed to it the qualities of all the invisible things that it represented.

At one and the same time it served God, the state, and men. It served men by serving God and the state; and it served God and the state by being useful to men. Its duties were modest, limited in scope, and definite. It must satisfy, by supporting industry and commerce, the slowly increasing needs of men, and it must beautify the world. Having three masters to serve, it gave little to

any one of them. But the masters were reasonable in their demands. Not only was God modest in his expectations; what was far more rare, neither the state nor man demanded too much. No one thought of holding gold responsible for human happiness and of calling it to account for the destinies of men. In order to satisfy these last it aided God and the state as much as it could; that is to say, as a minister aids an absolute monarch, by obedience. And the people gilded with words, when they could not gild with the precious metal, whatever they elected to worship. When the official phraseology of the Empire sought to magnify Rome as the sovereign and incomparable city, it applied to her the word "golden." It could find nothing better.

But one fine day a revolution broke out. Reason discovered that the world looked too much like the stage of ignorance, the school of idleness; that justice, religion, and government were merely picturesque fictions, sometimes cruel, sometimes gay, but always empty; that the lives of men swung capriciously from bacchanalia to penance, from feast to fast; that imagination was their tyrant, tormenting them and driving them mad with her mirages, fantastic scenes, and terrors. Reason cried out that the childhood of the world was at an end, and with it the frights and sobs that had convulsed it. Now was to begin the era of discipline and study, the era of work and wisdom.

To make the world over it began by bundling up all those objects which for so many centuries had represented the superhuman to men: robes of purple, ermine, tapestries, marbles, jewels. It spared none save those that consented to become the tools of feminine coquetry. All these ancient symbols of divinity, authority, and perfection were to be tolerated only in so far as they made of themselves the allurements and embellishments of the boudoir.

For a moment reason intended to destroy even gold, the accomplice of all ancient tyrannies. Then she took second thought. She would spare it to convert it. Was it blind and deaf? she asked. Wasn't it wasting its powers in barren idleness by lolling about on monuments, armor, clothing, tables, and altars? No; never had she seen a more stupendous creative force so miserably squandered in vain ostentation. Let it shake off the chains of idleness and of wearisome domesticity that bind it in the houses of the great; let it aspire to being, not the servant of wealth, but its creator and master; instead of serving the priests and kings as their minister, let it rule the world; why should it consent any longer to be the modest collaborator of useless and empty arts? Let it become the animating force of industry, commerce, and agriculture, fecundating the earth, ruling the seas! In just a few years it would be wearing on its brows the imperial crown of the universe.

And gold yielded to persuasion. It

forsook churches and kingdoms, palaces and ceremonies. It transformed itself almost entirely into coin. It gave up all attempts to embellish the world; it abandoned the arts with which it had for so many centuries alternately worked and idled; instead of dazzling men, it dubbed itself "capital," and like a small sized sun forced men to work, a ruthless overseer.

Reason kept all her promises. Gold became the king of the earth. And at the same time the fall of gold began and the great drama of the human spirit.

When gold was no longer the resplendent symbol of all that was greatest in man, but had become the all-powerful sovereign of the world, able to satisfy every desire, man no longer admired it as a precious substance of inestimable value; he was no longer content to enjoy merely looking at it, and from a distance. Having become the slave of gold, he too, like all slaves, desired to be served; and, while gold was exacting more and more work from him, he was demanding greater and greater compensation—pleasure, vices, speed, security, order, liberty, power.

Man was the servant of gold; but gold in turn had to serve man, and in doing so to multiply itself, because its tasks increased daily. In proportion as the requirements of its servant and master increased, it found itself obliged to serve, not a constant number of moderate needs, but an ever-increasing number of insatiable necessities. No longer sufficing, it sought other substances to help it in its colossal task, among them paper.

The more gold and man served and tyrannized over each other, the more did man's ancient respect for gold weaken. Little by little it had come about that, as gold ceased to represent anything invisible and transcendent or to arouse any feeling of reverence and admiration, man began to ask himself if the great value attributed to gold were not perhaps the prejudice of a childish world? What was it good for save to measure the exchange value of things, to adorn women and fill teeth? And as far as means of exchange went, weren't there others more available and convenient—paper, for instance, which had



Keystone

A STREAM OF MOLTEN GOLD POURS FROM THE PROSAIC LADLE OF THIS TWENTIETH-CENTURY WORKMAN. HE IS A "SERVANT OF GOLD" AND ALSO OF UNCLE SAM

over gold the advantage of being lighter and easier to handle?

And behold! Gold has practically disappeared in one of the frightful cataclysms of history. No one perhaps believed that this disappearance could take place so rapidly. The ease with which millions of men have become accustomed to recognize wealth, of which they are so jealous, in pieces of paper of an intrinsic value equal to zero and of so fickle a conventional value may well seem extraordinary.

But this was the solution prepared at a stroke in the great drama. Gold had begun to lose its importance as coin at the very moment when it had ceased to symbolize divinity, sanctity, perfection, authority. Its splendor was due not so much to a physical property of its molecules as to a reflection of divine light. When this was extinguished, the splendor of gold vanished with it. As long as gold had been able by multiplying itself to satisfy the ever-increasing exigencies of man he allowed it to retain its ancient office as coin. But when, eight years ago, man had tried within a few months to increase a hundredfold his productive and destructive energies and gold had declared itself powerless to accomplish this miracle, he banished it, shutting it up in subterranean vaults, and called in the meanest and most

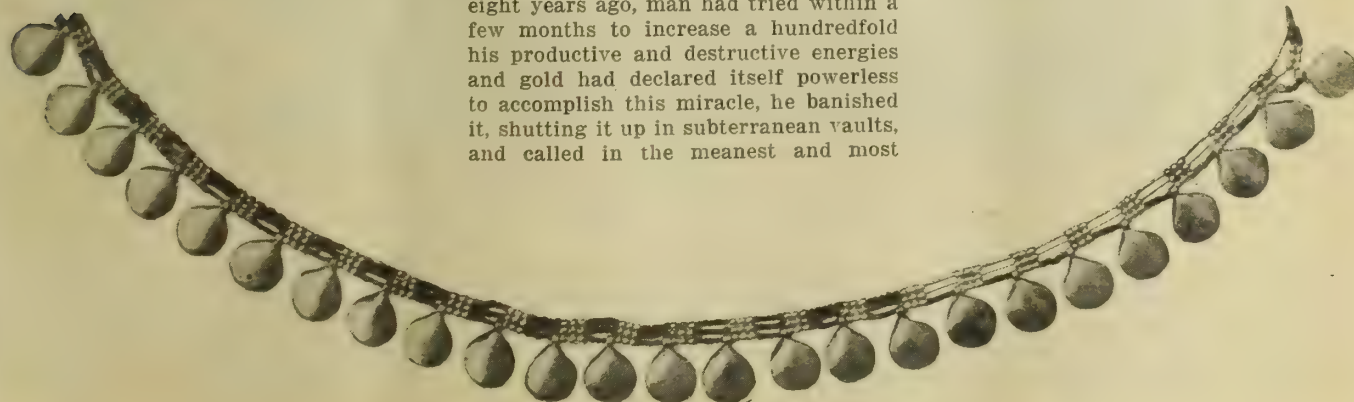
trivial of substances to take its place—paper.

Buried in eternal darkness, gold is dead. After so much grandeur, it died in obscurity. No one heeded its decease. Many will be astonished on reading this to learn that gold is dead. But for him who sees this demise in its proper place in the perspective of centuries what an event!

The last splendors of gold, extinguished lately under our very eyes, are a remnant of the old world that flourished before the French Revolution. As we see it disappear along with so much else, the tremendous question which gives no peace to whoever, knowing the past, is studying our own times, clamors for an answer. How far are we going? And for how long? Are we tearing down all the past in order to erect the edifices of our own times according to entirely new designs? Or are these tearings-down merely what they have always been in the past, a punishment imposed upon our pride, to force us to build up again all that we have torn down? Will gold, so dead to-day, come to life again?

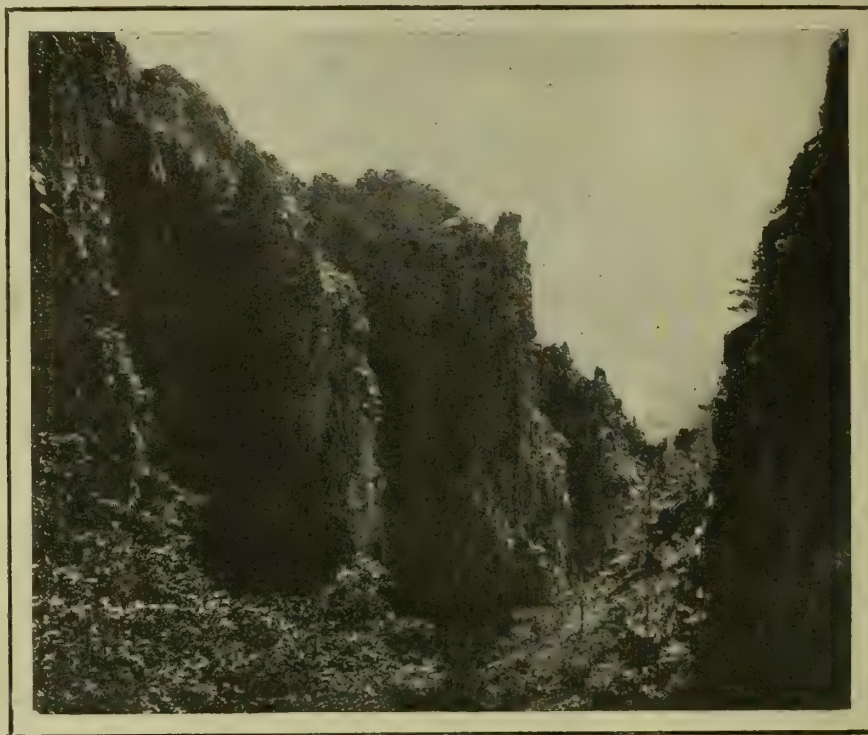
I believe that it will. I believe that we shall be forced to build again many of the things we have destroyed, because we have destroyed many things that will always be for the simple reason that they have always been. There is too much gold in the subterranean vaults of American banks, there is too great an accumulation of it there every year. Some day it will burst out and return to the light of the sun. Everything, sooner or later, must return to its task.

But this resurrection of gold will not be such a simple and easy thing as many suppose. Death is a phenomenon of nature, resurrection is a miracle. To accomplish this miracle the knowledge of economists and the skill of bankers do not suffice. Gold is dead because it endeavored to dominate the world in place of other and more legitimate authorities, and because it was not able to satisfy in man that longing for the impossible which it had aroused in him. It will come to life again only on that day when these legitimate authorities shall have been re-established; and gold and man shall each be servant and master, with a less feverish desire to dominate each the other.



IN KOREA'S WONDERLAND

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



REGION OF KONGO-SAN, DIAMOND MOUNTAIN



ISLANDS ON THE SEACOAST NEAR DIAMOND MOUNTAIN

"It is not generally known," says our informant, "that the eastern coast of Korea holds one of the beauty spots of the Orient. For grandeur of mountain peaks and wondrous canyons and gorges this region compares favorably with some of our Rocky Mountain, Grand Canyon, and Yosemite Valley scenery. Kongo-San or Diamond Mountain has been recently made accessible by the Japanese Government, and automobiles can go well up into the region. The seacoast is dotted with islands as entrancing in beauty as those on the Japan coast." Diamond Mountain is so called, not, as the adventurous reader might hope, from its containing diamond mines, but because of a spire-like peak which rears itself up at the mountain crest, in a sheer, needle-like point.

From K. F. Berry, Worcester, Mass.

THE BOOK TABLE

BYRON AND SHELLEY

BY JOHN ERSKINE

THESE handsome volumes bearing the title "Lord Byron's Correspondence"¹ appear in the format of the Prothero-Coleridge edition of Byron's works, and are evidently intended to supplement the poet's letters there given. But the second of these volumes contains some important letters of Shelley and Mary Shelley, and there will be readers to wonder why this other poetic name does not figure in the main title of the book, since the material is of such moment in the Shelley tradition. It is Shelley, moreover, whose reputation will profit most from these volumes, though Byron gains also, and the friendship of the two poets is now seen to have been closer and more cordial than we knew.

The entire collection of letters here published for the first time was in the possession of John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's best friend, who left it to his daughter, Lady Dorchester. For many years—that is, from about 1877 to her death in 1914—Lady Dorchester intended to print at least some of the letters, and actually undertook some such project, with the aid of John Murray, the distinguished publisher, grandson of Byron's publisher of the same name. After Lady Dorchester's death Mr. Murray learned that the papers had been intrusted to him. In the present volumes, as Mr. Murray explains in the Introduction, the collection appears complete, with the exception of certain business letters of Byron's to Kinnaid and to Hobhouse relating to leases and investments and containing nothing new or important.

As the sub-title informs us, the Byron letters are chiefly to Lady Melbourne, Mr. Hobhouse, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaid, and P. B. Shelley. These names are too well known to need much comment. Lady Melbourne, the mother-in-law of Caroline Lamb, was a singularly sympathetic and understanding friend. She understood her daughter-in-law well enough to make allowances for Byron in the famous episode, and she was optimistic enough to permit, even to help forward, the marriage of the poet to her niece, Miss Milbanke. The remarkable series of letters to her, given entire, occupies the largest part of this correspondence on Byron's side; the extent to which they confide the secrets of his private life reveal much of his own frankness and of her broad-mindedness. Hobhouse was Byron's lifelong and best friend. The collection opens with a letter to him in February, 1808, during university days; it closes with the beautiful last letter he wrote to Byron on March 15, 1824. Douglas Kinnaid

was Byron's friend, his banker, and the trustee of his property. Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, Byron met for the first time on May 25, 1816, at the Hôtel de L'Angleterre, St. Saphorin, Lake Geneva. Shelley's first letter to Byron was written in July following.

So much of Byron's correspondence had already been published that no new revelation of his genius as a letter-writer was to be expected from these long-delayed manuscripts. We read them for whatever new light they can throw on his character and his fortunes. It goes without saying that many readers have searched them for possible evidence in the alleged scandal of Byron's relations with his sister, and some of the more positive believers in his infamy have already fixed upon two letters to Lady Melbourne, dated April 30 and May 1, 1814, as proving by certain cryptic sentences that Augusta Leigh was, as Mrs. Stowe charged, his mistress. If she was, and if these letters discuss the fact with Lady Melbourne, we should note that Byron was at the moment courting Lady Melbourne's niece, and that he married her a few months later. There is reason enough to think that Miss Milbanke knew all that her aunt did about Byron, and those who so choose may believe that a woman of Lady Melbourne's character would have given her blessing to a marriage in her own family with a degenerate who had committed incest. There are few things in literary history more curious than the psychological state of those Byron experts who are determined to fix this crime upon the unlucky object of their interest.

At least one shadow on Byron's memory is removed by these volumes, less through what the letters reveal than through Mr. Murray's account of the condition of the manuscripts. The letter which Mary Shelley wrote to Mrs. Hoppner on August 11, 1821, vindicating Jane Claremont and Shelley from the charges which Hoppner had communicated to Byron, was found among Byron's papers after his death, and it has hitherto been assumed that for some inexplicable and indefensible reason he neglected to forward it to Mrs. Hoppner, as he had promised to do. Shelley biographers, notably Dowden and Forman, have represented Byron in this episode as betraying his friends. Hoppner's letter to him containing the accusation against Shelley is printed for the first time in these volumes, and for the first time Mary Shelley's letter of refutation is printed in full. The important thing, however, is Mr. Murray's testimony that the condition of Mary's letter suggests, what some Byron scholars have always believed, that Byron sent the letter to

the Hoppners under another cover, and had it returned to him, since it referred to the mother of his child. It is pleasant to observe from the letters of Mary Shelley after her husband's death that Byron's friendship for the bereaved family was constant and generous; in fact, all his relations with the Shelleys, as told in these new letters, show him more kindly and companionable than some Shelley biographers have permitted us to think.

If these letters throw no new light on Byron as a letter-writer, they provide much material, as his better-known letters do, for annotating his satirical pictures of society. Caroline Lamb's pursuit of him is among the best-known episodes of his career; with some literary thrift it could be made to furnish out a whole "Don Juan" with incidents. But his experiences with men and women in society were too numerous to necessitate literary thrift. His judgments of the character of women in particular might suggest to one who knew him only in his poetry that he generalized from single instances, but these new letters make it clear that the instances were many. The Countess Guiccioli herself dawned on his sophisticated horizon as simply a more brilliant example of what he had known before. "She is a sort of Italian Caroline Lamb," he wrote Kinnaid, "except that she is much prettier, and not so savage. But she has the same red-hot head, the same noble disdain of public opinion, with the superstructure of all that Italy can add to such natural dispositions." The chief addition, however, to the records of Byron's education in the ways of his world is the group of letters to Lady Melbourne from September 21 to November 25, 1813, giving the story of his flirtation with Lady Webster—or better, of her flirtation with him. Many a novel is praised for less incident, less human nature, and far less wit than is contained in these extraordinary letters. Webster, the bore and fool, evidently fascinated Byron's genius for portraiture quite as much as Lady Frances, his discontented and sentimental wife; scene after scene between them is outlined unforgettably. That Byron got out of the scrape well was evidently due to a higher sense of honor than he usually owned to.

The worst account of him in these volumes occurs by implication in Shelley's letters to him on the subject of Jane Claremont and her child. Byron was eager to own the daughter as his, but he had no use whatever for the mother, and planned to separate the child from her forever. The child was born in the Shelley household, and several of Shelley's letters raise the question, with the greatest tact, as to what other arrangements the migratory father wished to make for his offspring. The tone of each missive rises in intensity until in

¹Lord Byron's Correspondence. Edited by John Murray. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$8.50.

the letter of April 22, 1818, he told Byron, with superb force and dignity, what was to be thought of a man who could not or would not recognize a mother's rights in her child. The strange fate that brought these two geniuses together in their artistic interests and in their personal fortunes has somewhat obscured from all but discriminating readers the moral difference of their natures. This letter to Byron exhibits Shelley at his best, as an advocate of humanity and a defender of the best human instincts. Byron had a better head than Shelley, and knew more about life; Shelley had the kinder heart, and was readier to stake all on a generous impulse. Yet how can one distinguish them even so? With Shelley's letter in his hand Byron may have thought of Harriet Westbrook and smiled a little at his moral friend who pretended to know a woman's heart. These volumes give us another letter from Shelley, a year earlier, sending Byron the news of Harriet Westbrook's suicide, and laying the blame of the tragedy on Harriet's sister.

It could hardly have been for his knowledge of human nature that Byron cared for Shelley, nor could Shelley's great and admitted sincerity have been sufficient cause for friendship; Byron had no time to waste on people who were merely and stupidly good. Shelley must have provided Byron with intellectual companionship he could get nowhere else, with that atmosphere of sympathy in their craft which is the glamour of friendship for artists. Byron seldom met poets—to his own loss; Shelley gave him the most that he had of first-rate criticism and guidance, and gave unselfishly, for Byron was not disposed to return the service. We are left to fancy what their talk was like when they were together—how eloquently to such a listener Shelley pleaded his faith in man and his conception of poetry at once natural and moral, the record of beauty in an innocent soul, and how far Byron before such an advocate tempered his cynical verdicts of men and women, and revealed those hidden sources of ambition in him which through the most discordant adventures kept him hard at work. To some degree at least our curiosity is answered by a letter of Shelley's, dated September 29, 1816, advising Byron not to waste his powers, but to dedicate them to some great achievement in poetry. The sentences have Shelley's familiar accent, and they must have brought satisfaction to the proud and lonely poet for whom they were written: "Is there nothing in the hope of being the parent of greatness and of goodness which is destined, perhaps, to expand indefinitely? Is there nothing in making yourself a fountain from which the thoughts of other men shall draw strength and beauty, to excite the ambition of a mind that can despise all other ambitions?"

The publication of these letters, falling on the anniversary of Shelley's death, would serve to remind us espe-

cially of him, even if in the letters themselves he did not take the notable part. Reading all these new-found words of his, we are impressed once more with his extraordinary felicity as a letter-writer. No wonder Matthew Arnold gave the letters a high place! It cannot be altogether the ease and clearness of style that cause the impression of a man of action rather than a dreamer; Shelley was one of the most practical of men, if to put ideas into practice is to be practical. He had no friend to look after his affairs, as Byron had, yet he was constantly acting for others and putting his own interests in the background. If Matthew Arnold judged the letters well, he went astray in the fa-

mous saying that Shelley was a "beautiful and ineffectual angel." Better critics have rejoined that to be an angel is to be effectual enough. But Shelley was neither an angel nor ineffectual. His theories and his life were of a piece, and one verdict, whatever it may be, must serve for both; accept his premises of human nature, and your criticism is disarmed. What will haunt us in the memory of his name, over and beyond even his beautiful poems, is our own persuasion that this would be a happy world if human nature were what he assumed it to be. His dream convinces, even though we believe his facts are wrong. His dream, we must think, made its noble appeal to Byron too.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

HOUSE OF MOHUN (THE). By George Gibbs. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

Commonplace in its picture of the flapper girl tamed by adversity, and decidedly padded in its conversations.

SECRET ADVERSARY (THE). By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.75.

An exciting and well-built mystery tale with a "demobbed" British soldier and a V. A. D. girl as amateur detectives.

***MUSIC, PAINTINGS, AND OTHER ARTS EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS, THEIR ART AND TIMES (THE).** By Mrs. C. R. Peers. The Medici Society of America, Boston.

Some of the early Italian painters are selected in this book for comment by a sympathetic critic who endeavors to reproduce the atmosphere of their times in explaining their pictures. This is done in a simple but interesting way, and the descriptions are accompanied by attractive illustrations in half-tone and in color.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LAURENTIANS (THE). By T. Morris Longstreth. The Century Company, New York. \$3.50.

A delightful if somewhat discursive personal narrative about experiences in Canada's Laurentian mountainlands, which are only a couple of days' travel from New York but seem as remote and unspoiled as the Andes. The book makes the reader wish for a long vacation to test the author's dictum that "if there be any universal secret of happy travel, it lies in finding the soul of the people and places where one goes"—a secret which the author has used effectively.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

PLEASURES OF IGNORANCE (THE). By Robert Lynd. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.75.

Mr. Robert Lynd is an excellent critic of books, but he is hardly as successful in the rôle of the debonair essayist who will throw you off a thousand words about the hum of insects, New Year prophecies, on feeling gay, eggs, weeds, and this blasted world. The light touch rings a little hollow at times. It is a long, long way from Max Beerbohm, and

even a little distance from A. A. Milne. But, at that, there are passages in "The Pleasures of Ignorance" that were well worth the doing. It is a new rôle for Mr. Lynd, but one which practically every man of letters in England is ambitious to essay—no pun being intended. Possibly this is because the English periodicals offer such an outlet for these dragon-fly bits of prose that hum about so amusingly and yet are bound nowhere.

VARIATIONS. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

This volume of posthumous pieces, dredged up from the daily press for the most part, shows evident marks of haste. Those who knew the late James Huneker will hardly doubt but that he would have scrubbed up many of these pieces before definitely honoring them by book-covers. So vivid and emphatic was the personality of Mr. Huneker, however, that hasty editing cannot conceal the versatile manner, catholicity of taste in music, arts, and letters, and light colloquial tone that formed so large a part of the charm of this writer's work. He was a type almost unique in American letters—the *feuilletoniste*. It is foolish to call him either a great critic or a genius, for he was neither. His charm rested in the fact that he lifted journalism to a higher plane than any other American writer of hurried criticism. "Variations" contains enough material to exhibit most of the facets of his eager, acquisitive mind, the mind of a man who walked joyously and with insatiate appetite among the masterpieces and modern *tours de force* of the world.

MISCELLANEOUS

RANDOM MEMORIES. By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$4.

These chapters of reminiscence by a son of the poet Longfellow are almost like table-talk in their informality, their confidential revelations, their amusing and sometimes inconsequential stories. Taken for what they purport to be, "random memories," they are wholly delightful, and to readers who cherish fond recollections of the celebrities of the past century they will be of absorbing interest.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



CLIFFORD A. TINKER has had a varied and successful military career from 1897, when he became corporal and sergeant in "G" Company, of the Second Maine Infantry, until the present day, which finds him in the Bureau of Aeronautics at Washington, where he is engaged

in writing the last chapters of the official history of naval aviation in the World War. Lieutenant Tinker saw service in the Spanish and World Wars, and was recommended by Admiral Sims for promotion to the rank of lieutenant commander. His chief, Commander Benjamin Briscoe, also recommended him for a Navy Cross for carrying out duties of great responsibility exceptionally well.

HARRY L. DAVIS, Governor of Ohio, has written for The Outlook an article entitled "Death by Law." What lends particular importance to this article is the fact that Governor Davis has gathered from the Governors of many other States facts and experiences bearing on the value, or lack of value, of capital punishment. Governor Davis, while himself opposed in theory to capital punishment, has carried out the law of Ohio without flinching, so that of twenty-six murderers condemned to death since he became Governor last January, not one was granted commutation of sentence. Governor Davis was formerly Mayor of Cleveland.

GUIGLIEMO FERRERO, who is regarded as one of the world's greatest living historians, contributes to The Outlook one of his masterful essays. The translation of "Gold is Dead," which appears in this issue, was expressly authorized by Signor Ferrero. This is the second time that his name has appeared among Outlook contributors, his first article, "Order or Disorder," having appeared in the issue of June 14.

BERNICE LESBIA KENYON knows what editorial rejection and acceptance slips look like from both ends, for she is a member of the editorial staff of "Scribner's Magazine." We think that her poem in this issue well deserved a slip of the latter character. Probably a volume of her collected verse will appear within a year.

JOSEPH E. RANDELL, United States Senator from Louisiana, has been in the upper house of Congress since 1912. He has been President of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress since 1907. Senator Randell is a graduate of Union College, New York. He is the honorary chancellor of that institution. He has received LL.D.'s from his Alma Mater, St. Charles College, Louisiana, and Notre Dame University, of Indiana.

Articular Rheumatism



The following intensely interesting case was recently described in a well-known medical journal:

"A patient came to me some time ago who had long suffered from an *arthritis deformans* (a type of articular rheumatism), which especially involved the right hand.

"The joints had enlarged and the fingers contracted until the hand was practically useless. The patient had taken many kinds of internal and external treatment with unsatisfactory results.

"I prescribed the copious daily drinking of Paradise Water, from

Paradise Spring, Maine. This water is remarkable in that it is practically *mineral free*. Thus its constant use tends to gradually decrease the calcareous (lime) deposits in the joints.

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shots made by the person submitting the photographs. Cartoons are also desired; if accepted we pay \$1 each. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use; cartoons are not returned.

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

KEEPING THE FARM MORTGAGE STRAIGHT

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

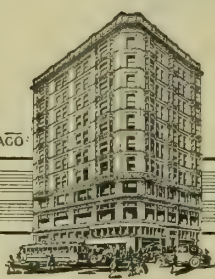
RECENTLY a Kansas farmer who had struggled long to pay off a \$5,000 mortgage on his farm gathered the money and took the amount to the loan agent through whom he had borrowed it.

"Fine!" exclaimed the agent, taking the check. "Makes you feel good, doesn't it?" Then, briskly reaching for his hat, "Let's go right over to the court-house and have the mortgage released." As an established agent his word would go with the registrar when the borrower's check was in evidence.

Together they saw the entry placed on the books. "I'll get your abstract brought down to date and send it to you, and you'll be all right," were the agent's parting words.

The borrower went home happy—it had been a hard task to save \$5,000. In a few days he received an abstract that showed the mortgage released and his farm clear of debt. He put the paper in the bureau drawer and considered the matter closed. To be sure, he had not received his original note and mortgage, nor did he have his original abstract that had accompanied

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the mortgage. What he possessed was a duplicate. But, having all confidence in the loan agent, he took it for granted that all was right.

Out in California was a retired farmer who had invested his money in farm loans. Among his holdings was that of the Kansas borrower. He depended on the loan agent to collect the interest and forward it to him, and expected him also to report on payment of the principal at maturity. The interest came all right for a time, then failed to arrive. He could get no replies to his letters. So he went back to the home town to see what had happened. Plenty had happened. The loan agent had disappeared, the agency was closed and bankrupt. But he still had his note and mortgage, and he notified the borrower to meet the obligation.

The farmer, who had been so happy, found the mortgage was not valid and that he still owed the \$5,000. It meant either paying it a second time or foreclosure. He renewed the note, and started again on the long task of gathering the money to free his farm from debt.

The process was nothing new; scores of rascally agents have followed it. Hundreds of landowners have lost their farms or have put in long years paying mortgages a second time because of neglect in completing the records properly when they discharged the debt. Sometimes deliberate rascality has not been the original cause of the complication; bad management, changing values, speculation, have led to efforts to play even through using the funds belonging to others, with the usual result.

In the winter of 1922 two men who for a quarter century had conducted a mortgage company in the Middle West, enjoyed the respect of their community, and were prominent in civic affairs went to the penitentiary. They had juggled with funds of borrowers and investors until they lacked \$100,000 of being solvent, and the tangle of their books took weeks of expert accountants' time. So trusted were they that borrowers and investors alike failed to secure the evidences either of payment or of deposit, and while confidence lasted they were able to satisfy the investor by forwarding his interest and the borrower rested at ease, believing that his debt was satisfied.

Perhaps all the investors were not deserving of sympathy. It was found that in instances the avoidance of taxes on the mortgage note had been the cause of the trustfulness. The mortgages were left in the name of the company, and it was most difficult to determine who were the actual owners of some of the securities. This method of escaping taxation calls for chances on the integrity of the loaning agency, and sometimes it is abused.

The investor may be a widow with her insurance money in farm loans or a prosperous farmer thus placing his savings. For a while all goes well; but if there is not square dealing at the office one day the investor wakes up to find either that his mortgage is missing or perhaps that it has been exchanged for



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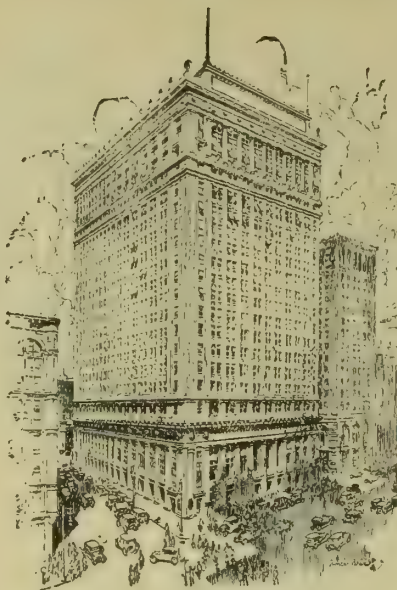
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

another upon land that is valueless. The men responsible may go to jail; but that does not get back the money.

No borrower should pay interest without receiving at the same time the coupon therefor; he should not pay the principal note without receiving his note and the mortgage. By following this system all chance of having to make a second payment would be avoided. The experience of those who failed to observe this rule has at times been expensive.

This advice should not be understood as reflecting on the mortgage companies as a whole. Considering the vast amount of investment in farm loans, estimated at \$6,000,000,000 in this country, the losses have been negligible. When it is remembered that the loan agent gathers funds from widely scattered investors—widows, professional workers, laborers, estates, savings banks—and distributes these among farmers separated over a State or several States, it shows a remarkable standard of integrity that so few instances of misconduct occur. Many a firm has loaned millions of dollars through a period extending over a quarter century without the loss of a dollar to its customers. It has followed a system of accurate accounting and maintained a record for efficient management. The fact of the wide distribution of operation, however, has made it possible for agents with speculative or dishonest tendencies to mislead their customers.

"The loan agent is always willing to make a fair loan if money is available," explained the head of a prominent mortgage company. "Soil, the substance out of which man's bread must come, is the best security for investment. It makes no difference where that soil is located so long as it is productive and is in the ownership of one who will make it produce to its limit. And in this second factor enters one pitfall that must always be watched. A few months ago an agent at Marion, Kansas, was visited by a well-dressed man who introduced himself.

"I am Mr. Barron," said the caller, 'and own the quarter-section near the schoolhouse east of town, the northeast of Section Twelve.'

"The agent knew the land and that it was owned by J. B. Barron, of Illinois, though the owner had never visited the county.

"Here is the abstract,' went on the visitor, 'and I want to borrow \$1,000 on the land.'

"The property was worth at least \$12,000, and the loan was granted promptly, the money, furnished by an insurance company, paid, and 'Mr. Barron' went his way. Six months later, when the interest was demanded of the owner, he replied that he had never borrowed any money on that land. An abstract of the records had been made by a stranger, now departed to places unknown. The agent was held for the amount of the loan."

The farm depression of the past

eighteen months has made it difficult for many borrowers to meet interest payments. Loan companies through whom the loans were made often have forwarded the amounts to investors and waited for the borrower to pay. This has been for some a heavy burden and in instances has proved disastrous. In the early days of the farm-mortgage business most companies "guaranteed" their loans; that is, they bound themselves to the investor to pay the interest when due and the principal at maturity. Then came depression, and scores of companies went to the wall, for it is impossible without a large capital to meet such obligation. Investors in farm mortgages in the East lost millions, and for years it was difficult to induce them to accept such securities. But to-day the guaranty is practically unknown; the loan agency obligates itself to three things: To give a complete statement of title and appraisal, to remit interest and principal as paid, and, if desired, act as trustee for the investor.

According to the new Census, the total number of farms operated by their owners is 3,925,000, of which 41 per cent (1,611,378) are mortgaged. The farm valuation is given as \$13,772,729,600, on which the total mortgage debt is \$4,012,711,213. In the reports no account is taken of farms operated by tenants or managers. However, the farms operated by owners are 66.6 per cent, by tenants 27.7 per cent, and by managers 5.7 per cent. On this basis, the estimate of the total farm mortgage debt is approximately \$6,000,000,000, but this represents only 29.1 per cent of the farms' value. Of the total farm loans the life insurance companies carry approximately \$1,500,000,000, and they are steadily increasing their holdings. Two leading companies have practically their total assets in farm loans, with over a quarter billion dollars thus invested. Their record is one of almost complete freedom from loss, such few foreclosures as have been made having returned their investment, owing to the caution with which they appraise the lands. The companies have their own machinery for making loans or they buy from established agencies with the privilege of refusing the loan within a given period if inspection by their agents shows it to be too great a risk. During the period of high money rates in 1920-1 the insurance companies were the greatest source of funds for agricultural development, and for several months were overstocked with applications.

Any idea that we shall eventually pay off all the farm mortgages is visionary. With greater prosperity comes greater use of additional capital, and every generation extends its borrowings. Since 1910 the farm debt has increased over one hundred per cent; the average farm mortgage ten years ago was \$1,715; now it is \$3,361, being highest in Iowa (\$9,358), and lowest in Alabama (\$1,176). But the ratio of debt to actual value of the land remains about the same, ranging from twenty-one to thirty per cent.

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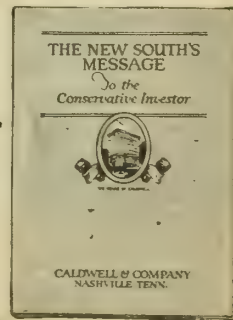
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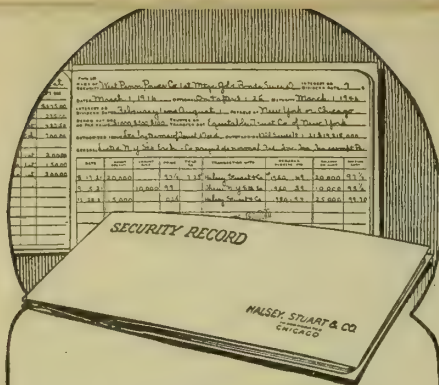
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

and handled under a system that places this security in the highest class of investments. Yet it is without supervision by either State or Federal Government. A mortgage company with \$25,000 capital may handle \$500,000 in a year, and it is without examination or inspection. A bank with the same capital and with deposits of \$100,000 is under the strictest supervision. A growing sentiment that mortgage agencies should be under State or Federal supervision is based on the possibilities existing for juggling of accounts and fraud on both borrowers and investors. Of course no supervision can prevent rascality, as the banking departments well know; but every step toward oversight adds to the security of the public. The Federal land bank and the rural bank systems of several States have this supervision, and it has added to their standing with investors.

Meanwhile no borrower should take things for granted. He should know that the records against him are clean when he pays interest or principal.

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65 DAYS CRUISE, \$600 and up

Frank C. Clark, Times Building, New York

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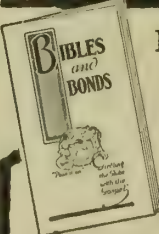
ARE YOU AN INVESTOR?

During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

The Outlook Financial Department,

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Write for this Booklet



It tells how you may secure an income that cannot shrink; how you may execute your own will; how you may create a trust fund; how you may give generously without hardship.

It describes the annuity bond, a safe, convenient, and productive investment which promotes a fundamental Christian enterprise. Endorsed by all denominations.

Write for Booklet 14

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

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The 1923
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Limited to 500 Guests

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New WHITE STAR Liner

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34,000 TONS REGISTER

Sailing from New York January 20
Returning March 28

To the wonderlands of the Inland Sea by this marvelous new liner, the largest and most luxurious steamer ever chartered for a Mediterranean Cruise.

The fascinating itinerary embraces—Madeira, Spain (Cadiz, Seville, Granada), Gibraltar, Algeiras, Algiers, Tunis (Carthage), Naples, Athens, Constantinople. **Sixteen Days** in Egypt and Palestine—including Cairo, Luxor, Edfu Assuan, Philae; Haifa, Damascus, Tiberias, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem; Naples, with Amalfi, Sorrento, etc.; Monaco, with Monte Carlo and Nice. **Sixty-seven glorious days in all**; optional visit to Paris and London on the homeward trip. Stop-over privileges, with return by famous White Star Liners.

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STOPS SNORING. STOPS MOUTH BREATHING
Sent on approval to any reliable person. PRICE \$2.00
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Travel with Comfort and Economy

You will not only enjoy the water trip but will save money by traveling on D & C Steamers which make daily trips between Detroit and Buffalo; Detroit and Cleveland on Eastern Time.

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Lv. Detroit 5:30 p.m.
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Fare—\$6.00 one way;
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Berths, \$1.80 up; Staterooms, \$4.20 up;
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Direct rail connections made at Detroit Buffalo and Cleveland for all sections of the country. Rail tickets accepted and automobiles carried (15 to 25% reduction in rate this year). Gas must be removed. Wireless aboard.

For reservations and further information address E. G. Stoddard, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Detroit, Mich.

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A. A. Schantz,
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

J. T. McMillan
Vice-Pres.



MARY MCGINDRY

BY HARRY LEE

MARY MCGINDRY topples and tips
In a way so droll on her stiff old
hips

That the fine folks turn as she noses by
Down the dim train shed,
With her one good eye.

They turn and stare at her spattered
duds.

Her mops and brushes, her clouts and
suds,

Cleaning the coaches, cushion and plate,
Cleaning the coaches,
Early and late.

Sometimes she wishes before she is dead
To climb to a coach with an engine
ahead.

And to ride away like the fine folks do,
Out of the train sheds,
Into the blue.

"But what would the sister be doin' at
all,

If she didn't have me in the nights to
call,

Who is it would bring her the sight of
a rose

Or a bit of the gossipin'—
Goodness knows!"

Little would Mary McGindry care

If she knew the way that the fine folks
stare.

She'd laugh to herself at the mopping
and say:

"'Tis the king that looks
At the cat to-day!"

FROM THE MAIL BAG

BARBLESS HOOKS

I AM delighted to see a revival in your
issue of July 5 of your protest
against the use of barbed hooks in fly
fishing. Certainly the use of barbless
hooks is the most skillful, if not the
most humane, way of fishing for trout
and bass.

The greatest sport I ever had, over
thirty years ago, was on a narrow but
deep stream emptying into Lake Hen-
derson, in the Adirondacks, when fishing
from the bow of a canoe, with a guide in
the stern. He silently and slowly pad-
dled me up the stream while I cast
ahead. When we backed out (as we
could not turn around), we had twenty
fine "black-backed" trout in the canoe,
all caught with a barbless hook, and all
weighing from one to two pounds. Many
smaller fish weighing under a pound I
easily shook off by giving them the
slack, without hurting them a bit.

Later I fished for bass on a lake with
larger barbless hooks, and it was great
sport to see them jump out of the water
and try to shake the flies out of their
mouths. Many a big one I lost, but it
was a fair fight, as the fish had a chance
to win, which a barbed hook never gives
them. I wish the State would pass a

law prohibiting the use of barbed hooks
altogether. Keep up your good work.

W. A. PUTNAM.

ON THE RENTING OF
PICTURES

IN The Outlook of May 31 you bring
up the idea of renting pictures in an
editorial entitled "Paintings and People."
Several of your Canadian readers were
delighted to see an editorial on this sub-
ject.

For the last three years a small group
in Toronto have been renting sketches
from local artists under a circulating
system. The system is uncomplicated
and a bringer of joy, and the joy costs
very, very little. Our circulating sys-
tem might be tried by any group of
friends anywhere as long as the artists
elsewhere are as friendly to the idea as
they are here.

We have in Toronto the "Group of
Seven" (artists painting freely and un-
conventionally the spirit of Canada—
her vastnesses, her wild, glorious color,
her city streets). It was suggested to
four of these artists that they rent their
sketches rather than let them pile up in
dusty piles, unseen and unloved, in their
studios. The artists put their heads to-
gether and helped us evolve our circula-
ting system. The rental is small—ten
per cent of the asking price of a sketch

for a year. Thus a \$30 sketch may hang
on your wall for one year for \$3 or for
six months for \$1.50.

The sketches are small—8½ by 10½
inches, making a framed picture of 13½
by 15½ inches—just the right size for
the average apartment room or small
house. I know a stenographer, who lives
in one room on a drab city street, who
has had evenings of joy from her beau-
tiful gay, patterny sketch which she
rented for \$1.50.

But to return to the circulating sys-
tem itself. At the beginning of the year
one group of four rents sixteen pictures,
four from each artist. Then the pictures
rotate. I have four sketches for three
months—Group A. At the end of the
three months Group A goes to Mrs. H.
I get group B from Mrs. T., etc. At
the end of the year four families and
their friends have had the opportunity
to study, discuss, like, love, or hate
sixteen Canadian sketches. Throw a
pebble in a pond. See the circle widen-
ing. See the Canadian public becoming
art lovers. See the artists being not so
everlastingly hard pressed. It's a won-
derful idea.

Your editorial may bring to light
many such groups all over the United
States and Canada. Or it may start such
groups. It will do good, anyway.

DORIS HUESTIS MILLS.

Toronto, Canada.

BVD Underwear is Identified by This
Red Woven Label

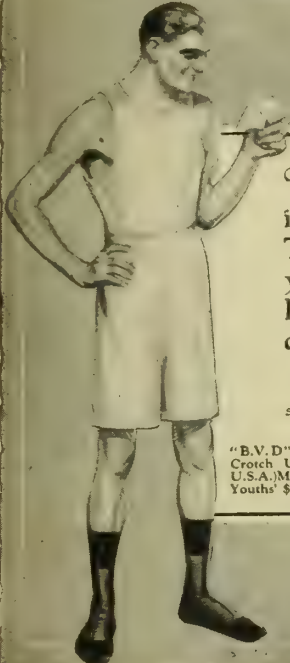
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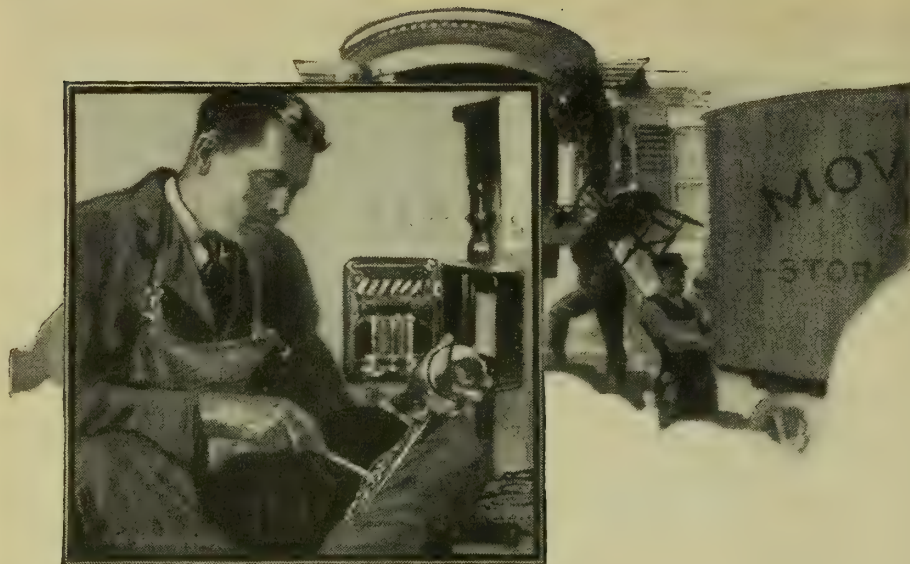


"B.V.D." Sleeveless Closed
Crotch Union Suits (Pat.
U.S.A.) Men's \$1.50 the suit.
Youths' \$1.00 the suit.



"B.V.D." Coat Cut Under-
shirts and Knee Length
Drawers, 85c the garment.

39



1,820,000 Telephones Moved

In the telephone business every day is "moving day." Telephone subscribers are probably the most stable and permanent portion of our population; yet during the past year one telephone out of every seven in the Bell System was moved from one place of residence or business to another at some time during the year.

The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than \$15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter of fact,

in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.

"BELL SYSTEM"



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward
Better Service

HELP WANTED!

Are you in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant? The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results. The rate is only ten cents per word, including address.

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

BY THE WAY

A CURIOUS foot-note to history is found in a pamphlet issued by the Irish Volunteers when the Sinn Fein movement was at its height and when force was being used against British rule. This passage from it is quoted in a book called "The Administration of Ireland." It shows the use that may be made of agricultural implements as weapons:

"No kind of weapons should be despised; certain farming implements can be turned into formidable weapons. Thus (a) a hay-fork is quite as good as a rifle and bayonet in hand-to-hand fighting; (b) a billhook, axe, graip [a dung-fork], spade, or sledge-hammer, though inferior to a hay-fork, may be formidable in close fighting at night; (c) a scythe-blade securely lashed with wire to a pole is equal to a hay-fork. Sometimes it will be possible to destroy a body of troops by a stone shoot, from which a concentrated shower of great stones could be discharged from a height. Every firearm should be utilized; a volley of bird-shot in the face of a motor-driver will wreck his car and stop any cars following it; so, too, with rook rifles and revolvers."

Mary Pickford tells in "Collier's" of certain discoveries she made that brought her success, and says the most important one was the discovery of her limitations. "I fell a victim to the delusion," she says, "that I was destined to be a great tragic actress. But the merciful discovery came to me that in stature, temperament, and general appearance I was not fitted for great emotional rôles. I decided to give up all idea of imitating other people, and, if I were only a semi-precious gem, to be frankly that." So Mary resolved to "become a producer of human happiness" mainly in child parts. The world knows how well she has succeeded.

If a member of a social club rises to move that a piano be bought for the club, at a cost not to exceed \$300, and another member moves to amend the motion by striking out the words "a piano" and inserting in place of them "an automobile for joy rides" and also by striking out "\$300" and inserting "\$600," what is the chairman to do? This question and others like it are amusingly yet authoritatively answered in a chapter called "A Parliamentary Drill Class" in "Rice's Rules of Order." The chairman in the case noted decided that the motion to amend is out of order. "Here we have two distinct amendments," he says, "offered to a proposition in a motion to strike out separated words, neither of which is permissible. Another thing—how could we vote intelligently on the amendment? Some might favor one part of it and oppose the other."

A hog will respond to kind treatment as readily as a dog, according to a contributor to the "Rural New Yorker." "I have one now," he says, "a pure Duroc Jersey, 500 pounds or more in weight.

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Tours and Travel


CONDUCTED TRAVEL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN
Nile Cruises in
Private Steamer
Also Round the World Tours

For details write
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street, Newton, Mass.
FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given to organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BACOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to
JAPAN
The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, \$5-6 in cities and popular resorts, \$4-5 in the country

Hotels and Resorts

CANADA
CANADA'S WILDS
Northern Ontario
Timagami Wabi Kon Camp Lake Timagami, Ontario, Canada
The unspoiled country - A Camp with every comfort in the heart of four million acres virgin forest - 1,502 lakes. Wonderful fishing, Guides. Boats. Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. Write for booklets.
MISS G. ORR, Timagami P. O., Northern Ontario, Can.

CONNECTICUT

The Wayside Inn
NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet.
Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, D.C. Fife and Drum Inn
822 Connecticut Ave.
Double rooms with bath, \$2.50; without bath, \$1.75. Includes electric fans.

EUROPE

SCOT-The Berystede. The country home hotel patronized by the elite of Europe and America. Look-up garage. Saddle horses and motor cars on premises. Phone 154 Ascut. Telegrams: Berystede. Ascut. Tariff. Portland, 244 Madison Avenue, New York.

MAINE

THE BEECHES
PARIS HILL, MAINE. A quiet, restful place to spend the summer. 22 miles from Poland. Same White Mountain scenery. Country club in village 1/2 mile distant.

Hotels and Resorts

MAINE
YORK CAMPS, LOON LAKE, MAINE. J. Lewis York, Prop.
Famous Hangeley region heart of mountains facing lake. Log cabins, baths, open fires, central dining-room. Garage, golf near by, boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, milk. Booklet.

CAMP AIMHI
North Windham, Maine
Bathing, Boating, Canoeing, Fishing, Tennis. Aimhi Family Camp situated among the pines on the shore of Little Sebago Lake, Me. offers a natural, healthy, out-of-door life in the midst of an environment which is ideal for rest and recreation. M. L. HODGSON, Mgr.

MASSACHUSETTS
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 18th season.

Rock Ridge Hall
Wellesley Hills, Mass. (Near Boston)
Fine location. Hot and cold running water in nearly all bedrooms. Some private baths. Many comfortably furnished rooms for general use. Large, breezy, screened piazza. Cool fern room. "Crow's nest" outlook. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Tennis. Cream, berries, fruit, eggs, chicken. \$15, \$18, \$21, \$25 a week. Tel. Wellesley 7134Z.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
BEMIS CAMPS
Overlooking KIMBALL LAKE near the White Mountains
The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself - boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horse-back riding, mountain climbing, nights around the camp-fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

NEW JERSEY
The ENGLESIDE
Beach Haven, N. J.
NOW OPEN. The best combination of seashore features on the coast. Matchless bay for sailing and fishing, perfect beach and bathing. Five tennis courts. The Engleside has all the modern conveniences, private baths with sea and fresh water. Booklet. R. F. Engle, Mgr. SURE RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER

NEW YORK CITY
While in New York
For a quiet, comfortable, home-like place in which to stay -
Single rooms, use of bath, \$1.50 & \$2
Suite, parlor, bedroom and bath, for 2, \$4 & \$5 daily
Parlor, 2 bedrooms and bath, 4 or 5 persons, \$6 & \$7 daily
SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR AUTOMOBILE PARTIES

HOTEL CLENDENING
202 West 103d St., New York City
Few steps only from Broadway Subway Sta.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines

Hotels and Resorts
NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Hargrave
West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

Hotel Le Marquis
12 East 31st Street
New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. KNOTT Management.

Hotel Webster
(Near 5th Avenue)
40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK
Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.
REDUCED RATES DURING SUMMER
Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

NEW YORK
Adirondacks Interbrook Lodge and Cottages
Keene Valley, N. Y. Season June 1-October 1. Very heart of highest peaks. Rooms available only for September. Rates \$15 and \$20. Illustrated booklet. M. E. Luck, Prop.

KEENE VALLEY INN. Keene Valley, N. Y. Altitude 1,200 ft. Mtn. climbing, tennis, fishing. Capacity 150. \$13 week up. Illus. booklet. W. W. Black, Prop.

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks 18 Cottages
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE
ORIENT, LONG ISLAND
Quiet, Refined, Homelike
Best location on the Island. Famous for good food and cleanliness. Water sports. Tennis. Illustrated booklet. E. J. McDONNELL, Prop.

RHODE ISLAND

THORNDYKE HOTEL
JAMESTOWN
OPPOSITE NEWPORT, R. I.
On the Shore of Narragansett Bay
Several nicely furnished summer cottages, all modern improvements. Rents reasonable. Booklets.

VERMONT

THE MAPLES
A Quiet Country Home (Now Open). Address G. W. POWERS, Cambridgeport, Vt.

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples" Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SARGANT.

Country Board
WANTED
Elderly people to board and care for. 7,897, Outlook.

Morristown, N. J. Quiet, restful home life for a few guests in beautiful residential park near station. Excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. 7,929, Outlook.

Boarders Wanted
Family with healthful surroundings in beautiful section of East Orange, N. J., will accommodate a few persons who are nervous, convalescent or requiring a restful place. Best of food and attention. Moderate rates. "The Poplars," 7,927, Outlook.

Health Resorts



Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases
Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. Write for booklet.

Sanford Hall Flushing New York
Sanatorium in the Berkshires. Delightfully located, spacious grounds, rooms large and airy. Modern improvements: ideal for rest and relaxation; particular attention paid to diets. THE TERRACES, Hinsdale, Mass.

Real Estate
CONNECTICUT

Colonial House Restored. \$4,600. 12 rooms, bath, new plumbing and water system, fireplaces. Near lake and quaint village. Particulars, SAGE, Woodbury, Conn.

NEW JERSEY

IDEAL OUTING BUNGALOW FOR RENT
On Metedeconk River, near Bayhead; new, furnished 6-room house; 2-car garage; hot and cold water. Address 6,939, Outlook.

BASS LAKE Bungalows, 2, 4 and 5 furnished rooms; rent by week as desired; 1 1/2 hours Lackawanna. D. O. MILLER, Blairstown, N. J.

NEW YORK

\$500 Secures 105-Acre Farm
8 cows and heifers, horses, tools included; 8-room house, barn, poultry house. Only \$2,050, 1/2 down. Page 298 FREE Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BM Nassau St., New York City.

Eastern Long Island Peconic Bay & Sound Front Properties for sale or rent, summer homes a specialty. Illustrated booklet mailed upon receipt of 25c.
Silberworth Real Estate
MATTITUCK, L. I.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES
MANUSCRIPTS

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED! Any subject immediate reading and report. Dorrance, Publishers, 308 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income; home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.
DIETITIANS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side.
TEACHERS wanted for public and private schools, colleges, and universities. Education Service, 1254 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.
WANTED-Administrative assistant to executive of important public scientific institution in Middle West. Give qualifications, salary expected, career. Apply 1,796, Outlook.

A Subscriber Writes:

"We placed a small advertisement with you in the issue of the 7th inst., asking for an 'elder sister' to be with our daughter for the summer.

"We have had so many replies that it would be impossible to try and answer them all.

"The replies were certainly more than we could have ever hoped for, and we only regret we could not place all of these lovely girls."

IF you are in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant, try a "Want Ad" in the classified section of *THE OUTLOOK*.

THE RATE IS ONLY TEN CENTS A WORD

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue

New York City

BY THE WAY

(Continued)

as tame as a dog. He knows his name, and will come at call, anywhere, at all times. A full-grown male of this sort is very near in intelligence to a dog. But if not properly cared for, and if he once gets cross by improper management, look out! He knows how to take care of No. 1! A man who is afraid of a hog should not, in my judgment, keep one, as the hog knows this fully as well as the man—yes, better! A hog can be made very tame or otherwise, by good or bad treatment."

"If you want to get rich from writing," says Don Marquis, "write the sort of thing that is read by persons who move their lips when they are reading to themselves."

Under the heading "Another Outline of History," an exchange descants as follows on a newspaper despatch that may or may not have been "well invented:"

Four French officers went recently into a German hotel and demanded of the proprietor "the surrender of the historic sofa on which Napoleon slept during the battle of Jena." Thus one by one our illusions fade. The couch on which Napoleon slept during the battle of Jena! Exit forever the picture of Bonaparte calmly sitting his horse, contemptuous of danger amid a hail of shot and bursting shell. Comes instead a bewildering vision of Napoleon reading himself to sleep with a copy of "La Vie Parisienne."

Faith, once shaken, crumbles fast. Even our own great, hitherto secure in the shrines of our hero worship, seem to tremble and totter. Where along the historic Hudson is the couch on which Wayne slept during the storming of Stony Point? Where dozed Stark while the battle of Bennington was raging? Where Washington, while the Hessians at Trenton were giving themselves up?

Some day a visitor to Tampa may buy the porch hammock on which Roosevelt slumbered during the charge at San Juan. Suspicion thus dogs the footsteps of faith. The light of history has gone out.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, an experienced, tidy, respectable young woman as waitress and chambermaid in a small private family; good home, good wages. American, English, or Scotch Protestant preferred. Address, stating age, experience, and give references. 1,804, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined Christian woman to assist in housekeeping. Convenient suburban house at White Plains. References required. Salary \$75 per month. 1,816, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—Position by woman, trained kindergarten. Has done playground, boy and girl club work. Eight years' experience in foreign industrial neighborhood, also Southern cotton mill village. Best of references. 1,805, Outlook.

ENGAGED minister wants community church field. Mountain West preferred. 1,812, Outlook.

POSITION as church organist by young man with conservatory training. Address W. Neal Parker, Fair Haven, Vt.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

CONGREGATIONAL minister with excellent record, serving large Eastern city parish, invites conference with church seeking preacher and pastor. Address M, 1,807, Outlook.

Business Situations

MARRIED man, age 29, now a manufacturing executive, desires employment which will keep him out of doors. 1,806, Outlook.

ASSISTANT head worker of large Eastern settlement, with record of achievement in important organizations, desires executive position with settlement or social welfare organization. Experienced in child welfare and protective work. 1,813, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position assistant housekeeper, companion, or governess. Miss Deans, Essex, Vt.

FIRST-class housekeeper, music teacher. Secure now. Give particulars. 1,789, Outlook.

LADY, refined, educated, experienced, capable manager, desires position of trust. Excellent references. Salary to assist educating worthy relative. 1,808, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper for school or institution for the winter. 1,817, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SUPERINTENDENT, housemother, head mistress, school or institution. Training, experience. September. 1,810, Outlook.

WANTED—Position of responsibility. Home economics graduate. Hospital and country club experience. 1,814, Outlook.

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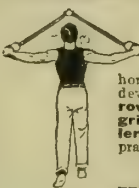
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Photo by Phebe West

SOD SCHOOLHOUSE IN SOUTH DAKOTA

SOD HOUSES IN DAKOTA

BY PHEBE WEST

HERE are pictures of sod houses taken in Perkins County, South Dakota, while I was teaching there. This country is now a sheep country, though it was formerly a cattle country, and is very much like the country where Theodore Roosevelt owned his ranch, which is north of Perkins County.

The first picture shows the schoolhouse where I taught. It is a sod house, but is plastered with hard plastering inside and out. To say that one taught in a sod house gives rather a poor impression, but it is not a schoolhouse to be ashamed of. I have taught school for six years and in three different States, and I have never seen a schoolhouse, outside of a large city, which had better equipment. The schoolhouse contains a modern furnace and ventilating system, and the fuel is lignite coal, mined in the township.

The photograph was taken on the occasion of our "last day" picnic, and shows part of the crowd in attendance.

The other picture shows the grandmother of two of my pupils standing in front of the sod house in which they lived, with their three pet lambs around her.

The advantages of houses of this type are their cheapness in a country where there is no lumber, their warmth, and the fact that they are not easily wrecked by high wind. The disadvantage is that they fall to pieces so easily.

I have taken The Outlook for a number of years, and have often thought I would write to tell you how much I appreciate it. While I was teaching in this schoolhouse I always kept it on the window-ledge, and nearly every child in school got something out of it. While in the Army I used to carry it over to the wards for the "boys" to enjoy, and now I am sending it to a military hospital every week—so, you see, my copy travels.



Photo by Phebe West

A SOD HOUSE ON A SHEEP FARM IN SOUTH DAKOTA

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Measure Your Qualifications

Percentage		Percentage	
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2	Appearance.....	14	Physical Fitness....
3	Originality.....	15	Mental Alertness..
4	Persuasive Power..	16	Leadership.....
5	Organizing Ability	17	Character.....
6	Will Power.....	18	Salesmanship.....
7	Initiative.....	19	Self-Confidence....
8	Determination....	20	Forcefulness.....
9	Memory.....	Total.....	
10	Self-Control.....	Divided by 20.....	
11	Imagination.....	Average.....	
12	Foresight.....		

TAKE stock—see what chances you have to become the man or woman you want to be. Here are listed the elements that make men and women successful. Science has shown we all have them, at least to a degree. For the man or woman who desires success, the vital question is—in which am I weakest?

Measure yourself now with this chart.

On the scale of 100%, give yourself a grade in each box. Add both columns and divide by 20. The result is the average of your chances for success in life. Does it satisfy you? Or would you like to be higher?

With this honest self-estimate you come face to face with what may be the most important event in your life. Now you know where your weakness lies. What will you do to correct it? How are you going to increase your chances for a bigger and broader life?

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Over 27 years ago, a small group of pioneers started to work out some system for the development of the mind.

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imagination and originality; how to build character, how to strengthen individuality, how to cultivate self-confidence and resourcefulness, how to overcome the negative qualities, purposelessness, indecision.

Already 600,000 people have utilized the forces of Pelmanism. They tell stories of remarkable advances and remarkable achievements. Increases in incomes of 100% to 200% are ordinary—in some cases increases are as high as 1000%. All have been made possible thru Pelmanism.

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MINDS FOR OLD

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Address all communications to

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

HARCOURT POWELL, of Grand Mère Quebec, tosses this bouquet into the editorial ring: "I would like to congratulate the whole staff of The Outlook; it is by far the best paper, either daily, weekly, or monthly, that I have ever read, its chief charm being that you always get a most broad, altogether unbiased description written in excellent English."

ANOTHER is not so encouraging. In explaining why he discontinues his membership in The Outlook family he incloses the following clipping from a local newspaper: "A subscriber writes to the Anthony 'Republican' as follows: 'Don't send us your paper any more. We ain't taking any papers now or we would take yours. But we don't want none at the present time. The "Republican" is a awful good paper but we can't take no paper now, so please stop your paper. We'll take your paper again when we can take a paper. Don't send it no more.'"

A CLEVELAND lawyer expresses his approval: "The Outlook is sane, liberal, progressive, patriotic, and in the highest and broadest sense religious and non-sectarian. I would not use Mark Twain's illustration that The Outlook is like a bottle of perfume in a glue factory, but one might do that without gross exaggeration as to some aspects of public affairs."

FROM La Crosse, Wisconsin: "A copy of The Outlook was lying on my desk when our retired Superintendent of Schools called on me. He glanced toward your magazine, and then remarked: 'There is the finest publication we have in this country. I always enjoy reading The Outlook, because it has a personality.' I have received much inspiration from the pen of Dr. Abbott. I have received much inspiration from reading The Outlook. I have bought most of the books that Lyman Abbott has recommended in his reviews, and have never been disappointed in any of them."

NOT all our subscribers agree with our friend in La Crosse, Wisconsin. One adverse opinion recently came to Mr. Frank C. Hoyt, treasurer of the Outlook Company, in reply to a subscription offer:

"Your offer of seventeen numbers of The Outlook to hand. The addressee, my father, passed away nearly four years ago. We, his survivors, could not, we regret to state, renew subscription to The Outlook, since one whose name appears as a contributor and long identified with your periodical has been doing great damage to the Christian faith, which he interprets, often quite wholly against the simple, unvarnished, and plain statements of God's Word. I may hope, dear sir, that you, personally, do not follow what has appeared so consistently in The Outlook; it would lead to an unutterably sad and eternal destiny."

Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly

Without Cultural Leadership

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. We think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk

about the public's inferior taste. The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and other higher things. And it must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocket-book is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when

once given the chance. And we shall make the price so inviting, that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

All Great Things Are Simple

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books:

Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

Schopenhauer's Essays. For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

The Trial and Death of Socrates. This is dramatic literature as well as sound philosophy.

Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. This old Roman Emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

The Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unrelenting, haphazard struggle?

Dialogues of Plato. This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

Foundations of Religion. Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer presents a well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

The Idea of God and Nature. John Stuart Mill.

How the idea of God may come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

Life and Character. Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

Thoughts of Pascal. Pascal thought a great deal about God and the Universe, and the origin and purpose of life.

The Olympian Gods. Tichenor. A study of ancient mythology.

The Stoic Philosophy. Prof. Gilbert Murray. He tells what this belief consisted of, how it was discovered and what we can today learn from it.

God: Known and Unknown. Samuel Butler. A really important work.

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idea from this account of the beliefs of primitive man.

Three Lectures on Evolution. Ernst Haeckel's ideas expressed so you can understand them.

From Monkey to Man. A comprehensive review of the Darwinian theory.

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You can take these 25 books with you when you go to and from work. You can read them in your spare moments. You can slip four or five of them into a pocket and they will not bulge. You can investigate the best and the soundest ideas of the world's greatest philosophers—and the price will be so low as to astonish you. No, the price will not be \$25 for the 25 volumes. Nor will the price be \$5. The price will be even less than half that sum.

Yes, we mean it. Believe it or not, the price will be only \$1.95 for the entire library. That's less than a dime a volume. In fact, that is less than eight cents per volume. Surely no one can claim he cannot afford to buy the best. Here is the very best at the very least. Never were such great works offered at so low a price. All you have to do is to sign your name and address on the blank below. You don't have to send any money. Just mail us the blank and we will send you the 25 volumes described on this page—you will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage. And the books are yours.

If you want to send cash with order remit \$2.25.

Are we making a mistake in advertising works of culture? Are we doing the impossible when we ask the people to read serious works? Are we wasting our time and money? We shall see by the

manner in which the blank below comes into our mail.

----- Send No Money Blank -----

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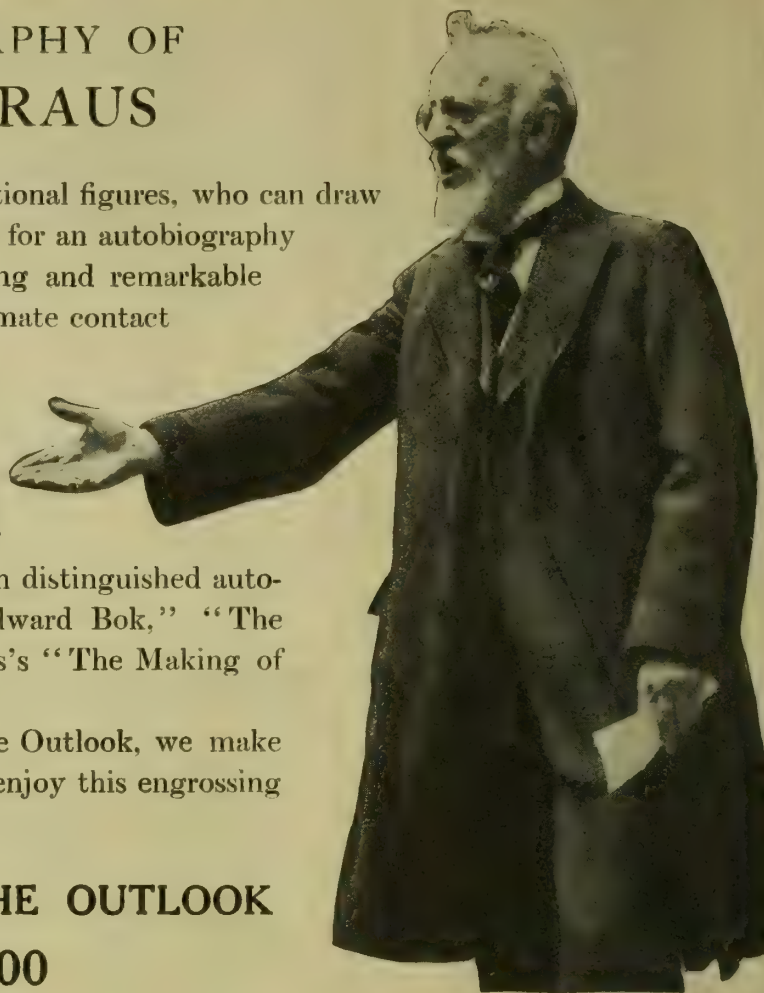
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The Outlook

AUGUST 2, 1922

SOMETHING CHEAP

SOMETHING cheap when prices are high ought to be popular. To those looking for something inexpensive we recommend taking a fling at Congress. It costs nothing.

Perhaps that is why so many people are doing it.

It seems almost as if Congress were some kind of alien government set over us by some foreign enemy. Newspaper editorials expressing appreciation of what Congress has done or is undertaking to do are hard to find. Even when a member of the Administration speaks about Congress, he speaks harshly. Naturally, the ordinary citizen, who gets his impression of public men from the newspapers, is likely to regard Congress as an incumbrance upon the earth. Indeed, there is no cheaper form of amusement than shying verbal rocks at the National Capitol.

Of course there are members of both the House and the Senate who tempt anybody to try a shot. These are the sort that are always finding themselves in some row with somebody. We all know the type. Almost any American can mention one or two that would fit this description. Usually the row that they seem to seek is a verbal row, with the tongue or type as weapon. On rare occasions—significantly rare—they engage in physical altercations. There are some men who cannot stand the test of character involved in the enjoyment of immunity for what they say in a legislative hall. As a rule, however, a Senator or a Representative is a man much like other men, except that perhaps he works under a public pressure that other men do not feel. He may get some reward through local reputation and in the exercise of a measure of power; but he rarely gets in net income much, if anything, more than he might earn by devoting himself to a private calling. The Congressman, for instance, who serves for so many years that he attains a position of responsibility and authority in the House might well be supposed to have attained a National reputation. He probably has, in a way; a newspaper item mentions, for example, the expected retirement of Mr. Fess. The ordinary newspaper reader from some other State than that which Mr. Fess comes from reads the account and says:

"Fess? Fess? Let me see, is that the man that was Governor of Massachusetts

or something? No, his name was Foss, wasn't it? But who is Fess? It seems to me I have heard his name."

That is the sort of thanks a man gets by serving in our National legislative body. He is lucky to get no worse than that.

Just now Congress is finding itself the object of rather more derision than usual on account of the Tariff Bill, the Bonus Bill, the Ship Subsidy Bill, and some other bills that it has not passed. It has been derided for not passing them and it has been derided for not killing them. Meanwhile it goes on discussing them, and studying them, and debating them, and making them all seem less justifiable just because they are the subject of debate. If in some way Congress were to pass bills without debate, it would escape much censure but deserve more.

But now we American citizens can all of us find something we do not like in Congress, and take aim.

Of course one thing we all know very well is that we who are so scornful of Congress are its creators. We have made Congress in our own image. If Americans had a sense of humor—the ability to laugh at themselves—they could really take some pleasure in the fun they make of their own handiwork.

MUSCLE SHOALS

THE plan to turn over one of the greatest sources of water power in the world to private hands for one hundred years is not getting the encouragement in Congress that it once seemed to have.

The Senate Agricultural Committee, which had the proposal under consideration, has made a report which records a majority against accepting Mr. Ford's bid for Muscle Shoals, in Alabama. For that the country should be profoundly thankful. In this report the Ford offer is characterized as "the most wonderful real estate speculation since Adam and Eve lost title to the Garden of Eden."

The report of the Committee was presented by Chairman Norris, and parts of it received the support of various members of the Committee. According to the report, it is estimated that, at the interest rate of six per cent, in a hundred years the proposed gift to Henry Ford would amount to over \$236,000,000, and if compounded, "as Mr. Ford asks the Government to compound what he pays," the profit at the end of the hundred-

year period to Mr. Ford's corporation would be \$14,560,000,000—"more than half our total cost of the World War." The report itemizes the various things which the country has been led to believe concerning the offer, and then in turn denies each item. For example, it says: "The country has been given to understand that Mr. Ford has guaranteed to reduce the cost of fertilizer by one-half. He has done nothing of the kind. He has made no guaranty of any kind in the way of reduction of the cost of fertilizer." The report says that the "mind is dazed at the unreasonableness of the proposition," and says that the acceptance of the Ford offer would mean that the fight for conservation was lost. One of the Senators, Mr. Kendrick, of Wyoming, said that he would favor the granting of the lease provided the term was changed from one hundred years to fifty years. The majority, however, were not willing to concur in this.

Senator Norris offers in a bill a plan for the use of the Muscle Shoals water power by a Government-owned and Government-controlled corporation.

It is evident that even those Senators who represent agricultural communities are beginning to see that the inventor of the "flivver" and the cheap farm tractor is but a man, after all, and that no man ought to be endowed by the Government with any such public property.

CONGRESS AND THE TARIFF

THE fight on some of the excessive schedules of the present Tariff Bill seems to have won unexpected and powerful allies. At least it can be said that the high figures proposed by the Finance Committee of the Senate have in two instances undergone drastic revision downward.

The tariff on certain kinds of gloves was severely attacked by Senator Lenroot. He was supported in his position by Senators Borah, Capper, Cummins, Hale, Harreld, Jones of Washington, Kellogg, Keyes, Ladd, Lodge, McCormick, Moses, Nelson, New, Newberry, Phipps, Rawson, Warren, and Willis. The inclusion of Senator Lodge's name in this group has aroused marked comment. The Senators from New York were the leaders in upholding the Finance Committee's rates.

More important than the glove schedule, so far as the country at large is concerned, is the contest on the wool sched-

ule now under way. In this fight Senator Lenroot is again the leader, and he has been joined by Senator Wadsworth.

HOWELL COMES, CULBERSON GOES

ONE more Republican has beaten a Republican and again the victory has gone to the progressive wing of the dominant party. In Nebraska R. B. Howell has won the Republican nomination for Senator. His opponent was Albert W. Jefferis, now in the House of Representatives. Mr. Howell was a Progressive in 1912, but did not have to desert the Republican State organization to swing its support for Roosevelt. He stayed within the party and carried it bodily into the Progressive camp.

He defeated Victor Rosewater, former Chairman of the Republican National Committee and a standpatter in 1912, for membership in the National Committee. In Nebraska National party committeemen are elected in the primaries, and not by the State delegations to the National Conventions.

Howell has fought against the excess of Southern representation in the National Republican Conventions; he has been an efficient municipal official of Omaha, where he has made public works pay for themselves. Mr. Howell is a "dry." His Democratic opponent at the forthcoming elections, Senator Hitchcock, is a "wet." In Nebraska a "dry" candidate is at a decided advantage.

While the Republican party has been watching developments in Nebraska the Democrats have kept their eyes on Texas. In this State the veteran Senator Charles Culberson has apparently succeeded in winning nothing better than third place in the primary contest for nomination. The winner of first place was Earle B. Mayfield, who had the indorsement of the Ku Klux Klan. Ex-Governor James E. Ferguson has apparently won second place in the primary, and, if this is the case, the second and final primary contest will be between Mayfield and Ferguson. Ferguson is an ex-Governor of Texas who was driven from the Governorship in 1917 after impeachment. The choice between such an ex-official and a Klan-indorsed aspirant is not particularly inviting. Certainly any State which elects a candidate because he is a believer in Klan methods will have departed very far from sound American tradition.

THE TWIN STRIKES

No progress at the beginning of last week seemed to have been made in the settlement of either the strike of the railway shopmen or the strike of the coal miners. There were continued re-

ports of contemplated drastic action on the part of the Government. These, however, were perhaps put out as a means of getting responses from public opinion.

It has become increasingly evident that the coal strike and the railway strike have much in common. Indeed, this is not surprising to those who have followed the course of events from the beginning. As Mr. Helm pointed out in his correspondence to *The Outlook* long before the coal strike began, both the miners and the railway men recognized the advantage that might accrue to them in a joint strike. Though the railway men and the miners have not been nominally allied in their warfare, they have not done anything to avoid the strategic advantage that has come from having the two strikes occur at the same time. It has been obvious that the railway strikers have profited greatly by the existence of the coal strike. Delays due to lack of coal have naturally been attributed in the public mind to the strike of the railway shopmen, and have thus helped to give these railway strikers prestige which they otherwise would not have had. Conversely, whatever difficulty the railway managers have had in getting their trains moving has helped to hasten the coming of a coal famine, and thus has strengthened the strategic position of the miners.

LOOKING FOR WAYS OUT

PRESIDENT HARDING'S proposal that the miners and operators resume the mining of coal on a compromise arrangement while awaiting the decision of a coal tribunal has apparently been abandoned. At any rate, there has been no indication made public that even the President himself has been bringing further pressure to bear upon the parties for the acceptance of that idea. One representative of the coal operators has urged a commission different in one vital respect from that which the President suggested. According to the President's plan, both operators and miners would have been represented on the tribunal. According to the plan proposed by Mr. A. M. Ogle, President of the National Coal Association, the tribunal should consist solely of representatives of the public at large, without either miners or operators in its membership, though a miner and an operator might serve in a purely advisory capacity. It is a sign of intelligent leadership for the operators to put forth a suggestion of this sort. We believe that the formal tribunal which Mr. Ogle proposes is to be preferred to that which contains in its membership representatives of the disputants.

It is understood that the Attorney-

General has ruled that the Government has the right in such an emergency as this to seize both the railways and the mines for operation; and that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has, under these conditions, certain emergency powers which include the granting and withholding of priorities for shipment. Under such powers, the Inter-State Commerce Commission could withhold priority of shipment from mines which charged exorbitant prices for their coal. By this control over inter-State commerce the United States Government could deal in an emergency with both the tie-up in transportation and the famine in coal.

In co-operation with the Inter-State Commerce Commission would naturally be the members of the Cabinet most concerned with the situation—the Secretary of the Interior, who is Mr. Fall; the Attorney-General, who is Mr. Daugherty; and the Secretary of Commerce, who is Mr. Hoover.

It has been understood that the railway strike might have been settled before this by the acquiescence of the men in a plan for a rehearing of their grievance as to wages by the Railroad Labor Board if it had not been for issues that have arisen since the strike. The chief issue that has interfered with the settlement of the strike is that concerning seniority. When the men refused to go back to work, the railways gave them warning that after a certain day they would lose the advantage in promotion that comes to men of long service, and the men who took their places during the strike would have a rating as senior to those former employees who returned after the date mentioned. This loss of seniority is a serious matter for many strikers, and they have been insisting that if they return to work their seniority rights should be restored. Logically, the men have very little on their side; but practically, they have a strong argument by pointing to the precedent that has been obtained in other strikes. Naturally, the railway managers do not wish to strengthen this precedent. In this case we think that the men deserve to lose their seniority rights, and the forfeiture of them will help to establish the authority of the Labor Board, and therefore to promote the public interest.

As these strikes have continued interest in the merits of the dispute as between employers and employees has become naturally submerged in the wider and deeper interest in what is going to happen to the people, who depend for heat in their homes and for their industries upon coal that is still in the mines, and who also depend upon the railways for transportation. Russia

THE DOLE OF BLOWS

(2 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 1)

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service



Germany: "Would you kill der goose vat lays der golden eggs?"
France: "Not if it laid a few golden eggs, by gar!!!"

Reid in the National Republican



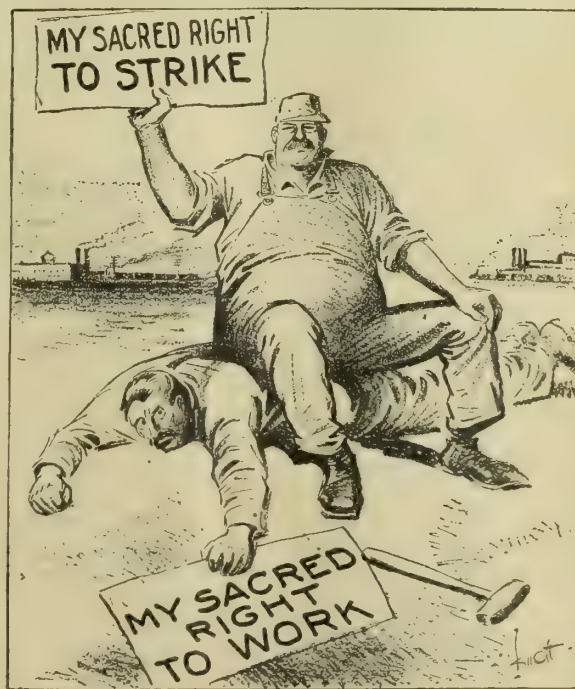
THE SCORE

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

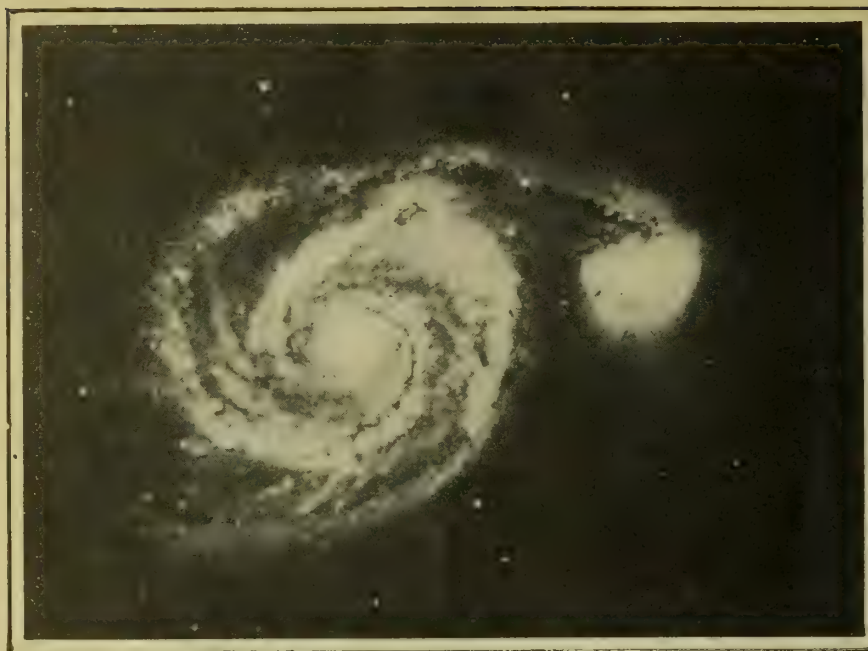


NOBODY HOME?

Knott in the Dallas News



THE CONFLICT



THE WHIRLPOOL NEBULA

Most celebrated of the spiral nebulae, and the first one to be discovered. Photographed at Mount Wilson Observatory. Exposure, 10 hours 45 minutes.

is a good example of what happens to people who get more interested in theories of life than in the practice of living. On another page we tell what we believe ought to be done by the Government in this emergency.

PHOTOGRAPHING A MILLION UNIVERSES

NEVER before in the whole romantic history of astronomy have such amazing possibilities disclosed themselves as those revealed by recent studies of certain flecks of light found in great numbers in the photographic survey of the heavens—the *spiral nebulae*. As the name implies, these objects have a spiral form, which is more or less evident according to the angle from which they are viewed. In a typical case there is a central nucleus, from which extend two spirally coiled arms, the whole suggesting a Fourth of July pinwheel. These nebulae are, however, greatly flattened, and hence those that happen to stand in an edgewise position with respect to our line of sight assume the shape of an elongated spindle.

Very few spiral nebulae were known before the beginning of the present century. One of the few was the famous Whirlpool Nebula, discovered by the Earl of Rosse in 1845 with what was then by far the largest telescope in the world. The fact that there are something like a *million* of these bodies in the sky within the range of observation was one of the astounding revelations of celestial photography. Most of them are invisible to the human eye, aided by

the most powerful of telescopes, but impress their images on the more sensitive photographic plate, exposed for periods extending, in some cases, to ten or twelve hours.

What are the spiral nebulae? Most astronomers believe that they are enormously remote compared with other celestial objects. There are other nebulae in the sky—masses of glowing gas or cosmic dust lighted up by stars in their midst, or, most interesting of all, *dark clouds* of gas or dust seen in silhouette against a starry background—all of which are no more distant, on an average, than the majority of stars visible in the telescope. These nebulae, together with perhaps a thousand million stars, including our own sun, constitute what is called the Galactic Universe. The text-books of a few years ago compared its shape to that of a grindstone, our solar system being somewhere near the middle. Looking toward the edge of the grindstone, we see the stars apparently crowded in a belt that encircles the sky—the Galaxy, or Milky Way. In other directions the stars seem widely scattered, because we look through a comparatively thin layer of them into outer space.

This comparison to a grindstone no longer seems apt, because it implies that our system has a more or less circular outline, whereas the belief is rapidly gaining ground that *the Galactic Universe is a spiral nebula*.

And now we come to the most stupendous guess of all—it is still only a guess, though a very plausible one—that every

one of the spiral nebulae, of which so many thousands have been photographed, is itself a vast universe of stars!

Some decidedly discordant estimates have lately been published as to the size of the Galactic Universe. The most conservative of these assigns to it a diameter of about 30,000 light-years. Light, which performs the journey of 93,000,000 miles from the sun to the earth in eight minutes, requires, according to the estimate just quoted, 30,000 years to cross our universe of stars.

Where, then, are the *other* universes—the spiral nebulae? Is space big enough to hold them all?

A current estimate places the nearest of them at a distance of something like 500,000 light-years from our system, while to the most remote of those that have hitherto been photographed is ascribed the altogether inconceivable distance of a hundred million light-years!

These figures suggest an interesting reflection. If they are correct, our photographs of the most distant spirals do not show these objects as they are today, but as they were a hundred million years ago. In other words, our pictures are retrospective views that span unthinkable æons of time as well as incalculable depths of space.

A NATIONAL EMERGENCY

SUPREME over every other interest is the interest of all the people.

The coal strike and the railway strike have now created a situation in which the interest of all the people is involved.

Justice demands that in any action to be taken the interest of the miners, the interest of the mine operators, the interest of the railway employees, and the interest of the railway managers shall be subordinated to the people's interest.

Therefore all questions as to whether the miners' wages are too high or too low, as to whether the mine operators shall negotiate with the miners by districts or Nationally, as to whether the railway employees are paid in proportion to their service or have sacrificed their seniority rights by striking, must be regarded as secondary to the right of the people of this country to have their highways kept open and their resources made available for their use.

No group, whether it consists of laborers or of capitalists, has any right to prevent the people of the country from using their highways and their resources. Every corporation or associa-

tion of men is but an instrument created or permitted to exist by the people for the purpose of contributing to the common welfare. The creature has no right that is paramount to the rights of its creator. Though all this has been denied in Russia, it is still alphabetic in America.

Nobody who knows the American people imagines that they will willingly acquiesce in any proposal that they surrender their rights and their authority and their sovereignty in order to enable employers and employees in such basic industries as coal mining and transportation to settle their disputes by continuing a generally destructive industrial war to the last ditch.

The alternative to industrial war in disputes of this kind is a tribunal which shall hear all the evidence and render an authoritative judgment.

In the case of the railways such a tribunal already exists. This is the Railroad Labor Board. In the dispute which occasioned the present industrial war waged by the railway shopmen this tribunal had already rendered its decision. In choosing industrial war instead of the further use of the tribunal which the people had erected the railway shopmen have defied and are continuing to defy the right and interest of all the people. They are clearly in the wrong.

In the case of the coal industry no such tribunal exists, but one has been proposed by the President. In rejecting the President's proposal for a tribunal, without proposing anything else in its place except a continuance of industrial war, the miners have put themselves in a position that is hostile to the interest and rights of the people. They too now are clearly in the wrong.

Whether the railway managers have refused to abide by the legitimate decisions of the Railroad Labor Board or not is a matter of dispute. In one instance at least the question has been brought before the courts, where such a question belongs. If and in so far as the railway managers have interfered with the proper function of the Railroad Labor Board, they too are in the wrong as well as the striking shopmen. Whether the mine operators have accepted the President's proposal honestly and in good faith is also disputed. On the face of the reports the operators have not opposed the establishment of such a tribunal as the President offered to establish. If and in so far as they have put obstacles in the way of the establishment of such a tribunal, they too are in the wrong as well as the striking miners. We do not doubt, however, for a moment that if the railway employees now on strike would say definitely that they would submit their case to the

Railroad Labor Board and if the miners either accepted the President's proposed tribunal or definitely themselves proposed an alternative tribunal equally or more certainly impartial, both industrial wars would cease. In both cases the responsibility for the continuance of the war rests upon the strikers and their leaders.

Since in both strikes the men seem unwilling voluntarily to chose the judgment of a tribunal in preference to the verdict of industrial war, and possibly the operators and managers are ready to accept the war which the men have chosen, the Government should exercise its authority to compel both sides in each controversy, subordinating their own demands to the rights and interests of all the people, either under some compromise arrangement to supply the people with fuel and transportation or to make way for those who will. Coercion under such circumstances is no more slavery than is conscription in time of war. A government that shows its determination to protect the general right is likely to find it unnecessary to go to extremes in exercising its authority.

In providing for the emergency on the railway the Government has already means at hand which it can use. It has the Railroad Labor Board, it has the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and it has the power to order priority of shipment, rationing of materials, and the prosecution of those who interfere by conspiracy or otherwise with the operation of its orders.

In providing for the emergency in coal, the Government, without delay and without further waiting for acquiescence on the part of either party to the dispute, should establish a non-partisan, not a bi-partisan, tribunal to examine the immediate situation and provide such scales of wages and such regulations as will serve for temporary purposes.

But for permanent relief there is need of a coal commission such as The Outlook has repeatedly advocated. This should be established by law and empowered to get all the facts relating to the coal industry that are ascertainable and to propose a plan for the conduct of the industry that will be adapted to its peculiar factors both human and material, and will enable and encourage co-operation between management and men. As long as industry is organized in such a way as to throw labor and management into hostile groups, so long will there be the constant peril of industrial war. It is essential that from such a basic industry as that which supplies the people with fuel the peril of war should be removed. Therefore in the coal industry it is important that or-

ganization should be such as to insure constant consultation between those who provide the labor and those who provide the capital and the direction of the industry. This is the essential principle of the shop committee. For any permanent settlement of the problem of coal production without recourse to destructive strikes such a coal commission must provide for some way by which agreement shall be reached between men and managers on the basis of understanding rather than force.

AN EDITOR AND HIS PROFESSION

ONE of the most important figures in American journalism passed when Charles Ransom Miller, Editor-in-Chief of the New York "Times" for forty years, died on July 18. The editorial page of the "Times" under his guardianship has been a credit to the profession to which he devoted his life. One does not need to be in sympathy with the views expressed in that page to recognize that it represented a steadfast, philosophic point of view; that it treated the affairs of the Nation with conscientious dignity even when it lacked the brilliancy of utterance of the older American tradition. It was not the editorial page of a Dana, but it was better suited to the needs of the present than the more personal editorial methods which flourished a generation or so ago.

The qualifications which bring leadership to a modern newspaper were never better expressed than by Mr. Miller in a statement to a committee of the Senate in 1915:

Every newspaper that enjoys continuity of existence and management has a certain body of principles. They are called the policy of the paper. Those are the principles and beliefs that guide its expressions and opinions. The men who express those opinions are the editorial writers. . . . They are men. They wear neither halos nor horns. They form their opinions just as other men form their opinions, by observation and reflection and information. . . . But each paper has a body of principles that guide its utterances, and the men who write those principles believe them. Nobody in the "Times" office is ever asked to write what he does not believe.

The true test of the work of writers who practice their profession under such a tradition is to be found in another statement made by Mr. Miller before that same committee:

We appear before the jury every day. We appear before the grand inquisition, one of the largest courts in history; we are judged at the breakfast table. We feel that if we

were improperly influenced by anybody outside of the office there is none so quick to discover that as the readers of the paper.

To grant freely that the editorial page of the "Times" under Mr. Miller was guided by the principles which he enunciated is not to say that it was not influenced by prejudices which revealed themselves in blindness to certain social developments and to the real news value of certain facts. By the pseudo-radical, sure of his own infallibility, these evidences of blindness were taken as proof of a capitalistic conspiracy to suppress the truth. The "New Republic" once devoted a large part of an issue to an endeavor to show that the "Times" willfully misrepresented news from Bolsh-

evist Russia. It certainly showed that there were important inaccuracies in the news reports of the "Times," and perhaps a willingness to believe the worst of a Government which has since exceeded the utmost limits of past condemnations. Such omissions and interpretations make just grounds for no charge of conspiracy. At the most they are merely corroborative evidence that the editors of the "Times" "wear neither halos nor horns," and that "they form their opinions just as other men form their opinions, by observation and reflection and information."

Within the acknowledged limitations which Mr. Miller defined, and these limitations will always exist, the modern newspaper, of which the "Times" is per-

haps the pre-eminent American example, plays an increasingly important part in our National life. As the world has narrowed, so the field of journalism has expanded. The eyes of the journalist are on the far corners of the earth. They must see beyond men and immediate events and take cognizance of those currents of history which are molding the world of to-morrow. In so far as they can gauge those currents, measure their velocities, search out their origins, they can do much to turn them into channels that lead to the growth and not the retrogression of civilization.

Mr. Miller was a man aware of his responsibilities, and he bore them with little thought of personal reputation or reward.

THE LEGION AND THE DISABLED VETERAN

THERE are certain psychological tests in which the victim is placed in a chair and the examiner proceeds to roll off a series of single-worded questions. The victim is supposed promptly to fire back the first word that comes into his mind. It works something like this:

- Q. Goldfish?
- A. Salmon.
- Q. Stew?
- A. Slum.
- Q. Front?
- A. Hoboken.
- Q. Work?
- A. Paper.
- Q. Kitchen?
- A. Police.

"Aha!" says the examiner; "you were a soldier during the World War. Probably in the Quartermaster's Corps. But you didn't get overseas. Am I right?"

The victim acknowledges the truth of the charge and departs abashed at the omniscience of the examiner.

All of which is a roundabout introduction to the statement that if the American public were confronted with such a questionnaire, occurred the word, Legion? at least ninety per cent of that public would roar out the word, "Bonus!" Whether the public favored or opposed that bonus, the answer would be the same. In the public mind the Legion is identified almost wholly with the Bonus Bill. The Bonus Bill likewise means, in the public mind, large cash payments to able-bodied veterans. That the Bonus Bill is not better understood and that the Legion should be identified only with a garbled version of that bill is a matter to be regretted profoundly.

Back of the agitation for the real Bonus Bill lies a feeling among the veterans that the American people have forgotten them, and the basis for this feeling is to be found very largely in the neglect and mistreatment of our disabled soldiers.

Public opinion to the contrary, the Legion has devoted the greatest part of its effort, not to the bonus, but to the protection and care of these disabled men. Whether or not the Legion has been remiss in its failure to make this clearly understood is a subject which is not now under discussion.

The story of the Legion's fight for the disabled men has been told in recent numbers of the "American Legion Weekly" by Mr. Marquis James, a writer whom we know to be a careful and responsible correspondent. We shall endeavor to summarize some of the chief points in his articles as they have been running through the months of June and July.

THE LEGION'S FIGHT

In 1919 the Legion began its fight for adequate care of the disabled veterans. It found that the public had accepted promises from the Government as a substitute for the fulfillment of those promises. The problem of caring for the disabled veterans Mr. James succinctly puts in the following words:

In the rehabilitation of a disabled man there are three things to be done. He must have physical, financial, and industrial assistance. He must be placed in a hospital and given treatment until his health has been restored or improved as far as lies within the power of medical science. When physically able, he must begin his training for re-entry into self-supporting life. Usually this means the selection and mastery of a new calling which will be possible under the handicap of infirmity. During all this time and until he is vocationally rehabilitated he must receive financial aid to compensate for loss or diminution of earning power. In case of permanent disability, affecting earning power through life, this financial aid, or compensation, must be perpetual.

At the time when the Legion started its campaign there were three separate

agencies attempting to solve the problem. Says Mr. James:

Medical care was in the hands of the United States Public Health Service. Utterly unprepared, without adequate hospitals, facilities, or personnel, and no clear way by which to get them, it failed deplorably, and out of this failure grew up the vicious contract hospital system, the practice of farming out these precious wards of the Government to private, municipal, county, and State hospitals and institutions. The industrial end of the question fell to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which was created for the purpose at the beginning of the war and which had months to prepare for its task before any of the wounded came home. Millions were appropriated for the use of the Board. It was this Federal Board which promised most and accomplished least of any of the three agencies. Here, with the least excuse, the failure was greatest. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance, another war-time creation, was charged with the compensation of all disabled not actually in training under the Board. The Board compensated the men in training.

THE VETERANS BUREAU ORGANIZED

At the end of a campaign which lasted for two years these three agencies were united in the Veterans Bureau as a result of the passage of the Sweet Bill, for which the late Commander Galbraith labored long and hard. On the face of it the Legion had received all that it had asked for, but, as often happens in Governmental affairs, a law on the books is not always a law in the hand. The new Bureau was assigned to Mr. Charles R. Forbes, its present head. Mr. James says:

The situation that Mr. Forbes took over was still shockingly bad in nearly all departments. Knowing this, the Legion did not expect instantaneous results. Mr. Forbes was assured of this. He was promised complete co-operation. The Legion pledged him every aid and undertook

to withhold public criticism and to suspend judgment until he had been given a thorough opportunity to demonstrate his ability to untangle the skein.

In fulfillment of this promise the Legion has placed a liaison officer in each of the fourteen regional districts into which the Bureau has divided the country and has kept the mechanism of its entire organization at the disposal of the Bureau. Mr. James says positively that the Legion supports the Veterans Bureau and its present administration. This fact, however, does not keep him from frank and constructive criticism of its activities:

Ten months have passed since Mr. Forbes took the reins. What the Legion has done in this time has been done without comment, except such as would tend to reassure the veterans and the public and avert too hasty judgment. Most of what the public and the veterans have been permitted to read of the Bureau has emanated from the Bureau's publicity office in Washington. It is to be regretted that these utterances have frequently been misleading. We have read repeatedly of the staggering sums the Government is spending on the disabled. Just now it is spending money at the rate of \$528,600,000 a year, and the President's signature to the new Langley Bill increases this total to \$545,600,000, or as much as it cost to run the whole United States Government twenty-five years ago. We hear that 30,000 men are in hospitals, that 109,000 are taking vocational training. The inference is that all is lovely.

This inference is false. It is not a question of how much is spent, but how wisely it is spent. Thirty thousand men in hospitals means little unless we know they are in fit hospitals and that there are no others not in hospitals who should be there. And we know the contrary of this to be true. One hundred and nine thousand men in vocational training is significant only if these men are getting training which will enable them to come back to your town and mine and earn a living. Such is not the case. So much for figures as instruments of propaganda.

Between the half-billion dollars which the Government is spending annually for the disabled veteran intervenes what Mr. James calls the "old familiar bucket brigade—the silhouettes of Incompetence, Jealousy, Mismanagement, Greed, Waste, Extravagance, and Shortsightedness." Politics has interested itself in the thousands of appointments to be made within the Bureau. People and communities have fought for and against the location of hospitals on grounds which had nothing to do with expected benefits for the disabled.

The Legion, as the United States should be, is dissatisfied with such a situation. Perhaps the most striking failure of the Government's agencies for the care of disabled soldiers is to be found in the lack of hospital facilities. The Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service in 1919 accurately fore-

told the number of beds needed for the care of our ex-soldiers. It was not until 1921 that Congress appropriated over \$18,000,000 to commence an adequate programme of construction. Fifteen months have passed, and the Veterans Bureau has available but one-seventh of the number of beds which the programme calls for at the present time. All these beds are in remodeled structures or additions to previously existing institutions.

WHERE THE BLAME LIES

The failure of this programme Mr. James lays to the office of the supervising architect in the Treasury and to Brigadier-General Charles E. Sawyer. The story of the interference with this programme is too long to be given here. It should be said, however, that the White Committee, charged with the selection of the sites for the new hospitals is exonerated by Mr. James from any share in the delay.

Apparently the delays caused by the supervising architect's office were delays of the ordinary bureaucratic variety. General Sawyer, chief co-ordinator of the Federal Board of Hospitalization, does not escape so easily. Mr. James quotes a letter from A. A. Sprague, Chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, which was written to Mr. Dawes, the former Director of the Budget. Mr. Sprague wrote:

I know of no one thing that has so constantly and consistently tended to upset and unsettle the general hospital situation as have the suggestions, attempted rulings, and changes of the chief co-ordinator. I feel very strongly that the ill-considered use of figures, and statements that are not capable of proof, in regard to adequate facilities and proper care of disabled ex-service men will do incalculable harm, at first to mislead the public and later when they have been disproved, as they must be by the Legion, if no one else, it will shake confidence in the Administration and the integrity of its assertions that it is doing everything in its power to give proper facilities, treatment, and care.

More than \$18,000,000 was made available for hospital construction by the recently passed Langley Bill. The Legion sees no hope of having this money promptly and efficiently spent unless the Director of the Veterans Bureau be permitted to use it without interference from the powers which hampered previous progress. Although the law specifically places responsibility upon the Veterans Bureau, there are signs that its provisions are being subverted.

The tragedy of men whose minds have been destroyed or unsettled in the war, the tragedy of tuberculous veterans housed in inadequate hospitals, the tragedy of wounded soldiers farmed out to contract hospitals—one of the great States of the Union has been discovered making a large profit from the sick soldiers intrusted to its care—is more vivid, perhaps, but hardly less injurious to the Nation than the tragedy of the

men whom the Government has promised to retrain for civilian life. These men number more than 100,000, and the estimate of the failure of the Government to fulfill its promises to these men runs from a minimum of twenty-five per cent to a maximum of seventy-five per cent. The Director of the Veterans Bureau himself estimates that the percentage of failures is at least thirty per cent. Mr. James says:

The principal factors responsible for this state of affairs are these: Men misplaced; . . . men who have been so improperly cared for that their interest has become dissipated; drones, "gold-brickers," and incorrigible students; incompetent and dishonest schools; the manifold deficiencies of "placement training;" the general failure of the administrative mechanism of the training project to function, with particular reference to the selection of vocational objectives and the supervision of men in training.

None of these shortcomings originated with the Veterans Bureau, though some have continued under it without abatement until very lately. But on the whole the Bureau has tackled these evils with energy and some effect. The Bureau inherited a shockingly bad condition. The old Federal Board for Vocational Education was supremely incapable. Its first policy was to make training as difficult to get as possible. Smoked out of that position by the Legion, it went to the other extreme and made training too easy to get. Thousands of men were pitched into training when they had no business there. Schools unfit, courses all wrong, vocational advice and supervision a joke—what did it matter? The cry was get the men in training and stop the criticism.

There was also another motive, and a worthy one. The Federal Board became decentralized and able to reach the men in their home communities before the War Risk Bureau did. Board agents found hundreds of men helplessly disabled and in pitiful need because the War Risk Bureau had not got around to them with compensation. The Board made a practice of placing such men in training—or, at any rate, on the training pay-roll—simply as a humanitarian measure of financial relief. In this manner the Board probably saved men's lives, even if it did further complicate the training question.

What the misplacing of men may mean is graphically illustrated by a story which Mr. James tells of a boy of Italian extraction in Massachusetts who was forced to peg shoes with a machine-gunned arm for a year when all the time he wanted to grow flowers. He escaped from training to a greenhouse, and a few months later won a sweepstakes ribbon for his chrysanthemums at the National Flower Show.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MISPLACED

Of the present situation Mr. James, speaking for the "American Legion Weekly," says:

Mr. Forbes is doing some fore-

sighted things in the realm of vocational training. Mistakes have been made, but bad conditions are being corrected probably about as fast as is humanly possible, considering circumstances. The scandalous hospital situation of course has first call. But Mr. Forbes brings about, tolerates, or has thrust upon him some things which are not so easily understood. At a recent conference held in Washington to consider means of improving certain phases of vocational training a resolution was adopted and widely published. It begins:

"The work of the Veterans Bureau (with reference to vocational train-

ing) is being conducted with gratifying success."

The "Weekly" believes it is being "conducted toward success." But there is a long road to travel.

Mr. James's articles present as careful and as full a summary of the situation of the disabled veteran as we have seen anywhere. The Legion has the facts and the means of following developments which are possessed by no other organization. If these facts are properly presented to the Nation, the time will come when the reaction of public opinion to the test word:

"Legion?"

will be an instantaneous cry of: "Justice for the disabled!"

It will certainly be a fairer reaction than the present cry of "Bonus!" The Legion must give to the public constant and reiterated information concerning the status of our war-crippled men. It will find that the public has not forgotten its wounded soldiers; but it has been ignorant of the state in which they have been living. The widest publicity will be a powerful support to the Legion in its furtherance of a campaign deserving of the utmost success.

GERMAN DEMOCRACY IN DANGER

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM EUROPE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

RECENT events in Germany mark the difference between an inveterately traditional form of government and a new and untried form.

Old ideas—political, economic, social—are being upset. Hence one cannot expect to find a republican Germany without monarchic reaction. Indeed, after a residence in Germany some sturdy republicans from other countries despair of ever seeing there any republic on sure foundations.

These critics point, first, to the ineradicable German instinct towards dependence on and passive obedience to some higher, by-God's-grace, power in the state, instead of on a state made by and representing themselves, the real rulers.

Second, in a land where force, as expressing law and order, is the language still most easily understood the army, these critics note, has always meant, not popular, but royal or imperial, rule.

Third, apart from the Socialists, so slight was the pre-war republican movement in Germany as to seem almost non-existent; practically all the powerful political forces have been monarchist.

To most Germans, therefore, a republican form of government seems unnatural—as it were, a very unnecessary copying of the Swiss and French governmental forms. To hold this opinion is to take a sober, mature, firm stand. But the old-line Teutons become angered and infuriated when they learn of any courteous, especially of any docile or submissive, word from the new German Government towards those of the Entente Powers in carrying out the terms of the Versailles Treaty. It would be bad enough if these words came from princes and aristocrats. But to have them come from the middle and lower middle classes—and in the name of the whole German realm!—this is too much for princes and aristocrats.

They have been impelled to counter-strokes. We saw the short-lived Kapp-Lüttwitz *coup d'état*. It only strength-

ened the Republic. Then, to gain time, instead of another frontal attack, the monarchists and militarists fell back on the temporary measure of individual attack. The Erzberger murder last August was an example of this.

But the idea of a possibly necessary wholesale massacre has not been absent from the extremist mind. Reactionary newspapers have been hinting at a new Saint Bartholomew's. Towards this recent events have tended. In them all has been increasingly evident the monarchist accent—in the teaching by left-over staffs at schools and universities; in army reviews, regimental feasts, celebrations of battle anniversaries; in Ludendorff's statement that Germany needed a dictator, a man on horseback; in the Prussian pilgrimage to the ex-Empress's tomb; in the Bavarian demonstration, led by ex-Premier Kahr, crying "Vivat Rupertus Rex!" finally, the day before Foreign Minister Rathenau's murder (the signal for a reactionary rising), in ex-Vice-Chancellor Helfferich's violent Reichstag speech. "A Government like ours," said Helfferich, "having abandoned to the enemy important parts of German sovereignty, ought to be summoned before a High Court of Justice. The continuation of our [Rathenau's] present foreign policy is leading to a catastrophe. We must show the enemy that there are still *men* in Germany. . . . Only the monarchy can again give to Germany the sentiment of her dignity and the consciousness of her possible force."

The old Junkerdom was thus raising its reactionary head against the new democracy.

Then came the Rathenau assassination, revealing anew the power of monarchist organizations, like the "Consul," for instance: a detachment of it had been, it is said, specially charged with the suppression of certain political personalities. It planned Erzberger's assassination, it is claimed, and is generally credited with the attempt to murder

Scheidemann. Created at Munich, it has extended itself all over Germany. Following the Rathenau murder, under the guise of a meeting of protest against the Versailles Treaty, a mobilization of forces was to have been attempted.

But the reactionaries, blinded by political passion, did not foresee the real effect of the Rathenau crime upon the people and the Government.

The people gathered by the thousand in Munich and Berlin. They condemned as masqueraders those who professed allegiance to law and order while they were supporting a policy of assassination. In Berlin the meetings were the more impressive, not only because the city is by far the largest in Germany (Greater Berlin actually containing more than 4,000,000 people), but also because it is the center of German political activity. The meetings, with their banners and cries of "Hang Helfferich," left no doubt that, whatever the provinces might think, the center of German life is republican in sentiment.

As to the Government, Chancellor Wirth at once proclaimed in Parliament: "*Es geht nicht weiter.*" or, as we might say, "This thing has got to stop." Here is the rejoinder of Dr. Wirth and his colleagues: By laws pressed through Parliament (already approved by the Council of the Realm), the Government plan to—

(1) Impose the death penalty on all members of secret societies concerned in planning the assassination of a Government official;

(2) Impose penal servitude on those who know of the existence of such societies and who do not inform the authorities, or who assist such societies, or who insult either a Government official, the Government flag, or the Constitution;

(3) Expel from Germany any person guilty of any offense should he be a member of a former reigning family;

(4) Establish a special tribunal to deal with revolutionary crimes;

(5) Invest the Government with special power over newspapers which encourage revolutionary agitation.

So much for legislation. As to administration, the promptness of the police in tracing the Rathenau assassins is silencing the Socialistic critics on the Government side who have been claiming that monarchist and militarist fugitives from justice can always count on police protection. The revelations now made of the connection between the Rathenau assassins and the monarchist organizations are not only compromising for the reactionaries but are proportionately strengthening the Republic.

All German monarchists are not militarists. All German monarchists are not reactionaries. Many monarchists are sincere upholders of law and order. Some of them even admire a republican form of government. But they are convinced that Germany is not yet ready for it, and perhaps never will be.

These particular monarchists, unfortunately, lack powerful leaders at present. The monarchist leaders who have the upper hand are those who have, in general, lost the world's confidence. Their present policy and methods only emphasize the world's judgment.



Keystone

GERMANS PARADING IN BERLIN CARRYING A PLACARD WHICH CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE IMPRISONMENT FOR LUDENDORFF, HELFFERICH, AND ESCHERICH

Such a method as political assassination has not killed the Republic. The murder of the Republic's Foreign Minister was indeed a body blow. It showed

that democratic Germany was in danger; but it awakened her energies. She is marching on.

Terriet, Switzerland, July 6, 1922.

FURTHER MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND ME

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY H. J. HASKELL, OF
THE KANSAS CITY "STAR"

THE Martial Adventures of Henry and Me" on the battle-front in France, which William Allen White described so entertainingly four years ago, is to have another chapter. In this one the old comrades of Armageddon, of the Red Cross, and of a score of hard-fought political fights appear no longer as allies, but as antagonists. To-day William Allen White is under bond awaiting trial on a charge ordered made by his old friend, Henry J. Allen, Governor of Kansas.

The clash came over the method of enforcement of the Kansas Industrial Court Law, which was enacted at the instance of Governor Allen, with the hearty support of Mr. White. Briefly, Mr. White believed the Governor was violating the fundamental right of free speech in enforcing the law. Governor Allen insisted that the question was not one of free speech, but of conspiracy to nullify the law. It was a conflict that grew rather naturally out of the editor's concern with fundamental principles of democracy and the executive's preoccupation with the duty of law enforcement.

The Industrial Court Act grew out of the coal strike of 1919. Under the leadership of Governor Allen, William Allen White ardently co-operating, the Kansas Legislature undertook to do away with strikes in essential indus-

tries. It provided an Industrial Court to pass on disputes in such industries, and made the strike unlawful. It not only provided for the punishment of strike leaders, but it guaranteed protection to all workers and prohibited strikers from using violence, intimidation, threats, or persuasion in order to deter men who wish to work in an industry from so doing. In short, it prohibited picketing.

When the strike of the railway shopmen began, the State issued warrants for about fifty of the leaders in the State and then devoted itself to protecting the men who were employed to replace the strikers in the shops. Various forms of picketing were tried and broken up by the State Government. Then the leaders in the shop centers visited hotels, restaurants, and grocery stores and induced the owners—frequently under compulsion—to refuse accommodations to any of the strike-breakers. The State interpreted this as picketing and forced its discontinuance. The leaders finally resorted to placards saying: "We are for the striking railway men 100 per cent. We are for a living wage and fair living conditions." These were put up in the windows of restaurants and stores. The Attorney-General held that they were simply another form of picketing, intended to break down the efforts of the railways

to maintain an essential industry, and Governor Allen ordered them removed.

Numerous placards had been put in store windows at Emporia, the home of William Allen White. When they were ordered out, he felt that the State's action was a blow at a right that was essential to democratic government. So he sent out for a placard and put it up in the office of his newspaper, the Emporia "Gazette."

He struck out the figures "100" and wrote in "50," explaining that he was 50 per cent for the strikers; he felt their demands were just, but he was opposed to the strike as the means of winning them. Then he gave out a statement in which he said: "The right of free utterance of honest opinions is a fundamental right. . . . To restrict any man from the calm expression of an honest opinion merely because there is a strike in Kansas is unwise. Industrial questions are not honestly settled by a suppression of free utterance, either by speech or by the press, . . . so long as the opinion is orderly and temperate and decent."

To this Governor Allen replied that free speech or liberty of the press was not involved. Mr. White, he said, was free to discuss the strike in his paper from any angle. But he held that the law was violated when the Emporia editor joined with the strike leaders "in an organized effort to build up in all shop



(C) Paul Thompson

HENRY

centers against those who were at work an atmosphere of hostility by hanging in the windows of the stores a card prepared by the strike leaders declaring that store was in favor of the strike and the strikers. This movement is interpreted to be a well-organized conspiracy for the purpose of aiding the strikers to stop transportation. It was their effort to line up the entire community in an expression which would increase the hostility toward the men who are at work and make more difficult the opera-

tion of the railway industry that constitutes the offense against the Industrial Court Act."

In other words, Mr. White was concerned with general principles; Governor Allen, with a definite situation considered in connection with what had gone before. Mr. White felt it was unwise to administer the law in such a way as to seem to suppress a fundamental American right. Governor Allen believed it was not free speech, but disguised coercion.

After a vain endeavor to persuade Mr. White to accept the State's interpretation of the law Governor Allen reluctantly ordered a complaint to be sworn out against his old friend. It charged him with entering into a conspiracy to picket the employees of the Santa Fé Railroad shops at Emporia and thus impede transportation, an essential industry. The case will be heard in the district court at Emporia in October. Meanwhile Mr. White has taken down his offending sign and has appealed to the strikers to discontinue the use of the placards until after the court decision. In his statement he says that he has always criticized corporations that persisted in defying the State's interpretation of the law while the matter was pending in court. At the same time he expresses his admiration for Governor Allen. "In administering the law as he sees it," Mr. White says, "he has been brave and patriotic. The 'Gazette' does not agree with him in the action which seems to suppress the fundamental right of free speech." In a statement Governor Allen outlines the differences between them, but adds: "The friendship



Paul Thompson

AND ME

of all these years cannot be broken by the differences in our opinion as to what constitutes a violation of the law."

There can be no question of the honesty and sincerity of both men, or of the essential identity of their aims. It is unfortunate that such an issue should have been permitted to develop to obscure the great experiment now being undertaken in Kansas to determine whether industrial warfare can be superseded by adjudication in court.

Kansas City, Missouri, July 23, 1922.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE STATES HIS OWN CASE

TO Mr. Haskell's clear summary of the Kansas situation which has resulted in the arrest of William Allen White we append two telegrams.

One is from Ernest H. Abbott, Secretary of the Outlook Company to Mr. White. The other is Mr. White's reply.

New York, July 24, 1922.

William Allen White,
Emporia, Kansas.

Are the men you sympathize with getting higher or lower than the average Kansas wage? Is Kansas law unjust or discriminatory? In our opinion, America has been sought by foreign workers because of better working and living conditions here. Do you agree in general, and is your antagonism to the present laws a protest against National or Kansas conditions? We recognize the occasional necessity of increasing wages, although the cost of living is thereby increased. Does such a necessity exist in Kansas at present? Have you a plan to solve railroad and coal strikes? Can you telegraph reply at our expense to reach us Tuesday morning, our press day?

ERNEST H. ABBOTT,
The Outlook.

Emporia, Kansas, July 24-25, 1922.

Ernest Abbott,
Care of Outlook,
381 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Your questions are all beside the point. I have no expert knowledge, and but passing interest in railroad wages in Kansas or elsewhere. I was arrested for exposing a poster on the "Gazette" bulletin board. The poster declared, "We are for the striking railroad men fifty per cent. We are for a living wage and fair working conditions." This was modified from a poster issued by the Strikers' Committee, declaring, "We are for the striking railroad men one hundred per cent." I did not go one hundred per cent because I honestly believe that the strikers have a good cause but a bad strike. But the Governor and the Attorney-General, however, felt that my poster was incendiary, and I felt that I should defy their order to take it down, in order to test the question whether or not in a State wherein no martial law has been declared, where not a gun has been fired, and wherein there has been no bloodshed, the utterance of any opinion about a strike temperately made and issued in an orderly manner is not a citizen's right. That is all there

is to my arrest. It is a question for the courts to decide. It has nothing to do with wages or with the Industrial Court Law. I am indicted with two men I never saw and never heard of, two strikers, and we are charged with a conspiracy to stop the Santa Fé trains. It's too much for me to understand if that is good law. And this is not an ex-parte statement, but the whole truth so far as my own connection with the case. The State Administration holds that this placard is picketing, and it is with violating the anti-picketing law that I am charged. You may make any use that you please to make of this information above.

Truly,
W. A. WHITE.

Mr. White is a good friend of ours, as he is of thousands of others. Our telegram was a friendly inquiry which, in spite of Mr. White's statement, we still think was pertinent. He says he is fifty per cent for the strikers. We wanted to know about that fifty per cent. He says that the strikers have a good cause, but a bad strike. We wanted to know why he thought their cause good. We wish he had told us.—THE EDITORS.

IRISH PORTRAITS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM IRELAND

BY NIALL RONAN

FOR the first time in many centuries there have been genuine rebels in Ireland. That is to say, a body of persons have revolted against the freely expressed will of the Irish people and against their own legally constituted Government. "Easter Week Repeats Itself," said a placard of the insurgents in Dublin on the day the Four Courts were retaken. Like many another propagandist assertion, that was untrue. The rising of Easter week, 1916, whatever may be thought of its wisdom, was the protest of a band of young idealists against a foreign domination, and one which they firmly believed was determined to embark on the hopeless enterprise of trying to convert a nation of natural soldiers into unwilling conscripts by force of arms.

CHILDERS RUNS THE GAMUT

In 1916 Erskine Childers, one of the chief insurgents to-day, was fighting in the British army. We do not call him a rebel now, nor then, as he is an Englishman. His cousin, Captain Robert Barton, was in charge of the Sinn Fein prisoners after the Easter rising, being then an Imperial officer. Soon afterwards he resigned his commission and was imprisoned for making a seditious speech. He escaped from Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, it is said, in the following fashion: A lady friend visited him. Concealed under her own clothing she smuggled to him his complete uniform as an officer in the crown forces. When she had gone, he changed into these garments and walked out through the main gate of the prison, and was saluted as he went by the guard. All this was done of course by bribing some prison official. Last week Mr. Barton was again arrested in the residence of Mr. Childers, on the outskirts of Dublin. A friend who lives a few doors from the place told me that the National troops tried to get in, but at first thought that the house was empty. They surrounded it, and found Mr. Barton hiding in the back garden, the frightened-looking little son of Mr. Childers peering out from a top window meantime. The prisoner was marched to an armored car at the end of the road. Mrs. Childers must have known of the arrest, as she can seldom leave the house, owing to lameness. She is an American, and before her marriage was Miss Mollie Osgood, of Boston.

Mr. Childers fought with the British also in the Boer War, when he was a trooper in the City Imperial Volunteers. He is the author of "The Riddle of the Sands," the story of a Secret Service agent in the North Sea, and of a treatise called "The Framework of Home Rule," which advocates a very restricted form of self-government. He is now inciting

the people of Ireland to fight against a treaty and Constitution which give them virtual independence. In the Great War Mr. Childers was a flying officer and did some brilliant work in photographing the German defenses at Zeebrugge from the air. During the Black and Tan régime a raid was made on Mr. Childers's house, and he publicly protested because a young subaltern in the British forces smoked in Mrs. Childers's presence (the wife of an officer of superior rank) without her permission. His full title is Major Erskine Childers, D.S.C., but for obvious reasons he now prefers the plain prefix of Mr.

DOLE FROM THE ENEMY

For several years the unemployed in Ireland, as in Britain, have been receiving a Government dole weekly. The Provisional Government have continued this. Despite the difficulties of distributing it during the trouble last week, they were very anxious that it should not be stopped, lest any excuse should be given for looting. One of the district offices was therefore opened—not more than twenty-five yards from Moran's Hotel, an Irregular stronghold, now destroyed. After several hundred men had quietly entered, undismayed by the rifle fire from the National and rebel forces outside, and signed for and received their money, seven Republicans came calmly across from the hotel, showed that they were entitled to payment, were paid, and returned to their duties as enemy soldiers of the Government whose money lay in their pockets!

AFTER O'CONNOR DIDN'T DIE

Rory O'Connor, the Republican commander of the Four Courts during the siege and since Good Friday, when he occupied it, is the son of a Dublin solicitor. He had a distinguished career in the Royal University of Ireland and obtained a degree in engineering. But when his course was over he was found to be tuberculous, and was told that he had only three months to live. As he had been offered a position on a Canadian railway, he thought that he might just as well live his three months with a salary as without one, so he left to take up work in that Dominion. He didn't die, and when the European War came he returned to Ireland to join up. He tried to obtain a commission, but failed, owing to the state of his lungs. In 1916 he fought with the Sinn Feiners and was wounded. Some time afterwards he started a bomb factory outside Dublin, which was discovered. He is a grave, taciturn man of thirty-six or thirty-seven years, with a deep voice and a determined way with him. He is not married, and his political activities are far from tasteful to his father, and brothers. Just after he first entered the

Four Courts with his garrison one of his brothers was asked by a friend what he thought of Rory's latest achievement. "Well," was the reply, "I never did take much stock in bishops, but I must say that I agree with them that little boys should not be allowed to go to the 'movies' alone!" Rory had an entertaining way of interviewing the press while he played with an automatic on his desk. Entertaining for him, I mean, of course.

MADAME DE MARCKIEVICZ'S EMOTIONS

The women members of the last Dail were nearly all the relatives of men who had suffered during the 1916-21 struggle in Ireland. Madame de Marckievicz was the one exception. She married a Pole, an artist, she herself being a member of the well-known west of Ireland "settler" family—the Gore-Booths. Prior to the Larkin strikes of 1913 she had been a familiar figure in Bohemian circles in Dublin, very charming, very irresponsible, and intellectually very woolly. Within five minutes I have heard her express her earnest belief in peasant proprietorship and a co-operative commonwealth for Ireland, little recking that there was anything inconsistent in the two economic theories. When it was pointed out to her that the two things could not logically exist at the same time and in the same place, she retorted, airily, that it "would all work out in practice." She was in command in one area in Dublin during Easter week, 1916. She says herself that she shot two policemen dead. Her brother, Sir Josslyn Gore-Booth, whose place at Lissadell, County Sligo, has lately been occupied by Regular troops, had the matter investigated and proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that she did nothing of the kind. And, as a friend of hers remarked to me: "I don't believe she did it intentionally, at any rate; because Connie Marckievicz could never hit anything she was aiming at." In short, she is sincere, but far too liable to be swayed by her emotions, and would give her last crust or her only pair of shoes to any beggar who needed them. She was sentenced to death after the 1916 affair, but this was commuted to penal servitude for life, and she was released under the amnesty in 1917.

"THAT MAUDE GONNE," SEZ SHE

Madam Gonne MacBride is a rebel of a different type. She is the gaunt remains of a once famous beauty. Her father was Colonel Gonne, of the British service, but, although English, she has been anti-English all her life. As far back as 1900, when Queen Victoria visited Dublin for the last time, Maude Gonne, as she then was, appeared on an Irish jaunting-car dressed in black, waving a black flag, in the streets thronged with people ready to welcome her whom

Maude had called "the Famine Queen." In his "Queen's After-Dinner Speech at the Vice-Regal Lodge" the late Percy French, the Irish Grossmith and comic poet, alluding to this incident makes the Queen say:

"An' that other wan," sez she,
 "That Maude Gonne," sez she,
 "Dressing in black," sez she,
 "For to welcome me back," sez she
 ("As if I care," sez she,
 "What they wear," sez she).
 "Now Maude will write," sez she,
 "That I brought the blight," sez she,
 "Or althered the saisons," sez she,
 "For some privit raisons," sez she.

In the late eighties Maude's beauty took Paris by storm, and when "Major" MacBride returned there, covered with the notoriety that he had gained in leading the Irish brigade against the British in the South African War, she married him, and they came back to Ireland as soon as the British Government would permit him to do so. Their life was not happy, and later she divorced him. He was executed after the rising of 1916, and their son, Sean MacBride, was taken prisoner at the Four Courts when the garrison surrendered. Madam MacBride approved of the Treaty, but she has apparently joined the Republicans now, probably out of sympathy for her son. Of late years she has done much good work in organizing free meals for the poor and in connection with the Irish White Cross.

TEMPERING WAR WITH WIT

Ireland is full of tragedy now, but the comic incidents of its daily life would fill several books. Chalked on one of the lorries engaged in trying to get the youthful garrison at the Gresham Hotel to surrender were the words: "Why

waste bombs? Try monkey nuts." Formerly the native wasted wit on a soldiery that did not understand the Irish sense of humor, but now the repartee bandied between the troops and the civilians would well pay a recorder of it. An agitated lady rushed up to a lorry-load of National soldiers: "And have you all come through that dreadful firing unscathed?" asked she. "Ah! begorra we have, ma'am," said one of the lads, as he jumped off the car. "Sure God's good, and he made their sight bad!"

A SHOW, WITH INCONVENIENCES

In one of the Dublin streets Irregular snipers were exchanging shots with Regulars in windows some twenty feet above the street level. A crowd of interested citizens remained below. Finally, four National soldiers came into the thoroughfare and knelt down to shoot, thereby drawing the fire of the snipers to the pathway. Slightly alarmed, one mother tried to drag her five-year-old daughter out of range. The child, however, was loth to miss the fun and pulled at her hand. Meantime two little newsboys stood behind the soldiers, waiting to pick up the empty cartridge cases. This to demonstrate that, while the outside world is humming with news of our war, we are more interested in it than frightened by its attendant risks. We go on much as usual. A woman of my acquaintance bought bacon on Saturday from a very mild-looking storekeeper. On Sunday she was astonished to see the same man being marched off among a lot of captured Irregulars. He evidently kept his business and the war in water-tight compartments.

A Southern Irish newspaper is in the hands of the Irregulars. Its news, as

usual, comes over its private wire from England and abroad. All this is censored by the Republican occupiers of the office. Anything which, by some lucky chance, gets through from Dublin is first censored by the Provisional Government. So there it is "between the devil and the deep sea." In Donegal the rebels were mobilizing in a stronghold on a height—once a castle with a moat. In another place in the same county is an island joined to the mainland by one bridge, over which runs the only railway connecting the district with the outer world. The insurgents announced their intention to destroy this bridge, if necessary, and hold the island. The inhabitants of the countryside viewed this prospect with anything but joy. "And," said one native, "the worst of it is that the fellows who are going to do all this are Cork men."

THE DUSK OF THE FALSE GODS

It is a wonderful country. Few have been better loved, for it pulls at the heartstrings of some of the least emotional of its sons and daughters. If, out of the welter of blood and the destruction of treasure of all kinds, peace should come at last, a place can be found here for all who wish to serve it. Full many Irishmen have done their share in building other states. Surely they can use their genius now in rebuilding their own. They have the advantage of a new and democratic Constitution and, better still, their race mind is cultured by centuries of tradition. But they must learn to distinguish the substance from the shadow; they must be strong enough and stern enough to put aside false gods and mistaken ideals. I believe they are already doing so.

Dublin, July 10, 1922.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS NORTHERN NEIGHBOR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM CANADA

BY P. W. WILSON

IN the evolution of the British Empire, now so rapidly proceeding, history will record no event fuller of meaning for the future than the conferences between the President of the United States, Secretary Hughes, and Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada. For a month I have been touring through Ontario, interviewing, among others, both Mr. King and the Premier of the province, Mr. Drury; and I may sum up the situation by saying that the Dominion of Canada, with a population of nine million, can no longer afford to be "off the map." She is not now a country that can be, as it were, taken for granted. Even if her feelings be ignored, her trade is substantial and, on the whole, increasing apace, which trade is to-day the chief factor in her foreign politics. Comparing Canada with Australia, we find that Australia

has but one simple international aim—to remain at once white and at peace with Japan. All that Australia has to do is to encourage settlers from the mother country and to send merchants through the open doors of India and China. With England it is not politics that the Australians play, but the more vital game of cricket.

But Canada is not an island, like Australia. Indeed, hers is the longest undivided land frontier in the world. Throughout that frontier there arise problems every day; not vague, grandiose, and remote, as are the projects of ambition or imperialism, but problems which affect the humdrum daily doings of ordinary and peaceful citizens. Four-fifths of the routine business transacted at Washington through the British Embassy is Canadian business. The arbiters who recently valued the Grand

Trunk Railway included William H. Taft. The further deepening of the St. Lawrence River would provide both the Dominion and the Republic with additional water power and facilities for transit. When the United States repudiates the treaty which opens the ports of both nations to the fishermen of both nations in Atlantic waters, the Maritime Provinces of Canada are deeply stirred. And wider issues are involved when scores of Japanese fishermen in Pacific waters are arrested by the authorities of the Dominion. The Rush-Bagot Agreement, which limits fortifications on the border and the use of warships on the Great Lakes, means more to Canada with every day that passes. Overloaded with war debt, the Dominion has still to balance her budget. For armaments, whether on land or sea, she has neither use nor money. Her controversies with

the British Admiralty over a navy are all solved by having no navy at all. Her army, reduced to thirty-five hundred men, is merely a side-show of civilian administration, and the officers trained in the military college at Kingston immediately enter civil life. All of which is understandable enough as long as the border represents no more than a line of distinction between separate but harmonious sovereignties. But is that the only significance of the Canadian frontier? What about the tariff, with its inevitable accompaniment of smuggling? What about prohibition, with its inevitable accompaniment of bootlegging? And, above all, what about immigration? In the admission or exclusion of aliens it is obvious that the policy pursued in any one country of North America will help to determine the resultant population throughout the entire continent.

I am writing in a small-town hotel the restaurant of which is decorated with twenty-nine Union Jacks. On July 12 fifty thousand Orangemen paraded through Toronto, and other tens of thousands through other districts, all swearing the sincerest loyalty to Great Britain. Every post office flies the British flag. Every coin displays a royal countenance. Every store advertises the perennial charm of Princess Patricia of Connaught. Every audience sings "God Save Our King." Even in Quebec the French-Canadians think that they have excellent reasons for avoiding absorption by the United States. Between Irish and French Catholicism there is, to begin with, a very human rivalry. And the British North America Act, which is the Constitution of Canada, guarantees to the people of Quebec their language and their separate schools, neither of which would be allowed in such unrestricted measure under the Stars and Stripes. If, then, Mr. Mackenzie King or his Finance Minister, Mr. Fielding, proceeds to Washington, it is not to discuss changes of sovereignty. No one on either side of the line wants any such question to be raised.

What confronts Canada is the inescapable fact that Great Britain knows nothing, and cannot be expected to know anything, about the North American affairs above enumerated. Good government must be, after all, government on the spot. Canada has no Ambassador at Washington. The British Ambassador is responsible, not to the Canadian Government as such, but to the British Foreign Office. At this moment, which happens to be a critical moment in Canadian politics, Sir Auckland Geddes is significantly absent in London. The Prime Minister of the Dominion therefore steps in, asserts once more a separate treaty-making power, and makes it quite clear to Secretary Hughes that he can negotiate with Canada direct, as with any other nation, irrespective of her imperial connection with Great Britain. The British Empire is, and ever has been, held together by anomalies. One more anomaly will be

henceforth the diplomatic relations established by short circuit between Washington and Ottawa.

To this situation Great Britain herself has contributed. If her Empire was conquered "in a fit of absence of mind," it cannot be held together unless presence of mind be at least attempted. I am not one who thinks that the system of Imperial preference, proposed by Joseph Chamberlain, would have added anything to the solidity of Greater Britain. But Joseph Chamberlain was right in rebuking an attitude in England of mere inattention to the needs of the Dominions. On one subject Canadians are deeply incensed, and with good reason. It is a subject that closely concerns the farmers, on whose good will the Dominion Government depends for office. Not only does the United Kingdom exclude Canadian cattle, but the reason for such exclusion adds insult to injury by declaring that the cattle are diseased. A Commission has found a verdict that there is no disease in Canadian cattle as alleged, yet the exclusion continues. It is not too much to say that here is a grievance as substantial as some at least of the grievances alleged by the American colonies in the eighteenth century; yet the subject is still under controversy in the mother country. In justice to the United Kingdom, it should be added that in all imports save cattle Canada enjoys there a free, though of course a competitive, market.

What has added to the perplexities of Canada is the American tariff, as proposed, and all that it represents. At the very moment when Britain excludes her cattle the United States—with a bark that may prove to be worse than the bite—talks about a virtual exclusion, not of cattle alone, but of everything else. Canada is a small population up against a big one. She feels as sore over the American tariff as Serbia used to feel when Austria-Hungary raised duties against her pigs or as Ireland felt when Britain thus treated her manufactures. To some extent it is Canada's own fault. Ten years ago her greatest statesman, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, proposed reciprocity with the United States and would have established this proposal had not Canada driven him into retirement by the slogan, "No truck nor trade with the Yankee." Even to-day the Conservative party, led by Mr. Meighen, now in Opposition, looks askance at more intimate trade relations which would tend to consolidate North America. But none the less the United States tariff, if applied in all the rigor suggested by some and abandoned by others in Congress, would be a blow to Canada delivered clean between the eyes.

For the Dominion absence of mind at Washington is thus a more serious matter than absence of mind in London. The one is an irritating inconvenience; but the other may result in an economic calamity. Against such a high tariff Canada must take measures. One of

these measures would be a retaliatory tariff, most repugnant to Mackenzie King as a Free-Trader and to the Progressives, with many Liberals, on whose support he depends. Another counter-stroke would be an adoption of virtual free trade with Great Britain and other British Dominions. To this one cannot imagine Mackenzie King raising any objection on fiscal grounds—quite the contrary; but politically his objective is not any such Imperial federation. His philosophy does not dwell on the word empire. What he wants is, rather, peace and, above all, peace in North America. If any choice had to be made in the future between the British connection and friendly relations between Canada and the United States, Mackenzie King would be among those who stress the vital importance to the Dominion of the latter. Hence his urgent desire to avoid a tariff war.

For one must realize that the future of trade is also deeply exercising the mind of Britain herself. Commerce with Germany, Russia, and Europe generally is still in large measure paralyzed. The able-bodied unemployed in Britain still number more than two million. To promote the emigration of this surplus a sum of \$75,000,000 has been set aside by Parliament. And there is to be in London a British Empire Exhibition, the object of which is to promote inter-Imperial trade. This means that once more Britain is seeking to call in the New World to balance the deficiencies of the Old. She is turning from the Europe which refuses to be "saved" and she is turning to continents beyond Europe which are still unexhausted. For Canada this attitude on the part of Britain affords an alternative, possibly, to the nearer market of the United States. But statesmen of the school of Mackenzie King would not regard the alternative as adequate. They wish to avoid even the appearance of a commercial rivalry within North America. But for this very reason the proposals of Britain might well afford Mr. Meighen, as a Conservative, a line on which to attack the present Canadian Government. It cannot be pretended that, as matters stand, the United States is popular to-day in any part of Canada. Her growing financial influence over the manufactures of the Dominion is watched with undisguised vigilance, and one of the greatest objections to developing the St. Lawrence arises from the fear lest the United States might thereby acquire control of a waterway which Canadians consider to be in a peculiar sense the glory of their country. If the fiscal policy of the United States makes impossible the reciprocal commerce desired by the Canadian Prime Minister, we must expect, then, a considerable spell of patriotic agitation north of the border and the possibility of the revulsion of sentiment which proved too much for Laurier, whose mantle has descended on his political pupil and successor at Ottawa.

SETTLEMENT BY DISCUSSION



(C) Harris & Ewing

FRANCE AT WASHINGTON

M. Jean Parmentier, financial representative of France, is in Washington to negotiate for the settlement of the French debt. He is here shown in the center, with Ambassador Jusserand on his left and Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, on his right



International

THE CANADIAN MISSION

Mr. P. W. Wilson's article on preceding pages tells of the problems at issue between the United States and Canada. The Canadian Premier, the Honorable Mackenzie King, is shown on the reader's left. On the left of Mr. King is Henry Hilton, Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, and Mr. George Perry Graham, Canadian Minister of National Defense

ARGUMENT BY FORCE



P & A Photos

THE COAL WAR

A chapter in the coal war is summarized in this picture of a burning mine tippie at Cliftonville, West Virginia. The hillside back of the men was the scene of a battle between the miners and mine guards which resulted in the killing of seven men and wounding of thirty. The men in the foreground are deputy sheriffs

IMPROVISED BATTLEMENTS

The shops of the Chicago and Alton Railway at Bloomington, Illinois, have been fortified with a circle of locomotives. The soldiers patrolling the grounds are members of the Illinois National Guard. Soldiers armed with machine guns are stationed in the en-



(O) Underwood

THE MODERN LUMBERJACK

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

THE twentieth-century lumberjack is pretty much the same kind of man that he was thirty or forty years ago, when logging was at its zenith. He is the same stalwart, powerful, masterful man of the woods as of old. There is this difference, however: he lives and works under infinitely better conditions than the old-timers. Thirty years ago the logging camps were built of logs—buildings which were not much better than barns. To-day there are some log camps built, but most of them are frame buildings sealed with tar paper. They are comfortable in summer and winter.

In the model camps of Michigan the buildings are lighted with electric light, there are bathrooms, and every man has a comfortable bed in which to sleep. It did not take any muck-raking to make the lumbermen give their employees beds in which to sleep instead of bunks filled with pine boughs or hay. In fact, the lumbermen had to fight to make their men sleep in comfortable beds. A few years ago the lumbermen applied efficiency methods to the science of lumbering, and they saw that their best men would not slow up if their bodies got the best possible rest and relaxation at night. Stiff muscles have no place in a Michigan lumber camp. The men are also furnished with books and current magazines; their meals are prepared by cooks who know their business, and there is always an abundance of good, wholesome food, of a sufficient variety to tempt even the discriminating appetite of the city dweller.

The jacks of Michigan are picked men. They form without a doubt the most efficient body of workers, man for man, to be found in the country, for no man gets a chance to become a woodsman



DERRICK USED FOR LOADING LOGS ON CARS

unless he has proved in the hardest possible school his ability to get sixty minutes of unrelenting toil into an hour, to stand untiringly great extremes of temperature, to master the science of "falling" trees so they will not damage other trees, block roads, crush bark, or shoot down mountain-sides. He must have good health, be able to live at peace with forty or more other huskies, and be able and willing to find his place in the woods on dark winter mornings when the thermometer is down to 30° below zero.

The man who bears the proud but ugly name of "hick" looks with scorn upon the clumsy foreign laborers who follow him in the woods and cut out the small "paper" wood left after the

"hicks" have carefully disposed of the hemlock, birch, maple, beech, and poplar trees. The woods "Hunky" has been "surveyed." The "hick" does not need a survey, because he gets the pay he demands, does the work expected of him, gets the best of food and all he can eat of it, wears high-priced woollens the year round, wears shoes which never cost less than \$10 a pair, and can get a job in any lumber camp in the United States for the asking.

The lumber camp is a busy and interesting place three times a day. Summer and winter the men are called at five in the morning. At 5:30 they have breakfast—a bumping meal prepared by the chief cook and assistants. At six the men start for their places in the woods, working like mad until the dinner gong sounds at 11:30. For dinner they get an elaborate meal, the lumberjacks then eating great quantities of meat. They are at work again at 12:30, quitting at 5:30.

The average camp is composed of forty men, no more men being taken in than the beds will accommodate. The supper is the most social meal of the day for the lumberjacks. During the afternoon the cooks usually prepare a bushel or more of doughnuts for the jacks. These disappear at this meal. After supper the lumberjacks have a jolly time telling stories of the chase, of the "high spots" they have hit when spending "road stakes," of movies they have seen in the cities, of fights they have waged, and of thrilling experiences they have undergone in their work. A lumber camp is no place for a troublesome man or for a man who is not on the square.

The jacks are great smokers, and they do not use tobacco which has had the bite removed by a patented process. The



HAULING A LOAD OF WHITE PINE LOGS ON A SLED

lumbermen get their supplies at the company store, practically at cost. Many of the lumberjacks read, for they are intelligent men from among whom the future jobbers and bosses must come. Cards are not played, for the bosses want as little fighting as possible. The dining-room is hallowed ground in a lumber camp, no jack being allowed to pass the threshold of the dining-room door until the cook gives the word. The large common room in front of the dining-room is the winter club of the men. This they occupy until nine o'clock, when they go to bed.

While cutting methods have changed in the woods in the past thirty or forty years, it is interesting to note that two of the oldest of hand tools, the wedge and the ax, are still leading devices in the lumberman's art. It is true that the cross-cut saw has taken over some of the duties of the ax, but nevertheless the latter tool is quite as necessary as it ever was. There are two methods of felling trees: with the ax alone, or with the ax and cross-cut saw. Power-driven machines for felling trees have been invented, but, while these are more or less successful in the actual cutting of trees, the trouble lies in transporting them to the spot where the work is to be done, which is often in the midst of heavy underbrush or for a long distance over uneven ground, making it difficult, if not impossible, of access for a power-driven device. On the other hand, the ax and cross-cut saw can go wherever the men go.

There is no more interesting operation in the woods than the felling of a tree by expert lumberjacks. If the tree is to be felled with the cross-cut saw, the first step is to cut a notch with the ax on that side of the tree looking in the direction in which it is desired to have it fall. This notch is wedge-shaped, the under surface being horizontal and the upper at an angle of forty-five degrees to the former. This notch serves two pur-



SPLITTING A BIG FIR LOG

poses: it directs the fall of the tree and also prevents bad splitting of the bole.

After the notch has been made the cutting with the saw is started on the opposite side of the tree and a few inches higher than the horizontal surface of the notch. As soon as the saw has buried itself in the tree the wedges come into use. They are driven into the cut, back of the saw, thus preventing the weight of the tree from falling on the saw, and also helping to direct the fall. Usually the tree begins to fall just before the cut from the saw has met the notch on the opposite side and while a part of the bole is still intact. When this point is reached, the jacks who are doing the felling are on the alert, since it is necessary for them to stay long enough to make certain that the tree will fall, and at the same time allow themselves a few seconds in which to make their getaway with the saw.

The hemlock cutters go in pairs. A

team is composed of a "spudder" and a "fitter," the latter notching the tree to be felled. When the tree is felled, the spudder peels the bark from the stump, while the fitter with his ax "rings" the tree, cutting clean grooves around the trunk every three feet or so in order that the spudder may peel off the bark with his spud—an instrument something like a Cuban *machete*. When the fitter gets toward the top of the tree, he trims off the branches and "smashes" the knots with the blunter side of his ax, so that the spudder may get the bark off easily. After the tree has been stripped, the two men cut it into 16-foot logs.

After the peeling comes the road cutting through the forest, and the teamsters, who are highly skilled men, "grab-drive" the logs out of the woods to the skidways, where two expert skidders, waiting on the specially built lumber railways, load the logs on the cars. The jacks take their hand at building railways through the forests as well as cutting roads for the teamsters. "Swampers" clear the roads and the way to the logs as they lie in the woods. The teamsters are judged by their skill in manipulating their teams over the rocky roads and in keeping their horses in good condition while working at top speed. Unskilled teamsters would kill a pair of horses in three months. Skilled men can keep their horses in good condition for years.

The Michigan woodsmen work practically all the year round. Few of the lumberjacks are married, but they usually marry when they become bosses. They are generous to a fault, and "blow" themselves when they get the *Wanderlust*. They flit from camp to camp, willy-nilly. They may be in Michigan to-day, and on the way to Wisconsin, Mississippi, Minnesota, or West Virginia to-morrow. They take particular pride in showing the mountaineers of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee how to work—and how to fight.



STABLES OF A LUMBER OR LOGGING CAMP IN WINTER

THE GOD IN THE MACHINE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

MR. SPANGLER waited beside his huge motor omnibus in the Plympton Square. He was a short, heavily built man with a stubby beard and twinkling blue eyes. He wore two old sweaters and an old brown overcoat and wasted all the warmth they might have given him by pushing them back in order to thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his trousers. The November air was raw and the sky a uniform gray—winter, Mr. Spangler believed, would set in to-night. He did not mind winter after it had started, but the first days were like a plunge into a cold swimming-hole.

The omnibus looked as queer as Spangler himself. It had been built by an amateur over the body of a truck, and, as the driver's seat was very low and the other seats arranged in rising tiers, it had somewhat the look of an inclosed stairway. To-day it had an especially odd appearance on account of a washing-machine which was roped to the rear, its legs standing straight out. Sometimes the omnibus was thickly plastered with crates and boxes, so that it seemed to be a moving warehouse.

Spangler stamped his feet and beat his arms against his breast. He would leave Plympton at four, and reach Summit Hill at six. There he would hand over his passengers to the trolley car which ran down the other side of the mountain, taking in exchange the passengers which it had brought, and would be back in Plympton by eight. To-day it would be dark at five.

He looked at all the persons who came toward him, hoping for a passenger—not for the sake of personal gain, since he had a stated salary, but for the sake of companionship on the long ride. He liked both to talk and to listen. He liked also to have pleasant adventures to tell Mrs. Spangler about when he got home.

At 3:55 he blew his horn violently in order to summon from the hotel any traveling men who wished to go with him. No one, however, answered, and he climbed aboard, started his engine, and waited. He heard the court-house clock strike four, but still he lingered and blew his horn again. When no one appeared, he drove slowly across the square and toward the west. Near the edge of the town his hope was gratified. He saw waiting for him, bag in hand, the passenger whom he preferred above all others. This was his young pastor, Mr. Filene, whose increasingly frequent visits to the other side of the mountain made Spangler think that he was interested in some young lady. He stopped the car and opened the door, and Mr. Filene stepped in.

"It's getting colder," said he.

"There'll be snow on the mountain,"

prophesied Spangler. "I put chains on, and they laughed at me in the garage, but I haven't traveled this mountain ten years for nothing."

"People seem to be staying at home."

"Yes. I did their errands for them."

I bought a half-dozen spools of thread for Mrs. Graybill and I have a washing-machine for Mrs. Hedge. It won't suit Mrs. Hedge. I'll be exchanging it to-morrow. I told the man in the store. I said: 'Now don't look black at me when I bring this machine back. If you don't want to see it come back, then don't let it go out.' These are the things I've brought out and exchanged in the last six weeks: one rake, one shepherd pup, one lawn-mower, one shoat, ten packages from the dry-goods store, eight pair of shoes, and one ironing-board on a stand. Mind you, these things I not only brought out, but took back. My wife she kept account."

"Why do the stores send her things?"

"She has a hold on 'em in some way. She's the richest woman round here. She has three fine farms and three large apple orchards."

"I think you're very patient to carry all these things."

"I am that," agreed Mr. Spangler.

"My wife says I'm a regular Job. Mrs. Hedge had two husbands, and it's my belief she hounded both into their graves. She has a daughter, too; a nice woman, and she pretends that she didn't like the man the daughter married and she won't have anything to do with her. The truth was she didn't want to lose her daughter's services. You'll see her, she'll come out. Now I don't mind fetching anything for Mrs. Graybill. She's a lady. Her boy was killed in the war. He was married at a camp in York State, and his wife ain't never come to see her. Mrs. Graybill sews from morning till night; she has a hard time making strap and buckle meet. I don't know why either. She ought to have enough to live on, but it seems she don't."

The car had passed the last of the scattered houses at the edge of Plympton and was out on the smooth pike. Mr. Spangler quickened his speed. Night was falling rapidly and in a few moments they could see only the road and a narrow strip on each side which was illuminated by the lamps.

"Where do these ladies live?" asked the young preacher.

"They live close together about five miles out, just a little this side of Worleysburg. Mrs. Hedge lives in the finest house on the pike, the one with the tower—you must have noticed it many times—and Mrs. Graybill a little beyond up the hill in a tiny little gray house where the big silver maple is. You must have noticed that too."

"Yes," said the young preacher. "I remember that tree."

"I couldn't tell you in a year how mean Mrs. Hedge is," said Mr. Spangler, solemnly. "She could get blood from a stone. I watch her like a hawk, and every now and then she cheats me out of a few cents. She chooses a time when I'm in a great hurry with a car full of passengers, and she says, 'Spangler,' she says, 'I owe you seventy-four cents, and I have only seventy-three.' Now no one would make a fuss over one cent. Couple o' times I bought something for her which was two for a quarter. If I pay thirteen cents, she'll only give me twelve. I'm often ashamed of her before the passengers. We're passing the first of her orchards now, and the finest. Thirty thousand dollars was what she got last year for the crop—not barreled, mind you, and ready to ship, but on the trees."

"What does she do with her money?"

"Salts it down."

"Who will get it?"

"Land knows!"

"You know everybody along the road," said the preacher, encouragingly.

"Yes, sir. Now over there where that light is live the Clymer girls. They are what you call crowd-shy. They never go out. They are like rabbits when you go near them. They are getting very old. If you go there, they don't open the door for a long time, then they look out as though you had come to murder them."

"What will become of them?"

"Oh, what becomes of all of us?" said Spangler, philosophically. "Sometimes I'll look over and it'll be all dark, then I'll go in. Once they closed their shutters at sunset, so I went over and told 'em I couldn't guide my machine. Now they don't shut 'em till I'm past, so I know every day that they're still living."

The road dipped down into a hollow. At the bottom Spangler stopped the car.

"You might think she'd come with a lantern," said he as he stepped down.

From the darkness a shrill voice called, "Is that you, Spangler?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The voice came nearer. "Did you get my machine?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Ten to one they didn't give you the right kind." The voice was now at hand.

"Yes, ma'am."

The omnibus heaved and shook as Spangler toiled at the ropes which fastened the washing-machine. The snow had begun to fall; the preacher saw the lazy flakes drift down into the shaft of light from the lamps. He saw also the face of Mrs. Hedge, long, swarthy, with gleaming black eyes. She

had a black shawl wrapped closely round her head and she looked not unlike a very savage monk glaring out from his cowl. She was evidently inquisitive as well as mean. Having stared at the preacher, whose polite bow she ignored, she walked along the side of the car. She was slightly deaf and she spoke shrilly.

"Only one passenger, Spangler?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The trip won't pay you very well, will it? Carry the machine to the back porch, not the front porch."

The preacher got down and assisted with the machine. He was about half the size of Mrs. Hedge. She followed, giving directions about avoiding the gate, and when Spangler had put the machine on the porch she accompanied him back to the road.

"What did you fetch for Mrs. Graybill?" she inquired. "A needle this time, or perhaps it was a pin?"

Spangler was busy gathering up the rope which had fallen to the ground, and she repeated her question. But he did not answer.

"What did you say?" she shrieked as he got into the car.

The car started with a roar.

"You're leaving rather unceremoniously," said Mr. Filene.

"Oh, I ain't through with her," Spangler said, carelessly. "I'll have another chance to bid her a sweet good-night. Now she couldn't give me a lift with the machine, but she'll take it into the kitchen all by herself for fear I'd let a little cold in. What do you think of such a woman, Pastor?"

"What do you think of her?"

"I think she can't help herself. She is as she is. The Lord made her that way. Now up here's Mrs. Graybill; the Lord made her good-looking and kind-hearted. She's a noble woman. She's out with her old lantern, so as not to keep me waiting a minute."

But Spangler insisted upon waiting. He got down and took a basket from under the seat.

"Here's the thread," he said. "And here's the cloth and the pattern for the little boy's suit. Mrs. Graybill, this is my minister."

Mrs. Graybill reached her hand up to the omnibus. The preacher saw a soft, worn face with beautiful brown eyes.

"I'm glad to meet you." She weighed the basket in her hand. "Mr. Spangler, you speak the truth, but not the whole truth. There's something here besides thread and cloth and patterns."

"I have nothing to do with that," said Mr. Spangler as though he had been caught in some mischief. "I give it to you as Mrs. Spangler gave it to me. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered Mrs. Graybill. "You stop to-morrow evening for the little boy's suit."

In Worleysburg there were neither passengers nor commissions. Beyond the first slope of the mountain caused the old car to pant and groan. Here

the ground was white. Mr. Spangler gave himself to somewhat gloomy speculation; he contrasted the worldly estate of Mrs. Hedge with the worldly estate of Mrs. Graybill. Mrs. Hedge, he said, had everything and deserved nothing; Mrs. Graybill had nothing and deserved everything.

"Mrs. Hedge has a daughter and don't care for her; Mrs. Graybill had a son who was the light of her eyes, and he was taken away. Mrs. Hedge has thousands of dollars and don't use 'em or enjoy 'em. If Mrs. Graybill had money, she'd do good with it from morning till night."

"We can't understand," said Mr. Filene. "Which do you think is the happier?"

"Mrs. Graybill," answered Spangler, positively. "Even with all her troubles she's happier. But I can't understand why she has to work so hard."

The snow thickened both in the air and on the ground as the car climbed higher and higher. When they got up among the pine woods, Spangler pointed out the tracks of deer which must have crossed the road just before them. The lights of the car gleamed uncannily on the glassy eyes of an owl sitting on a low branch. They came at the end of an hour's hard running to Summit Hill and stopped by the side of a little platform. They could hear the trolley car lumbering through the woods and see its bright headlight. With regret Spangler saw his passenger step down. He hoped for at least one for the return journey.

Again his hope was gratified, but in the single moment when the newcomer stood illuminated by the glare of his headlights he looked at her askance. She wore high-heeled slippers and a very short skirt and a fur coat which seemed to Spangler to be made from the skin of a leopard, and she had a large hat on which a bunch of feathers rose and fell like a fountain. She spoke with an accent strange to Spangler, who had never heard the peculiar *patois* of New York.

"Say, do you go to Plympton?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you pass Mrs. Graybill's?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Spangler, stammering a little in his surprise and confusion. "Did you want to go there?"

"That's where I want to go. And I hope it's not such a God-forsaken spot as most I've seen to-day."

Spangler forgot even his customary "Yes, ma'am." A dreadful possibility came into his mind. He saw a sweet old face, a gray head bent eternally over unending sewing. He walked across the platform to exchange a few words with the crew of the car.

"A gay bird," said the conductor. "Mrs. Graybill's her name. Has a mother-in-law in your direction. Going to get some money out of her."

"Oh, my!" said Spangler, aghast.

"You needn't be afraid of her," said the conductor. "She has a gentleman friend in New York."

"I'm not afraid of her," said Spangler.

He stepped into the car and sat down by the young lady. Still he saw Mrs. Graybill, Senior, working by her little lamp. He saw her look up when he tooted his horn and wave her hand out into the darkness. He looked sidewise at his companion. Young Graybill had been a decent fellow—how had he happened to choose such a wife?

All Spangler's mental questions were answered by young Mrs. Graybill. She had no reserves. It did not occur to her that it was unwise to talk to a stranger, or that a stranger might not be interested in her affairs. First, however, she commented upon the landscape. She looked out at the white road and the dark, mysterious pines, already bending with a load of snow, and she shivered.

"I never knew there were such places. I've been traveling since morning, and I've seen nothing but woods and fields and a few hick towns. How far is it to Mrs. Graybill's?"

"Fifteen miles."

"You ought to make that pretty quick. I have a friend who drives a taxi. He'd make it in twenty minutes."

"Yes, ma'am," said Spangler. He was thankful that poor Mrs. Graybill, Senior, was to have more than twenty minutes' grace.

"Will I have to travel in this ark when I leave?" the young woman asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

The young woman crossed one knee over the other and Spangler saw her thin slippers and silk stockings which were just the color of the lightest shade in her barbaric coat.

"Mrs. Graybill's son was my husband," she explained. "And from his talk I gathered that it must be a very fine place where he lived. If that's so, I ought to have some benefit of it. He didn't will me his insurance outright; it goes into a fund and I get the interest unless I marry—then his mother gets it. I got almost nothing from the Government. I never saw anything like this Government for pure meanness. I wrote to his mother that I simply couldn't live, and she's like the Government; she sends me twenty dollars a month—about as good as nothing. So I thought I'd come to see how things were. She writes fine letters, but talk's cheap."

Spangler could hardly believe his ears.

"Does Mrs. Graybill send you twenty dollars a month?" he asked.

"Twenty dollars a month," said the young woman. "Fine income, isn't it?"

Spangler was more confused and distressed than ever. Twenty dollars a month without working for it seemed a great deal. It must seem a great deal to Mrs. Graybill. No wonder she sewed all day!

"She was going to make it only ten."

"Yes, ma'am," said Spangler. He drove slowly, to postpone a little Mrs. Graybill's evil hour.

"Do you know how much property she

has?" asked the young woman when the car had begun to glide down the steep hill.

"No, ma'am," answered Spangler.

"Does she live well?"

Spangler did not know whether to say yes or no. A faint uncertain "Yes, ma'am," came out involuntarily while he was debating. "Did you think of living with her?" he asked.

"No, siree," answered the young woman, emphatically. "The city for me and the first train back. What time do you pass to-morrow morning?"

"About 7:30."

The young woman groaned, then she laughed.

"Well, I guess that won't be too early. I'm sure I'll never sleep in this lonely spot."

Spangler passed slowly through Worleysburg. He rather prided himself on his ability to untangle human problems, but there was no way out of this. A half-mile ahead stood the little house of Mrs. Graybill; unless he stopped here by the wayside for the night he must go on and introduce to her this dreadful young woman. It would break her heart.

"Did you know John Graybill long?" he asked.

"No," laughed the young woman. "About two weeks. He fell in love with me at first sight. It was that way with lots of soldiers."

"Did you work before you were married?"

"Of course I did! I was a clerk and a cloak model. I could be one again any time."

Spangler felt that this statement offered somehow a vague clue to his problem, but he was too stupid and confused to follow it out, and, besides, he had too little time. He could see already the tiny gleam of Mrs. Graybill's lamp, and he gathered speed so as to make the hill on the top of which stood her little house. He surmounted the hill, and saw her fine profile between him and her lamp; he saw her lifted hand, and in an instant he was abreast of the house. Then, suddenly, he was still more confused by the sight of a moving lantern below him and a little distance ahead.

"Here you are," he said, miserably, but as he spoke he unintentionally let the car glide past Mrs. Graybill's house and down the hill. The lantern before him described a wide and angry arc; only Mrs. Hedge ever halted him so imperiously. He reached toward the door, not seeing that young Mrs. Graybill prepared to step out. But before he opened it the voice of Mrs. Hedge came in. She thrust her face toward him out of the darkness. In the wavering light of her lantern it had a baleful glare. Her voice had a hissing sound.

"Spangler, you take that wash-machine back," she screamed. "It ain't put together right. It'll leak. Take it back to-night."

Spangler pushed the door open a little

wider in order that he might tell Mrs. Hedge that carrying the machine out and roping it to his car was a work for daylight, not for darkness. As he did so he felt a clutch upon his arm. It was a clutch of terror. The young woman seemed to be appalled by the mere sight of Mrs. Hedge.

"Don't stop," she whispered, hurriedly. "Oh, please don't stop!"

"You do as I say!" screamed Mrs. Hedge. "You were a fool to bring such a thing." Mrs. Hedge seemed about to thrust her long face through the glass of the half-open door. "To-night, Spangler. At once!"

"I don't want to get out, do you hear me?" whispered the young woman, still more frantically. "I wouldn't stay for a minute. Oh, don't tell her it's me!"

This paroxysm of fright was incomprehensible to Spangler. He wondered whether the young woman was losing her mind.

"To-morrow," he shouted to Mrs. Hedge.

"I won't pay a penny charge for carriage!" called Mrs. Hedge above the sound of the starting engine. "Not a penny! Not a penny!"

"All right," he answered. "All right."

He was turning his steering wheel—he must of course go back to Mrs. Graybill's. But the young woman still clutched his arm.

"I don't want to see her!" she cried again. "I don't want anything to do with her!"

At last Spangler understood.

"But, you see," he began, honestly, "that wasn't—"

"I don't need to see her," she cried.

"I have a friend who wants to marry me. Let her have the insurance. I don't want anything to do with her."

For a long moment Spangler was silent.

"Is your friend able to support you?" he asked at last with a leaping heart.

"I should say he was! He has a fine position. He wanted me to get married this long time. I don't care if the Government does stop the compensation or if I lose the insurance. I don't want anything to do with her."

"Will the Government send her the insurance if you get married?" asked Spangler.

"Of course," said the young woman, ruefully. "They'll notify her quick enough. He must have been like her in nature or he wouldn't have fixed things that way."

Spangler had still not started the car. It seemed dreadful that Mrs. Graybill's daughter-in-law should identify her with Mrs. Hedge, but the alternative of Mrs. Graybill knowing her daughter-in-law was worse.

"You have no children?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Graybill, emphatically.

Spangler started the car slowly. Once or twice he turned and looked at his companion. He could not see how any one, even a young soldier about to leave

his native land to face enemy bullets, could think her attractive. Perhaps poor John had repented—at least the boy had thought of his mother. While he was meditating Spangler saw the lights of Plympton. The young woman saw them too.

"You take me to a hotel," she directed. "Unless there's some way out to-night. I didn't leave any word for my friend. I don't know what he'll think of me."

"There's no train," said Spangler. "But"—he hesitated. He was tired both mentally and physically and he saw Mrs. Spangler's hot supper waiting. The children were kept up to have a half-hour's play, and if he were late he would not see them until to-morrow.

But Spangler believed that Providence had appointed him to save Mrs. Graybill, Senior, and that his work was not yet over. He saw her daughter-in-law in the Plympton Hotel, telling her story to the clerk, the chambermaid, to any one who would listen. It would not take her long to learn the truth.

"I can take you on to Maytown," he offered. "It's only twelve miles. You can get a sleeper there at ten, and be back in New York in the morning."

"All right," said Mrs. Graybill. "He won't ever know I was away. You see, he was in love with me before I knew John. I'll bless you forever."

At Plympton Spangler went into the hotel to send a message to Mrs. Spangler. He promised her with vague hints a great treat. He said to himself with pride that one could safely tell Mrs. Spangler anything. When he came out, his passenger had one slipped foot out of the car.

"If it's only twelve miles and the train doesn't leave till ten, I'll have something to eat," she said. "I'm starved."

Spangler shook his head. He had the thoughtful and solemn air of an officer of the law sustained in his somewhat ungrateful task by an obligation to righteousness. His weak misgivings were negligible beside his conviction that he would not only be saving Mrs. Graybill, Senior, from heartbreak and releasing her from her incessant work, but in a sense giving her back her boy.

"I have to be back," he said, firmly. "Anybody else'll charge you double." He stepped into the car and laid a parcel on young Mrs. Graybill's lap and closed the door. He was a smart man when he had time to think. "There are some sandwiches for you," he said. "There's a restaurant in Maytown, where you can eat right."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Graybill, quickly opening the parcel. "It was crazy of me to come," she confessed with relief. "I couldn't make up my mind to give up my independence, especially if I could live a little better. But now I know my own mind. I don't think any young woman like me ought to live alone. His name is Jack Le Roy. That's a prettier name than Graybill."

"Yes, ma'am," assented Spangler, politely. He put on all the speed of which

the bus was capable, as though to equal that of the swiftly running Jack. So terrific was the roar that conversation was impossible until he slackened his pace as he approached Maytown.

"I'll send you an announcement," promised Mrs. Graybill, as she stepped down.

Spangler came out of a brown study. Alongside of a bright, attentive face

under the supper-table lamp he had been looking at another face, bent, by a smaller lamp, over eternal sewing.

"So do," he said, heartily. "I'll be glad to see it."

THE SEA AND ITS PREY

BY HELEN H. HOFFMAN

IN the early days of peace numerous companies were formed in England for the purpose, as their officers and stockholders then believed feasible, of floating and rescuing the great ships, like the Lusitania and others of valuable cargo, that went to the bottom of the sea under enemy fire.

Many of these companies represented large capital, and certainly they abounded in optimistic expectation of large profit to be gleaned from the proposed operations.

To-day the stockholders who cherished such rosy hopes in their investments are wiser than they were about the ways of the sea, and are quite content to confine their speculations hereafter to land affairs, with which they are more familiar.

Company after company organized for this purpose of raising "dead ships" has given up, and the vast sum of money spent on experiment in new inventions, machinery that did not work, and divers who proved beyond doubt that human existence even in twenty fathoms of water with a sixty-pound pressure to the square inch was a waste of time, is as much a loss as the ships at the bottom of the sea.

One jolly British seafaring man who merely laughed at these puny efforts of the many to do an impossible task is Commodore Sir Frederick Young, who was Chief of the Salvage Section of the British Admiralty during the war. After a record of having salvaged more than four hundred merchant ships and having saved the British Government a sum in the neighborhood of \$250,000,000 by this achievement, he is retiring from his war labors.

He only recently completed the last bit of work in connection with the clearing of the Zeebrugge and Ostend harbors, where the sunken British cruisers blocked the enemy way to the sea.

Commodore Young, who has had forty years of experience in rescuing stricken ships, is too wise in the ways of the sea to attempt the impracticable in any of his war-time or post-war salvage work.

To attempt to raise the Lusitania would be, in his opinion, a great waste of time and money.

"I do not say it would be a physical impossibility," this salvage expert pointed out, "but the cost of such an undertaking would far exceed the value of the ship and whatever may be left of its cargo or valuables.



COMMODORE SIR FREDERICK YOUNG, CHIEF OF SALVAGE SECTION, BRITISH ADMIRALTY, DURING THE WAR

Sir Frederick was instrumental in saving over four hundred merchant ships

"From a business standpoint, the salvaging of ships that lie in great depths of water is an impossible proposition. Men who know this business thoroughly would never resort to such attempts."

Then there is another point to consider in this fascinating rainbow adventure into the undersea life. Scores of people, scenting a quick fortune to be made in such salvage work since the war, have occupied themselves with all sorts of experiments made "on their own." Only recently an Englishwoman fitted out a sailing vessel, and, with some sort of paraphernalia by which she hoped to conduct salvage work around the English coast, sailed forth into the promised land of adventure. So far her efforts at accomplishing her purpose have been confined to a sort of joy ride at sea—nothing more.

In fact, she would have to do a good piece of work to make something above the expenses of the trip, for there are laws that apply to the life of the sea, particularly to its disasters, that must be taken into consideration. One may not pick up valuables which the sea has given up and retain them, any more than one may shoplift with impunity at a department store. For example, parts of lost cargo washed ashore may not be retained by the finder. He must turn

such stuff found into one of the receiver's offices, which are maintained at many ports along the British coast. After a certain time, fixed by law, the matter is adjusted, and the finder or salvager is allowed about thirty per cent of the value of the find. In the case of lost ships, the vessels and their cargoes continue to be the property of the owners, no matter how long they remain in the water. And, as has been proved by the efforts of many since the war, smuggling ships into harbor is not so easy as it seems on paper. The all-important fact, as many have learned, is that first one must land the ships. Appropriating even a sunken vessel is, under the law, termed piracy, and heavy punishment is attached. One or two instances of this happened during post-war salvage work. A tugboat captain, enterprising and alert to the opportunity of earning some salvage money, noticed a vessel beached at low tide. It was one the salvage corps had been working on for some time and was just about to raise, when the tugboat captain ran alongside one night and towed her into port. When the men came to work the next morning and found the ship gone, they sent out an alarm to the Coast Guard and made inquiries at the various ports, and when they discovered what had happened were about ready to prosecute the tugboat captain. However, a compromise was made, and the captain proved to their satisfaction that he had no intention of willfully nabbing the vessel. He merely thought, he said, the sea had, through some extraordinary current running, given up the ship, and he considered it his duty to get it ashore. Acts of proved piracy are punishable even by death, the old law of piracy holding good to the present day.

The popular method of raising ships in difficulty—the one which Commodore Young has resorted to in most of his work—is that of lifting them by huge steel wire hawsers placed under the ships, and then floating them at high tide by the aid of lifting craft arranged on either side of the stricken vessel.

For instance, the *Ranger*, a sort of "first aid" ship of this type, holds the record of rescue work at sea.

While in war service, the total distance steamed by the *Ranger* from casualty to casualty around the British Isles was nearly 17,000 miles.

The *Linton*, a sister ship of the same class, had almost as enviable a record, and both were used in the work com-



SALVING A SHIP THAT TURNED OVER AFTER AN ACCIDENT

pleted only recently at Zeebrugge. Both ships are now retired from the Admiralty service.

One of the quickest pieces of work accomplished by the Linton and her expert crew was in raising the steamer Devona, which was sunk after a collision. Her cargo consisted of about five thousand tons of grain in bulk and fifteen tons of flour. When overtaken by the Linton, she lay with decks submerged fore and aft. In three days' time she was floated and taken alongside the wharf at Southampton.

A rescue that won the Ranger and its crew great praise from the Admiralty was that of the steamer Westmoreland. She was carrying a general cargo from the colonies. The estimated value of her hull and cargo exceeded twelve million dollars. She was torpedoed and sunk off the Cumberland coast, in a very exposed position, and at high tide had sixteen feet of water over her upper deck. After three months' arduous work she was eventually salvaged by the Ranger and towed to Liverpool for repairs. In ordinary times her valuable cargo would have been considered a total loss. Divers were set to work. They crept through the shaft tunnel, and, making holes under the flooded holds, drained these into the stoke-hold and the engine-room. The holes were plugged and the holds filled with compressed air. This same operation was then applied to the stoke-hold and other compartments, and grad-

ually this large and valuable steamer was lifted up on the beach. The whole of the cargo was salvaged. The cargo, much of it being taken off onto other vessels, lightened the stricken vessel considerably, so she was more easily floated. In a few weeks' time she was back in the service again, and the cargo, so much needed for the armies, was completely saved.

In these days of standardization it is interesting to know that the first-aid repairs to damaged ships are effected with a standard patch. This patch is fixed and held in position by an extremely ingenious contrivance of wires and weights, and is applied as soon as the ragged edges left by the accident are removed. The process enables the work of repair to be carried on from the inside of the ship.

Such salvage work, however, is performed under the most hazardous conditions. Of course bad and stormy weather adds to the peril, and, as Commodore Young pointed out, it is clear sailing in fair weather, and only stormy weather brings wrecks at sea. Then, too, work which has taken days to perform is sometimes swept away by a single heavy sea.

Another very great difficulty with which salvage work is faced concerns the big accumulation of gases in the holds of sunken vessels. The gases caused by grain give the most trouble. Grain develops sulphureted hydrogen

(and this often causes semi-blindness and violent sickness to the men employed on this kind of work) as well as other dangerous gases which are fatal to human life. However, a chemist during the war discovered a preparation which meets this difficulty somewhat. This preparation is sprayed over the rotting cargoes and quite effectively kills the gases, or, after being sprayed in a compartment filled with deadly gases, quickly renders it safe to work in.

One of the most thrilling experiences of the salvage section was the rescue of one of the largest and most up-to-date British submarines during the war. She was undergoing her final official trial and was making one more dive, when she failed to reappear. The salvage ship Thrush, lying near by, was immediately despatched to the scene, and was soon joined by the Ranger. These two salvage craft, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in locating and lifting one end of the submarine sufficiently to effect the release of forty-seven of the officers and crew, after they had been imprisoned at a depth of eleven fathoms for fifty-eight hours. In this operation tremendous risk was taken, for, only a short while after the last survivor was extricated, the lifting wires carried away and the vessel sank again. Nevertheless operations were at once begun for refloating her, and by means of compressed air all water was expelled from her, and eventually she was brought to the surface



TWO LIFTING CRAFT WITH SUBMARINE BETWEEN (WIRES ATTACHED TO HOIST THE U-BOAT)

and some time after was put back into commission.

Perhaps few outside of those who actually were engaged in this dangerous business at sea during the war will ever appreciate what this work meant to the Allies, and what it would mean in case of another great war. Thrilling stories of burning ships at sea after an explosion had occurred in the hold, setting fire to dangerous explosives being carried to the seat of war, and how salvage crews working in the face of death succeeded in laying the fire and saving the ship, could be enumerated at length by these men.

Lifting huge ships weighing several thousand tons by means of steel wires and the aid of lifting craft appears an impracticable thing to the lay mind. However, hundreds of sailing vessels now in good condition can testify to this excellent method of saving a ship's life. Commodore Young worked out this plan to perfection in all his operations at sea. If a ship sinks in a reasonable depth of water, permitting the work of divers to be carried on, there is hope of saving her, even though the storms may hammer her severely and the tides harass her.

The divers are first set to work to locate the sunken vessel, and after this a number of steel lifting wires, each capable of bearing a strain of 250 tons, are placed under the ship, the number of wires varying according to the weight of the ship to be lifted. In the case of a small British cruiser thirty-two of these lifting wires had to be placed under the vessel, which had sunk eighteen feet into the clay. It will be seen that the operation of placing these

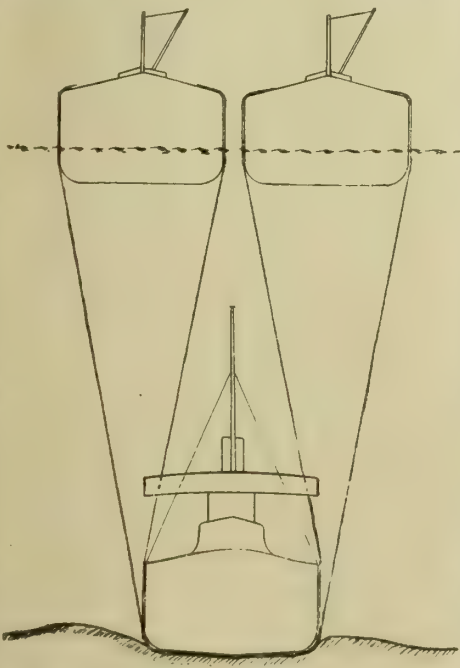
cables is a very difficult one and cannot be done by the divers' efforts alone, so compressed air and hydraulic appliances are used to cut passages under the ship. When this has been accomplished, lifting vessels of sufficient buoyancy to carry the sunken wreck are brought out and placed on each side of her. In order to prevent these lifting vessels capsizing or taking too great a list, an interesting method of making the cables fast is adopted; i. e., one cable is taken from the inside of the lifting vessel

under the sunken ship to the outside of the opposite lifting vessel and from the inside of the opposite lifting vessel to the outside of the other one, making a cross in the cable. The wires are then tightened by machinery and made fast across the decks of the lifting craft by heavy clamps. See the accompanying diagram. The lifting vessels are fitted with compartments which can be filled and emptied by pumps. At the commencement of the operations all the compartments are filled with water, and after the lifting cables are made fast they are pumped out, and the tide does the rest—that is to say, the ship is lifted the height of the rise of tide and taken towards the shore until the water is shoaled, when the operation is repeated until the vessel's decks are dry and she can be patched and pumped out in the ordinary manner.

Sometimes several efforts are necessary at high tide before the ship begins to crawl out of her mud-hole and dips her helm into the swiftly rising sea.

This operation is not carried out as easily as it sounds when telling about it, and to this fact may be attributed the failure of many who have attempted to wrench from the sea its secrets of hidden treasure.

The only big job on which work is now going on to a limited degree and on which some progress has been made concerns the salvaging of some part of the millions' worth of gold bullion which went down in the *Laurentia*. The ship lies in a great depth of water, which makes the work slow and hazardous, and only small success so far has been achieved by the occasional divers on the job.



LIFTING LIGHTERS IN POSITION (WIRES SECURED AND PINNED AT LOW TIDE)

TRUMPETS AT JERICHO

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

TRUMPETS at Jericho! The thunderous fall
Of masonry! Can you so soon forget
That silver music fingering the tall,
Doomed towers of eld to think them standing yet?
With bleeding hands laboriously you set
Stone upon stone, and built yourself a wall,
Strong to endure in scarp and parapet,
Above disaster, mightiest of them all.

There, in the lonely turret of your star,
Impregnable, sequestered, undismayed,
You watch while constellations flame and fade . . .
Have you not heard a whisper where you are?—
A burst of silver music sternly blown
Before the gates of kingdoms overthrown?

MEN WHO MAKE MONEY

BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

SOMEWHAT more than seven years ago a group of twenty-three business men sat down to make out their Federal income-tax returns for the year 1914. All of them had experienced a disastrous year; some of them were virtual bankrupts.

As they lived in different sections of the country and were not personally acquainted, they could hardly be called a group except for the act of the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington which, upon receiving the returns, classified them under one heading. In that manner these men became grouped. So far as the Government was concerned, they were rank failures. They not only reported no income whatever, but had lost money during the year to the extent of more than a million and a half dollars, an average of nearly seventy-five thousand dollars apiece.

Of course they paid no income tax. All they contributed toward the revenues of the Federal Government was the information contained in their returns. That was of no special value at the time; and, as it costs money to check and verify returns, these men, in fact, were a financial burden upon the community rather than an asset to it.

On the face of the returns, they had in common but one thing—failure. But something that did not show upon the face of the tax returns—something no tax return has ever shown or ever will show, because it is beyond human ingenuity to show it on paper—also was a common possession.

That something was the ability to come back.

In 1919, five years later, the Government's statistical experts at Washington

selected for purposes of comparison those twenty-three returns from the big sheaf where it keeps its record of men who have failed. There was a reason for this selection. The reason was that those men had all come back. At some time within the five-year period each one of those failures had lifted himself out of the failure class. Each one had made net \$300,000 or more in a single year.

One of them made in a single year \$548,000; another made \$980,000; a third passed the million-dollar mark by more than \$73,000; a fourth made \$1,373,000; and the fifth hung up a record of \$1,608,000. The fifth man, incidentally, accomplished the feat within twelve months, reporting his maximum earnings in 1915.

The story of those twenty-three men is not fiction. No facts are so cold as the facts of the income-tax return. In making them public the Government offers no analysis of the causes which contributed to success or failure. It simply gives the bare results in the cold, unemotional atmosphere which attaches to long tabulations of figures with the dollar mark before them.

Who were these men? Again the Government is silent, for the law forbids publication of anything which would establish the identity of a taxpayer. The Tax Bureau is long on figures, short on names. But if any one cares to check the information, it may be found on page 101 of the Treasury Department's recent bulletin, "Statistics of Income for 1919."

How these men accomplished their come-back, therefore, will never form text of preachment from platform or pulpit. It is a story lost to the world unless

they themselves come forward to tell it. We only know that they did come back. It used to be that such stories were found only in fiction, but that was before the Government of the United States began the publication of sworn and verified income-tax returns.

There are other stories in the small-typed figures that lie between the reddish-brown covers of the Government's bulletin; stories of success beyond the novelist's wildest dream; stories, too, of men who fail.

In 1919 there were eleven men in the United States who made more money than any one else. Their joint incomes for the year aggregated more than \$71,000,000. None of them earned less than \$3,000,000. The average was about \$6,500,000.

The earnings of those men have been traced back by the Government. Although the search extends back five years, it is necessary to follow it only one year, or to 1918, to find what is perhaps the most dazzling contrast that illumines the entire records of the Treasury Department.

The record discloses that in 1918 these eleven men enjoyed about the same total income. Five of them, however, had incomes averaging \$7,500,000; two had average incomes of about \$2,750,000; and three others had incomes varying from \$567,000 down to \$270,000.

The eleventh man's income in 1918 was exactly \$6,688.

How would it feel to jump from a \$6,700 income to a \$3,000,000 income within a year? That man knows. He knows what it is to increase his income by at least forty-four thousand per cent within twelve months. He probably is

the only \$6,700 man in the United States who has ever enjoyed the sensation.

Those who profess to believe that the United States no longer holds out possibilities for making money that it held out in the past would do well to ponder on what that man has done.

Obviously, from the Government's tabulation, that man was a millionaire even in 1918 and had millions to work with. In that year, apparently, his investments went wrong, for prior to 1918 he enjoyed an income of not less than \$287,000, that being the minimum income reported by any of the eleven men in his group for 1917. His case, therefore, is not that of a salaried man who made a financial killing.

But there are such cases apparently. Take the case of the fifty-nine men who earned \$10,000 a year or less in 1914.

That group of individuals earned an aggregate of \$380,000 in 1914. They therefore averaged slightly more than \$6,000 apiece.

In 1915 their earnings jumped to \$6,600,000, an increase of more than sixteen hundred per cent. One of the fifty-nine earning less than \$10,000 in 1914 earned more than \$2,480,000 in 1915. He boosted his income by nearly twenty-five thousand per cent within the year. It was his best year, too, for the highest single income reported thereafter by any individual of the group was \$40,000 less than that man's 1915 income. It may be that the same man reported both of these huge incomes. On that point the Government's statement, censored by the law's requirements, is silent.

There are many more such stories in the tax returns—hundreds of them. They are all true, for the Government's trained investigators have checked and verified the figures. They are stories of men who came back. There is such a sameness to them that one would tire of reading further instances. But they all illustrate, far better than water-colors or oils could possibly portray, that in this land of opportunity there is no such thing as failure for the man of energy and brains.

Turning the page, we find another story in the tax returns. It is not such pleasant reading as the one just told. It is the story of the millionaires of yesterday, the men who have made money and lost it. And again the Government is silent as to names or causes which brought about the losses.

Twenty-six men, for instance, each made from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 in 1914. Since then, however, only ten have held their ground or prospered. Those ten lifted themselves up to an average of more than \$2,500,000 in 1919. Two of them averaged \$7,000,000 apiece. The other sixteen failed to maintain the pace they set five years before. Their incomes dropped from \$1,000,000 in 1914 to from \$600,000 apiece in the case of three men down to losses of more than \$250,000 apiece in the case of two men in 1919.

What caused these men to lose? Was it that their business judgment, so sound in 1914, waned within five years? Or was it that, having made their fortunes, they relaxed to lives of ease? Were they victims of their own misplaced confidence? Were they spend-thrifts? Couldn't they stand prosperity? The list of questions that comes to mind is curtailed only by the imagination of the individual asking them.

Those questions probably will never be answered. The record of failures is sealed in the Government archives as securely as the record of the men who have come back to prosperity from the land of adversity.

He who wants to read the future may learn the average of his prospects for success or failure by studying the tax returns.

They show, for instance, that coal mining, popularly regarded as a certain road to wealth, is one of the most hazardous ventures to which dollars can be put. More than 3,200 corporations were engaged in the industry in 1919. More than half lost money. Those that prospered made an average of fourteen cents a ton, net, on the annual output of these mines.

Those figures and the ones that follow apply only to corporations. The Government has classified their tax returns. It has not so classified the individual returns. Hence a comparison between corporation and individual endeavor in any branch of industry is unobtainable. The returns of corporations, however, are illuminating. What is more important, they are correct—to the dollar.

Of all corporation activities, the banking business is the safest. The Government's figures show that of the 28,000 and more State and National banks and trust companies more than 25,000 operated at a profit in 1919. Thus the chances of making money in that business, as measured by the tax returns, are nine out of ten.

Ten per cent of the banks lost money during the year, but not much, the average loss being about \$400. Doubtless every one of these was financially sound, even though it failed to make a profit. State and Federal governments safeguard these institutions so thoroughly that a bank failure these days is an extreme rarity.

The man who owns a gold mine, the tax returns show, has one chance in four to prosper—no more. Of more than 500 gold, silver, and precious metal mines operated by corporations in 1919, 122 made money. Their total profits were slightly more than \$5,000,000. Nearly 400 lost money, their losses being nearly \$11,000,000.

Even so, the average of success in gold mining was higher than in copper. One copper company in eight made money in 1919. True, the year was unusual, and the copper industry was hit harder, perhaps, than most others. Nevertheless the most unfortunate investor in the country, according to the

tax returns, was the man who owned a copper mine that year. Next to him among the unfortunates was the owner of a gold mine.

Chances of making money in oil are about one in three. Nearly 3,000 corporations engaged in the oil business filed returns for 1919. Nearly two-thirds reported losses. Next in hazard was cotton farming. Again it should be remembered that the figures apply only to corporations. Eleven cotton-farming corporations out of twenty-one made a profit. The corporation in that business had about a fifty-fifty chance to succeed.

In the field of manufactures the maker of textile fabrics took first place as a money-maker, with the boot-and-shoe manufacturer crowding him hard. The textile manufacturer had seven chances to win and one to lose, and the industry applied itself to its work with such excellent skill that its earnings totaled more than \$625,000,000 and its losses less than \$5,000,000. The boot-and-shoe manufacturer had a shade less than seven chances out of eight to succeed. In the aggregate his earnings totaled nearly \$110,000,000 and his losses but little more than \$750,000.

The clothing trade, the figures show, offers a reasonably safe field for activity, but conditions are spotty with respect to different branches of the industry. Makers of men's clothing, suits and overcoats, were more than ninety per cent successful, but the high average attained in that branch was lowered for the industry as a whole by losses in other branches. The man in the clothing business, the tax returns say, has slightly better than five chances to win against one to lose.

Among smaller corporations, chances for success were greatest in the saddlery and harness business. Of every twenty-four corporations in that line twenty-three prospered in 1919, although the average profit was slightly less than \$50,000 for each concern.

But nowhere in corporation activities is there recorded a parallel to the achievements of the individual. The man who comes back soars infinitely higher than the corporation. He may carry the standard of his success up to twenty-five thousand per cent increase in earnings within a single year. To such an individual success comes with the irresistible force of an avalanche, sweeping all obstacles before it, grinding them into the dust over which it advances.

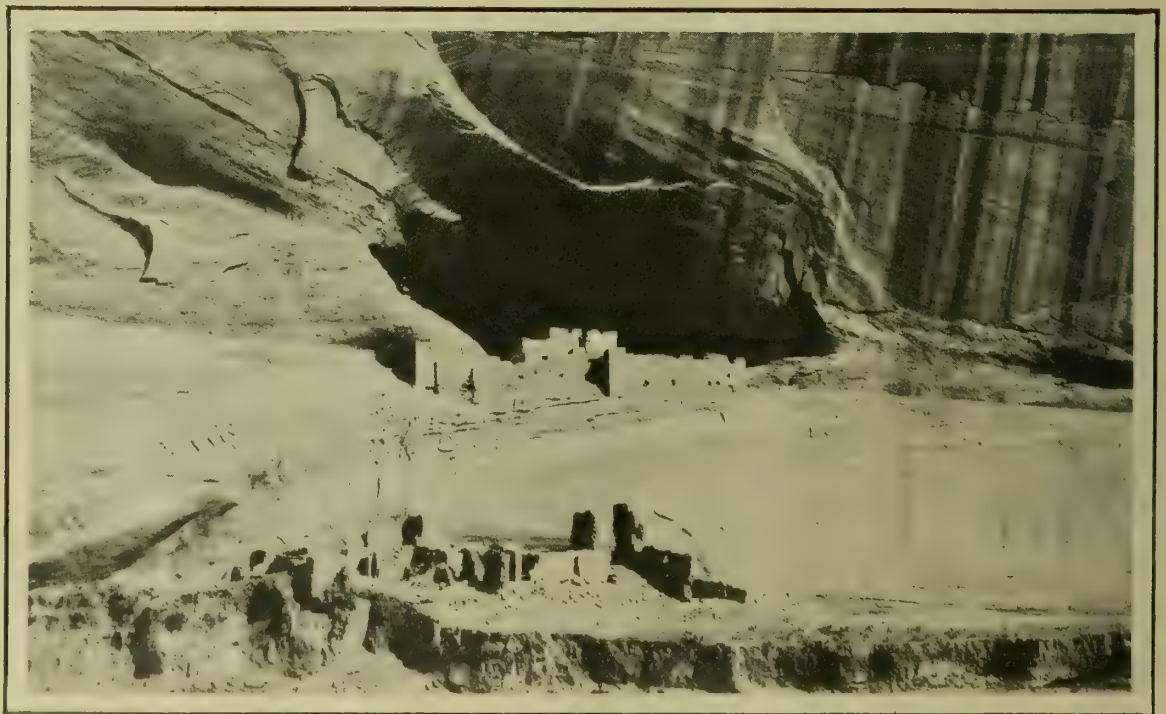
Not so with the corporation. Its earnings rise and fall, but, like the tides, they observe well-marked and definite limitations. All the corporation-owned gold mines in the country won but a fraction of the success achieved by two unnamed individuals in 1919. No corporation may count among its assets the boundless measure of the individual's most valuable possession—that possession which is not reported on the tax return and never can be so reported—the ability to come back.

DESERT LANDS AND DESERTED HOMES

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



SUNSET ON THE MOJAVE DESERT, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



THE "WHITE HOUSE," A CLIFF CASTLE IN CANYON DE CHELLY, NORTHERN ARIZONA

From Philip Johnston, Los Angeles, California

THE BOOK TABLE

IN TERMS OF AMERICAN LIFE

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

AS the aftermath of the war has settled upon the world, men have become less and less satisfied with a naïve and immediate explanation which involves only Germany and the unfortunate Archduke Ferdinand. Men's minds have become centered upon Western civilization itself—how thin the veneer of it, after all, how subtle and yet how vast the forces of disruption which lurk beneath the surface, what a battle it is to preserve the civilization which a few years ago we thought strong enough to endure the assaults of every foe! Lothrop Stoddard has shown in his most recent book¹ how the danger to what is best in modern civilization is deeper than the war. The war has hastened the oncoming of the danger, has shaken and strained civilization to the breaking-point, has hastened racial impoverishment; but the real causes of what the world is now experiencing lie deeper than the war.

The first fact we have to face is a fact of biology—that some racial stocks are permanently weak and some are strong; but the strongest peoples, the strongest stocks, of to-day have no greater physical or intellectual capacity than the strongest stocks of civilization long buried in the past. The germ-plasm of capacity flows at approximately the same level through the centuries. The acquired characteristics of individuals of one generation are not transmitted to the individuals of the next. Each generation may develop a more complicated social environment and pass it on; but each new generation takes over the more difficult and complex environment at the cost of distinct and increased effort on the part of the individuals of the new generation, who have no greater inherited capacity to bear the burden than those who have gone before, and who, in the experience of all civilizations hitherto, have shown a progressively weakening capacity to bear the burden.

The tendency of civilization is to rear a greater and greater structural load upon its human foundations. That is peculiarly true of our own civilization. Power, organization, wealth, luxury, leisure, art, science, learning, government, a vast complex of values good and bad, now engage the energies of man. And a brain famine has set in. Neither in government nor economics, the two fields in which extraordinarily wise leadership is indispensable to civilization, do we find in the world to-day the intellectual capacity or the character to bear the increasing burden. Misgovernment among the nations and a world-

wide economic and industrial warfare are the ripe fruits of this incapacity.

There have been many civilizations in the past, great civilizations, and they are all gone. Modern biology makes it clear to us that there is no law of the decay of civilizations, but there are reasons for it. In the period of barbarism and savagery the weak, the stupid, and the degenerate were ruthlessly eliminated in the struggle for life and livelihood. In civilization the delinquents and defectives, the unadaptable and the incapable, have not only been supported by the superior stocks, but have bred to their desire's content. It is humane to care for the insane, the habitual pauper, or the instinctive criminal; but is it in the interest of civilization to allow him to reproduce his kind?

But that is not all of it nor the worst of it. When a race enters into civilization, it enters "in the pink of condition." In the earlier stages of its history it has eliminated its weaklings. The superior individuals have the choicest mates and the largest families. These are the simple values of the time. But we know that the expanding desires and demands of civilization alter that. A distinguished biologist of New England reckons that at the present rate of reproduction a thousand Harvard graduates of to-day will have only fifty descendants two centuries hence, whereas a thousand Rumanians in Boston, at their present rate of breeding, will have one hundred thousand descendants in the same space of time. Biological regression, the scientists call it. Not complete, because there may be many individuals in the Rumanian stock capable of climbing the social ladder and becoming superior; but the best-trying stock, the stock we know about as fit to organize and apply sound social control to civilization, is passing in many important parts of America.

But that is not all. There is a large element of primitive traits in most populations—people unadapted to progress, of wild nature, who have no desire nor capacity to keep pace with civilization. They are continually on the border-line of unrest and revolt. In ordinary times social control represses them. But in time of war, in time of vast dissension, of profound political or industrial or social injustice, "they gather themselves for the spring." They feel themselves to be permanent under-men. They know that civilization is not, can never be, for them. They are always ready, with reasons good or bad, for a revolt against orderly progress, against civilization.

In time of grave economic and social injustice in the latter part of the eighteenth century this human element

showed its teeth in France, and frequently and yet more frequently in various corners of Europe during the nineteenth century. This was the time of the triumph of machine industry and capitalism, when abuses were rife, when a great number of people were precipitated into the depths who did not belong there. Mere evolution towards political liberalism became too slow. Karl Marx and evolutionary Socialism raised its head. Then at the close of the nineteenth century appeared Georges Sorel and revolutionary Syndicalism—the state to be abolished, but a federation of trade unions to take its place; the class struggle, direct action, the general strike, sabotage, frightfulness, chaos, the dictatorship of the proletariat, "the war of the hand against the brain."

The most startling phenomenon of the aftermath of the Great War exhibits this reversion to the primitive in Russia, a country which occupies one-sixth of the earth's surface and embraces a population of 150,000,000. Russia, a land of wild, barbaric racial strains, having yet hardly learned the alphabet of social order, is the natural home of this fierce outburst of rebellion against the good and evil of civilization. Cold and nakedness, plague and famine, arrogance and terrorism, the tragic destruction of the middle class—these be the early fruits of the revolt against civilization. But the clearest revelation of the primitive sub-consciousness which now rules Russia, whatever Tchitcherin and Lenin may say, is the attitude of the proletarian Government towards the intellectuals of Russia, who, as Stoddard writes, "have long stood bravely between the despotism of the Czar and the benighted masses, striving to liberalize the one and enlighten the other, accepting persecution and misunderstanding as part of their noble task." These have been killed and starved and driven into exile by the new radicalism of Russia—the revolt of the new radicalism against superior intelligence. It is the same hatred of genius and learning which Robespierre showed by sending the great chemist Lavoisier to the guillotine with the remark: "Science is aristocratic; the Republic has no need of savants."

All this mainly, though not entirely, according to Stoddard. And now, speaking mainly, though not entirely, personally, I know it is part of the question which split the Genoa Conference, and I know it has distinctly two sides; but I yet hold that the policy which was back of the refusal of Secretary Hughes, of our Government, to recognize or treat with the emotional sub-conscious class mind of the Russian Soviet in its arrogant revolt against civilization is the surest statesmanship to follow. If America is to err at all, America errs safest on that side.

I am not one of those who believe that

¹The Revolt Against Civilization. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

America has no concern with the affairs of Europe. I am no apostle of perpetual aloofness from the remainder of mankind. But I hold that America, as well as Europe, must first become a better master of herself. There is more promise in American life than in the life of any other land, but there is many a threat of peril in American life as well. The laxness in economic and social and vital morale has a foothold in America—had it long before the war. It is a part of the deterioration of character wherever the prosperity of the industrial revolution in the last hundred years has carried greatly and suddenly increased welfare to large numbers of the population who had formerly struggled in hardship and straitened circumstances. Steam and electricity and gasoline, "rays and waves and powers" of which man had never before dreamed, have produced a volume of comforts, commodities, opportunities for ease and luxury, for large numbers of people in America never enjoyed before in the history of the world.

The war taught us something. The intelligence tests which we administered to more than 1,700,000 American officers and men demonstrated two things—first, that the average intelligence of the rising generation in America is not high, and that that precious factor itself is being steadily bred out of the American population by the rapid influx of certain inferior racial stocks, or at least of a multitude of inferior representatives of certain racial stocks. Where are your great thoughtful Americans, without whose vision the country perishes and of whose genius America never stood so much in need? Marshall could think; Lincoln could think, no man of his day more clearly, more deeply, than he. Where, in the world of industry and politics in the more democratic America of our time, are the superior men of vision who can think—men of character, sympathetic with popular freedom and capable of leading the people to act upon their thinking? Governmentally we have not been left entirely desolate. From Hamilton and Jefferson to Root and Roosevelt and Wilson and Hughes the American democracy has been helped by availing itself of the disciplined thinking and guidance of men of great intelligence, who have usually acquitted themselves with distinction and discretion. But the tide of democracy, bearing fears as well as hopes, sweeps resistlessly on, with disquieting symptoms of industrial immorality, of social inefficiency, of governmental feebleness, of public inertia upon affairs National and international. All the more need is there that the brains and conscience of the leadership of democracy should keep pace with the march of democracy.

Whether we advance or retreat in America depends, in the last analysis, upon whether we are led by a dynamic minority of brains and sympathy or by a dynamic minority of mattoids and morons. That means of course, in terms of biology, that we must breed from the right stock. And that means that

America must pick the representatives of her immigrant racial strains with a good deal more care than she has since the Civil War.

And it is not all in heredity. If the structural load of civilization weighs too heavily upon American human kind, we can lessen the load. We can alter our values. It is time we did it. It is time we thought far less of commercial values, of speeding up for riches, of luxury and materialism. It is time as a nation that we paid more attention to a life that is simple, to the things of the mind, of taste, and of culture—far less costly, but also in the best sense far richer. We thus follow the social philosophy of our distinguished American sociologist, Giddings. As he urges, we can employ the simpler and more spontaneous, more co-operative ways of getting things done as against the method of getting them done by Governmental agencies with enormous overhead, waste, inefficiency, armies of civil servants. The evolutionary and cultural ways rather than the revolutionary and coercive ways are much less costly and would enormously diminish the operating expenses of civilization.

The concentration of superiority in the higher levels, where it can be most effective in leadership, depends upon how well the channels of opportunity are kept open in America, so that the best in the lower levels may be drained into the higher levels. This we call in America equality of opportunity—the only kind of equality which nature or a sound philosophy believes in. Of later years we have not been so true to this American philosophy. We have adopted "leveling" practices. In American public education we have developed a tendency to run every boy or girl, bright pupil or dullard, through the same mold. The intellectual work of the student bodies in our colleges as a whole we have leveled down to the average or below the average; precisely as some of the labor unions do which debase and discourage bright workingmen by the "go-slow" rules of the union. There are large numbers of students in every college—the best of them from the standpoint of future leadership—whose powers find insufficient outlet and interest in the mass-curriculum constructed for the mass-average. There is an increasing multitude of workingmen who under a false doctrine of equality are having their capacities leveled to the mediocre.

Revolutions never happen. They are caused. They are precipitated mainly by inefficient government, burdensome taxation, by arrogant and greedy industrialism. They follow the previous undermining and discrediting of the existing social order. The wild race for armament, the resulting intolerable weight of taxes, the economic materialism of the ruling classes of Europe, precipitated the war and the revolutionary aftermath of the war.

Bourbonism prepares the ground for revolution. Bourbonism promotes material progress, but chokes human progress. Bourbonism blocks reform, breeds

discontent, thickens the crust of reaction, brings on the earthquake and the cataclysm.

I do not find myself able to follow Mr. Bryan before Southern Legislatures, Southern churches, and Southern college commencements in his flaming opposition to the theory of evolution. In the field in which Mr. Bryan is more at home, the field of ethics, I frequently find little difficulty in following him. I hold with him that civilization is expanding morality. I distrust, with Stoddard, those who all over the world are in violent revolt against civilization, because they make their appeal to envy, hatred, and malice instead of seeking to attain peace on earth, good will among men. They have chosen direct action, sabotage, the general strike; proletarian violence, the ruin of transportation, the paralyzing of economic life, the path of chaos, and not the path of righteousness and peace.

By right of her vast economic and moral reserve, America is fitted for the leadership of civilization. She is not yet ready to lead. She does not yet feel herself experienced enough to lead broadly in the great advance. But the period of caution and aloofness cannot last forever. More and more her wisdom will be sought in the councils of civilization. But her safety and honor at home and abroad can be preserved only by a superior human stock that will choose the right values, simplify its life, perpetuate its breed, and learn increasingly to think.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

CRYSTAL COFFIN (THE). By Maurice Rostand. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York \$2.

TRULY RURAL. By Richardson Wright. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.

WHITE AND BLACK. By Hubert Anthony Shands. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.90.

WINDOW-GAZER (THE). By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.90.

WITHOUT COMPROMISE. By Lillian Bennett-Thompson and George Hubbard. The Century Company, New York. \$1.75.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

WASHINGTON AND THE RIDDLE OF PEACE. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

WORK OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE (THE). By J. Edward Meeker. The Ronald Press Company, New York. \$5.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By Louis P. Benzel. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

CHARACTER REVELATIONS OF MIND AND BODY. By Gerald Elton Fosbrooke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

COMING OF COAL (THE). By Robert W. Brucere. The Association Press, New York. \$1.

STUDENT'S HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS. By Laura A. Knott. Illustrated. The Abingdon Press, New York.

TERRIBLY INTIMATE PORTRAITS. By Noel Coward. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.

WELL CONSIDERED GARDEN (THE). By Mrs. Francis King. New and Revised Edition. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

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LIFE has changed more in its essentials since the time of Thomas Jefferson . . . and remember, that was in your great-grandfather's day, than Jefferson's life had changed since William the Conqueror's days. In little more than one century Civilization's frontiers have advanced farther than they had advanced in eight centuries before!

Journeys in 1806 were matters of horses' endurance just as they were in 1066; Jefferson's coach may have been easier to ride in than the Norman duke's slower vehicle . . . but what is that to the smooth-riding motor that whirls you along at a mile a minute?

Rushlights are not so far from tallow-dips as tallow-dips are from electric lamps. Jefferson's buildings rose little higher than William's . . . but what of the structural steels that make it possible for today's Woolworth Towers to pierce the skies? The doctors of 1806 took nearly as many chances as those of William's reign . . . but the Chemical Engineer has placed in your doctor's hands specifics that silence forever the threats of many of man's dreaded scourges.

So you may run the gamut of life's needs and comforts, and you will find that, although life did change in the passing centuries from the autocratic Norman to the democratic Jefferson, the changes were mostly refinements . . . seldom radical additions to man's possessions.

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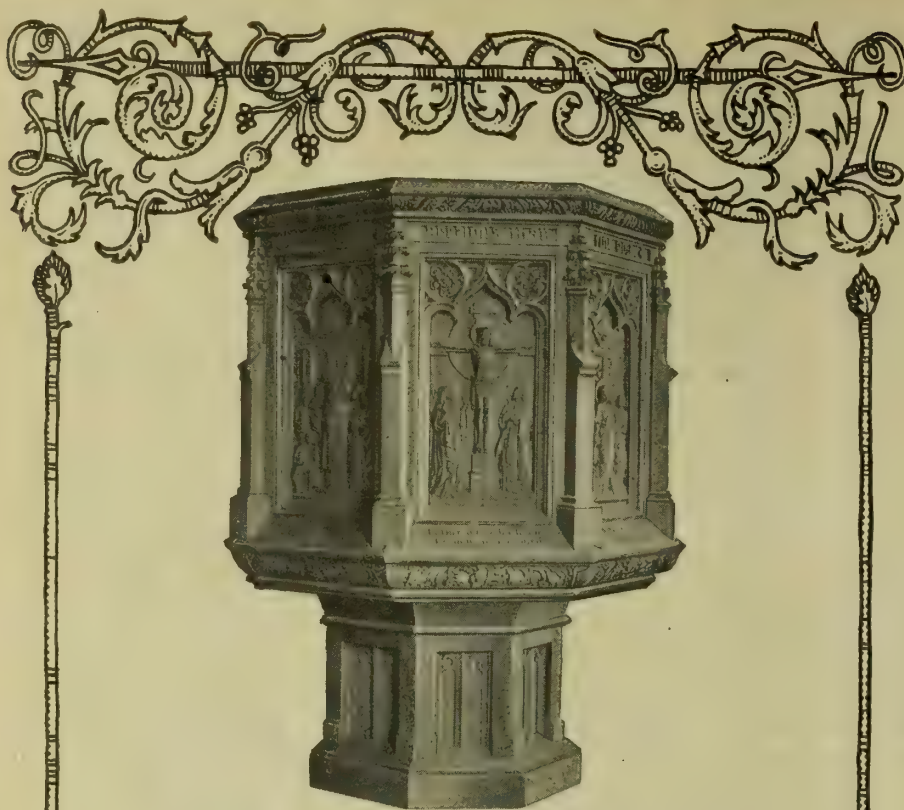
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AMERICANS IN GERMANY

IF the people of Germany as a whole hate America with the fervor indicated by Mr. Danziger in "See Germany Last," I am sure that they should be extremely grateful to him for his zeal in discouraging an influx of American visitors to that country. His elucidation of the present situation and of the attitude of the German people interested me exceedingly, largely because his impressions were so far different from my own. I have not visited Bremen or Hamburg since the war, but, having been called upon to travel through southern Germany last autumn in a semi-official capacity, I returned with a very definite impression that an American was far from the least welcome of foreigners there. In the Black Forest region of Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria there was little or no over-charging, little or no promiscuous robbery; a marked absence of any hostile feeling. I understand that at least up to a month ago the same conditions of friendliness were generally maintained. I did, indeed, visit Germany with many misgivings, with a considerable store of bitterness engendered by service in the A. E. F., and with a very fresh mental photograph of the "Zone Rouge" of France. I brought back with me no amended conception of the German character, no desire to extoll the collective humanity of the people, and no wish to struggle for the mitigation of the rightful penalty which Germany must suffer. The Englishman and the American, however, are fundamentally fair-minded, and not vindictive. As Mr. Danziger points out, Germany is suffering for her wrong-doing. Is it not, perhaps, time to stop agitating an old feud, time to smooth over the extreme bitterness of an "eye for an eye" policy?

A year ago much was being said by the American newspapers in Paris in regard to the manner in which French shopkeepers were robbing Americans, in which French hotel-keepers were over-charging, and French minor officials were grasping for a hundred and fifty per cent "backsheesh." "See Germany Last" might almost be a transcription of an editorial from an American newspaper edited in Paris last summer. Its slogan was "See Paris last." We all decried the grasping attitude on the part of the French, but France was and is our ally, and most of us tried our best to prevent any bitter feeling arising from existing economic conditions. Had any American magazine attempted to publish "See France Last," there would have been cause for just condemnation. Should we judge all France through the attitude of the Parisian shopkeepers and hotel-keepers? Should we judge all Germany through the bitterness and disorganization of a few great northern cities?

By all the signs, Germany as a whole has not reformed; it is clear that we can-

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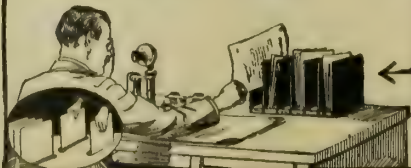
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not yet trust her in the circles of international economic conference. Nevertheless the economic adjustment of Europe, and in a measure of the United States also, depends upon a mutual willingness and desire to get back to the old basis of commercial interchange. A bankrupt and Bolshevist Germany is only so much the greater menace. A solvent Germany with the careful supervision of Allied statesmen and financiers means a prosperous Europe, and indirectly a prosperous America. Vituperative criticism is a step in the wrong direction. "See Germany Last" is not inclusive of the whole country. The impression it gives the reader is fundamentally dangerous and uneconomic.

ARTHUR NEWTON PACK.

AN IMPROPER OUTLOOK?

I HAVE in my family a spinster of fifty years, very proud of her New England ancestry. She was sweeping and putting the piazza in order this morning when I was at breakfast. She came in and said: "Do you want I should pick up them books and papers out there?" I replied that she might leave them on the table. She hesitated, and then said: "Well, there's one of 'em that ain't got a very nice picture on the cover, and I thought mebbey you wouldn't want it layin' 'round."

"Is that so? What is it?" I asked. She disappeared, and in a moment returned, holding at arm's length The Outlook of June 28 with its dainty, dancing little figure.

"There 'tis," she said. "Look at that girl showin' her legs up to her knees! I think it's shameful!"

Oh, Outlook! that you should come to this!

Needless to say that when she walks abroad her skirts are of the decorous length of ten or fifteen years ago, about two inches above the sidewalk.

X. Y. Z.

THE DOWN HILL PATH

MR. JESSUP's article in a recent Outlook on "Getting Lost in the Woods" was very interesting, and was carefully read by the writer to see if the author had given the best advice to one who might be really lost.

His rule, "Keep your head and save your energy," is a most excellent one, and should be followed; but there is another rule, which was given to me by an old prospector in the mountains in Wyoming many years ago. If this be added to Mr. Jessup's rule, the combination will be pretty sure to get a lost person out of the woods.

This rule is, "Always go down hill." If you follow this rule, you are sure to strike a stream, and if you follow down the stream, you are sure to come to a habitation, and quite sure to find it sooner than if you wandered up hill and down.

Some years ago the writer was on a fishing trip in the Rocky Mountains with

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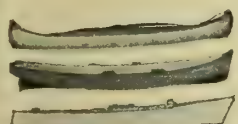
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in the SEPTEMBER

SCRIBNER

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BY THE WAY

A LOCOMOTIVE engineer asks in the "Railway Age" how we are to get reliable engineers in the years to come. Engineers, it will be noted, are usually raised from the rank of firemen. "The rising generation is getting a better education," he says, "and an educated young man absolutely will not take a job firing the present-day hogs with a scoop. I don't blame him—I wouldn't do it for a dollar a mile. Therefore we are already commencing to get, as firemen, men who a few years ago would not have been considered as anything but common labor for such jobs as track repair work. We have some now who cannot speak clear English and have to ask the engineer to write their names on the time slip. Can you imagine the type of engineers they are going to make?" This is a problem which the railway unions as well as the employers must look into.

The Society of Automotive Engineers, at a recent meeting, decided upon a standardization of body nomenclature for automobiles, and chose fourteen definite body names. The most significant of the changes recommended is that the word "phaeton" should replace the familiar "touring car," which term seems to have lost its significance, as all types of cars are used for touring. The names suggested are as follows: Roadster, coupé, phaeton, sedan, berline, limousine, brougham, landaulet, sedan-landaulet, brougham-landaulet, berline-landaulet, coupé-landaulet, limousine-landaulet, cabriolet.

A correspondent writes: "In a recent number of The Outlook I noticed a brief article about General Sheridan's war horse, in which the horse's name is given as Winchester. The correct name of the horse was Rienzi, which you may verify by consulting 'Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan,' Volume I, pages 177-180."

Stemming a tide of "dehydrated" alcoholic beverages of reminiscent names is a steady job of the fraud department of the Post Office Department. Using the reputation of the German chemists, certain German concerns have distributed hundreds of thousands of circulars in the United States offering, for "one dollar only, Rhine wine, Moselle, sherry, Port, Bordeaux, Burgundy, Tokay, Malaga, beer of Munich, Pilsen, porter, ale, etc.," in a dried form. From the powders a gallon or two of the beverage indicated on the package can be made, the spurious circulars state. Despite the issuance of fraud orders, many people are still sending money to these German concerns, only to have the money returned to them by the Post Office Department. A significant requirement on every circular insists on payment in American currency.

If these powders contained alcohol, their importation would be prohibited, and since they do not have the latent possibilities advertised they violate the mail fraud statutes.

CONTRIBUTORS'
GALLERY

JAMES J. DAVIS, United States Secretary of Labor, knows by reason of his own boyhood the value of a practical education. He was born in South Wales, but came to America when he was very young and started in at the Pennsylvania steel mills at the age of eleven. Mr. Davis is a founder of the Mooseheart Home-School, of which he speaks in his article, and Chairman of the Mooseheart Governors.

LEWIS EDWIN THEISS is both farmer and newspaper writer. His name has frequently appeared in The Outlook over articles on many subjects, including farm and country life, practical philosophy, and industrial questions.

THREE different points of view in regard to the coal strike come to the Outlook office from three very dissimilar sources. One is from a coal miner who signs Francis Pridemore as a pen-name because, he says, "If I signed my own, I should never be able to get another job in the coal fields." The second is from a Presbyterian minister living in the mining district. And the third is from William P. Helm, Jr., with whose former correspondence on the coal crisis readers of The Outlook are familiar. Mr. Helm was for four years assistant to the vice-president of the National Coal Association and is an authority on the subject on which he writes.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH has frequently contributed verse to The Outlook. The quotations in the poem in this issue are from her poem "The Interpreter," published in The Outlook of December 9, 1914. Miss Smith is the author of "Dr. Marks," "The Road of Life, and Other Poems," "The Final Star," and other volumes.

WILLIAM R. SCOTT contributes an article which is quite in line with his efforts to promote higher standards in commercial practices. Toward this end Mr. Scott established in 1920 a monthly periodical called "The Commercial Bribery and Tipping Review," which he edited and financed for twelve consecutive months. He has also written "The Itching Palm," the only book published so far dealing exclusively with the tipping custom. Mr. Scott is a Washington newspaper man with a background of several years' training in Louisville, Chicago, and New York.

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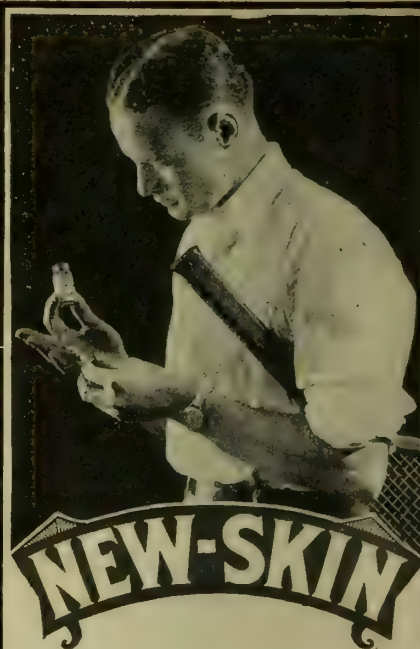
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AUGUST 9, 1922

ENTR'ACTE

AT the breakfast table the Average Citizen looks at the front page of his newspaper. Obviously there is important news. There are headlines that run across three columns. He learns that the newspaper's correspondent in Washington believes that President Harding hopes that the railway executives and the railway labor leaders are expecting a settlement of the strike.

Next morning the Average Citizen turns again to his newspaper; again there is news. This time he learns that the Irish have every reason to believe that they will capture Ireland.

Another morning comes, and once more the Average Citizen finds news. This time it is to the effect that several Senators unnamed and several Representatives unnamed agree that there is every reason to expect that Congress will pass or will not pass the Tariff Bill by October 1.

So it goes. Is it an item about Russia and Germany? Then the eager reader of the newspaper learns that, although nothing has yet been accomplished as a result of the Conference at Genoa or at The Hague, there is every reason to believe that when next Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain, meets M. Poincaré, Prime Minister of France, there will come an understanding concerning the German and the Russian problems which will be more amicable than understandings between these two have proved to be in the past.

Or is it the Near East? The newspaper reader again learns that something is about to happen—either that the Greeks are about to take Constantinople or that the Allies are about to prevent the Greeks from taking it.

Or is it the theater? Then the newspaper reader learns that Mr. Augustus Thomas is about to undertake the task of hopefully exerting some kind of influence that will hereafter make the theater a better medium of entertainment and of art.

Thus we have daily presented to us, as we read the press, proof that we are living in an era of hope. All good things are in the future, where they ought to be. And most of the evil things are there, too, where they certainly belong. The good things being in the future, we can press eagerly forward to them. The evil things being in the future, we can always live in hope that they will never happen. Even Mr. Lloyd George when he talks about war does not dwell upon

the experience of mankind in the past, but paints a picture of what may happen and what he hopes never will.

Just now, therefore, we seem to be living in a blessed state of transition. What is past belongs to history, and the only news seems to be a record of expectation. A good argument may be framed to show that the *entr'acte* is the best part of the play.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER ON THE STRIKES

J. CLEVE DEAN is one of those upon whom greatness has been thrust. Unknown to Mr. Gompers, the unquestioned leader of organized labor in this country, not even appearing in the records which Mr. Gompers found available in Washington, in such Eastern cities as he could reach, and even in the rail headquarters at Chicago, his name, however, is now known to many who would not recognize one out of a hundred names in "Who's Who." Mr. Dean's

fame has been bestowed upon him by a letter to him from the President of the United States.

Signing his telegram as Chairman of the Railway Employees' Publicity Association, Mr. Dean warned the President that any attempt by him, or any Governor, "to operate the mines or railroads by military forces" or "to draft men into mining or railroad service would be an attempt to establish involuntary servitude." He informed the President that "the American farmer and laborer have come to realize the hostile attitude of the G. O. P. toward them;" and he supplemented this political warning by a warning of a threatened revolution.

Taking this telegram as a text, President Harding wrote a letter in the nature of an address to the country which was made public on July 26. Treating Mr. Dean's "politically partisan references with that contempt which is felt by every good citizen in the hour of deep public concern," the President proceeded to state effectively the fundamental principles on which the Government must stand whatever action it may take in this emergency.

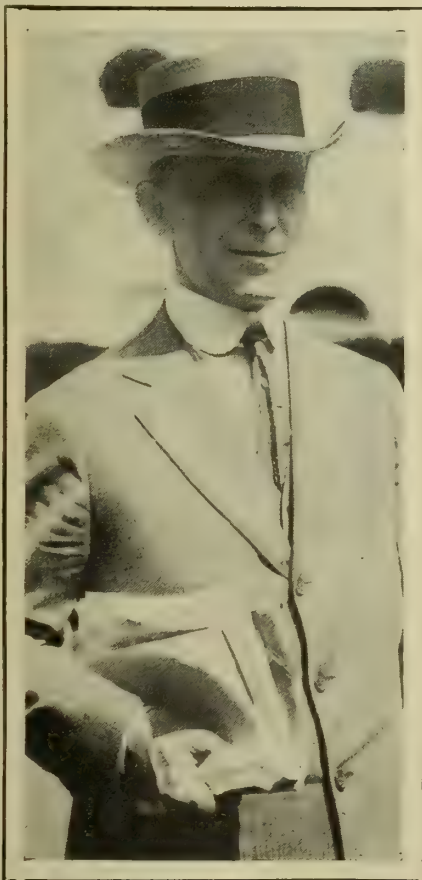
He acknowledged the loyalty of the strikers as American citizens and their right under existing statutes "in declining to work under the terms decided by the Railroad Labor Board or tendered to the workmen by the mine operators of the country."

He denied that any one had "proposed to draft free men into either the railway or mining service, or suggested coercion under military force." The military forces of free America, he said, are used only for preventing lawlessness and violence.

The same freedom, however, which permits men to strike also gives other men the right to accept employment under the terms proposed.

The railway men are striking notwithstanding the legal provision for the consideration of their just grievances; the miners are striking notwithstanding the offer of an agency to make an impartial settlement.

The Administration in standing behind the Railroad Labor Board and in proposing the coal mine tribunal is, so far from resorting to force, resorting to the very opposite. Since the men have exercised their right to refuse the Government's remedy, the President has asked the Governors of coal-mining States to invite the mine operators to



P & A Photos

BEN W. HOOPER

Chairman of the Railroad Labor Board, on which President Harding depends for settling the railway strike. This photograph was taken as Mr. Hooper left the White House after a long conference with the President

resume mining, and to promise the protection which all men have a right to expect in their lawful pursuits. "This protection," said the President, "applies alike to the men on strike who observe en masse with men at work and to the men the law and make no lawless interference who are lawfully at work and entitled to protection by every agency of Government in that work."

"The Government . . . is opposed to all conflict among classes," added the President, and "speaks only for the American people as a whole and the common good of all its citizens."

In closing, President Harding invited Mr. Dean, and presumably every one else, to pass judgment on the refusal of the miners to accept the awards of an able and impartial commission, and invited him to urge the striking railway men to return to work under the decision of the Railway Labor Board and await the action of that Board in giving a free hearing on any question concerning which there is a reasonable doubt.

"These," said the President, "are the ways of peace."

This letter of President Harding's deserves a high place in the history of the progress which America has made and will continue to make in applying the principles of democracy to modern industry.

THE IRISH CIVIL WAR

So far as conditions in Ireland can be pictured from the despatches, the fighting in that distressed country has been changing in form. At first it seemed more like organized riots in city streets and sieges of city buildings. It now appears to have assumed the form of battles, characterized by the advance of one side and the retreat of the other, in the more open country. As July drew to its close the so-called Republican forces under the discreet De Valera, whose theory seems to be that "he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day," were retreating from Limerick and Waterford, and the Free State forces were in control of Limerick. One of the old buildings, King John's Castle, is said to have been destroyed when the Republicans set fire to it.

In one case a battle is said to have lasted three days. This was in County Tipperary.

Everywhere the Free State forces seem to have been gaining ground.

Among the casualties in the fighting is the reported mortal wounding of Harry Boland, who was one of the followers of De Valera, and who carried on for a time De Valera's propaganda in the United States on behalf of the so-called "Irish Republic." He became a public nuisance here by his fanatical

appeal to the hatred of Irish-Americans for the British. Now if he dies, he dies wounded, not by an English soldier, but by some Irishman whose patriotism is as unquestioned as his own, and is, besides, mingled with common sense.

It is perhaps fortunate for Ireland that this civil war has occurred. When Ireland settles down to order and progress, if she ever does, it may be just as well that the people of southern Ireland should remember, not merely the contests which they have had with the English and with the people of Ulster, but also the contests that they have had among themselves. The memory of the fighting that is going on now may enable them to think of London and Belfast with less prejudice and animosity and to make them realize that for their unhappy condition the English are not the only ones to blame. This civil war, too, may enable them to understand the price of liberty. Every generation has to learn the lesson over again, and apparently repeatedly, and then does not learn it very well, that liberty is not obtained merely by lifting the hand of the oppressor.

EXPLAINING THE HAGUE

THE Conference at The Hague concerning Russian affairs having proved as futile as it promised to be, the British Government has been explaining the failure.

At Genoa, as well as at The Hague, Lloyd George advocated a policy which seemed to condone bad faith with the hope of getting trade. In his words there seemed to be a lack of keen realization of the fact that not even business can be carried on with people whose word is worthless. So Great Britain's attitude could be summed up in a phrase—Let's forgive, forget, and do business. The French, having other ideas on the subject, were treated as obstructionists. Now it turns out that the French were right. Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, head of the British delegation at The Hague, has in a speech in the House of Commons interpreted the result of these conferences as progress in the education of Russia. He said that the Hague Conference had "brought Russia face to face with actualities as never before." Mr. Lloyd George indorsed Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame's words and said that the greatest advantage from Genoa and The Hague had been the education of Russia in actualities. Some of the delegates to The Hague and to Genoa may find it amusing to note Lloyd George as a teacher on a subject of which he so lately was a pupil.

Every development in this politico-economic game in Europe helps to show how wise our Government was in not becoming a party to the Conference at Genoa.

THE STATUS OF THE SHIP SUBSIDY BILL

ARE the majority of the people of the United States in favor of an American merchant marine? That is the question to which the members of the House of Representatives are supposed to have discovered the answer before they returned to Washington on August 15. When they left on their recess in the early part of July, it was with the understanding that they would sound out the sentiments of their constituents on this subject, while at the same time they were urged by President Harding to direct attention to the importance of passing promptly the Ship Subsidy Bill, so that this country might be in position to compete commercially with the rest of the world.

While proponents of the Ship Subsidy Bill are desirous of seeing the measure which has been introduced in both houses taken up and acted on at the present session, there is much doubt in many quarters as to whether it will be possible, with the other legislation Congress is expected to dispose of before it adjourns, to secure the passage of what is rightly known as the Merchant Marine Bill.

In addition to the numerous political elements which are involved in this question, a new factor has been injected which has added seriously to the complications and which cannot avoid being given consideration. This is the problem as to whether the sale of liquor is to be permitted beyond the three-mile limit on vessels flying the American flag and enjoying the benefits which they will derive from Government aid. While it is declared that the prohibition matter is only a side issue as compared with the broad general aspects of the merchant marine question, it is admitted even by those who are most strongly in favor of prompt action that there will inevitably be much debate on this point when the proposed bill comes up for consideration. Many members who have declared themselves in favor of legislation which will permit the upbuilding of an American merchant marine worthy of the commercial prowess of the United States, and at the same time lift the incubus of a \$50,000,000 annual expense of Government Shipping Board operation from the shoulders of the country, will find themselves embarrassed—in fact, unable consistently to vote for a measure which will sanction the sale of intoxicants on property over which the Government maintains even partial control.

While the prohibition feature of the Ship Subsidy Bill, therefore, is only one small portion of a big measure, it looms large as one of vital importance because of its great political significance. There

FETCH US IN FUEL

(Tempest, Act I, Scene 2)

Darling in the Philadelphia North American



THAT DOESN'T SEEM TOO MUCH FOR A GOVERNMENT TO ASK

From Dorothea Palmer, Bethlehem, Pa.

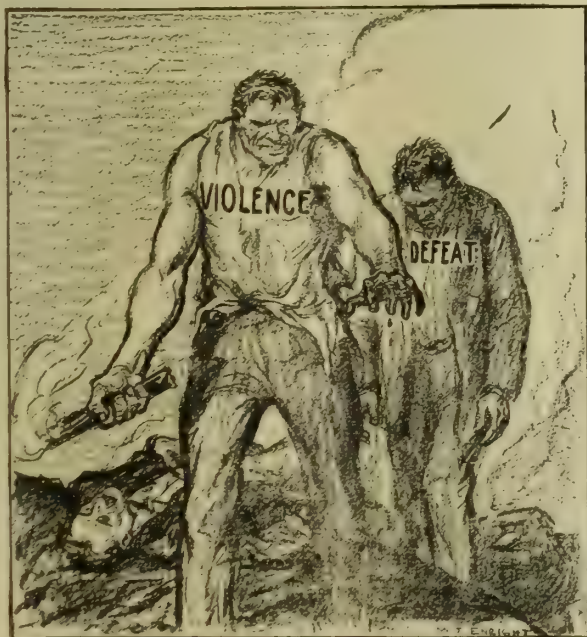
For in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle



WHO'S AFRAID?

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Enright in the New York World



THE FORERUNNER

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



WE CAN HARDLY NOTICE IT, NOW!

From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, O.

is a growing sentiment, therefore, that it will be extremely difficult to push the bill through to a vote, even if it should be taken up for debate by the House, before the fall elections. Members who voted for prohibition recognize that there is only one thing they can do—namely, vote for prohibition at sea as they voted for it ashore.

If the Merchant Marine or Subsidy Bill goes over to the short session which opens in December, it looks as if it would be necessary for President Harding to call a special session after March 4 next if he wishes to push through the merchant marine legislation to which he is so strongly committed.

PUBLIC OFFICE AND PRIVATE SACRIFICE

WHEN a governor is indicted or a scandal develops in a political organization, it is always regarded as front-page news. It attracts a hundred times the attention of such an act as that of Governor Miller, of New York State. He was recently attacked by the Secretary of the New York State Association, Mr. Robert Moses, because, he alleged, the executive department at Albany did not live up to the requirements of law in the matter of expenses. Governor Miller, who has made a very successful effort to cut down the expenses of the State Government, in reply to these criticisms, disclosed a situation which has proved a boomerang to the critics of the Government:

It is true that my former secretary did incur bills for certain purposes in excess of the appropriations for those purposes. Some of them he had paid himself, and when it was brought to my attention I refunded to him what he had paid and paid the balance myself. It is true that at that time the appropriations for these particular purposes were exhausted, and there was no appropriation for similar expenses for the balance of the fiscal year. The Legislature was then in session. I could have asked for a deficiency appropriation. . . . Now I didn't ask for a deficiency appropriation. I did pay the balance of the bills for the balance of the fiscal year myself rather than to do so. I did that because I had set my face against deficiency appropriations, and I had to observe the rule that I had established if I expected others to do so.

The Governor, rather than stretch the rule which he has laid down for other departments of the State Government, paid into the treasury of the State \$8,000. The Governor's salary is \$10,000. For Governor Miller, who has devoted a large part of his life to public service, such a financial sacrifice is indeed large.

We do not believe that many people realize how frequently public officials do sacrifice their own interests for the good of the Government. We suspect that the

list of Washington officials who make heavy financial sacrifices to further the Government's interests is longer than any one would suppose.

The Outlook is no Pollyanna, but it wishes that the day would come when newspapers would see the news value of work well done. If virtue were only as interesting to the average reporter as vice, we might not worry so much about the growth of crime waves and the prevalence of official corruption.

A LIGHT-BEARING MEMORIAL

MR. WILLIAM PULLIAM has already contributed much to building up friendly relations between the countries of Pan-America. His service as Receiver of Dominican Customs under both Presidents Roosevelt and Harding affords an example of effective international trusteeship of the most valuable character. International faith can only be built up by such faithful acts. Without them words of friendship are vapor.

Now Mr. Pulliam has put forward a plan for Pan-American co-operation in a project of more than sentimental interest to all the inhabitants of both South and North America. He has proposed that a lighthouse built from funds collected from our two continents shall be erected as a memorial to Columbus at Santo Domingo.

There has never been a Pan-American

memorial to Columbus in which the various peoples of the Pan-American Union have participated.

Santo Domingo is the oldest permanent Christian settlement in the New World; it is the only place in America where Columbus maintained a residence. It was the scene of his brief power and control, and also the place of his deepest humiliation—where he was stripped of that power, put in chains, and sent back to Spain. It is the place where he himself requested that his remains lie. The Spaniards appropriately and very affectionately referred to Santo Domingo as the "cradle of America;" hence it would seem to be the logical place for such a memorial, particularly if it takes a practical form.

Italy, the birthplace of Columbus, has practically recognized the authenticity of the remains unearthed in the Santo Domingo Cathedral on September 10, 1877, for in the Town Hall at Genoa, in a crystal urn, is exhibited a portion of the remains obtained in Santo Domingo at the time mentioned.

This project for a memorial lighthouse to the great Genoese navigator seems to combine sentiment and utility in a degree seldom found. It deserves a most general support.

CUTTING DOWN ARMY OFFICERS

THE task of reducing the commissioned personnel of the United States Army is now under way. A large cut, approximately one-sixth of the present list of officers affected, must be made before the end of the present calendar year, in accordance with an act of Congress—the Regular Army Appropriation Bill—approved June 30 last.

A board of army officers, headed by Major-General Joseph T. Dickman, retired, who rendered distinguished service in France during the war in command of the Third Division, has been appointed to perform the weeding-out process. The Board held its initial meeting on July 24, and is expected to complete its task by December 15, two weeks before the time within which the work of elimination must be completed.

As of June 30, the excess in the number of officers in various grades from first lieutenant to colonel totaled 2,149, while in the medical department and chaplains there were 367. While it is not possible now to state the exact number of officers who will actually be eliminated as a result of final selection by the Board, because of the fact that during the interim a number of officers will retire or be discharged voluntarily, nevertheless the Elimination Board will be compelled to recommend the dropping



(C) Paul Thompson

GOVERNOR MILLER OF NEW YORK

Who has been forced to reveal the use of his private funds for public purposes



(C) Harris & Ewing

THE PLUCKING BOARD

This is the name given to the board of general officers appointed to carry out the law for reducing the number of officers in the Regular Army. Members of the Board around the table are, from left to right: Brigadier-General A. W. Brewster; Major-General M. W. Ireland, surgeon-general; Major-General Joseph T. Dickman, retired, chairman; Major-General Henry P. McCain, former adjutant; Brigadier-General Ernest Hinds; and Major R. A. Jones, secretary

of considerably more than one thousand officers. Their task is lightened to some extent by the fact that the law allows eight hundred promotion-list officers in grades from colonel to first lieutenant, inclusive, to be held for absorption or recommissioned in the next lower grade. No such allowance, however, is made for the medical department and chaplains, and all of the excess there must be removed by separation from the active list, including that due to normal losses.

In connection with this drastic cut which has been ordered by Congress there is much discussion in army circles as to the effect it will have on the morale of the force and on its general efficiency and preparedness in case it is called on again to render active war service. Promotions, it is pointed out, will be much slower, officers being retained in the lower grades many more years than at present, so that if suddenly called on to assume greater duties they will be lacking in the required experience. This situation in the Army, it is claimed, cost many extra millions of money and months of time in preparedness of the American Army for the World War.

The selections for retirement and discharge will be based on the official records of officers, supplemented by such additional recommendations and reports as may be received. In the process of making the large reduction required, "officers must necessarily be retired or discharged whose active service would otherwise be continued," says a War Department circular giving the regulations; and so, under the circumstances, these separations from the service will be "regarded as honorable in every way and will not be regarded as stigmatizing an officer or his record."

As there are more than 12,000 officers in the Army and the time within which

the Elimination Board must perform its labors is limited, it is assumed that it will have to depend to a considerable extent upon the recommendations from chiefs of the several army branches. The War Department recommends that officers who leave the active list of the Regular Army continue available for military service in emergency, and urges such officers to affiliate with the National Guard or to apply for appointment in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

A SUCCESSFUL MASSACRE

HERRIN, until lately obscure, has achieved infamy. That southern Illinois mining town has become known as the place where murder pays. Turks or Kurds who torture to death defenseless Armenians in order to rule the surviving population with a rod of terror can now enjoy the flattery of successful imitation in America. Perhaps Illinois will have added a word to the language. Nobody hereafter need mistake the meaning of the verb "to herrin."

It was on June 22 that a mob of strikers at Herrin murdered in cold blood a score or so of non-union miners. For fiendish cruelty that mob has had, according to unrefuted reports, few equals. The strikers in that mob were determined that nobody in that region should exercise the liberty of working while they exercised the liberty of refusing to work. So they proceeded to prove that any one who tried to work would be in peril of suffering, not merely death, but also agony. A strike is a form of war; but this was worse than war. The men whom the strikers killed with torture had surrendered. They were not the vanquished in an open

though unjustifiable fight; they were the victims of a worse than brutish crime.

And that crime, after more than six weeks, appears now to have been a complete success.

The issue raised at Herrin has nothing whatever to do with the merits of the strike. No matter what any American may think of the strikers' cause, he cannot, if he is an intelligent and decent citizen, be (to use William Allen White's phrase) "fifty per cent" for these strikers of Herrin; he must be a hundred per cent against them. There are means so evil that they can render any cause on behalf of which they are used wholly negligible, for they constitute in themselves an utterly evil cause.

Such a cause is that of deliberate, terrorizing, murderous torture of the defenseless. And it is that evil cause that has apparently triumphed at Herrin.

If free government is to endure, it must provide means, not merely of punishing those who commit such a massacre, but of preventing, by constituted authority, such a massacre from taking place.

Do the people of Illinois propose to do anything about it? If not, do the people of the United States?

This case is a test of the American system of government.

Ordinarily a crime of violence, according to the American theory, is the concern of the community in which it occurs. But when the whole community is so tainted with the crime that the individuals in the community by shielding the criminals—whether through sympathy or through fear—become accomplices shall justice go by default? If so, government itself to that degree abdicates and in its place arises anarchy.

The failure of the county authorities at Herrin, the failure of the State authorities in Illinois, to establish the reign of law is not merely the failure of a county or a State; it is the failure of the Nation. Where men can rule by massacre there is the end, not only of liberty, but of all that is worthy to be called government.

AN URBAN VIEW OF RURAL IDEALS

IT was a maxim of Joseph Pulitzer that no editorial writer was worth his salt who did not find something every morning in the newspapers that made him angry. If the editorial writers for any agricultural paper happened to let their eyes fall upon a recent editorial in the New York "Mail," we suspect that each and every one of them promptly qualified for their daily ration of sodium chloride.

As an example of urban misunder-

standing of rural problems we reprint this editorial here in full:

IS A FARM A FACTORY OR A HOME?

At Mr. Morgenthau's picnic former Secretary of Agriculture Houston denounced a "silly notion that we have not enough farmers." He said that "the Nation needs just as many farmers as can produce crops which they can sell to the Nation at a profit."

According to this theory a farmer is a manufacturer and a farm is a factory. Its object is to produce food and sell it at a profit. It would follow that the fewer farmers there are and the fewer crops they raise the higher the price and the more profitable the farm-factory to its owner.

This theory has been recently taught to the farmers. If it is accepted by the farmers, it is well now to consider what the results would be to the farmers themselves and to everybody else.

It would follow that when prices are low farmers would not produce. The next step would be for the farmers to organize and strike. Suppose that any year the farmers would decide that they would not produce more food than enough for themselves and their families to eat. What would become of the rest of us?

The traditionary American idea is that a farm is not a factory, but a home. The distinction between a farm and a factory should be clear. A factory is a place where a man goes to work. A farm is where he and his family go to live. A factory is where he spends a fixed number of hours every day. A farm is where he eats and sleeps as well as works.

From a factory a man gets the means to buy food and shelter and fuel. A farm should supply the farmer with all his shelter, the greater part of his food, and his fuel from the wood lot. It is possible for

a farm to supply practically all a man's material wants—shelter, an abundant diet, fuel, ice, and it is not so long since the farm supplied wool, spinning wheels and cloth, and hides for shoes.

Considered solely as a factory, a farmer is at a great disadvantage. He must pay the retail prices for everything that he buys, and he gets only the wholesale price for what he has to sell. If he is a milk farmer and does not raise his cow feed, he pays the retail price for feed and receives about a third of the retail price for the milk. If he is a fruit farmer, he pays the retail price for his fertilizers, his packages, his spraying machinery, and gets only a fraction of the price the consumer pays for his fruit.

If a farm is a factory, the next step will be to consolidate hundreds of farms and have them run like factories, with the farmers as the hired workmen.

We remember reading with silent applause ex-Senator Houston's statement when it was originally reported in the daily press. We see no reason to withdraw that applause because of the arguments of the New York "Mail." An overcrowded profession is not an efficient profession. A large class of hand-to-mouth farmers is no more to be regarded as desirable than a large class of hand-to-mouth lawyers, doctors, or editors.

It seems to us entirely unobjectionable to regard a farm as a food factory. We can see no danger in this to any of the rural ideals which should properly be associated with the farm as a home. We see nothing desirable in the state of affairs in which a man purchasing a farm buys himself only a permanent job.

In addition to a wage income the farmer certainly deserves an income on his investment. If the editor of the "Mail" would apply the same argument to his own business, he would possibly see its weakness at once. There is no reason why the farmer should forego a profit on his investment for the benefit of the newspaper man than that the newspaper man should forego the profit on his investment for the benefit of the farmer. The editor of the "Mail" wonders "what would become of us" if our farms should be turned into factories. Possibly if the consequences imagined by the editor of the "Mail" actually occurred the city man might begin to take a real interest in the problem of marketing farm products. The suburbanite might be willing to take a few days off to study the problem of getting in direct touch with the farmer, thereby avoiding the shipments of farm products from rural communities to big cities, and then back again to the same rural communities.

We shall not attempt to answer fully the apparent theory of the "Mail" that the farmer should be given food, drink, clothing, and shelter, and then that the income of his labor should apparently accrue to the benefit of the city dweller. Nor shall we attempt to unravel the system of economics in which it is apparently claimed that the food which the farmer raises for his cattle costs him little or nothing. We shall merely speculate as to the length of time the theories of the "Mail" would endure if their creator could be put in the midst of a July hay field or set to milk a score of cows.

EMERGENCY CONTROL OF COAL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

COAL cannot be mined by proclamation; nor can miners and operators, it seems, be coaxed or shamed into performing their duty to the public, even by the President of the United States. Under existing laws, the Government is powerless to force unwilling workmen to work or unwilling employers to negotiate. For all its sovereign authority, it cannot compel a free man to place a pound of coal upon a railway car. As the laws of the country stand to-day, the miner is within his legal rights in refusing to work and the operator is within his legal rights in refusing to negotiate.

The rest of us may be forced into idleness, or close down our mills and factories, or see our personal hopes and savings curl up to the sky in smoke, or face the suffering of a coalless winter.

It is all perfectly regular and legal. If we freeze or starve, we may have the dying satisfaction of knowing that, like hanging, our death is brought about in a manner so entirely justified by present laws that no possible objection can lie against it. The miner is within his rights, the operator is within his, and we are within ours; and the Government can search through all the law libraries in the land without finding anything whatever to the contrary.

The Government cannot compel coal production, but there are some things it can do with respect to such coal as is now being produced, and those things are second in importance only to the actual mining of coal.

It can stay the hand of the profiteer from the insufficient production now being brought up from the mines.

It can check the cunning of the coal hoarder.

It can place at the disposal of producing mines the full measure of facility for accomplishing their maximum effort.

It can take the coal, when mined, and distribute it equitably in the public service, so that all may share, in proportion to their needs, in the available supply.

Those things the Government can do. Fortunately, there is a single agency, which the Government may control, capable of being used to work the Government's will. That is the agency of transportation, or, in other words, the railways, for the coal mines are utterly dependent upon cars to haul away coal as it is mined. The Government, by taking over all coal at the mouth of the mine, may send that coal where it wishes; and by supplying producing

mines with a full supply of empty cars may increase output to the highest possible amount.

It would seem that, with adequate transportation facilities, the non-union soft-coal mines might be placed on a double-shift basis of operation; but this plan either has not been considered or presents such physical difficulties as to make its adoption impracticable. Could it be done, however, and the present output doubled, the strike would end within fewer weeks than there are fingers on one hand, for the non-union mines have been producing until quite recently more than half of the Nation's requirements. If, by a makeshift, they could produce the entire requirements for a limited period, recalcitrant soft-coal operators and miners alike in other fields would quickly sue for peace.

That, however, is a digression. To revert to what the Government can do is another way of saying what the Government is doing.

Service Orders No. 22 and 23, issued by the Inter-State Commerce Commission July 25, are designed to accomplish all the Government can accomplish, through control of transportation, in softening the deadly blow of the strike and in sending available supplies of coal where they are most urgently needed and will perform the greatest service to the greatest number.

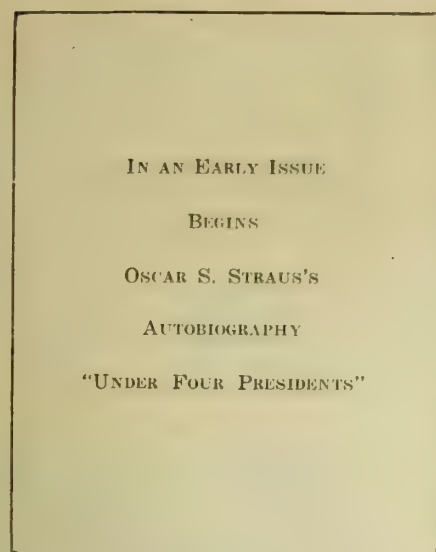
The first of those orders suspends for an indefinite period the right of the shipper to route his shipments, of whatever commodity, over favored roads or carriers, and directs that every pound of freight, from small package to complete car-load, be sent to its destination by the shortest and most expeditious route.

The second order establishes preferred lists of firms and individuals to whose consignments the railways are required to attend before handling shipments to any other firms or individuals. In the order named below these firms and individuals are the consignees of:

- Food for human consumption.
- Feed for live stock.
- Live stock.
- Perishable products.
- Coal, coke, and fuel oil.

Precedent for the establishment of such an order was created by the Railroads War Board in the closing months of 1917, just before the Government took over the carriers. Priority shipments did not work out well in those days of blizzards and congestion; but the principle was sound, and when Congress came to enact the Transportation Law it placed the power to declare priorities in the hands of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It was a wise foresight that impelled inclusion of that provision, though it is doubtful if the framers of the law anticipated the industrial crisis of 1922 or anything approximating it.

These great powers, including power to suspend ordinary rulings and practices, were granted to the Commission for use only in emergency. In exercising



ing them, the Commission states in its formal order, "an emergency which requires immediate action exists upon the lines of each and all the common carriers by railroad . . . east of the Mississippi River." After prescribing the five priorities named above, the Commission orders all roads within that territory to give their next best effort to the return of empty cars for reloading the commodities named.

Every coal-carrying railway is ordered "to furnish coal mines with open-top cars suitable for the transportation of coal in preference to any other use . . . of such cars." Connecting railways upon whose lines there are no coal mines are required to furnish the coal carriers with empty coal cars to "the maximum ability to make such deliveries." The coal carriers are further and specifically authorized and directed to throw the entire amount of their open-top equipment into the coal trade, to the exclusion of all other classes of freight, if necessary.

Coming to consignees, the Commission directs the railways to refuse to accept coal for any firm or individual who during the emergency fails to unload such shipments within twenty-four hours after receiving them. That is to insure a quick return of empty cars to the mines. And then the Commission names five classes of coal consumers who shall be preferred above all others.

The first class on the list is left open, subject to direct order of the Commission. Apparently this highest of priority orders is to be held in reserve to meet individual cases of railways and public utility plants in such desperate straits that only immediate help can avert a shut-down.

The second class is divided into three sections:

First is fuel for railways. At the present time the railways are consuming from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 tons of coal a week. If they get their full requirements, at the present rate of activity (which, of course will lessen with curtailment of industry), the railways alone

would take from five-eighths to three-fourths of all the non-union coal mined.

Next (after a relatively small amount of coal for bunkering vessels) is placed the public utility group, consisting of power companies, electric railway and light companies, gas companies, water and sewer works, ice plants, and hospitals. This group alone, at normal rates of consumption, would take virtually all the non-union coal mined after the railways had been supplied.

Third come the Federal, State, and municipal governments and their institutions—the Army, Navy, public buildings, schools, hospitals, etc. There won't be enough coal to supply the needs of this group in full.

In Class No. 3 the Commission placed the Northwest alone. That section is short now about 10,000,000 tons. In other words, it is that much short of its last year's loadings up to this time. There will not be much coal for this classification if all the other classifications exercise their rights to the full. However, some of the railways and some of the public utilities already have fair-sized individual stocks, so there probably will be some coal left for the Northwest. Not much, however.

The fourth class contains the average man who puts his soft coal in his cellar in normal times and uses it for the furnace. It is not hard to calculate where he stands. He gets no coal—or virtually none. The order undoubtedly will be changed to help the householder if the strike continues. At the present time, however, the householder is busy handling ice and doesn't need coal for immediate use. Besides, about ninety per cent of the householders, it is estimated, have a little coal in the cellar and could get along for a week or two after cold weather comes.

And, as it is obviously unwise in this emergency to have consumers stocking coal now three or four months in advance of its use, the Government is not trying at present to put coal into private cellars. There is time enough for that, and that will certainly be taken care of in time.

Class Five, last of the lot, takes care of all other consumers. That is where the factory or mill owner comes in. He will go out as he comes in, too, during the remainder of the strike—without coal. Not that the Government does not want him to have coal, but that there is not enough for everybody, and the Government figures that the railways, the public utilities, and so on, have the more urgent need and should be supplied first.

In addition to the Commission orders, a Presidential Committee is functioning. That Committee, through control of cars, can absolutely throttle profiteering and prevent hoarding.

Thus comes a coal rationing programme in midsummer. It is with us now, and will be for a time. The snow will lie deep upon the ground before

those orders are lifted. Winter will come and pass and spring will come again, and probably find us still upon a ration of coal. The months will surely

lengthen to a year before we know the end of the coal calamity of 1922; and unless mining is speedily renewed New Year's Day of 1924 will find us still

reaping our sorry harvest from the seeds of indifference we have been sowing in the spring and early summer of the present year.

FROM A MINER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY FRANCIS PRIDEMORE

A LARGE number of kind and worthy people who are obliged to form their opinions about the rights and wrongs of this strike from the newspapers are inclined to think that the miners' attitude towards the operators is the attitude of spoiled children towards their parents. They regard our refusal to go back to work as ungrateful. In this article I want, if I can, to make people understand why we miners cannot help feeling strongly, even bitterly, against the operators; and why, even although we individually may by no means uphold all the union does nor whole-heartedly indorse its methods, yet in such crises as this we are almost universally loyal.

I was thirteen years old when I first started to work in the coal mines. The mere fact that I was allowed to work without being asked any questions about my age shows that the field was non-union. I started in as a trapper. My job consisted in sitting on a stool behind the trap-door between the track and the coal. Here I sat until I heard the cars coming, when I got up and opened the door to let the driver through and shut it behind him. Then I sat down again until I heard him whistle as he returned with the empties, when I repeated the performance. The length of my day was eight hours, and I received \$2.25. The work, though very monotonous, was not too difficult for a boy, nor were the hours too long, though they seemed to drag out endlessly as I sat in the dim flare of an oil light. The chief trouble was the danger. One day in March, after I had been working there for some months, three three-ton cars ran through the trap-door, knocked me across the track and broke my leg. It was seven months before I was able to work again.

When I recovered, I did not go back to trapping. I was given a job driving a mule for \$4.25 a day. This work was easier and more interesting than trapping, nor was it so dangerous. I worked at this for six months, and then I started in as a full-fledged loader with my elder brother. Thus began my mining career. This was in West Virginia, near Logan, which has recently been so prominent for trouble over organization. Since then I have mined in union and non-union fields in Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky, and in union fields in Ohio and in the anthracite regions in Pennsylvania.

In all my thirteen years' experience in the various districts I have worked in only two fields where I felt that the operators were giving their men a

square deal—where they seemed to regard us as human beings, and not as rather cheap machinery. Both of these are union fields. The first is near Russell Creek, in Virginia, and the sec-

would have brought about the existing improvement in wages, working conditions, and hours.

But the question of wages is far too involved to be discussed in an article as



P & A Photos

PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS MOVING INTO THE ANTHRACITE MINE AREA

"I asked," says President Harding in his letter on the strikes, "the Governors of the coal-mining States to invite mine operators and mine workers to resume their activities, and to promise that to which every man is entitled, namely, protection in his lawful pursuits"

ond is in the hard-coal district near Wilkes-Barre. In these two fields there is excellent co-operation between the operators and the union, which goes to prove that organization does not mean increased friction between men and company unless the company is deliberately exploiting the men.

The first cause of bitterness is of course the question of wages. I am aware that few people will believe me when I assert that we would be willing to work for smaller wages if we did not feel that the operators' one aim is to pay as little as possible while getting as much work out of us as possible, but such is the case. Against this attitude on the part of the operators the union is our only defense. I hold no brief for the union. It is far from perfect and it has numerous traitors and fools among its ranks, but, faulty as it is, it has been a power for good. I am perfectly willing to admit that there are good operators as well as bad, but not even the most sanguine of their upholders will maintain that they, of their own free will,

short as this, so I will pass on to the next source of bitterness on our side—the company store. This exists in union and non-union fields alike. In theory the company store is an excellent thing, and occasionally, where practice does not depart too widely from theory, it may not be bad in the working out, but as a general thing the company store is an unmitigated curse. I have never been in a company store which did not charge very high prices for a very poor quality of goods. When you pay \$3.50 for a twenty-four-pound sack of flour which you afterwards discover was billed to the store at \$1.50, you naturally feel that the company is trimming you at both ends. In some fields you are almost compelled to trade at the company store, and in others it is merely urged upon you by various means. The general idea is to get you into the company debt and then see that you stay there. Receipts are not given in company stores, and unless you are very careful you will be charged twice for the same thing; sometimes even for

a bill you have already paid. Inasmuch as many of us are extremely ignorant, it is exceedingly difficult for us to avoid getting cheated. The result is a sort of slavery.

The company always likes to hire men with families, since it is easier both to get them in debt and to keep them when they are there. A man with a family cannot skip out as can a man whose home is wherever he happens to hang his hat. I cannot describe the heart-breaking discouragement of the lives of those who are once fairly in the clutches of the company-store system. What wonder that they lose interest in their

it means, for I have been there. Is it any wonder that we are bitter against the representatives of a system that permits such a thing?

But far, far worse than the company stores in the non-union fields is the mine guard system. A good deal has been written about this system, but more has been suppressed, and the public does not know how bad it is. The most flagrant example of this abuse that has come within my own personal experience is in West Virginia. To begin with, county officials are greatly influenced by the coal companies. To those of us who really know the facts

and order. The same holds true of so-called detectives who are hired as mine guards and sworn in as deputy sheriffs. Many of these men are nothing more or less than professional gunmen of exactly the same type as those who were recently discovered to make a practice of killing men at \$100 the murder.

It is of course to the interest of these men to prolong any trouble to the utmost extent, for the longer the trouble lasts, the longer their jobs last. They are too skillful to be open aggressors, but in nine cases out of ten where trouble has arisen between strikers and guards the strikers have been harassed almost beyond the point of endurance. The guards act more like soldiers in a conquered country than upholders of freedom. They turn the coal towns into armed camps. The men cannot go in or out without passes. Even the women are not allowed to enter or leave the camps. As for the unfortunate strike-breakers, who are too often enticed into the camps under false pretenses, from the moment they enter the town they are no longer free agents. The guards, ostensibly protecting them, do not permit them to hold any converse with any outsider, nor are they allowed to leave the barracks or whatever company shelter they may have. Nor is it safe for them to refuse to work when they find that they have been deceived. If they do, they are forced to work by curses and threats that worse things will befall them. If they still prove obdurate, they learn that the threats were not empty.

I wonder how many people will believe that what I have written above is the exact truth? I am afraid not many of those who have never lived in a coal region. But there is no miner in West Virginia who does not know these things to be absolutely true. How, then, shall we not feel bitterness towards the operators who have made such things possible? How shall we not be loyal to the union which, though far from perfect, is our only defender?



P & A Photos

NEW YORK STATE TROOPERS GUARDING A RAILWAY YARD

"No one," says President Harding in his letter on the strikes, "has suggested coercion under military force. The military forces of free America are never used for such a purpose. Their service is only that of preventing lawlessness and violence"

work! Every penny that their hard work brings them must go to paying off the debt which, in spite of their effort, seems merely to increase. I know what

in the case and are acquainted with some of the officials and their record it is enough to make one turn Bolshevik to read of them as the defenders of law

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW IN THE MINING REGION

BY A. S. RACHAL

I NOTE in a recent issue of your magazine an article setting forth that the union miners are striking simply to secure a living wage. May I present an incident that occurred here under my personal supervision, so to speak?

Recently we saw a handsome Victrola being hauled up the hill beyond our house. My wife asked the young colored woman who was cleaning for us about this, and received the answer that it was hers. A Negro neighbor, a miner, had bought a Victrola and one hundred records for \$175 a few weeks before, soon tired of it, concluded to buy a piano, and sold the Victrola to another

miner (the husband of the young colored woman just mentioned) for \$125, and bought the piano.

These are non-union miners. They get the same wages the union miners do, subject to the advantage of no dues to pay. They are busy at work, contented, able to buy pianos and Victrolas, and records by the hundred. Their wages allow them to live in complete comfort. This is no isolated instance. Perhaps the majority of the miners own either a Victrola, a piano, or a player-piano. Certainly a large percentage.

I am a Presbyterian minister. I own not one dollar of coal stock. I number among my clientele operators in one

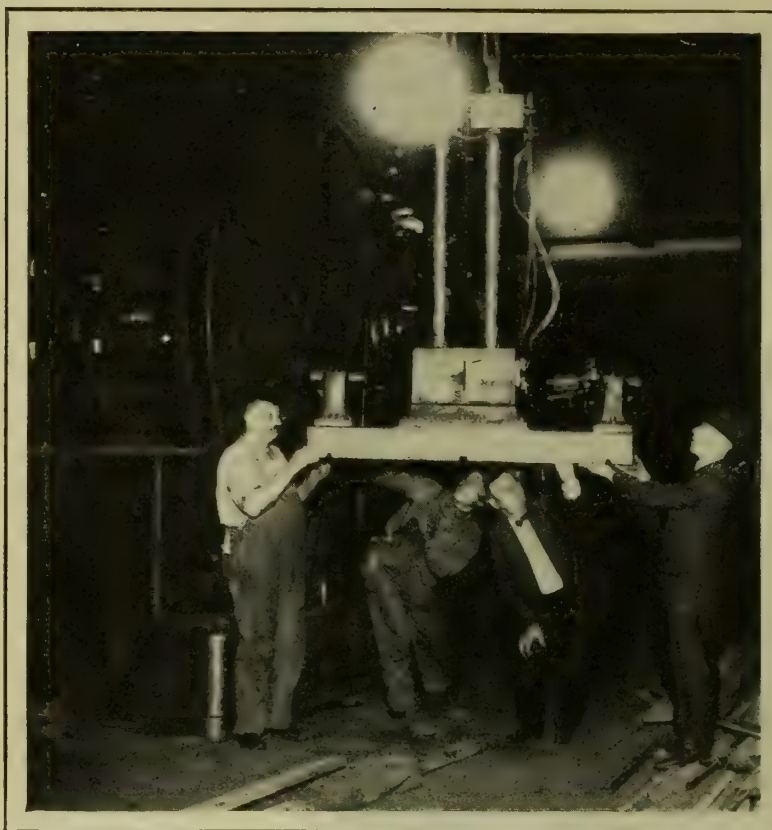
place, miners in another. My salary is less than expert miners receive. I live on it, and make no offer to strike.

The sole cause of the wholesale disturbance, in this State at least, lies in the effort to unionize the non-union fields—to enforce the closed shop. The non-union miners are working in peace. Only the union miners are discontented. The same wages are offered to them that the others receive. They demand something else than a certain wage.

The question of the closed shop I shall not attempt to adjudicate. But that is the trouble, and the whole trouble in southern West Virginia.

Bramwell, West Virginia.

ANNIVERSARIES OF SCIENCE



P. & A. Photos

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

The great progress that has been made in electrical science since 1883, when Thomas Edison installed his first dynamo at Sunbury, Pennsylvania, up to the present day could not be better illustrated than by this photograph, which shows on the right the first and smallest dynamo and on the left the latest giant electrical apparatus

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON

Orville Wright inspecting his machine just before he made, on July 30, 1909, a successful flight from Fort Myer, Virginia, to Alexandria, Virginia, thereby gaining for the Wright brothers official recognition as first to establish a world's record for heavier-than-air machines

A modern type of plane which shows the great advance that has been made since the advent of the first successful Wright plane only thirteen years ago



International



(C) Harris & Ewing

BIRTHDAYS OF HIGHWAYS AND PARKS



P. & A. Photos

YELLOWSTONE HAS ITS GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

The old camp site of the Washburn expedition, which originally explored the Yellowstone region, is the scene of a large gathering to commemorate the setting aside of this territory as a National Park a half-century ago



International

A WESTERN HIGHWAY IS OPENED

Representative Mondell of Wyoming is here shown delivering an address at Jackson's Hole, at the opening of the Hodack Canyon Highway, which has been cut from this point through the wildernesses of Nebraska

CANVAS AND CULTURE

WHEN CHAUTAUQUA COMES TO TOWN

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

EVERY year some time during the summer months a train unloads a big roll of canvas and a group of strangers in the busy town of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. The next day the horses that pull the delivery wagons are arrayed in chorus-girl skirts placarded with startling signs. Automobiles gliding up and down Main Street trail pennants in the sunshine like gaudy fluttering butterflies. The Zinzendorf, the city's biggest hotel, is crowded from garret to cellar with visitors wearing their holiday clothes and an expectant expression. And overnight a brown tent rises on a vacant lot like a gigantic rounded caramel. The annual Chautauqua has come to town.

For months the whole population has been looking forward to music, lectures, and the neighborliness that it offers. Twice daily in the coming week the big tent will be filled to bench-creaking capacity with an audience eager to be amused, informed, and roused out of the apathy of a humdrum workaday world. For this is what Chautauqua does for the ten thousand towns that mark its ever-widening course over the country's map. This tent-and-talent small-town combination is as successful an answer to the need for amusement as the famed Great White Way.

In fact, the Chautauqua of Harrodsburg supplies a very much more convincing answer to the question of what the average citizen likes in the way of amusement than Broadway's most successful musical comedy. To the pessimist who gloomily proclaims that the American public spends its leisure time

in breaking the Eighteenth Amendment, listening to the caterwaulings of the jazzists, and pursuing a giddy whirl of pleasures the lengthening trail of the Chautauqua brings a message of cheer.

Mr. George M. Cohan knows what a New York audience likes in its hours off. So does the manager of Steeplechase Park. But the crowds that fill the theaters around Forty-second Street or that flock to Coney Island on a sultry July Sunday are not typical American audiences. And Mr. Moreland Brown, of the White and Myers Chautauquas, with circuits visiting four hundred towns in fourteen States, has a clearer insight into the amusement tastes of the American citizen as he exists in his native habitat than any Broadway manager alive.

When Chautauqua comes to town, it means entertainment for the whole family and the entire community. The audiences run the scale from youth to old age, from the poor to the wealthy, from the cultivated to those of scanty schooling. There are men bearing the mark of the farm, and beside them women holding babies in their arms. There are visitors from the nearest city, with automobiles waiting outside.

To meet the need of just this type of audience, the plain people whom Abraham Lincoln loved, the Chautauqua, a word, and idea of purely American origin, was born. It grew up in the West, away from the bustle and roar of the city, and is just as typical of our country as apple pie or baseball, and, although the enterprise has expanded from a small beginning to flourishing

proportions, it has never departed from the ideal of its conception. Chautauqua means music and laughter, relaxation and stimulation. It is fun for the whole community, but the fun is sketched in against a cultural background.

That is the type of amusement that the real American audience demands, and that is why Chautauqua has become a household word and a National institution. That is why a small town of five hundred inhabitants will gather together as many as five thousand people for the event. And that is why the town of Picture Rocks, Pennsylvania, with a population of seven hundred, spends two thousand dollars for Chautauqua. When it comes to town, the manufacturing plants close for the week, paying their employees full wages. It is estimated that ninety per cent of the people of this community hold season tickets.

In providing the best type of entertainment Chautauqua has discouraged lower forms of amusement. Discussing this holiday week as one of the most vigorous forces for the advancement of recreational ideals, Mr. Keith Vawter, of the Redpath Bureau in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, said: "The old-time medicine show is gone and the worst of the street carnivals are nearly gone, not because of any tirade or campaign against them, but because the Chautauqua has led the people away from such coarse horse-play."

Not only has the Chautauqua led the people away from the old-time rough-and-tumble carnival, but it has led them to an appreciation of the finest things in the great world of art, science, politics, and letters. For two dollars invested in a ticket Harrodsburg citizens may hear an eminent orator or statesman, a clever impersonator, or a musician of real artistic merit. The programmes under the brown tents are a quaint mixture of canvas and culture.

Next to the phonograph the Chautauqua is the greatest distributor of music in the land. The numbers that win applause from the audiences at these gatherings are not of the vulgar, insinuating type labeled as "popular." The people who have responded to the harmony of Rossini's "William Tell," Tschalkowsky's "Sleeping Beauty Waltz," or the aria from Puccini's "Butterfly" no longer accept the cheap music styles set them by theaters and cabarets. They have acquired a standard of their own and a measure of comparison.

One of the strongest points in the junior programme of the White and Myers Chautauquas, according to its president, Mr. J. Shannon White, is the teaching of an appreciation of music.

"We try to lay the foundation of real musical appreciation in the minds of our



STORY-TELLING HOUR DRAWS YOUTHFUL CHAUTAUQUANS INTO A CIRCLE OF CHARMED LISTENERS



Community Service

A COMMUNITY SING AT TWILIGHT IS AN IMPORTANT AND IMPRESSIVE ITEM UPON MANY CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAMMES

young patrons," he said. "Every morning they gather together and listen to various selections, which they are asked to explain in their own words. Folk songs are often given. Once the children have perceived the quality of the music of the various nationalities, the next step is to translate this sense of rhythm into the graceful measures of folk dances."

Young America likes this part of the programme, and carries home its new accomplishment for the benefit of the older generation. The Chautauqua audience is composed of stay-at-home people, and the entertainment that they enjoy during the gay week when the brown tent is planted in town furnishes them with food for thought and conversation and recreation during the other fifty-one weeks of the year. That music exists in most of these homes was revealed by a survey recently made by the University of Wisconsin, showing that it is a common recreation in fifty-one per cent of country homes and forty-three per cent of village homes. So the Chautauqua by familiarizing its patrons with the non-jazz variety is doing much to lift the standard of this form of entertainment in American households.

But, while music is a very necessary and vital part of a Chautauqua programme, the lecturer has always been the real meat. Not only will the audience stand for a lecture, figuratively speaking, but also literally—two hours in the rain! The forerunner of the present-day headliners was no less a per-

son than Ralph Waldo Emerson, who in 1868 mounted to the lecture platform and exchanged his fame for the currency of the realm. Since that time prominent statesmen, noted men of affairs, ministers, authors, and university presidents have furnished constructive entertainment at Chautauquas, being classified as "talent" along with the Swiss bell-ringers and the opera singers. That they share places on the programme alongside professional entertainers is a demonstration of the real democracy of the occasion. President Warren G. Harding is Honorary President of the International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association. He was a former lecturer and was secretary of the Marion, Ohio, Chautauqua for many years. William Jennings Bryan has long been a scintillating star in the Chautauqua sky. Ex-President William Howard Taft, ex-Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, Bishop Mitchell, and Frank Mulholland are also well-known names.

Some of the more popular lecturers upon Chautauqua circuits give the same talk as often as five thousand times, a run which a Broadway manager might envy. Talks on civic beauty or sanitation often bring these matters to local attention for the first time. The community expert wakes up many sleepy towns. Long after the Chautauqua tent has been taken down the newly awakened community spirit remains. All up and down Main Street there is an added warmth in the greetings exchanged between the passers-by, in the chatter

across the counter in the stores and shops, and in the stimulated civic pride that expresses itself in a cleaner thoroughfare than of old or a new playground for its future citizens.

Perhaps this last innovation may be traced directly to the success of the junior programme, for the children of the community are not forgotten in this week of entertainment. A miniature tent serves to dramatize to the childish imagination that they are really having a Chautauqua of their own. Boy Scouts are on hand to help put it up and distribute the printed programmes. Folk games, special parties, play days, storytelling hours, and walks in the woods for nature study bring magic to the hours. Every evening the youthful Chautauquans give a play stunt in front of the big tent, with interested fathers and mothers for spectators. And on the last night there is either a colorful pageant or a juvenile interpretation of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" as a grand finale.

That this gala week of entertainment exerts a marked and beneficial effect upon the children of a community, not only in their recreation but in their studies as well, was demonstrated by an incident which occurred in a small town below the Mason and Dixon Line which failed to raise its Chautauqua collection along with its cotton crop. When it seemed probable that Chautauqua wouldn't come to town as a result, a teacher in the public schools got the people together and told them in vigor-

ous phrases that Chautauqua meant as much to her pupils as a year in school.

"It has made geography a living thing," she said, "put flesh and blood on the dry bones of literature, instilled the breath of life into the waning spirit of good English, and originated a loyalty hitherto unknown."

The Chautauqua is one of the most potent single forces now at work for the advancement of National thought, National entertainment, and National ideals. The statistics compiled by Mr. C. F. Horner, of the Redpath-Horner Bureau in Kansas City, at the request of the International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association, tell a striking story. In 1921 almost ten thousand towns were visited by Chautauquas, with an attendance of over thirty-five million. The ninety-five programmes provided one hundred thousand hours of entertainment and music to a multitude which is

in reality about one-third of the population of the United States.

At its best, Chautauqua is a community, and not a commercial undertaking. The Ellison-White Lyceum and Chautauqua Bureau of Portland, Oregon, one of the largest single organizations of its kind in the United States, has placed its business upon a non-profit basis, so that the towns that support it share in the profits.

When this step was taken, Mr. Roy E. Ellison expressed himself as feeling that the Chautauqua was too big an institution to be operated for private profit.

"It has long been my dream to place it on a bigger, broader basis—one purely of service," he said. "I believe our organization has effected this. Now the Lyceum and the Chautauqua can take its place with the school, the college, and the church—an institution of the common people."

Viscount James Bryce, former Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States and author of "The American Commonwealth," once said, "I do not think any country in the world but America could produce such gatherings as Chautauquas."

Probably not. And yet other countries are rapidly falling into line and eagerly adopting this made-in-America product. It is being exported all over the globe. Our next-door neighbor Canada has taken them to her heart. Alaska is as numerically dotted with them as the trail of the Yukon was with gold-diggers' camps in '98. New Zealand patronizes them. England has established a circuit. And that progressive bit of the Orient, Japan, is carrying on a lively flirtation with the idea.

No enterprise ever reaches such gigantic proportions unless it fills an urgent human need.

CLOSING IN ON COMMERCIAL BRIBERY

BY WILLIAM R. SCOTT

BUSINESS ethics is on the up-grade in America despite the innumerable "investigations," as shown by the passage on June 1 by the House of Representatives of the Volstead bill against commercial bribery, by far the most drastic anti-bribery bill ever passed by any legislative assembly in the world.

If the Senate acts favorably upon the bill and it receives Executive approval, the use of money, gifts, and other considerations to influence the buying trade will be made punishable by a fine of \$3,000, or by two years in prison, or both, if the bribe is offered or accepted in inter-State commerce. Salesmanship will thereafter have to depend upon straight argument under keen competition, unless subterranean methods of circumventing the law should be devised.

The passage of the bill by the House represents the fruits of a campaign of many years, but intensively prosecuted only within the last four or five years. During the war the attention of the Federal Trade Commission was directed to the practice of bribery in business, and upon inquiry the practice was found to be distressingly widespread. Purchasing agents, or buyers, in many industries considered it a normal part of their incomes to receive secret commissions of five per cent or more upon all orders they placed, or to accept expensive gifts of jewelry, furniture, automobiles, or other things from salesmen eager to dispose of merchandise.

One concern was found by the Commission to have given \$1,400,000 in two years in what was classified by the Commission as bribes to buyers of its commodities. Foremen in paint and varnish shops were found whose incomes from secret commissions on paints and var-

nishes they recommended to their employers were doubled or trebled. In the shipping industry virtually every captain or other officer of the vessel who did the buying expected five per cent of the amount of the order to be paid to himself. That is to say, bribery was almost as commonplace in several industries as is tipping in hotels, and it was found to some extent in all industries investigated.

The Commission also found that the industries most honeycombed with the practice were most anxious to get it outlawed. Thus the paint and varnish industry was so much in earnest that it established an Unfair Competition Bureau in Washington, the business of which was to prevent bribery within the industry. Later on the shipping industry or the supply houses along the Gulf and South Atlantic seaboard opened a similar bureau. Former attorneys or investigators of the Federal Trade Commission were placed in charge.

By this time the movement against bribery was gaining momentum, which resulted in several bills being introduced in both houses of Congress, but they were crowded aside. By the spring of 1922, however, nearly forty trade associations had lined up against the practice, including the National Association of Purchasing Agents and the American Society of Sales Executives (or the buyer and seller), and when the bill finally reached the floor of the House the opposition had been so completely met that no vote was recorded against the proposed legislation.

Exemplifying the new ethical outlook in business is the organization early this year of the Commercial Standards Council, with headquarters at 19 Park Place, New York City. Among the or-

ganizations represented in this Council are the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, the two associations of buyers and salesmen already mentioned, the paint and varnish Unfair Competition Bureau, the American Ship Service Corporation, the National Association of Credit Men, and other associations of equal weight. The object of the Council is "to develop the highest commercial standards and to eliminate harmful business practices." Its full support was given to the Anti-Bribery Bill.

One feature of the bill as passed by the House is believed by its proponents to insure the end of bribery, namely, a provision that the first party to a bribe who confesses may obtain immunity. As no grafter could be sure that the other party would "stand hitched," it is thought that the risk will automatically stop the practice. Other sections of the bill make the use of fraudulent documents to conceal a bribe illegal; deny the right to plead custom in defense of bribery; require a party to a bribe to testify about the transaction even if such testimony incriminates the witness, but the witness so testifying shall not be prosecuted on account of any transaction about which he may testify; declare that the finding of any section of the act is unconstitutional shall not invalidate the remainder of the act; prescribe the practice as an unfair method of competition, and so within the power of the Federal Trade Commission, as well as of the Department of Justice, to prosecute; and that nothing in the act shall repeal existing laws against corrupt practices.

Twenty-one of the States have specific statutes against bribery of one kind or another, while England, Germany, Sweden, Canada, Australia, New Zealand,

the Union of South Africa, and several smaller dependencies of the British Empire have laws restraining the practice. In England the Bribery and Secret

Commissions Prevention League has been in existence and actively aiding the enforcement of the Prevention of Corruption Act since 1908. The American

organization, the Commercial Standards Council, fully appreciates the fact that its chief work will come after a law is passed in seeing that it is enforced.

TEACH YOUR CHILD A TRADE

BY JAMES J. DAVIS

SECRETARY OF LABOR

IN the first book of the Bible is the law laid down, "I have learned by experience," and since that day mankind has acquired wisdom by daily toil. Not all the lore of libraries has contributed to mankind's advancement as much as has the instruction of experience. From the days when the Carpenter of Nazareth wrought with adze and hammer in the house of his foster-father man has been blessed in the work of his hands. Through the twenty centuries since that time the craftsman has fought his way steadily forward with the advance of civilization until to-day he may well be reckoned among the most powerful forces at work for human progress. Up through the ages, dark with a world's woe or bright with the rising sun of human betterment, he has struggled on his way to a place in the forefront of the onward-pressing army of humankind. The dignity of labor, for so long a mere empty phrase, has come to have real meaning. More and more we in America are coming to realize that we must change our attitude toward the occupation of the man who works with his hands.

Man must learn by doing fully as much as he must learn by thinking. Education to-day is a matter of the heart and the hand fully as much as it is a matter of the mind. For the whole purpose of education, in all the broadness of the term, is the making of the man or woman more useful to himself and to the world. Its aim and object is to make the individual better able to care for himself and provide for his own happiness, and to benefit society generally by enhancing the value of the individual as a social asset.

The last few generations have seen education taking vast strides forward in America. Within the memory of some of us still living education, outside of a few great scholastic centers in the eastern part of our country, was a matter of the three R's—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. A working acquaintance with these three, or even with the first two of them, entitled a man or woman to be called "educated" among a vast proportion of our population. The man who in those days, under the flickering light of a candle, could laboriously study out word after word or tediously scratch a few lines of more or less legible writing was looked upon as schooled. His acquaintance with literature, of the past or of his own time, was slight indeed. Sciences and the languages were to him a closed book.

To-day all this is changed. There are comparatively few of our vast millions who cannot read and write fluently, who cannot acquire the thoughts of others and present their own thoughts by means of the written or printed word. In nearly every American home the standard classic authors, particularly Shakespeare, are read and understood. Even the classics of other languages are known to and enjoyed by many.

But in accomplishing this tremendous stride forward in the education of our people we have fostered an educational fallacy—a fallacy as far-reaching in its evil consequences as any that ever took root in the minds of a whole people. We have allowed our people to look upon education as an end rather than as a means. We have allowed the conviction to grow among many of our younger citizens that education is a substitute for work, that education by and of itself should provide the means of life and happiness. We have permitted the growth of the conviction that an education unfits a man for work that must be done with his hands.

The advance of our educational system has been rapid, but it has been all in one direction. Our educators, striving after the literary ideal, have been imbued with the classical almost to the exclusion of the practical. We have designed a magnificently decorated set of educational harness, all a-jingle with silver bells, and have clamped it upon all and sundry, insisting that all follow the same road.

We have yoked together the boy whose sole ambition is to follow the footsteps of his father, who is a lawyer, and the girl whose only aspiration is to become as good a wife and home-maker as her mother. We prescribe the same educational burden for the youth who seeks to be a good steam-fitter and the boy who glimpses a vision of future success as an educator.

More than ninety per cent of our population is made up of the industrial worker and the farmer. Less than ten per cent of our people are in professional life. Yet practically our whole educational system is directed toward turning out boys and girls equipped to enter the professions, to undertake what is known as brain-work, or, more aptly, to occupy "white collar" jobs. Educating one hundred per cent of our school-children along lines that fit them for the professions is plainly unjustified when we know that less than ten per cent of them will be able to make a living in profes-

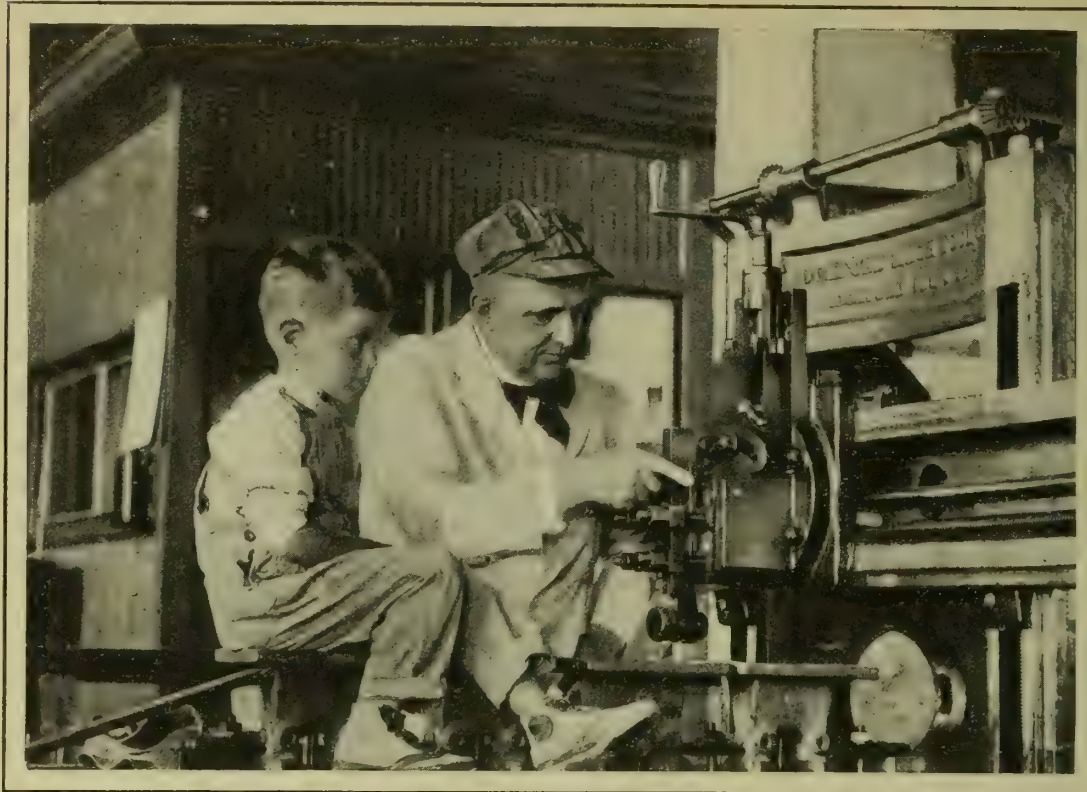
sional life. To-day, while our "white collar" occupations are crowded to overflowing, we are actually lacking in the skilled workmen and artisans necessary to keep up production in shop and factory and to do our structural work. Our educational system is out of balance.

We have gathered the fruits of this system, and they have turned to ashes on the lips. We see our future generations growing up with a profound distaste for manual labor. We see our young men and young women insisting that their education fits them only for so-called "mental" or brain effort. We find them seeking unremunerative employment in crowded offices, jeopardizing the Nation's health and building up an economic problem of serious proportions.

We have learned that, properly trained, the American as an artisan exceeds in efficiency the natives of all other nations. We must attract young America to the crafts where men work with their hands—the crafts upon which ultimately rest responsibility for the Nation's prosperity, economic and political. To that end we must see to it that educational conditions which induce the belief that work with the hands is irksome and menial are corrected.

We are spending in public funds about a billion dollars a year in education. Practically all of this is expended by our towns, counties, States, and the Nation in fostering institutions which give to the student academic or classical training. Very little, if any, is used to provide means of teaching the youth of the land to use their hands in useful endeavor. The time has come to put education on a sound basis, to end the monopoly which has been given to the instruction in theory alone in our schools. The term education is one of the broadest in our language; it covers a scope that is almost without limitation, but we have narrowed it to the point where its real meaning is often lost.

There is no straight and narrow path to education. There is no single road which can be marked, "This way, and this way alone, leads to learning." True education can be acquired in many ways, and the choice of these ways should lie with the individual and should be made to fit the individual. I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday the beginning of my real education. I had left school at the age of eleven, and I believed my opportunity for education was lost when I went to work in the mills, later to become a helper to my



SECRETARY DAVIS
PRACTICES WHAT HE
PREACHES. HE IS
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MOOSEHEART
TELLING HIS SON
SOMETHING ABOUT
MANUAL LABOR

Wide World Photos

father, who was a puddler of iron. As a puddler's helper the pig metal that came to the puddling furnace aroused my interest, and I asked where it came from. My father took me to the blast furnace and showed me the stocks of ore, and limestone, coal, and coke. Right there I learned a lesson in geology, geography, physics, and chemistry that started me on the right road. In the work that lay before me I had found the means to gain knowledge. Not knowledge of the work alone, but solid, practical knowledge of the great world that stretched out all around that work.

My father showed me how the raw material in the blast furnace was purged of dross and slag, and explained the casting of the iron. He explained the puddle furnace, where further impurities are removed from the metal. He pointed out the work of the finishing mills, the eight and twelve inch mills, the bar mill, the nail-plate mill, and the tank-plate and sheet mills. He pointed out the finished product and said:

"When you have learned exactly where ore comes from and why, and where it goes and why, you will have a real education."

So, in the words of the Scripture, I have learned by experience. I have found that the opportunities for education lie all around us in our daily life and our daily work. The girl in the country who must arise early in the morning to kindle the kitchen fire can acquire knowledge by studying the materials she uses. The study of the sources and uses of the wood and coal and oil that she puts into her stove will give her a start in geography, geology, mineralogy, and several other subjects. The

kindling of a breakfast fire may kindle a real desire for real knowledge.

This practical plan of education, under direction, offers a real solution of our educational problems. It will broaden the field of our schools to the limits of the wide meaning of the term education, and at the same time it will preserve the individuality of our students. It will take our educational system out of its strait-jacket and give it freedom to live and breathe and grow. I am no revolutionist in the field of education. I would not at once and without consideration abandon all that has been accomplished in the building up of our academic system. Rather I would preserve all that is good in our system, and link with the instruction in theory which we now offer instruction in actual practice. We have in America to-day the best educational system that has been evolved, but not the best that can be evolved. I would improve it, not destroy it. Our duty is to develop the best and most effective system for the instruction of our youth that American genius can devise. To do this we must realize the vital importance of offering to our rising generations the opportunity to learn with hand and heart as well as with brain. America must teach the trades—true craftsmanship—by practical instruction linked with instruction in theory. The youth who yearns to become a true artisan must not be yoked for years with the youth who is driving with might and main to become a physician. Our educational system must be balanced.

It was this thought that I had in mind when I joined a fraternal order, the Loyal Order of Moose. I was the 247th member, and I then visioned a great

service to the Nation which the order could render. The order now has 600,000 members, each of whom pays \$2 a year for the support of the home-school at Mooseheart for dependent orphans of the order, where 1,023 acres of land are dotted with buildings and equipment which represent \$5,000,000 in replacement value. Recently a woman's auxiliary has been organized, and 50,000 women are contributing \$1 a year to support the home-school. The organization is growing by leaps and bounds, and every member has a deep appreciation of the service he is rendering, not alone to the children themselves, but to society as a whole. It is a work that deserves the interest and support of all good men and women,—this task of equipping our rising generation to face the world unafraid and able to care for itself. I believe we have found the way to do it, and I am more than willing to help any who want to forward the enterprise. They need only apply to me.

At Mooseheart every facility is provided for observing and developing the natural bent of the child. The purpose of the order has been to take care of its orphans in the most scientific and practical manner. The child is not given an education as a matter of charity. It is given an education because the order recognizes the right of every child to the best possible preparation for its life-work. Mooseheart succeeds because its slogan is, "Every child is entitled to at least a high school education and a trade." But the trade is the thing that is stressed. The joy of working with the hands, the high satisfaction of physical effort directed toward constructive accomplishment—these are the things we

strive for. For the learning of a trade makes efficient and self-reliant men and women, a class that is sadly needed in the world to-day.

From the start each child is given every opportunity to develop his own individual aptitude and his own special qualifications. When he shows a tendency toward a special work, he is given an opportunity to try his hand at it. If he demonstrates that this is the vocation for which he is best fitted, then the theoretical side of his education is so directed as to assist him in making his way through the world by means of that vocation. The child is encouraged in his study of his chosen trade. Side by side with actual practice he learns the theory of his chosen vocation, and he develops an enthusiasm for learning that is impossible in the abstract, theoretical instruction with which we are familiar.

But the so-called classical education is not neglected at Mooseheart. As the child learns his trade he receives day by day the equivalent of a good high school education along the lines of modern

pedagogic practice. His education is balanced. He receives the mental discipline of the high school course and the physical discipline of his work at his trade. When his course is completed, he is ready to face the world, useful to himself and useful to society. His future is certain. He cannot fail. Whatever happens, he has an efficient means of caring for himself, and society will never be called upon to care for him. He is ready to take his place in the fight to make America the greatest nation in the world in industry and in commerce.

In the trade school, where youth can learn a means of livelihood while it is acquiring academic learning, lies the hope of the future. Craftsmen are to-day a vital need of the Nation. We face a world war in foreign trade. Wages in foreign countries are much lower than they are here. If we are to compete successfully, we must have skilled workmen in industry. To-day the natural desire of many of our young men to enter the trades is thwarted. A mistaken impression that work with the hands is

to be despised and a constant educational drift toward the office occupations drive many young men into uncongenial life-work, where they develop into mere mediocre characters or positive failures.

The classical fetish in our schools has led us to the point where we are woefully behind in providing the Nation with the skilled craftsmen who are the foundation of National prosperity. We must revise our educational ideals and our educational practice. We must lay before every American child his or her opportunity to choose a place in the whole wide range of vocations which make up our National life. We must give to every American child the training that will enable him to find out just where he will best fit into the American scheme of things. We must provide every child with the mental and physical equipment necessary to fill his or her place in the world with the best results to the individual and the Nation. We must educate, not alone the mentality of the rising generation, but its hand and its heart as well.

AUGUST IN THE GARDEN

BY E. K. PARKINSON

"Not only the days, but life itself lengthens in summer. I would spread abroad my arms and gather more of it to me if I could do so."

HAD Richard Jefferies experienced the tidal wave of rain from which the East has suffered so far this summer, it is doubtful whether he would have wished to spread abroad his arms and gather more of it to him. We have often heard the more poetic than practical gardener aver that there is always a charm for him in the "elusive," the "untamed in nature;" this year, then, must have been high carnival time for him, with every conceivable variety of untamed weed jostling and striving for supremacy in the vegetable and flower beds. None the less, in spite of cloudbursts, the roars of thunder, and the lightning pageants, there is plenty to do in one's garden between showers if the fruits and flowers are not to be exterminated by the weeds.

August is a busy month. In the flower garden the gladioli should be staked; the roses sprayed every week with sulphide of potassium to prevent mildew and black spot; the flowers should be picked daily to keep them from going to seed, and where they are not wanted for the house it is a good plan to cut them off as they wither; if by any chance there is a spot where the ground is not saturated with moisture, it may be well to mulch the perennial border and shrubs with lawn clippings where they happen to stand as single specimens. It will not be found too late in many parts of the country to sow beets and carrots for the winter; corn and

spinach may be planted; cucumbers, squash, and melon vines should be sprayed the first bright day to keep off the beetles, and a sharp outlook should be kept for borers.

Have pity on the lawn-mower, the most neglected tool on the place. Wipe it off after mowing the wet grass, keep it well oiled, and sharpen it occasionally. The last task is very simple; a few minutes with a sharp, flat file will do wonders.

August is also one of the best months for budding, and there is no better way of perpetuating a favorite rose. And if peach seeds have been sown in the spring, then the plants will be ready for budding in the August of the same year. Of course budding is practiced largely by commercial nurserymen, but the operation is a simple one, and will often prove of great value to the amateur.

The work is done while the bark is still loose or in condition to peel. Twigs are cut from the tree or bush which one wishes to propagate, and the buds on them are cut off with a sharp knife, a shield-shaped bit of bark with a little wood being left with them. The buds are then pushed into T-shaped slits made in the stock on which they are to grow. To hold the buds in place they are bound with a soft bit of rag or raffia. In about three weeks they will have grown fast to the stock, and the binder should be removed. The spring following the operation the stock is cut off just above the bud, which, by the way, must be inserted near the ground, and from then on the bush or tree will make a steady growth.

One should not confuse the operation of grafting with that of budding, for the former is done in the early spring before the buds swell. For example, if one wishes to change the top of an old apple tree or pear tree, the branches are all sawed off flat and by means of cleft-grafts scions are inserted, and in three or four years the tree will begin to bear again.

The gardener should bear in mind that August is the month of all months in which to set out coniferous evergreens, because they differ in their character and growth from deciduous trees and shrubs. The latter are usually moved when dormant, while the evergreens are never without foliage; therefore it is an excellent plan to move them while the soil and weather are warm and the roots active and growing. Again, by planting in August a very important point is gained, because in so doing one can actually see just how the tree will fit into the desired scheme of things before it is too late to move it. But in transplanting evergreens a few precautions are necessary. The trees should be planted about the same depth as they stood in their native haunt or in the nursery row; the soil should never be broken away from about the roots, which may be prevented by slipping a burlap bag, cut open, under the roots before lifting them; when setting them in their new position, leave the burlap about the roots, cutting off all the binding cord, and after the tree is set, well tramped down, and the hole filled, apply a good mulch, to be kept on until the following spring.



OYSTER FLEET AT BALTIMORE

FARMING, THREE FATHOMS DEEP

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

DOUBTLESS it will astonish the uninitiated to learn that there is a close connection between the high cost of oysters and infant mortality. In this case of course the infant mortality is wholly ostracean. A layman with any regard for his reputation for veracity would hardly dare to give the actual figures. Yet the scientists tell us solemnly that hardly more than one oyster out of eight to thirty million born reaches maturity. For it is estimated that annually a single oyster spawns between 16,000,000 and 60,000,000 oyster larvæ, and that out of this enormous number not more than two reach full maturity.

Although these figures are no doubt approximately true, the real facts in the case are that our oysters have gone the way of our forests, our bison, our wild animals, our coal, our soil fertility, and most other natural resources. They have been ruthlessly wasted instead of being conserved. When Columbus

stepped ashore on the New World, the Atlantic coast from end to end was literally covered with oysters. To-day we have a few beds remaining.

It is doubtless true that even economic history repeats itself. Our forefathers found a virgin soil so rich it was considered inexhaustible. We have farmed it for a few generations, and to-day we have millions of acres that are considered to be worn out and worthless. With regard to farming, we have learned, in the words of a pat little jingle, that "if you put nothing in, you get nothing out." But we learned it too late, and we are paying the price to-day in the increased cost of farm products. We have another lesson in the oyster industry, for where agriculture was fifty years ago the oyster industry is to-day. We have not even begun the practice of scientific oystering.

But we have done this—at least in some States. We have put an end to oyster mining and have gone to oyster

farming. To-day we raise what oysters we eat. We sow and cultivate and harvest our oyster-beds, and allow the natural oyster reefs, or what is left of them, to remain intact by taking from them only oyster seed.

The State of New Jersey possesses in the Delaware Bay one of the most valuable oyster-beds now existing in the United States. But it would not long exist were it not protected by the State from spoliation. Only during the months of May and June, between sunrise and sunset, and with vessels operated entirely by sail power, may oysters be dredged on these natural grounds. Here at sunrise on the first of May a great fleet of hundreds of vessels is in motion. The instant the sun's red disk appears above the eastern horizon hundreds of dredges plunge overboard and thousands of oystermen toil like Trojans to gather the seed that is to produce a harvest three years later. All day long the white-winged ships beat back and

forth over these natural grounds, until their decks are piled mountain high with tiny seed oysters no bigger than one's thumb. When the ships can carry no more, off they dart to the oyster farms of their owners.

For in the Maurice River Cove alone the oyster farms total 30,000 acres, with other beds in other parts of the bay. By applying to the State, any one can secure an oyster-farm site at a rental of 75 cents an acre per annum. And a bed so secured becomes in effect the property of the lessee. Long saplings, driven deep into the muddy bottom and thrusting their bushy tops four or five feet above the tide, mark off the different oyster-beds, much as one land farm is separated from another by fence posts, though these marine division markers carry no wires. Broadcast over the acreage so secured and marked the oysterman scatters his seed, then races back to the natural beds for more, like the minute-men at Lexington, "only pausing to fire and load."

So goes the race for two months, until sunset of the last day of June puts an end to seed gathering. There are other spring activities on the oyster grounds, however, for, in addition to the seed he plants, the oyster farmer hopes to harvest an additional crop from the seed he catches. So he must put out his traps. And these are nothing but old oyster shells. All season long at the shipping point "shellmen" daily gather the old shells and "rattlers," or injured oysters that the oystermen discard when they cull their oysters. All season long the shellmen's piles of shells mount higher and higher. When the planting season rolls round, they have reached mountainous proportions. And these old shells the planters now buy back at five cents a bushel or so. Loaded to the gunwales with old shells, the oyster ships go day after day to their owners' oysterlands, where the shells are broadcasted, much as a farmer broadcasts lime upon his acres in the hope of getting a good clover "catch."

The little oysters these old shells are intended to catch are so tiny one cannot

see them with the naked eye. In view of the incredible ostracean birth rate, that would necessarily be so. For perhaps two weeks following their birth these tiny fry move about in the water, mostly moved about by the water, seeking a place of attachment. For unless they can find some hard substance to fasten to they are doomed to destruction. They cannot live in the mud, like clams. They soon smother to death. So they hunt and hunt until they find safe anchorages—in the Delaware Bay old oyster shells—and then they make fast for life. At once and with incredible speed they begin to form and deposit calcareous matter, which both forms their own shells and sticks them fast to their anchorages. In ten hours they have grown so much they are as large as grains of pepper! After that, if they escape being covered with mud in a storm and smothered, or being eaten by turtles or starfish or king-crabs, or killed by drills or sponges, and if they get by a host of other enemies and dangers, they come, at the end of several years, to the oysterman's dredge, and thence to your table and mine. And we may buy them for Lynn Haven Bays, or Blue Points, or Saddle Rocks, or any other brand you ever heard of, and yet they may have come from the Maurice River Cove. Truly there are tricks in all trades.

I found this out the first day I was ever at the great shipping port at Bivalve. An old man in oilskins was whacking away at some small oysters with a tack-hammer—at least that is the way I would then have described the operation. I found he was culling oysters with a culling hammer. He tapped each oyster to make sure it was sound. If it gave forth a hollow noise, it was a "rattler" and went into the discard, to be hauled away later by some shellman. But if it was a good oyster, he knocked it loose from any other oyster or old shell it happened to be attached to, scraped off the mud and moss, and tossed it in a wire basket. When the basket was full, he rinsed its contents in a tub of water, drained them, and put them

into a barrel for shipment. When I asked him what he was doing, he said he was "making" Blue Points.

To-day there is more romance in the oyster than in the oysterman. Time was when the oysterman was a sailor, when he went to sea, or at least to the oyster grounds, and stayed there a week at a time or until he caught a boat-load of oysters. Those days are gone. To-day the oysterman is a landsman who spends his working hours on a boat. He lives at home and goes to and from his work like the merest factory hand. But what he has lost in picturesqueness he has gained in efficiency. He catches two oysters as a landsman where as a sailor he got but one. The difference is due to that miracle worker we call gasoline.

In the old days an oyster-boat was necessarily a sailing boat. To-day it is the same craft, but it operates by gasoline, even though it still carries sails. Were it not that the State law absolutely forbids the catching of seed oysters with power boats of any description, the Delaware Bay fleet would doubtless long ago have abandoned its sails entirely. So now the sails are retained for use on the natural beds. And sometimes they help in dredging by steadying a craft, and again they are always helpful in the daily run to and from the oyster grounds when there is a favorable wind. And in some cases they are absolutely essential in rough weather. For some ship-owners have never installed gasoline engines for propelling their boats, but push their oyster ships instead with small power boats. Curious, indeed, is the spectacle of a goodly schooner, sails set perhaps, but being propelled by a chugging motor boat triced up snug against the stern. In still water, or when it is not too windy, that makeshift answers very well; but let the wind kick up a sea and the motor boat must cut loose. So the canvas sail is still the oysterman's trump card.

While yet the stars are shining the oysterman begins his day, for he aims to be at the oyster grounds by sunrise. Seemingly all the fleet wakes up at once. In the darkness scores of boats lie still



OYSTER BOATS ENGAGED IN THE CHESAPEAKE BAY FISHERIES

as painted ships at their moorings at the oyster wharves. Almost can one hear a pin drop in the silence. Fifteen minutes later the place is a-buzz with activity. Lights appear in ships' cabins and on shore. Smoke issues from scores of boats. The cooks have come aboard. Those hands who sleep on board are dressing. Others are coming from shore. Lanterns bob in the dark. Buckets drop into the tide for water. The heavy tramp of boots is heard on wooden decks. Voices sound through the darkness.

"Cast off!" comes an order from the captain of the outer boat of a half-dozen trussed up side by side to a pier end. A rope thumps on a deck. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the shapely schooner begins to swing with wind and tide. The sails catch the breeze and belly out. The little craft describes a graceful arc, then heads down the river, her white sailing light flashing aloft, her red and green lanterns aglow in the rigging. Or, if she be propelled by a motor boat astern, a white light sparkles at her taffrail. Singly, in pairs, and sometimes even three or four abreast, the white boats head out to sea like a straggling line of sheep making for the pasture. For presently the line of sails stretches for miles along the tide and scores of oyster schooners trail each other down the peaceful Maurice River.

Within the snug, warm cabins hungry deck-hands are stowing away meals fit for kings; for the oysterman must have the best of everything, and plenty of it.

Then the bar is reached and crossed, generally, though the first day I went to the oyster grounds the entire fleet hung up on it for half an hour. And now the boats are near the oyster farms. Thirty thousand acres is a wide expanse, and for eight miles we chugged straight through oyster-beds before we came to

the grounds we were to dredge, and the end of the oyster farms was still far distant.

"There's our corner stake," said a deck-hand to me, indicating a bunch of saplings that thrust up dead ahead. A moment later we passed the stakes. "Let go your dredges!" came the command from the wheel-house. Overboard plunged the iron dredges, one on either side, while the crews stood by, ready to handle the catch. Baskets, culling hammers, and oyster shovels were within easy reach.

On we went for some space. Suddenly a noisy clanking arose in the hold. The winding drums began to revolve. One of the dredge chains became taut, then was rolled in by the revolving winder. Then the dredge itself shot out of the water, like some huge monster of the sea, slid up over the roller in the ship's rail, and was seized by sturdy hands and hauled inboard. The catch was emptied on the deck, the dredge dumped back into the brine, and, dropping to one knee, each man in the dredge crew seized a culling hammer and began to separate the ostracean sheep from the goats. The good oysters went into baskets—primes by themselves—and old shells and "rattlers" into the discard heap. Fast and nimble were the workers, yet before they could completely cull the pile the chain began to rattle once more and the dredge to come in. Seizing shovels, the cullers flung the discarded shells back into the deep, the while a new dredgeful was coming over the side. So from sunrise to ten o'clock the dredges came up, one after the other, culling hammers went tap, tap, tap, incessantly, shovels flashed in the sun, old shells went plunging back into the sea, and the pile of good oysters grew amidships by the hundreds of baskets. Then a whistle blew. The engine stopped.

The deck-hands dropped their implements and trooped to the cabin. Dinner was served.

The meal eaten, work was resumed. Until two o'clock dredging continued. Then the dredges came up for the last time and were stowed aboard. The ship picked up her heels as well as a ship could that carried four hundred bushels of oysters on her deck, and by four o'clock had covered the sixteen miles that separated her from her pier. Then the oysters were shoveled to a float, where they were to lie in the brackish water to clean and fatten, the deck was rinsed, and everything made shipshape. By five we were tied up for the night at our pier, where other workers had fetched the fattened bivalves in scows from other floats, and were busy reculling, counting, sacking, and stowing oysters aboard the waiting trains that daily carry eighty to one hundred solid cars of oysters from this great American oyster port.

One cannot see this enormous traffic in oysters without being reminded of those that accompanied the walrus and the carpenter on that fatal walk along the shore. For,

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more.

And doubtless all of us have played the parts of the walrus and the carpenter. But, fortunately, there is little danger of all our oysters going the way of those that followed the walrus and the carpenter. For in time our oystermen have learned that if you put nothing in you get nothing out. And so, though the incredible ostracean mortality rate for infants may help to keep up the price, artificial cultivation will doubtless insure a continuation of the species.



TONGING FOR OYSTERS IN CHESAPEAKE BAY

A RETROSPECT

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

"You being gone, how should I find your mate
For gentle thought and brave imaginings?"—
So once I sang; but soon those vivid wings
Were spread in flight beyond my little gate.

"How should the forest set its music free
Lacking the wood-thrush, with his silver call?"—
I asked: but now on eager ears may fall
No single note of that spent melody.

For you are gone; and neither prayer nor art
The laughter of your presence may restore.
But yet your spell is with me as before;
Your music conquers silence in my heart.

MORE ABOUT THE MORON

BY BARRON C. WATSON

IN a magazine of recent date I read a terrifying article about the number of morons in the United States. The writer adduced from statistics relating to our drafted army and from other sources the conclusion that a majority of all our citizens were morons, and then reasoned that, since the majority rules, we must be governed by a class of men with the mentality of twelve-year-old children.

With my National egotism much chastened by this startling revelation, I spent some time in reflection. Some questions occurred to me: What do these morons look like? Who is this twelve-year-old by whom they are measured? How much does a child of twelve know? Is there a race of super-morons, who attain, say, to a mentality of sixteen years, and form possibly another thirty-three per cent of our population? By what instrument is a mind measured, and who are the official measurers?

I have had a very illuminating opportunity to witness some official measuring, and can perhaps relieve the anxiety of readers who are concerned about this new peril.

Some months ago I was a civilian instructor in general education at a coast-defense fort in New England. During the previous summer a million dollars had been spent on a school for instructors at Fort Grant, near Chicago, and at this school, which I did not attend, a system of text-books and psychological tests for mental measurements had been devised. Then when the soldiers' schools like mine were in session experts came periodically to measure the capacity and growth of the students' minds and to determine who the morons were.

At that time, the fall and winter of 1920-1, the Army was recruiting as rapidly as possible, and candidates for

enlistment were not required to pass a literacy test. I had men who could not read or write in any language, foreigners who could not write the English language, and men who had been through the first few grades of grammar school. There were a few soldiers in the school who were more advanced, but most of the pupils were classed as illiterates. Of the whole number I tried to instruct during the year about seven per cent were either very stupid or half-witted; the others were fairly bright boys and men who had had very little or no schooling.

The expert appeared, provided with blanks to be filled out by the boys according to directions which he read aloud. These tests were divided into grades named after the letters of the Greek alphabet, and some of them would have been difficult for a well-educated man to have passed, as they were full of mental twisters and had to be done rapidly—the expert used a stop-watch.

The tests were almost impossible for my men. Some of them quit after the first question because they didn't know what the examiner was talking about. For instance, if the examination sheet had pictures of a half-dozen geometrical figures on it and the expert read rapidly, "If water is the liquid form of ice, put a cross in the semicircle; if not, put a triangle in the oval," and the man didn't know what a semicircle or oval was, he would give up the question. If he failed on all the others for similar reasons, he would be listed in some records at Washington as a mental deficient, and go to swell the total to show some startling and false National average, when in truth he was only an ordinarily intelligent man with a small vocabulary.

The psychologists who have made most of the tests to determine mental capacity, native intelligence, powers of observation, etc., have overlooked some factors that affect their results. One is that the tests may be couched in language that is unfamiliar to men who are intelligent but uneducated; another is that pencils and pens and paper are strange and awkward tools to a man who has spent little time in school and has not worked in a clerical trade. Some college professors would pass a poor examination with pick and shovel under the direction of a gang boss speaking the jargon of his class and trade.

During the war, officer material was selected and men were graded by tests similar to those, and to-day corporations are using the same method to determine who shall be promoted to executive positions. I think that in the war the method was efficient, since it mainly selected educated men, and for quick training they are better material because they can make better use of technical text-books. Opinions as to the value of such tests in business vary. As a basis for forming statistics to show the percentage of morons in the United States I consider most of the tests which have been used worthless.

I do not believe that half the men in this country are morons, and I do not think that tests that show such a condition are based on common sense. It is probably true that half of our citizens are very poorly educated, and that is bad enough. After going through college and working since at several different things and with all sorts of men, I am convinced that the proportion of the simple ones of the earth is not much greater on farm or ship or in mine and factory than it is in classic halls.

THE BOOK TABLE

GEORGE KENNAN'S BIOGRAPHY OF E. H. HARRIMAN¹

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

GEORGE KENNAN has done an able piece of work in memory of Edward H. Harriman—a piece of work that will enlarge the reputation of Harriman among Americans as one of the most vigorous and useful public personalities of his period. His daring, his courage, his tremendously constructive vision; his will to do, not so much for the sake of power, although he loved power, as for the sake of making his railways serve his country and the world. This picture from out the pages of Kennan's volumes makes an ineffaceable impression on the mind.

Harriman loved power and used ruthlessly every bit of it that he possessed when it was necessary so to use it. The ruthless side of Harriman, which was distinctly in the America of his period and showed itself both in American finance and in American politics, is too lightly touched by Kennan. Thus his biography becomes on this side an apology, when it should have been a human interpretation. There is a vast deal of paper wasted in justifying the Chicago and Alton activities of Harriman, which were the subject of comparatively unsuccessful attack by the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the Federal Government. Kennan pleads that everything was legal, within the rules of the time, and that the Government could not find otherwise. While this is measurably true, it is also true that the Chicago and Alton activities of Harriman are those, in particular of all his doings, which display from the beginning a dominant interest in profit rather than in railway soundness and service. In this respect the Chicago and Alton matter is very difficult to explain, because it seems unlike Harriman in any other of his great railway dealings.

Kennan has been very successful in his chapters on "The Break with Roosevelt" in establishing in the reader's good will the position of Harriman. This is all the more surprising because in its day the Roosevelt point of view swept all before it and public opinion in the country at large was heavily anti-Harriman. During the Roosevelt Administrations Harriman was the great railway figure of the country. He had combined the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific and Central Pacific and Oregon Short Line into a great system which dominated the economic and often the political western part of the United States. After the vigorous struggle against them, he had joined with Hill and Morgan in the formation of the

Northern Securities Company, to establish forever railway unity in the western and northwestern sections of the United States. Unfortunately for him, because nothing came of it but trouble, Harriman had dipped into New York State and National politics, in a field in which he had not a clever hand. He had become, as so many wealthy men have been beguiled by politicians into becoming, a collector of campaign funds in emergencies for the party, and the results to Harriman were not satisfactory. He thought that he had not obtained that peculiarly square deal out of it, that reasonable *quid pro quo* which many a business man has expected under the same circumstances! Congressman James S. Sherman had come to Harriman for financial help in the Congressional elections of 1906, had been sadly rebuffed, and had reported to President Roosevelt some very unwise alleged remarks of Harriman about an easier and more direct way of reaching Legislatures, Congress, and even the judiciary.

It was on the basis of the report of Sherman and on the basis of the general psychology of the period against railway arrogance and combination, of which Roosevelt was the National spokesman, that the President attacked Harriman as a typical malefactor of great wealth and a general all-around undesirable citizen. Harriman was caught in a very unequal political struggle, and was much disturbed. It so happened that Maxwell Evarts, a son of Justice Evarts, had been present with Sherman at the campaign conference with Harriman. Harriman took Evarts to the White House, where Evarts declared that no such language as Sherman had reported had been used by Harriman on that occasion. Although this should perhaps have been sufficient to have caused at least a shadow of reasonable doubt upon the Sherman-Harriman controversy, it never altered Roosevelt's policy towards Harriman in the slightest.

In fact, other Harriman-Roosevelt episodes in Kennan's volumes go far to convince the reader that Roosevelt, though he meant to be, was, in fact, not entirely just to Harriman. Harriman, with all his faults, appears to have been an intensely patriotic American. One of his most dynamic acts of patriotic service was his saving of the great Imperial Valley in southern California from the overflow of the runaway Colorado River, following a series of gigantic floods in the year 1906. Nothing but the dogged persistence and overwhelming efficiency of Harriman saved the homes and the lives of many thousands

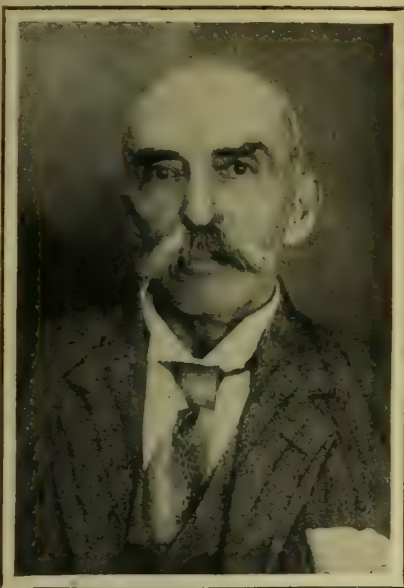
of people and many millions of Government property. The whole Southern Pacific Railway organization was thrown into the breach, although the Southern Pacific had far less to lose than any other party in interest. The Government at Washington was helpless, but at Roosevelt's urging Harriman stuck to the task in the face of vast obstacles. He finally won, closed the breach and saved the wonderful Imperial Valley. It was at the very time when the Federal Government was hot on the trail of Harriman, and Roosevelt did him scant justice for his great service.

It is an interesting problem in human psychology, but I think understandable. As a matter of fact, each in his own field, Harriman and Roosevelt had notable characteristics in common. Harriman had the same daring, the same courage, the same constructive vision in business and finance that Roosevelt had in politics. And I have never known two men so much alike to understand each other, anyway. Besides, they had something of the same ruthlessness when it came to putting across what each thought should be put across. The true friends of Roosevelt always recognized both his great unselfishness and his terrific ruthlessness when once his mind was fixed upon a goal and those whom he thought he had reason to regard as enemies of his country were in his way. At times like that a passionate sense of getting a thing done right took possession of him, to the exclusion of all thought about personalities, friendships, or too close and enfeebling an analysis of facts. It was a terribly effective quality for the good of his country, but it sometimes led him into injustice to persons.

In the Harriman case, Roosevelt was the fighting leader of righteousness against some of the iniquities of the railways in his time. Harriman was a type. Harriman personified the iniquity. In his passionate eagerness to win the battle, as he conceived it, for his country Roosevelt instinctively preferred the testimony of Sherman to the testimony of Evarts and paid no attention to which of them might be mistaken, paid no regard to reasonable doubt. The testimony of Sherman nailed the malefactor of great wealth to the cross and did more than anything else to weaken Harriman in the battle before the public opinion of the country.

Both Harriman and Roosevelt were great. Each of them sought, with a greater or less degree of unselfishness, the honor and prosperity of his country. With Harriman financial profit and commercial power counted much; with Roosevelt they counted nothing. Harriman had wonderful economic vision, greater than Roosevelt's. Roosevelt had wonderful political and moral vision, the greatest of his age. It is not necessary that Roosevelt's friends should make

¹E. H. Harriman. A Biography. By George Kennan. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$7.50.



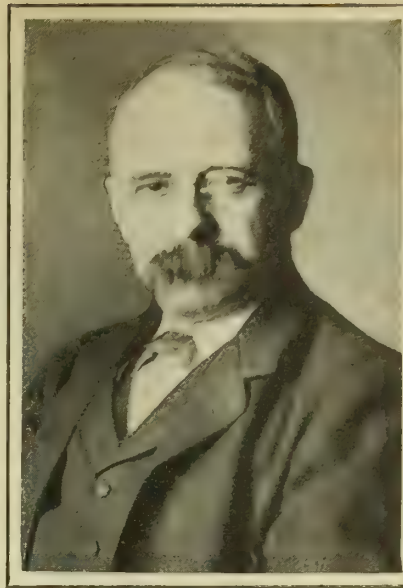
GEORGE KENNAN

he does. Nobody makes him—he just does it himself.”

Harriman's scientific expeditions to Alaska with John Burroughs and John Muir, his lifelong support of Dr. Trudeau in his splendid work with victims of tuberculosis at Saranac, his vast helpfulness at San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake and fire, his constructive conciliation whenever compromise was necessary to progress—these and many other incidents of his life disclose a human nature that was far from being selfish and refractory underneath, however much the surface impressions of personality might at times indicate the contrary.

Harriman was always in a struggle with the economic shortcomings of American public opinion and the American Government about railway affairs. Undoubtedly the political organization of the railways in many a commonwealth and the monopolist trend of railway minds aroused an instinctive and on the whole sound opposition on the part of the American people. But the right was not all on the side of the railway reformers. Every year since Harriman died has disclosed the need of greater unity of action and organization in order to eliminate inefficiency and waste from American railways. American law, American government, and popular opinion have always been opposed to “pooling” of railway interests. I think economists are now generally agreed that if long ago pooling had been freely allowed under Federal supervision both the railways and the country would be economically better off than they are at present. Harriman's genius and vision were in line with sound economics. But, it is also true that, in the last analysis, if either a Harriman or the country is to control, it must be the country.

The battles and skirmishes between Harriman and Morgan as set forth in Kennan's pages are very illuminating. Morgan was intrenched in the center of financial power, and usually the technical honors of the struggle went to him, as notably in the battle for the control of the Northern Pacific. On the other hand, Harriman's ideas about railways were usually wiser than Morgan's and turned out that way in the end. Harriman single-handed saved the Erie from the mistakes of Morgan. And the Union Pacific system itself is a monument to the superior insight of Harriman, who reorganized the road with enormous and permanent success after Morgan gave it up. In fact, one gets the impression that Harriman was nearly as good a financier as Morgan and a far better railway man. The growing hostility and dislike of the house of Morgan to the rising figure of Harriman were obviously an asset to the Federal Government in its hunting of Harriman, although it must be said for Roosevelt that he attacked Morgan and Harriman without fear or favor, each in his own time and each for the purpose of win-



E. H. HARRIMAN

(C) Underwood

ning the battle of the country against what Roosevelt regarded and the country regarded as the iniquities of the railways.

Harriman was a hard-working genius, but he was a genius born. At every stage he had the touch of a master workman and the vision of a master mind. He saw that a great unified railway system was essential to the arousing and developing of the mighty West. He furnished the perfect railway system, and the West responded. Somebody in an argument before the United States Industrial Commission said disparagingly: “Harriman didn't create the great West. God Almighty did that.” To which Kennan replies with the story of the Russian peasant who begrudged the ten kopeks that he had to pay for a teakettle full of hot water. “God made the water,” he declared, “and he gives it freely to everybody.” “Yes, my little brother,” replied the dispenser of the hot aqueous fluid, “God made the water, but he didn't make it hot around these parts. If you want God's water, go to the river and fill your old teakettle.”

Harriman's vision was a world vision. He nearly succeeded in girdling the earth with a transportation system by water and rail. If it had not been for the inopportune sentiment created in Japan just then by the terms of the treaty between Japan and Russia—terms which were none too generous to Japan, anyway—Harriman would probably have completed an agreement with Japan and Russia for the development of the South Manchurian and Trans-Siberian railways in connection with his own Union Pacific roads and steamers. Thus he would have girdled the world. Japan nearly acquiesced, but not quite. At the vital moment Japanese sentiment revolted against any sort of American interference or control in that part of the world where she herself had secured,

him an idol; that would only mar his fame.

Kennan makes out a good case for the human side of Harriman. When he was still a very young man and had neither wealth nor reputation, he gave himself with abandon to the organization and maintenance of a famous boys' club of very large membership on the East Side in New York, a club that for thirty years he backed in its many good works with zeal and faithfulness. In 1907, two years before Harriman died, after one of the entertainments in the club auditorium, a reporter for the New York “Herald” interviewed some of the boys as to their impressions of their founder and helper. These boys had seen Mr. Harriman. Some of them had talked with him. One of them, twelve years of age, said: “Mr. Harriman's a great man. He's the president of a railway, and he's worth a couple of thousand, anyway. He's a quiet man, and never tells anybody down here anything about his business. He isn't what I'd call a good-looking man, but I'll bet he could put up a good fight. He lives 'way uptown somewhere, in a house all to himself.”

Another twelve-year-old: “He is the nicest man I ever saw, and he gives us boys uniforms and pays for our plays. He looks just like a man who lives down here on our block, and you wouldn't think he's such a wonderful man. His clothes are just like my father's and he talks just like the rest of us. He works all day and all night, but he has to, because his railroads run all the time and he has to tend to them.”

One boy, fifteen years of age, said: “I'd rather be President of the country than president of the railways, because if you're president of the railways people say you're a bad man. They say things like that about Mr. Harriman, but we know they ain't true. If they were, he wouldn't treat us boys the way

at least from her standpoint, all too limited rights and privileges following much bloodshed and loss of treasure.

Harriman was born in an Episcopal rectory and inherited a certain pioneer daring from his father, who wandered as far as California in search of a pulpit; but the son inherited his balance and business capacity from his mother's side. He had conspicuous initiative and energy from the beginning. Dr. Trudeau, of Saranac, relates an incident of one of Harriman's trips as a young man to Paul Smith's Hotel in the Adirondacks. Paul Smith had purchased somewhere a gilt ball, which with great pride he had placed on the flagpole in front of the hotel. "I told Paul," says Trudeau, "that I knew if Ed Harriman got sight of that ball when he arrived the first thing he would do would be to shoot at it. As the stage stopped, Harriman jumped out, rifle in hand, caught sight of the bright ball at the top of the flagpole, and put a bullet through it before shaking hands with us all."

Thoroughness was Harriman's life motto. When he took possession of the Union Pacific, the road was in a deplorable condition. He learned all about it in an extraordinary way. With his engineers grouped about him in the observation car, he had the engine back that

car over the thousands of miles of his new line that he might chart every defect in rail or tie or bolt or curve or grade in the whole system. He seems never to have touched a railway without making it a better institution for the service of the community through which it ran and a more profitable property for everybody concerned. In this respect he was a marked contrast to the Jay Gould type.

It is doubtful if we shall see his like again. He belonged to the period of giants who made great contribution to material progress. In the early years of his era American government and public opinion were in a rather parlous state, measurably futile, and much looked down upon by the pioneering self-reliance of the giants. We now have a keener public opinion and a Government ever ready to act interferingly upon short notice. This is well. But is community efficiency going to take the place of the enormous individual efficiency of these earlier giants? Democracy has some distance to go before it fulfills the twofold function of looking out for the general welfare and at the same time providing efficiency and initiative either from public or private sources to make general welfare prosperous and productive.

THE NEW BOOKS

DRAMA

ESTHER AND BERENICE. Two Plays. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

The two dramas offered by Mr. Masefield in this volume must not be taken seriously by his readers. They were written primarily for a little group of amateur actors, among whom was the poet's daughter, Judith; and to afford this group simple dramas in verse, employing few properties and yet having stirring declamation and strong situations, Mr. Masefield turned to Racine. "Berenice" is for the most part a direct translation, but "Esther" is more of an adaptation, for the poet has removed entirely the French choruses and substituted matter of his own and greatly simplified the speeches. The results are two plays that would seem to be admirable additions to amateur drama, particularly to high school and small club endeavors.

IF. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

The idea of "If" is extremely entertaining, and it affords Lord Dunsany opportunity to introduce a large number of his exotic figures of romance from some mysterious land of the East. John Beal misses a train, and for ten years he wonders what would have happened if he had caught it. A magic crystal gives him opportunity to go back ten years in his life and catch that train, and the major portion of the drama presents the strange things which happen to him, among them his being whisked off to the East. The play is written in a vein of farce slightly more pronounced than we have been taught to

look for from Lord Dunsany, and there are even signs that he had his eye on a possibly successful stage production. Still "If" is extremely amusing reading.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

GREAT AMERICAN ISSUES. By John Hays Hammond and Jeremiah W. Jenks. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

Instead of limiting the number of immigrants in any ethnic group to a percentage of such group residing here, these authors propose as a test the readiness with which various immigrating races tend to become citizens in their new country. Certainly such a policy, rather than the other, would improve the quality of our immigration. Moreover, its control should, as the authors suggest, be intrusted to a commission composed of members of highest quality and with powers permitting it to be lenient in requirements for admission at times when we need labor and rigid during periods of unemployment. Changes in the tariff can be most wisely worked out, warn these authors, as recommendations to Congress by a permanent tariff commission whose interests will be entirely non-partisan. In the relations between capital and labor the objects to be attained can be reached, not by separate, but by combined action. This explains, as the authors affirm, why labor leaders support and why certain reactionary capitalists oppose the principle of collective bargaining. At a time when the record of Mr. Hoover as Secretary of Commerce calls attention to the part played by engineers in our Government the reader will note the opinion of one of our most eminent engineers,

Mr. Hammond, as to the contributions that can come to our political life from the profession of engineering. He says:

The engineer is exceptionally well qualified for public service. The quality of his training and the nature of his work compel him to take up every problem in the spirit of empirical science—a search for the truth; and he is accustomed to arrive at his conclusions only through a process of reasoning instead of through the influence of sentiment.

POETRY

SECRET WAY (THE). By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

Miss Zona Gale in her first book of poems attempts several forms with a high degree of success. She writes fairy stories in Spenserian stanzas, homely sketches of a Wisconsin town in free verse, employs *terza rima* with a deft touch, offers some excellently turned sonnets, and even includes a group of Hokku. She is not primarily a poet and poetry undoubtedly occupies a lesser place in her intellectual scheme than her prose, but there is a fine degree of sincerity in her verses. There is no doubt but that the "News Notes from Portage, Wisconsin" are the best part of the book, but none of them are quite short enough to lend themselves for successful quotation. The reader must be contented with "Wonder!"

Here are the shadows veiling green
with gray

And winning all the wonder from the
light;

Here phantom fragrance swells and
fails like sound;

The hour distills itself to dark; the
day

Dreams in its grave and lo, the dream
is night.

•Beloved, all the marvel of the May,
The altared dark, the petals' solemn
white,

The moments rich with farewell from
the lips

Of dying moments—what are these?
We lay

Our love beside them and exceed the
night.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

BESIDE THE TIDEWATER. By Philip Hubbard. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.75.

RED BUD WOMEN. By Mark O'Dea. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. \$2.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE (THE). By George N. Shuster. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

EDUCATIONAL

BRIEF SPANISH GRAMMAR. By M. A. De Vitis. Allyn & Bacon, New York. \$1.40.

EVERYDAY USES OF ENGLISH. By Maurice H. Weseen. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.

HEALTHY CHILD FROM TWO TO SEVEN (THE). A Handbook for Parents, Nurses, and Workers for Child Welfare. By Francis Hamilton MacCarthy, M.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

SCIENCE

SCIENCE AND HUMAN AFFAIRS. By Winter-ton G. Curtis. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$4.



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MILK OUT OF A STONE

THERE is much talk nowadays about a living wage for all those who engage in industry. If it is true that human beings are entitled to a living wage, what about businesses which are essential to the industrial life of the Nation also being entitled to a fair percentage of earnings? If a man cannot earn enough money to supply himself with decent food, clothing, and living quarters, it goes without saying that that man's efficiency will not be as high as that of another man who can get these things. Few people will argue this point, whether or not they consider that every one is in fact entitled to a mini-

mum compensation for his services. No starved horse can pull a heavy load.

So it is with business enterprises. Unless their earnings are sufficient to enable them to function properly they cannot render efficient service. This applies particularly to industries like the railways, the transit companies, and the lighting and power corporations. The whole theory of these enterprises is to render efficient service to the public. Billions of dollars of capital are invested in them and they are in constant need of additional capital. In order to attract investors a fair return

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upon the money invested must be assured. The rates which these corporations may charge are determined by State and National commissions, which is another way of saying that they are paid fixed wages, just like the individuals who work for them. If these wages are not sufficient to insure adequate service and a fair return upon the capital invested, how is capital to be obtained? Corporations engaged in rendering service to the public are entitled to a living wage just as much as any individual, for the fortunes of the whole country, millions of individuals, are bound up in them, and their existence is essential to our National life.

When a railway or a trolley company, or a gas or electric company, applies for permission to increase rates, a loud howl instantly goes up from thousands of throats, and the occasion is usually seized upon for personal advantage by numerous politicians. It is a curious circumstance of American life that we view almost every move of these kinds of companies with suspicion. There is another side to the question, however, that frequently has been too little considered, and to illustrate what it is a little story may be of assistance.

In a small town of the writer's acquaintance there lives a woman accustomed to ride back and forth to a neighboring city, five miles distant, every day for business. The trolley company charges one fare each way. Several years ago the fare was five cents; now it is eight. Recently this woman launched a bitter tirade against the trolley company because of what she described as its exorbitant charges.

"Suppose," the writer asked her, "the trolley was not there; how would you get to work?"

She didn't know. She admitted that it is too far to walk. A taxi would be out of the question, and the streets are too crowded with traffic to make a bicycle safe, and on many days the weather makes bicycle riding out of the question. The conclusion seemed to be that the trolley was the only feasible means of transportation.

"Very well," we said. "Is eight cents much to pay for a five-mile ride?"

"Perhaps not," she admitted.

"All right, then. One final question," we said. "Suppose the trolley company cannot operate its cars unless the passengers pay an eight-cent fare. Would you rather pay the eight cents or have the trolley line given up?"

She said that she was convinced.

People too often ignore this aspect of the matter.

Another thing we as a people like to do is to criticise the service these corporations render us. Perhaps one reason for this is that we are spoiled, accustomed to such good service generally that any breakdown is exaggerated in importance. But remember that none of these companies gives poor service intentionally. When the electric lights go out all over town and stay out for an hour, it is well to bear in mind that all the electric-light meters stop registering for an hour too, and the company is that much out of



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

pocket. When a trolley wire is down, the trolleys stop running, and not only the passengers are inconvenienced but the trolley company loses a great many fares. When an accident happens to cause a railway train to be late, that costs the company money. When a power plant breaks down, revenue is lost until repairs can be made. No company is in business to incur losses, and defective service is expensive to any company.

Remember, therefore, that every company is doing the best it can, and that when anything happens to impair its efficiency the company suffers more than you. And where would our modern civilization be without railways, gas, electric light and power companies? We take them more or less for granted, but if they should all suddenly cease to operate practically every person in the country would feel the effects within twenty-four hours.

So when these companies ask a living wage for themselves don't begrudge it to them, any more than you would to yourself if you were a worker in a factory asking the same consideration. Ask yourself what you would do without these corporations, and the chances are that presently you will be working for them and not against them. Happily, this attitude is becoming increasingly prevalent and people are realizing more and more that a public service corporation must have earnings just as much as a horse must have food.

So it is with an individual and his savings. No man can expect a savings account to grow unless it is fed. No man can expect to own bonds and stocks unless he saves the money with which to purchase them. Riches don't grow on trees, but are the result of hard work, thrift, and self-sacrifice. There is no more tragic sight in the world than a person grown old, unfit any longer to earn a living, and dependent upon the charity of relatives. On the other hand, there is no more satisfactory feeling than the knowledge that you have saved a competence to shield you from the ever-present wolf at the door. Wasn't it Mr. Micawber who said that a man with an income of four pounds a week who spent the four pounds was sure to end up a pauper, but if he spent three pounds nineteen shillings and regularly saved the other shilling that meant independence? And there is truth in what he said. Regular saving is what always counts in the long run, and even if the amount is not large enough ever to win riches for you, it unquestionably will mean at least a certain amount of independence. And independence is worth working for.

Saving is essential to all success. This applies just as much to a corporation as it does to an individual, for the rainy days come to both. So remember that if you yourself must earn a certain amount to enable you to take proper care of yourself and put something by for the rainy day the same thing applies to big business enterprises as well. It is impossible to get milk out of a stone



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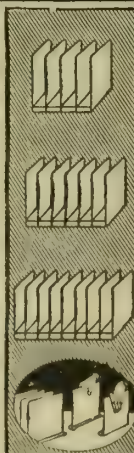
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Ohio.

HELP WANTED

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EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid,
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Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
MANAGING housekeeper for two gentle-
men, father and son. Must be experienced
and capable. References required. J. R.
Copeland, Parnassus, Pa.

WANTED—Useful companion and house-
hold assistant. Education and refinement
more necessary than experience. 1,861,
Outlook.



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"Onyx" Hosiery

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Smooth and clear as the gleaming mahogany surface that reflects them are the white silk "Onyx Pointex" hose shown above.

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Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Teaching governess. Usual subjects, music, and handwork. Children under eleven. Must be person of culture, experience, and ability. Country position. 1,855, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

ENGAGED minister wants community church field. Mountain West preferred. 1,812, Outlook.

WANTED, by woman, university graduate, position as dean or adviser in small college where broad teaching experience, executive ability, sincerity of purpose, count. 1,852, Outlook.

Business Situations

MARRIED man, age 29, now a manufacturing executive, desires employment which will keep him out of doors. 1,806, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as director of young people's work. Vassar graduate. Experience. 1,830, Outlook.

SECRETARY—College graduate, six years' experience in stenography, bookkeeping, and correspondence. Salary \$2,000. 1,834, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE—Capable young woman, publicity experience, successful campaign work, desires interesting high grade position, preferably in Philadelphia or New York. 1,837, Outlook.

SIMMONS College graduate of the institutional management course desires position as dietitian or tea-room manager, in or near New York or Boston. 1,847, Outlook.

WANTED, by young lady with college education and experience, position as secretary in private home, school, or institution in New York City. Address Box 239, Great Barrington, Mass.

COLLEGE man, 37, married, 8 years private school teacher, 4 years social worker in France, 2 years of business, seeks opportunity where proven ability to deal with French people and desire to further international understanding may be of value. 1,856, Outlook.

SUCCESSFUL, experienced young woman, campaign, publicity, writer, public speaker, newspaper work, desires position in New York. Best references. 1,857, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WOMAN—Experienced, refined, educated, desires position as companion to elderly lady, or governess. Excellent references. Mrs. Venable, 1 Lane Seminary Pl. W. H., Cincinnati.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY wishes position (on or after September 20) as companion or housekeeper. Refined, capable, and experienced. 1,844, Outlook.

NURSE, capable, refined, companionable, for invalid. Can go anywhere. Physician's reference. 1,845, Outlook.

POSITION as companion, managing housekeeper, or care of invalid or elderly woman, by refined, educated woman. Excellent references. 1,849, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture as companion to woman (not invalid) or child (preferably motherless). References exchanged. 1,853, Outlook.

LADY, 28, as personal maid or companion. References. Address H. E. R., 1801 S. Main St., Elkhart, Ind.

VIRGINIA lady, cultured, experienced, and good traveler, desires position of trust; companion to elderly lady or chaperon to young girl. Highest references given and required. 1,859, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires engagement as housekeeper, housemother in school; would manage gentleman's home and children. Capable of taking full charge. References. 1,862, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR—An experienced tutor wants pupils for summer in elementary or high school subjects. Address Box 54, R. F. D. 2, Farmingdale, N. J., or phone Farmingdale 38 F. 5.

COLLEGE professor, university graduate, North American, desires post immediately to teach English in Latin-American university or college. Moderate salary. Speaks Spanish and French. 1,860, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MRS. Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 200 West 9th St.

BOOKKEEPING in a week. Dukes, 1857c Walton Ave., New York.

ELIMINATION, the keynote of health. Food, not medicine, secures results. "Long Life Cook Book," 2d edition, 25 cents. 78 Center St., New Haven, Conn.

BY THE WAY

THE American Automobile Association offered a prize of \$25 for the best new word descriptive of the reckless automobile driver. The word which won the prize was "flivverboob." The word seems to us descriptive so far as it goes, but not all the people to whom it is meant to apply drive flivvers.

The phone family has a new member fathered by the Bureau of Mines. It is the geophone. It is developed from an instrument used in the World War to detect earth and rock sounds made in the construction of military mines and tunnels. In peace it is applied, among many things, to the saving of the lives of miners entombed as a result of fire and explosions. By the use of this instrument it is possible to locate the approximate position of an entombed miner through many feet of earth and rock. The new instrument can also be used to detect the location of leaks in water mains.

The ways of the swindler are manifold and the Post Office Department is kept busy preventing the misuse of the mail. One colored gentleman recently offered to sell for \$10 the "Keys to the Kingdom." Instead of a free pass to heaven all his many dupes received for the money was a printed pamphlet containing a jumble of absolutely unintelligible verbosity. The swindler, on being caught, swore to reform, but not long after was caught again at the same game.

The Kansas City "Star" tells us that the Missouri Highway Commission laid out the main road between Kansas City and St. Louis in a line which touches but does not pass through the centers of population. The rapid growth of automobile traffic forced the adoption of this plan. The time may come when towns will be as glad to get through automobile roads away from their main streets as they are now to effect the removal of railway tracks at grade.

The Portland "Oregonian" reports that Jackie Coogan, the side-partner of Charlie Chaplin, has in his eighth year earned \$1,000,000. It is not surprising that the "Oregonian" finds cause to wonder in the fact that a boy who might in the progress of normal boyhood, by catching his first bullhead has already smiled his way into the millionaire class. Jackie Coogan has apparently found a treasure beyond even the dreams of Huck Finn.

Dr. Charles Park, although a lover of Latin, told at a recent gathering of the protest of a Brown University sophomore against study of the dead languages. The sophomore, according to Dr. Park, pasted the following lines "To the Dead" on the University bulletin board:

All are dead who spoke it.
All are dead who wrote it.
All are dead who learned it.
Blessed death! They earned it!

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R R
Cop. 1

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1922

PULLING MAIN STREET
OUT OF THE MUD

BY
NEWTON FUESSLE



The Test of Good Will

MOST manufacturers appreciate the importance of good will on the part of the dealer, and count it one of their greatest assets. But many of them need to consider more thoroughly in what good will consists.

The final test of good will is the salability of the product—the consumer demand.

The dealer may be willing to concede the high standing and prestige of the manufacturer. He acknowledges freely that it is one of the foremost concerns in the business, that it is backed by men who have a solid reputation in their industry, and that its relations with the dealer are businesslike and pleasant. He is disposed to estimate all these things at full value.

But all this good will cannot materially help the dealer sell your goods unless the public is disposed to buy them.

The kind of good will that counts most with the dealer is the good will of the public towards your goods.

If the consumer is demanding your product, and the dealer is able to supply it at a profit, he will have ample good will for the house that makes this possible.

There is just one way to build up this consumer good will, and that is by making the product right and telling the consumer about its merits through Advertising.

With the consumer demanding your product, and the dealer disposed to give it every preference, its steady sale is certain. Good will becomes a big reality in business when that good will extends to the *consumer*. More and better advertising will create the kind of good will that every manufacturer needs most.

[Published by The Outlook in co-operation with
The American Association of Advertising Agencies.]

TEACHERS' AGENCIES
The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools.
Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

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CONNECTICUT**

A Small School for Small Boys
Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Bigelow take into their home 15 to 20 boys from 7 to 12 years of age.
Thorough training is given in the fundamentals of elementary subjects with much individual attention to manners and habits.
All participate in the healthful outdoor life, the sports and recreations. Write for circular or for interview.
THE RECTORY SCHOOL, POMFRET, CONN.

The SANFORD SCHOOL
A COUNTRY LIFE SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Of distinctive character with a home atmosphere, in a typical New England farm community, 700 feet above sea level.
Supervised Sports. Special facilities and Training in Business, Farming, Dramatics
Individual attention under experienced teachers. Thorough preparation for All Colleges and Technical Schools.
DANIEL S. SANFORD, Redding Ridge, Connecticut

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A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Beautifully situated on Long Island Sound at Southfield Point.
Intermediate, General and College Preparatory Courses.
Separate Lower School. Limited enrollment.
JESSIE CALLAM GRAY, B.A., Prin.
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Stamford, Conn.

Miss Howe and Miss Marot's
Country Boarding School for Girls
An estate of 90 acres, on the edge of one of New England's most charming villages, on the direct line between New York and Boston. Additional new building ready in the fall.
Preparation for College. General Courses. Special emphasis on Spoken and Written English and French. Athletics and Sports.
Mary Louise Marot, Thompson, Conn.

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THE ERSKINE SCHOOL
For the Vocational and Business Training of Women Graduates of Private Schools and Colleges.
Two Residences. Separate Schoolhouse.
Write for particulars about Special Courses planned for the individual.
EUPHEMIA E. MCCLINTOCK
129 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

HALLOCK SCHOOL
In the Berkshires
A School for Forty Boys
Each boy's individuality, personality and scholastic needs are considered of first importance. The limited number permits of intimate relations and careful supervision.
Efficient Preparation for College
25 acres. Six buildings. Athletic Fields. Gymnasium. Snow Sports.
Write Mr. Hallock in detail about your boy and his needs that he may indicate just what he can do to help. Please do not delay in request.
GEORGE HALLOCK, A.M., Great Barrington, Mass.

De Witt Clinton School
210 Newbury Street, Boston
A DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Prepares for College and Technical School
Expert Teaching and Tutoring by Specialists in each College Entrance subject. Afternoon supervised studies and athletics.
Mr. and Mrs. Heberd take into their home at Newtonville a small number of carefully selected desirable boys from 16 to 20 years.
Board, tuition, and care, including evening supervised study, season tickets to Harvard Football Games and Symphony Concerts, \$1,200.
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89th Year **FOR 250 BOYS** \$800,000 Equipment
Upper School, 14-19. Lower School, 12-14.
Expense: \$1,000
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For catalog address the Registrar
G. DUDLEY CHURCH, M.A.

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The McCarter School
Cranford, New Jersey
For little children from four to eight years of age. Ideal home and school life.
Alice McCarter.

NEW MEXICO

Limited to 20 boys
College Preparation and School Work combined with Outdoor Life on a big ranch in the High Timbered Rockies.
Study and Recreation carefully supervised. Complete equipment. Camping Trips with Pack Horses.
Invigorating Climate 7500 feet above sea level.
A. J. CONNELL, Director
Los Alamos Ranch School
Otowi, Sandoval Co., New Mexico

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BRIARCLIFF
Mrs. Dow's School for Girls
Mrs. EDITH COOPER HARTMAN, B.S., Principal
BRIARCLIFF MANOR NEW YORK
General Academic and College Preparatory Courses. Music and Art with New York advantages.
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Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Artistic Adviser
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Mr. Ashton Tutors Boys
For the Fall Examinations of the College Entrance Board
Mr. Ashton works personally with each individual boy. For 15 years he has had a high degree of success. Individual text-books are built up from day to day for each boy, based on the boy's weaknesses. Efficient assistants drill the boys. As a result Mr. Ashton's boys win in the examinations.
100 acre estate. 600 feet above the Hudson. 34 miles from New York City
Summer and Winter Sessions
Henry S. Ashton, Hessian Hill, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.
Crane Normal Institute of Music
Training School for Supervisors of Music
Sight-Singing, Harmony, Practice-Teaching, Chorus and Orchestra Conducting.
Voice, Violin, Pipe-Organ, Piano.
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Snyder Outdoor School
for Boys
Fall and Spring Terms in the **MOUNTAINS of NORTH CAROLINA**
Winter Term—Jan. to March—in **FLORIDA, ON CAPTIVA ISLAND**
Outdoor life in the Salt Air and on the Salt Water. Cruising, Fishing, Hunting
College Preparatory and General Courses. Separate Group for Young Boys
Beautifully Illustrated Catalog on request
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A School for Girls High in the Mountains
In old residential Hollidaysburg, in the most beautiful and healthful section of the Alleghanies, 6 miles from Altoona on the Pennsylvania Railroad.
College Preparatory or Vocational Courses happily combined with Outdoor Life. Weekend camping trips. Supervised Athletics.
Music and Domestic Science Courses. Spacious, well-equipped, homelike buildings.
For catalog, book of views and full information, address
MISS ELLEN C. KEATES, A.B., Principal
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WARRENTON COUNTRY SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG GIRLS. College preparatory and special courses. French, the language of the house. The school is planned to teach girls how to study, to bring them nearer nature, and to inculcate habits of order and economy.
Miss. LEA M. BOULIGNY, Box 47, Warrenton, Va.

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St. John's Riverside Hospital Training School for Nurses
YONKERS, NEW YORK
Registered in New York State. offer a 2 1/2 years' course—as general training to refined, educated women. Requirements one year high school or its equivalent. Apply to the Directress of Nurses, Yonkers, New York.

TO SCHOOL PROPRIETORS
THE OUTLOOK each week goes into 100,000 substantial, refined homes. It is carefully read by parents who desire the best possible school facilities for their children, and who possess the means to send them to the best private schools. Your advertisement in **The Outlook** will reach a selected and interested audience.
THE SPECIAL SCHOOL RATE IS 85 CENTS A LINE
Write us for further information
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



A War on Film

On the film that ruins teeth

Dental science has declared a war on film. Millions of people, half the world over, have joined it. And leading dentists everywhere are securing new recruits.

This ten-day test will show you the results. Make it and note the change that comes in cleaner, prettier teeth.

Makes teeth dingy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It makes white teeth look dingy. And most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germes breed by millions in it. They with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious troubles are now traced to them.

Failed to end it

Old teeth cleaning methods have failed to end film. Much was left to, night and day, threaten serious damage. That's why well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed.

Dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found, and able authorities have well proved their efficiency.

Now those methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on modern dental knowledge. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five effects twice daily

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

Every application brings these five de-

sired effects. All of them are deemed essential. But old methods never brought them.

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a week the results will surprise and delight you. And your home, we believe, will adopt this new method. Don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 166, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists, everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

Two articles by Clifford A. Tinker, who is a lieutenant in the United States Navy, have appeared recently in The Outlook. Both described contributions made by the United States Navy not only to naval science, but to modern navigation: One of these concerned the use of radio on the sea, the other concerned the adaptation of the ancient catapult to modern aviation. Lieutenant Tinker is in the Bureau of Aeronautics.

HERBERT S. GORMAN, essayist as well as poet, a native of Massachusetts, has contributed to various newspapers and periodicals including The Outlook.

JOHAN C. LONG was graduated from Amherst in 1914 and received a fellowship in economics and sociology from Harvard in the following year. He is now Secretary of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

NEWTON A. FUESSLE, whose contributions have become familiar to the readers of The Outlook, has been in newspaper work in Boise, Idaho; in Seattle, Washington; in Chicago, Illinois; in Sioux City, Iowa; in Omaha, Nebraska; in Cleveland, Ohio; and in New York. By this time he ought to know Main Street, whose fortunes in being pulled from the mud he rehearses in this issue. Mr. Fuessle, whose name is pronounced with consummate ease when the trick is known, is a member of The Outlook's staff.

IMOGEN B. OAKLEY sends her contribution from Philadelphia, where professional municipal politicians need watchers if any do. Several years ago Mrs. Oakley contributed to The Outlook an account of "The Protest Against Noise" and its effect on city life.

HUBERT VANSANT CORYELL, a native of Cornwall, New York, where he received his preparation for college in the public day school and at the Cornwall Heights School (now the Stone School), a graduate of Harvard, has been a physical instructor and a teacher of English for the past eleven years, first in the public schools of St. Louis, then as assistant principal and principal successively in the Shady Hill Country Day School, Philadelphia, and finally in Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, at which institution he is now head of the Junior Department. His knowledge of boys, thus based on experience, has certainly not been blunted by the fact that he has been coach of the Harvard gymnastic team.



The Outlook

AUGUST 16, 1922

CANCELLATION OF WAR DEBTS

IN April, 1915, Theodore H. Price, editor of "Commerce and Finance" and a long-time and valued contributor of financial and economic articles to The Outlook, expressed the opinion in these pages that the Interallied war debts were so vast that they could never be paid and might have to be canceled and charged to the profit-and-loss account of the war. When he made this statement it was considered extremely visionary and impractical. The chaotic condition of international trade and finance, however, has been focusing the attention of the world upon these enormous debts, and has made the question, "What shall be done with them?" a very real and practical one. The liveliest debate in international politics to-day is that connected with the proposed cancellation of these war debts. There appears to be in some quarters a confusion of thought as to what these debts are, and therefore what it is proposed to cancel.

Cancellation is a very different thing from repudiation, and therefore a very careful distinction must be made between the debts of the Allied Governments to private individuals through the sale of bonds and the debts of Allied Governments to each other. There is no thought that the money which was borrowed from private investors by the sale of such bonds as the well-known Anglo-French bonds is not to be repaid in full with interest. The war debt which is referred to in any discussion of so-called cancellation is the debt of governments to governments. The Government of Great Britain owes the Government of the United States about eleven billion dollars; and other Allied Governments owe Great Britain about sixteen billion dollars. The British advocates of a cancellation point out that their proposal cannot be regarded as one of mere selfishness, because they will forgive others five billions more than the United States will forgive them. This argument, however, seems to ignore the fact that by general cancellation Great Britain would sacrifice five billion dollars, while the United States would sacrifice eleven billions.

THE ARGUMENTS FOR CANCELLATION

THE American advocates of cancellation are chiefly those who, by situation or training, feel the great importance of the stability of international

trade and finance. They include most of the great international bankers, such as Messrs. J. P. Morgan, Otto Kahn, Paul Warburg, and Frank Vanderlip. These gentlemen, who speak with authority, and whose words deserve most careful consideration, point out that the domestic finances of the United States can never get back to normal and stable conditions until European finances are stabilized and exchange returns again to what President Harding calls normalcy. They say, with reason, that no merchant can sell goods to England, France, Italy, or Germany until he knows what kind of money he is going to get in payment; that, with the French franc, the German mark, and the English pound going up and down like a thermometer in an August hot spell, American farmers and merchants will continue to suffer from spasms of financial heat and cold; that cotton, wheat, and hogs, which must be sold to Europe and Asia if real prosperity is to return to this country, cannot be sold until a stable token of exchange is re-established; that Europe is practically bankrupt, and, like any other bankrupt, she cannot resume her normal industry in commerce until she compounds or settles with her creditors; that the European Governments can never pay England sixteen billion dollars and at the same time restore their own destroyed industrial life.

In effect, what they propose is that Europe shall go through bankruptcy proceedings; that her war debt—except to private individuals—shall be wiped out, so that she can begin again, with renewed determination and courage.

THE ARGUMENTS AGAINST CANCELLATION

THERE are two main arguments in this country against this policy of cancellation. The first is purely material and financial, but nevertheless a just and effective one. The war, out of which the United States got nothing in benefits such as colonies, ports, extended boundary-lines, imposed on the American people an enormous burden of taxation. This fabulous increase of taxation is indicated by some very simple figures. Mr. David Friday, in an article in the "New Republic" of August 2 on taxation, points out that in Michigan the State and local taxes have increased from \$39,000,000 in 1911 to \$158,000,000 in 1921; that in Kansas in the same period of ten years the State and local taxes

have increased from \$28,000,000 to \$76,000,000; that in Massachusetts taxes have grown from less than \$100,000,000 to over \$250,000,000; and that taxes in Ohio have trebled. In the year 1911 there was paid to the Federal Government in the form of taxes by Michigan \$7,000,000; by Ohio, \$21,000,000; by Kansas, \$500,000; by Massachusetts, \$7,000,000. In the year 1921 Michigan paid in Federal taxes \$272,000,000; Ohio, \$285,000,000; Kansas, \$38,000,000; and Massachusetts, \$259,000,000.

While the tax burden is not as severe in the United States as it is in Europe, it is growing intolerable, and this is no time to cancel foreign debts amounting to eleven billion dollars. The attitude of the Administration is against cancellation, and Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, although he advocates funding the foreign debt—that is to say, putting it in such a form that the European Governments can be given time and consideration in the payment—feels that for the present at least they should be held accountable.

The second objection to cancellation may perhaps be called a moral one. It is said that, while deserving debtors are often partially or wholly forgiven their debts in order that they may start over again and build themselves up, Europe has not yet proved itself to be a deserving debtor; that the various European Governments are still maintaining arms, manufacturing munitions, and actually fighting and killing each other, and to some extent at least pursuing the policies of political ambition, selfishness, and aggrandizement that led to the Great War. Those who hold this view assert that Europe will never come to her senses, reform her methods, and devote herself to reconstruction and productive industry until she realizes that she must squarely and fairly assume the responsibility of the burdens which she created for herself and for the world by a long course of political and social malfeasance which led to the World War.

SENATOR BORAH'S VIEW

SENATOR BORAH is unquestionably the ablest spokesman of those who believe that, while the United States must do its part in world reconstruction, it can do nothing and ought to do nothing, until there is a reform of spirit and methods in the European countries. We quote his opinion:

There is one thing in all this discussion from abroad relative to can-

celing the foreign debts which is never mentioned. It is wholly ignored in the letter by the British Government addressed to France, but intended for the United States, and that is the subject of disarmament.

The people of the United States could never be greatly interested in any proposition for the cancellation of any part of the debt to the United States unless the proposition is accompanied by a definite and specific plan supported by certain guaranties for practical disarmament, both by land and by sea. There is nothing to be gained by our canceling this debt, or any part of it, if the gigantic military and armament programmes in Europe are to continue. It would amount in practical effect to our aiding and abetting the building up of these great military and armament establishments, and thereby abetting war.

If cancellation is to be at all, it should be considered in the interest of humanity, of economic sanity, and not to enable these countries to build up and maintain these military establishments, these great armies which are now burdening and torturing and threatening Europe and which will lead inevitably to greater suffering, more misery, and more war.

Within the last week the Premier of England has declared: "Keep your eye on what is happening. They [the nations of Europe] are constructing more terrible machines than even the late war ever saw. What for? Not for peace. What are they for? They are not even to disperse armies; they are to attack cities unarmed, where you have defenseless populations to kill, to maim, to poison, to mutilate, to burn helpless women and children."

Now, if this is the situation and this is the programme, and this cannot be changed, it is more or less an impertinence to talk about canceling debts in the name of economic rehabilitation. If these plans and schemes are to continue to go forward, we cannot help Europe by canceling our debt to France or any part of it.

I feel, therefore, that in order to interest anybody who is interested in humanity, or the cause of peace, or the restoration of economic sanity, all schemes for canceling debts should be accompanied by a practical plan for disarmament.

A SUMMARY OF OPINION

NOTWITHSTANDING the opinion of such American financiers of international reputation as Mr. Morgan and Mr. Vanderlip, it is quite apparent that the preponderating sentiment of the country is against cancellation of war debts at the present time. The American people are not of a character, or in a mood, to exact the last pound of flesh. They are rather in the attitude of mind of a merchant who wishes to be just to a bankrupt debtor, and even to hold out a helping hand to him, but does not propose to take any definite steps as to the settlement until he is fully assured

of the character, industry, capacity, and good faith of the debtor. Perhaps the Omaha, Nebraska, "Bee," published in the geographical center of the United States, represents in what it says also the central view-point of the country:

Lord Balfour's note to the European Powers on the subject of war indemnities is a rather awkward attempt to drive a wedge between the United States and those nations that owe money to other nations. . . . Europe's situation will be improved when some imperial programmes are set aside and attention is given to settlement of obligations that rest on all. The way out is not through cancellation of debts, but along the well-known path of hard work.

Senator Hitchcock, also from Nebraska, states the position of the country in this way:

Congress will never authorize cancellation until the American people are convinced that there is no other way to save the situation. If they see American trade destroyed and all other efforts to restore stable conditions fail, then, but not until then, they might consider this proposition.

There is in existence an official body called the Debt Refunding Commission. The view of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, is that this body should go on with its work in preparing a plan for funding foreign obligations to this country. The New York "Times" quotes a high fiscal officer of the Government, presumably Mr. Mellon, as saying, "If the European Governments would make a bona-fide effort all around to balance their budgets, they would be able to pay their debts to this country on any equitable refunding basis."

The question of cancellation has been raised in an acute form at this time by an identic note addressed to the Inter-allied Powers by Lord Balfour, as Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Government of Great Britain. With regard to that note the London "Chronicle" remarks:

The British note definitely lays it down that there can be no financial settlement between Great Britain and her late allies until some settlement is possible with the United States. America is thus once more made the arbiter of the economic fortunes of Europe. It is very likely that the necessity for universal cancellation of all forms of international indebtedness is as plain to the Washington Government as it is to ourselves; but the Washington Government has the American public to consider, and the American public has not yet learned the hard economic lessons with which we in Europe are now only too familiar.

The "Chronicle" is quite right. If the Harding Administration should at this time consent to the implied request of

Lord Balfour, we do not believe that it would be sustained by the country.

THE ILLINOIS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

AFTER intermittent sessions extending over nearly two years, the Illinois Constitutional Convention has practically finished its labors and has formulated a document that will be presented to the people of the State for adoption or rejection December 12 next. Some citizens wanted the Convention to submit its recommendations in the form of separate proposals, as has been done in Ohio, Massachusetts, and other States, but this suggestion was overruled. The people will have to vote upon the matter as a single proposition.

In personnel this Constitutional Convention, the first Illinois has had for over half a century, was an unusual body. It was made up for the most part of leading business and professional men, of conservative temper. As a collective group the Convention floundered for some time. In the last few weeks of its sitting, however, the gathering put the proposed new Constitution into a form much more satisfactory to progressive citizens than had been anticipated.

The provisions relating to Chicago are especially noteworthy. That city, if the new Constitution is approved on a referendum vote, will be given the power to issue such amounts of regular city bonds for the acquisition of and development of transportation facilities as may be necessary for the purpose. This will enable the city of Chicago to take over the surface and elevated lines, to build additional facilities, including subways, and to operate the system itself or to utilize a private or trustee agency for operating purposes. Most of the members of the Illinois Constitutional Convention are personally opposed to the policy of municipal ownership, but they were influenced by the argument that practical conditions in Chicago render it necessary that the city be given power to municipalize the traction system. There is a stipulation that fares must be kept high enough to make the system self-supporting, which means that, while the credit of the city is behind the bonds, it is not expected that taxpayers will be called upon to pay them so long as raising fares can keep the plant self-supporting. It is provided, too, that a municipally owned transportation system must pay taxes like private property. The added borrowing power given may be used only for transportation and water—not for any other utility. It is significant, too, that this added borrowing power for municipal ownership pur-

HOW DOST THOU UNDERSTAND THE SCRIPTURE?

(Hamlet, Act V, Scene 1)

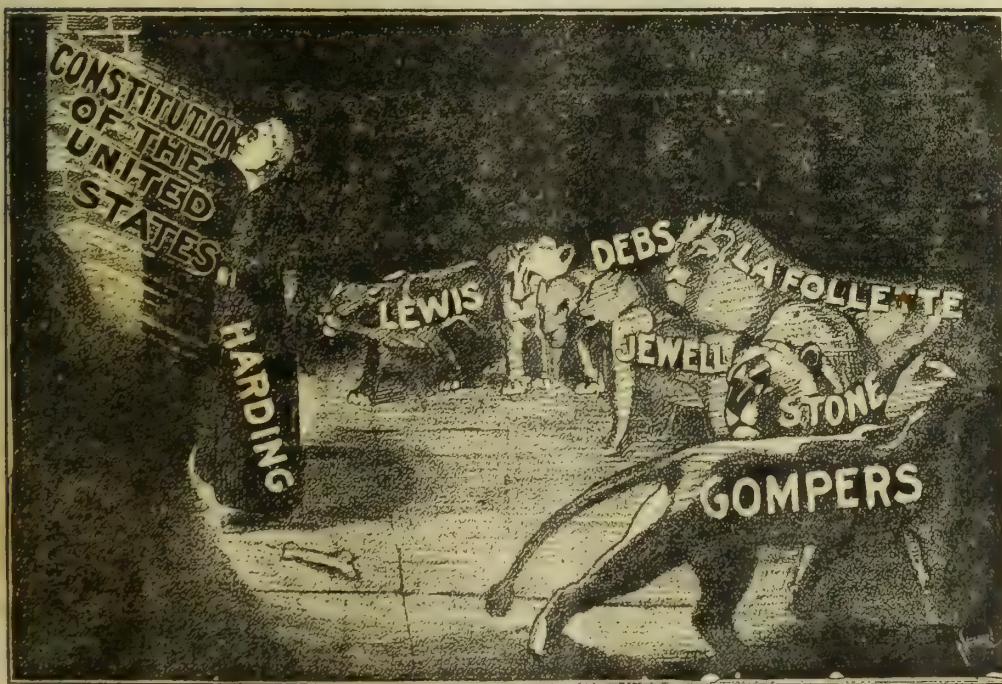
Keys in the Columbus Citizen



WHO'LL BE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER?

From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, Ohio.

Nehin in the Buffalo Commercial



HARDING IN THE LIONS' DEN

Which Will Win—The Constitution or the Lions?

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

poses is given only to Chicago. Some down-State cities wanted the provision made State-wide in scope, but this request was accorded scant consideration.

Chicago also is given by the proposed new Constitution large powers of local self-government, including the right to frame and adopt its own charter. So far as structure of local government is concerned, the charter made by the city itself and adopted on a referendum vote cannot be modified by State law. In the exercise of the powers of government the city is subject to legislative control through general law. Smaller cities in other parts of the State were denied the home-rule charter-making powers granted to Chicago. In many situations heretofore it has been the other way—small and medium sized cities being granted rights denied to the great center of population.

In its earlier days the Convention devoted many hours of bitter discussion to the initiative and referendum and to the limitation of Chicago's representation in the Legislature. The proposal for the initiative and referendum was decisively beaten. The plan to limit Chicago's representation in both houses of the Legislature was backed by down-State leaders and by the Anti-Saloon League. This matter was finally compromised by giving Chicago representation in the lower house in proportion to its voting strength, and limiting it somewhat in the Senate and in future constitutional conventions.

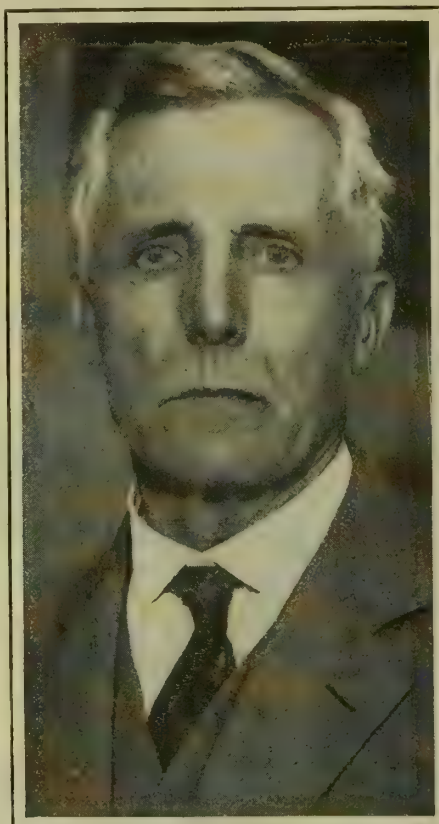
The campaign for and against the proposed new Constitution prior to the election of December 12 promises to be spirited. The Hearst papers will oppose the document because it does not contain the provision for the initiative and referendum. Mayor Thompson's organization also is expected to be in opposition. Mayor Thompson has a particular municipal ownership plan of his own—which many persons think is unworkable—to which the debt limit provision of the new Constitution is considered a rival.

Where a document containing many features is submitted to a referendum vote as one proposition, opposition naturally develops on various grounds, and this Constitution may therefore quite possibly fail of adoption. But if it should be adopted it will be of National interest because it frankly recognizes a problem of government arising out of the rapid growth of great urban centers of population in this country. This problem is to give huge cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, control over their own purely local affairs, like street transit or municipal police, without also giving them

control, by a preponderance in the Legislature, of the local affairs of other communities or of the issues which affect all the people of the State, rural and urban alike.

REBUFF FOR EX-PRESIDENT WILSON

JAMES A. REED, Democrat, of Kansas City, Missouri, has been renominated in the primaries of his party to succeed himself as United States Senator. He



P. & A. Photos

SENATOR REED, OF MISSOURI

has just finished his second term of six years in the Senate.

Mr. Reed was born in 1861 in Ohio; was educated in the public schools and in a small Iowa institution called Coe College; never went to law school, but had his legal education in a law office in Iowa and began practice in that State. He moved to Missouri in 1887, and immediately entered politics. He has been prosecuting attorney of his county, and Democratic Mayor of his city for two terms.

Without a very rich intellectual or cultural background, he is a man of great force and native power of language. He can sway a popular audience by invective which recalls ante-Civil War days. His convictions often seem to be prejudices, but it must be said that he is courageously true to these convictions or prejudices. He is

an old-fashioned Democrat in the sense that he deplores centralized power in any form and is a believer in untrammeled individualism. This deep feeling led him to attack President Wilson's creation of the League of Nations, and thus to enter upon a bitter personal controversy with Mr. Wilson himself.

In this controversy the two men attacked each other, Mr. Wilson using a cold and glittering stiletto, Mr. Reed a hotly swung bludgeon. The result was that when in the early part of this year Mr. Reed signified his intention of entering the Senatorial primaries of Missouri for renomination Mr. Wilson used every power at his command to prevent that renomination. The Missouri Democrats put up as an opponent to Mr. Reed Mr. Breckenridge Long, a St. Louis lawyer of high character and lineage. He is a graduate of Princeton and of the St. Louis Law School, and is an expert in international law. Mr. Wilson supported his candidacy, and by personal letter urged his party in Missouri to repudiate Senator Reed. The struggle between Mr. Long and Senator Reed was a protracted and vigorous one; but, in spite of all the influence which Mr. Wilson could exert, Mr. Reed was renominated. This result may be fairly taken as a repudiation by the Democrats of Missouri of Mr. Wilson's policies and leadership.

UMPIRES AND MORALS

THE American people want their amusements decently, honestly, and fairly administered. At least this is a reasonable inference from the fact that the three great amusement trusts—if we may use that much-abused and often misunderstood designation—have each appointed a prominent man to act as an umpire of their moral conduct. Professional baseball, the motion-picture industry, and the theater are these three amusement trusts, and they may justly be so called because each of them is in the hands of a comparatively small group of men.

The professional baseball interests were the first to take this method of winning back a somewhat shaken public confidence. They appointed Judge Landis, a distinguished Justice of one of the high Federal courts, at a large salary and with comprehensive authority, to root out bribery and corruption among the players and to adjudicate in financial or other disputes among the owners of the baseball clubs. Judge Landis at once attracted public attention by severely disciplining "Babe" Ruth, one of the most popular and highly paid professional baseball players of the day.

These plans seem to have worked so

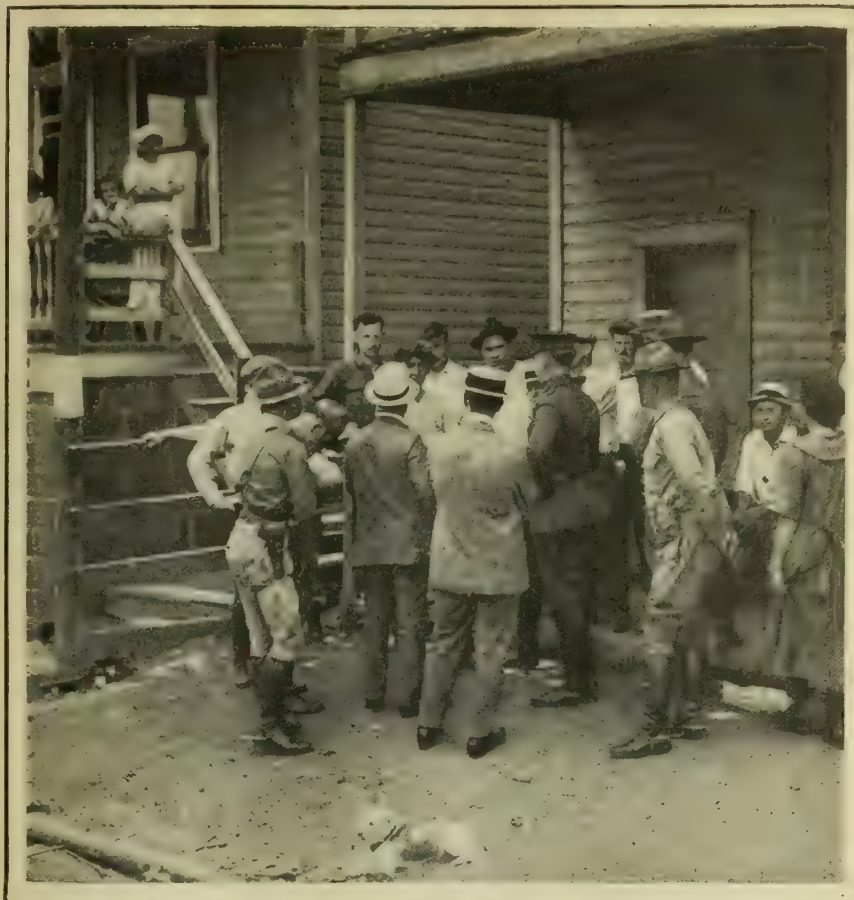
well in baseball that the moving-picture men obtained the services of ex-Postmaster-General Hays to perform the same function in their industry. Mr. Hays has a large and well-organized office in New York City, where he not only attempts to co-ordinate the conflicting interests of the moving-picture business, but to exercise some control at least over decency and good taste in the production of films. It is too soon yet to form any judgment as to the effectiveness of his work, although it may be said that his plans and purposes are high, and if they can be carried out they will be serviceable both to the moving-picture producers and to the public.

The other great amusement business to adopt this method of appointing a grand umpire or referee is the Producing Theatrical Managers' Association. They have named Mr. Augustus Thomas for a term of three years, at what is said to be a large salary, to act as a judge of last resort in any contentious questions connected with the Association. In a newspaper interview Mr. Thomas intimated that he did not believe in Governmental censorship of the stage:

"Once we are functioning," he said, "we can get to a matter like this before the police do, and thus save a lot of trouble. As a matter of fact, there is little need for condemnation or alarm in that direction. The theater is governed generally by men of true instincts and of intelligence, and the occasional questionable plays have been overshadowed by the production of good stuff. Only those who know the theater are capable of giving it proper care, and it is my hope that the Producing Managers' Association will be antiseptic instead of corrosive. . . . I am going to try to bring harmony to all the interests that make up the theater and the stage—actors, managers, dramatists, artists, etc. And differences that arise between the members of the Managers' Association over the interpretation of contract clauses and the like I shall try to iron out. But I'm not going to be as autocratic as Judge Landis. He can reach out and put Babe Ruth off the field for a month, but my big stick is going to be mainly talk."

Mr. Thomas has been a successful actor, and is now dean of American playwrights. He is a cultivated gentleman, and he has the advantage of both high standards and of a practical knowledge of the theater. He ought to be able in his new position to do good service to his profession. We shall print next week an interview obtained from him by a representative of *The Outlook*.

A passion for umpires seems to have penetrated even the field of publishing, and it has been suggested by Mr. Sumner, the successor of Anthony Comstock,



P & A Photos

A CAPTAIN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE WARNING STRIKING MINERS NOT TO CONGREGATE IN GROUPS OF MORE THAN THREE

that the publishers ought to appoint a head man who can tell them how to print decent literature if they do not want to be subjected to Government censorship. The suggestion has aroused vigorous opposition on the part of the publishers, and this opposition seems to us to be natural and proper. In the case of baseball, moving pictures, and the theater, there are questions of contracts, agreements with players, wages, and other social questions within the industry itself which the umpire must settle, but there are no controversies exactly similar in the publishing trade. After all, decency and good taste are matters of instinct and education, and, while regulation and sometimes law can help, the most effective way to put a stop to "thrown" baseball games, suggestive or crime-exciting moving pictures, and indecent novels is for the public to refuse to pay money for their production.

THE COAL STRIKE CONTINUED

OVERSHADOWED by the railway strike as it developed during the first week of August, the strike of the coal miners has been receiving a diminishing public attention. This is not because there has been any less apprehension of a coal shortage, but because people gen-

erally have recognized the railway strike as perhaps contributing even more to the dangers of the situation than the strike of the miners themselves. These two major strikes, occurring at the same time, have created a situation quite unprecedented in America. Although winter is still many weeks away, the danger of a real disaster to industry because of the lack of coal when snow and ice will make transportation difficult, is recognized as acute.

The failure of the National Administration so far to bring about an end of the coal strike and the appeal of the President to the Governors of the States have resulted in some State action. In many places the militia or State police have been on guard. In Indiana, Governor McCreary has declared martial law in a territory of about eight square miles in Clay County, and has seized two mines for State operation and invited Indiana miners to work in the strip mines at the wages in vogue on March 31. Though nothing that the Administration has done has seemed to bring an end of the coal strike nearer, its action has done much to provide a fair distribution of the coal supplies that will be available. For this purpose Henry B. Spencer, former Vice-President



P & A Photos

EVICTED PENNSYLVANIA MINERS TRYING TO MAKE NEW HOMES OUTDOORS AND IN TENTS

of the Southern Railway and during the war the purchasing agent for the Federal Railway Administration, has been appointed by President Harding as Fuel Distributer. The Federal Coal Board, under his general direction, will ultimately take the entire output of the coal mines of the country and will distribute it according to the needs of the various interests. Offices have been opened in various parts of the country. A railway coal committee will apportion coal supplies to the different railways. By this means, though the production of coal will not be directly affected, the evils of the coal famine will be minimized.

In the meantime a conference was held in Cleveland between representative mine operators and mine workers. On Monday of last week Mr. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, declared that as a result of the conference a settlement of the strike was only a matter of a few days. There are indications that some of the miners are drifting back to work, but it is virtually certain that no resumption of mining can take place without some organized action. It is clearer than ever that the Nation needs an authoritative coal commission which will have authority to ascertain the facts and, as occasion requires, promote conciliation or provide arbitration. It will be folly for the country to ignore the lesson of this strike when the exigency ends.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

A GENERATION ago, when Mary N. Murfree wrote her romance of Tennessee, "The Prophet of the Great

Smoky Mountains," the emphasis in American short-story writing was being placed on local color. Mary Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett gave us the local color of New England; George Cable, that of Louisiana; and so over almost every section of the country. But the Southern mountains and the life and character of their people were then practically an unknown subject in fiction. It was before the time when John Fox had utilized the Kentucky mountains and before the same region had been treated, less dramatically but far more realistically and feelingly, by Lucy Furman in her "Mothering on Perilous," lately followed by her equally delightful tale, "The Quare Women," which again is most interestingly supplemented by Laura Spencer Portor in the current "Harper's Monthly" in her bit of reminiscence called "In Search of Local Color."

Miss Murfree really discovered a new field. She utilized it to the full from the romantic and the descriptive point of view in her first book. Yet the vigor of the book was such that her pen-name, Charles Egbert Craddock, was generally accepted at its face value and the author was believed to be a man.

Other novels followed "In the Tennessee Mountains" and "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," varying of course in ability and interest, but none attained anything like the popularity of the first two romances. The reason was that Miss Murfree, like many other writers of fiction, abandoned her natural line of writing and attempted to be over-subtle and to deal too philosophically with life problems. Even in her

best books she also inclined to rest too strongly on descriptions of marvelous scenery. She was often accused of hauling the moon over the Tennessee mountains too often and too lingeringly, and in one instance, if we remember rightly, of causing it to rise in a part of the sky never intended by nature for moonrise. One or two of her books attempted historical themes, but with no very great success. On the other hand, many of us remember with pleasure Miss Murfree's short stories, afterwards collected in book form; they reproduced the primitive and sturdy character of the Tennessee mountaineers as well as anything she did. Her stories for children were also of excellent quality.

Personally, Miss Murfree, who died in Murfreesboro on August 1, was a most interesting woman; her lameness led her in early life to devote herself to reading, and she had made a thorough study of the history of her own State. She was a direct descendant of Colonel Hardy Murfree, a Revolutionary officer of distinction, from whom the town in which she lived so long was named.

VISIBLE SOUND WAVES

A WEIRD phenomenon reported several times during the late war was the appearance in the sky during heavy cannonading of rapidly moving parallel arcs of light and shade. They were generally seen against a background of clouds, but sometimes they swept across the blue sky. These arcs were the sound waves from the discharge of the great guns, made visible by the varying refraction of light passing through the alternate zones of condensation and

rarefaction which constitute such waves in the atmosphere.

A phenomenon of similar character has sometimes been seen in connection with the explosive outbursts of volcanoes in eruption. The accompanying photograph was taken by Professor Frank A. Perret, the well-known vulcanologist, during an eruption of Vesuvius. Watching the cloud of smoke and dust above the crater, he observed that at each explosion a thin luminous ring flashed outward and upward from the volcano and disappeared in space. The movement of the rings was much more rapid than that of the material ejected from the crater. As their speed corresponded roughly with the speed of sound in the atmosphere (about one-fifth of a mile per second), there could be little doubt that they were, in fact, visible sound waves. Professor Perret named them "flashing arcs."

These swiftly moving rings were not bright enough to be photographed. In the accompanying picture they were added by Professor Perret himself after the photograph was developed.



"FLASHING ARCS" OVER MOUNT VESUVIUS

transportation industry is proportioned to the length of their service, should be placed in a position of inferiority to a limited number of men who have been employed as substitutes for these experienced railroad workers. The demand that such a wrong should be perpetrated as a penalty against men who have exercised a fundamental and admitted right not to render service under non-acceptable conditions was so unfair that we could not believe it would receive the sanction of any impartial judgment.

It seems to us manifest injustice that the striking railway men should ask for the full restoration of their seniority rights. Men "who have given four to forty years' service" should have thought of their seniority position before they entered upon a carefully planned enterprise to tie up the transportation of the country. The strikers felt that the wrongs they were suffering were so great that the only remedy was war. When a man makes war, he must take the consequences of his act. It was Emerson, we think, who said: "If you strike a king you must kill him." A man who strikes a blow, and when his blow, intended to cripple if not to kill, fails of its object asks to be taken back again into all the rights and privileges of the friendly relations which he has abandoned and attacked is, to say the least, not playing the game. Seniority rights in industry are given, as we understand it, for faithful, continued, and loyal service. No one recognizes more clearly and fully than we do the right of any man, who is not under a specified contract, to cease work whenever he chooses to do so; but no man can both have his cake and eat it. If he chooses to strike, he cannot at the same time

claim the rewards offered for not striking. If organized labor prefers the method of warfare to the method of arbitration for settling industrial disputes, it ought to be able to take the consequences of warfare without whining and complaint.

As reported in our news pages, the President has withdrawn his insistence upon the restoration of seniority rights and urges both sides to submit the disputed point to the arbitral decision of the Labor Board. If that body should decide for complete restoration, we cannot see that what the Portland "Oregonian" calls the moral issue of abandoning the loyal and rewarding the disloyal men will be any more justly settled than by the President's original request. What will probably happen, however, is that the Labor Board, if the managers and strikers ultimately consent to the new proposal, will find some way of compromise by which the loyal and newly employed workmen will have their rights reasonably protected and the returned strikers will preserve at least some of their seniority privileges, and thus the faces of all concerned will be saved. The great advantage of such an outcome is that the authority of the Railroad Labor Board in industrial disputes will be much strengthened. While the railway executives could not with self-respect, we think, assent to the President's first proposal, they may, we believe, consent to arbitration by the Labor Board, for the responsibility of the relations of the returned strikers to the loyal and new men in the railway shops will be shifted from their shoulders to those of the Labor Board.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE

ELSEWHERE in this issue the story is told of President Harding's proposal of terms of settlement of the railway strike, and the opinions of representative newspapers and several distinguished State Governors regarding those terms.

It is quite apparent that the President's proposal to restore unimpaired seniority rights to returning strikers is not generally approved by the country. The attitude of the Administration since the plan was published is one of the most telling evidences that it has made a mistake in urging the restoration of seniority. Inspired statements have been given out in Washington to the effect that the Administration regards the seniority question as of minor importance, and Secretary Hoover telegraphs The Outlook, in response to a request for the Government's reasons for advocating a restoration of seniority rights to the strikers, "We feel that a public statement in the nature you suggest probably would not contribute to the solution." The strikers themselves evidently do not consider that the seniority proposal is a minor matter. In telegraphing President Harding their acceptance of his proposals, the striking railway shopmen said:

It would certainly be a wholesale injustice of unparalleled extent if hundreds of thousands of experienced men who have given four to forty years' service, and whose value to the

There is one other aspect of the railway situation brought about by the present strike which we wish the railway executives would carefully consider. We have referred to it in these columns more than once. The people of the United States are never going back to the period of irresponsible private operation of railways. They will either require successful operation under Government regulation or they will turn to Government ownership and operation. Now we do not advocate Government ownership and operation. We think we realize its economic, financial, and political dangers; but the American people are getting restive; their patience is being exhausted by broken-down locomotives, dilatory trains, and bad shipment of freight. The managers may say that it is not their fault; that it is the fault of perverse and obstinate workmen. If, however, the railway executives cannot find a way to get on with their employees, the people, in spite of the dangers of bureaucracy, will

turn in impatience, if not in despair, to Uncle Sam. Their psychology will be that of a school board trying to settle a serious controversy between a school principal and his teachers and pupils. Controversy has thrown the school into disorder; teachers are disgruntled and pupils rebellious; the school principal asserts that it is not his fault; that he has made reasonable rules and regulations, and that the teachers and pupils will not carry them out. Perhaps his rules and regulations are reasonable, but somehow or other he fails to convince his subordinates and students of that fact. Finally, the school board says: "We are sorry, perhaps you have done the best you could, but we cannot have this school go on in this disorganized and inefficient fashion, and we are going to try another principal."

If railway strikes and disorganization continue, it is in this spirit that the long-suffering public will turn to Government ownership.

THE INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, who died at the age of seventy-five, on August 2, at his Cape Breton Island home, had only one possible rival to the claim of being the greatest American inventor of our time—Thomas Edison. It is said that in money value the telephone patents have never been equaled. When, on March 10, 1876, Mr. Bell's assistant, Thomas A. Watson, heard Bell's voice over the wire saying, "Watson, come here, I want you," the occasion was comparable with that of Morse's famous telegraph message, "What hath God wrought!"

Many of us remember our marvel at the telephone at the Philadelphia Centennial, but probably few dreamed of its boundless possibilities of expansion. Today in office and home the telephone has become a commonplace, but also a prime necessity. No doubt we could exist without it, but one can hardly conceive of the blow its removal would give to business and to prompt communication. One lifts his phone from the desk as naturally as he snaps on his electric light or turns his water faucet; its constant use has worn off the feeling that it is all but a scientific miracle, and even the wonder of wireless telephony is becoming ordinary. In many cities the telephone book has supplanted the directory. New York City has about a million phones; there are thirteen million in the country; the extension of the far-distance use of the telephone has gone on by leaps and bounds, and Bell's first

UNCLE SAM AND THE BAD BOYS

Three stages of action by three cartoonists: 1. Intervention. 2. Discipline. 3. Action.

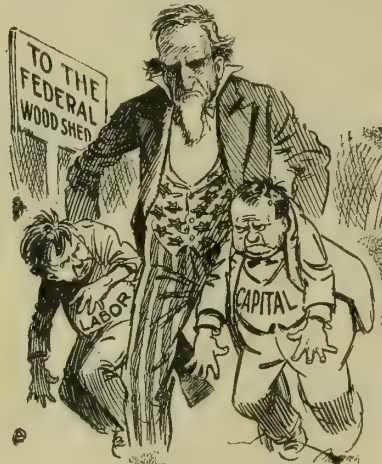
Halladay in the Providence Journal



TIME TO STOP IT

From Albert E. Pearson, Edgewood, R. I.

Morris in the Buffalo Commercial



QUARRELING AGAIN

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Darling in the Los Angeles Express



TALK TURKEY TO 'EM, UNCLE

From R. L. Vivian, Los Angeles, Cal.

message to Watson was some time ago repeated from coast to coast between the two inventors. New appliances constantly aid the extent and facility of transmission, but it is hard to imagine that anything may ever supplant the telephone. Its growth has been by geometrical progression; each new thousand instruments put in has led to multiples of the original number.

It is rare that an inventor lives to watch the vast increase and usefulness of his contribution to human comfort and universal usefulness as Dr. Bell lived. He was not thirty years old when the basic patents of the telephone were issued, so that for forty-five years he enjoyed recognition and the practical fulfillment of the youthful dream of his young genius. There were two rival claimants, but neither established priority; as with many other scientific discoveries, more than one mind was working on the same problem.

Dr. Bell was neither a financier nor an industrial promoter. He was by nature a scientist. Oddly enough, he did not approach his great discovery from the electrical side. Like his father before him, Dr. Bell was strongly interested in aiding deaf-mutes, and out of his special knowledge of acoustics and the human ear grew his experiments in transmitting sound. He once said:

I now realize that I never should have invented the telephone if I had been an electrician. What electrician would have been so foolish as to try any such thing? The advantage I had was that sound had been the study of my life—the study of vibrations. I confess I do not understand to-night how a man can talk in Arlington, across the river from Washington, and a man on the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, hears him. I dare admit I blazed the way, but the great discoveries and developments that followed called for the correlation of many minds.

It must not be thought that Bell was a man of one idea; he was a searcher in many directions; he contributed to our knowledge of aeronautics; of the photophone he spoke in a recent magazine article as scientifically the most promising of his discoveries; his telephone probe was used in finding the bullet that killed President Garfield; he has made novel suggestions as to household economy in heat. His spirit of inquiry and helpfulness remained active all his life.

The achievement, vision, and personal buoyance of this great inventor are an exposition of much that is strongest and most admirable in American character. There is no need of a statue in any Hall of Fame to insure Bell's pre-eminence in the realm of invention.

SENIORITY AND THE RAILWAY STRIKE

A RÉSUMÉ OF PUBLIC AND OFFICIAL OPINION

ON August 1 Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, personally presented to a conference of railway executives in New York a letter from President Harding containing the following conditions for a settlement of the railway strike:

PRESIDENT HARDING'S PROPOSAL

First—Railway managers and workmen are to agree to recognize the validity of all decisions of the Railroad Labor Board, and to faithfully carry out such decisions as contemplated by the law.

Second—The carriers will withdraw all lawsuits growing out of the strike, and Railroad Labor Board decisions which have been involved in the strike may be taken, in the exercise of recognized rights by either party, to the Railroad Labor Board for rehearing.

Third—All employees now on strike to be returned to work and to their former positions with seniority and other rights unimpaired. The representatives of the carriers and the representatives of the organizations especially agree that there will be no discrimination by either party against the employees who did or did not strike.

The railway executives at once accepted the first and second conditions, but declined to accept the third on the ground that to take the strikers back without any impairment of their seniority rights and privileges would be unjust to the men who remained at work and to the new men who have been employed.

For nearly two weeks discussion has raged about the word "seniority." Are seniority rights important, and, if so, is it just to restore the strikers to their old jobs with their seniority rank and privileges exactly as they were before the strike?

In order to get the facts upon which an intelligent answer to this question may be obtained The Outlook sent an identical telegram to the Governors of the forty-eight States of the Union and to a selected list of daily newspapers in the Middle West and Pacific States, asking for the sentiment of their communities on the President's plan and the proposal to restore the seniority rights of the strikers.

THE TELEGRAM

What is your opinion and what is public sentiment in your community regarding the President's proposed settlement of the railway strike, especially his treatment of the seniority question. A telegraphic answer collected will greatly oblige The Outlook.

August 2, 1922.

The Governors appear to be rather cautious about touching a question which may involve a delicate political situation. Telegraphic answers have

been received from seven of the forty-eight, and those seven, we are happy to say, are illuminating and valuable. Their telegrams read as follows:

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA (PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRAT)

I do not see how with honor railroad companies can reinstate men who left their employ with full seniority rights after their places have been filled. In my judgment, the general opinion is against President Harding's decision.

JOHN M. PARKER,
Governor.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana, August 2, 1922.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA (REPUBLICAN)

While I fully understand the President's anxiety to end the shop craft strike upon the railroads, I cannot [but] feel that to ignore the question of seniority of faithful employees and those who have risked their safety by accepting employment during the strike will put a premium upon future strikes and will encourage disregard of the Labor Board's decisions. The men who struck did so against the ruling of the Governmental authority in which regulation of labor questions is placed by law, and if any body of men may with impunity tie up the transportation system of the country and imperil the public welfare the Federal regulation of the railroads is unsuccessful. I believe this is the general sentiment among those who have given the matter any thought.

WILLIAM C. SROUL,
Governor of Pennsylvania.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, August 2, 1922.

FROM THE EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF GOVERNOR SHOUP, OF COLORADO (REPUBLICAN)

Governor absent. Public sentiment is not yet pronounced regarding President's proposed settlement of railway strike. Railway operation in this section fairly satisfactory.

E. R. HARPER,
Secretary.

Denver, Colorado, August 3, 1922.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA (REPUBLICAN)

I assumed that the President and his Cabinet had gone carefully into all of the facts relating to the railway strike before making his proposal, and on this assumption I was hopeful that it would be accepted by both parties. I recognized, however, that if employers are to maintain discipline in their organization and treat fairly with all employees they must have rules to which they can rigidly adhere. Seniority, when it is justly applied, is as beneficial to the employees as to the employer, and should therefore be regarded as a factor in contractual agreements between employer and employee that should not be waived to the detriment of either party.

SAMUEL R. MCKELVIE,
Governor.

Lincoln, Nebraska, August 3, 1922.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO (REPUBLICAN)

It is my belief that President Harding is doing everything in his power to settle the railroad strike. It is still to be hoped that his efforts will meet with success. Not knowing all that transpired in his conference with both railway workmen and employers, I do not feel called upon to pass judgment on the action he has taken. I have every confidence in his ability and honesty of purpose in the tremendous task that is before him in this attempt to bring these two great forces to an amicable agreement. The people of Ohio are patiently awaiting the final outcome of the efforts the President is now putting forth to advance the best interests of the entire country and are sanguine of success.

HARRY L. DAVIS,
Governor of Ohio.

Columbus, Ohio, August 4, 1922.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA (REPUBLICAN)

Sentiment in Arizona favorable to President's proposed settlement of railroad strike. Seniority question not generally understood and little discussed. Personally I feel the President's plan is fair and square. A firm application of the big stick right now will bring results. No disorder in Arizona, and there will not be.

THOMAS E. CAMPBELL,
Governor.

Phoenix, Arizona, August 4, 1922.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS (REPUBLICAN)

There are certain fundamental issues involved in this strike, and these should not be ignored for the purpose of forcing a settlement. The men who refused to accept the decision of the Federal Labor Board followed this refusal by an effort to paralyze the transportation facilities of the country. They showed respect neither for the law which created the labor tribunal nor for the public whose welfare was dependent upon the continuance of transportation. They deliberately set their judgment against the two-thirds decision of the judicial tribunal and sacrificed their seniority rights with full knowledge that their refusal to abide by the Labor Board decision would terminate these rights with their companies. The companies guaranteed a square deal to the men who remained at work and to those who came in to help meet the emergency. To require the companies to break this pledge to the new men would be to advocate bad faith. While the public is deeply concerned for the settlement of the strike and will stand behind the President in every fair effort he makes, they feel that the honor of the Government should not be compromised, the dignified effort of the Labor Board entirely thrown away, nor the rights of the men now at work to a square deal deliberately ignored. They feel now that the only course left is for the President to urge



(C) Paul Thompson

HENRY J. ALLEN, OF KANSAS



(C) Harris & Ewing

SAMUEL R. MCKELVIE, OF NEBRASKA



(C) Harris & Ewing

HARRY L. DAVIS, OF OHIO



Paul Thompson

OLIVER H. SHOUP, OF COLORADO

GOVERNORS WHO ANSWER THE OUTLOOK'S QUESTION

an amendment to the Railroad Labor Board Law giving to that Board the power to enforce its decision.

HENRY J. ALLEN,
Governor.

Topeka, Kansas, August 3, 1922.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S VIEW

Quite as significant, perhaps, as these interesting gubernatorial telegrams is the opinion of the Administration itself. When telegraphing to the Governors we addressed the following despatch to Secretary Hoover:

August 3, 1922.

Hon. Herbert Hoover,
Secretary of Commerce,
Washington, D. C.

Will you send us by telegraph collect for our information and unless you forbid for printing under your name statement of Administration's reasons for restoring seniority rights to railway strikers?

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY.

To this request Mr. Hoover sent the following telegram:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 4, 1922.

The Outlook Company.

We feel that a public statement in the nature you suggest probably would not contribute to the solution.

HERBERT HOOVER.

NEWSPAPER OPINION

The following telegraphic replies were received from a number of representative newspapers in response to The Outlook's request. The Charleston (South Carolina) "News and Courier," an able and conservative reflector of Southern thought, thinks that the President is too late:

The fatal defect in President Harding's plan was that it came at least three weeks too late. If he had acted promptly, as he should have done, a settlement could have been effected early in July. After waiting until the Labor Board had declared the strike an outlaw strike, and until after the railroads had been encouraged, acting under this declaration, to employ new workers to take the places vacated by the strikers, the right acquired by these new workers and by the men who remained loyal cannot be brushed aside or disregarded as the President's plan suggested.

"THE NEWS AND COURIER."

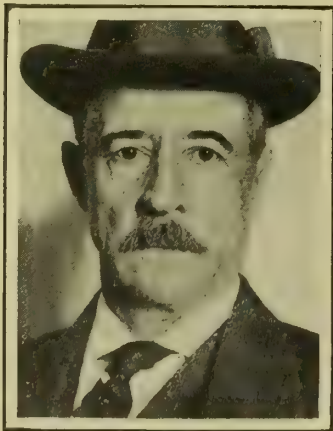
The Cleveland (Ohio) "Plain Dealer," a reasonable representative of Republican opinion in the President's own State, wishes to leave the seniority question to the Labor Board itself:

The Labor Board has all the facts

involved in the controversy. It is the representative of the public and the Government in this dispute, entrusted with the responsibility of making fair and equitable adjustments between capital and labor employed in the transportation field. The Transportation Law provides special means by which controversies must be brought to that agency for adjudication, but in a National emergency of this kind technicalities might well be waived and the President as responsible leader in this matter ask both groups to end the strike and to resume operations on the basis of conditions existing either when the strike was called or those laid down in the recent ruling of the Labor Board, pending its decision on the seniority as well as the wage question. Such an agreement would end the strike at once, which is admittedly the main consideration, and would go far toward establishing the Labor Board as a Government agency for preventing interruption of transportation service in the future. "PLAIN DEALER."

The Chicago "Evening Post," an independent journal that has influence with the best class of intellectual opinion, wonders what induced the President to take so unfortunate a step:

No argument, aside from that of



Bain

JOHN M. PARKER, OF LOUISIANA



Paul Thompson

THOMAS E. CAMPBELL, OF ARIZONA



Bain

WILLIAM C. SPROUL, OF PENNSYLVANIA

GOVERNORS WHO ANSWER THE OUTLOOK'S QUESTION

public need, can be offered against the contention that justice demands the protection of the men recently employed by the Railroad Companies as well as those who remained loyal when the strikers quit work. Whether public need is sufficient reason for setting aside this obvious requirement of fair dealing may be open to discussion. We are inclined to think some other way of meeting public need must be found. Men who deliberately choose industrial warfare as a method of obtaining their ends should be required to accept the consequences of the method. We may be prepared for the time to tolerate the strike as a legal means of controversy, but we are under no obligation to free it from all risk of loss to those who adopt it. The situation is unfortunate from the standpoint of the country, and there will be a good deal of wonderment as to what considerations induced the hope in the President's mind that his threefold proposal would be acceptable to the railroads.

"POST."

From Minneapolis the "Tribune," highly regarded in the progressive State of Minnesota, expresses its amazement at the President's proposal:

The "Tribune" is constrained to confess its amazement at the President's plan to bring about a settlement of the shopmen's strike. Like a great many others, we are at a loss to understand the thought processes by which the President arrived at the seniority proposals he made the railroad executives. On the word of the Labor Board the railroads promised permanent positions to all men who stayed at work or who came to work. The good faith of the railroad executives, as well as of the Labor Board, was pledged, rightly or wrongly. Yet in the face of this patent fact the President asks for a repudiation on the part of the executives, which repudiation would also be disobedience to the Labor Board. As matter now stands we do not see how the members of Labor Board can continue to hold office.

MINNEAPOLIS "TRIBUNE."

The Omaha, Nebraska, "Bee," strict in its Republicanism, a competitor and rival of Senator Hitchcock's newspaper, the Omaha "World-Herald," widely read but hardly so influential with independent readers as in the days of its eminent founder, Victor Rosewater, Sr., is proud of the President:

Originating as a labor dispute, the shopmen's strike has become a Governmental problem. The President, who bided his time, has now made a final emphatic declaration which reveals him to the very men who cast suspicion on his motives, as the spokesman, not for any class, but for the whole people and the higher good. To those who have shown their faith in the President this is a proud moment. It is a time for rejoicing on the part of all Americans who set the general welfare above special privilege to any class. OMAHA "BEE."

In the Rocky Mountain region no

newspaper is more respected than the "Idaho Statesman" of Boise, Idaho. Its telegram is succinct and effective:

The railroads are running by help of men who remained on the job and by new ones promised permanent positions by open letters from the Presidents of the railways. If the railroads yield on the seniority question, the roads will not run when the next strike occurs. We think the President's action unwise.

"IDAHO STATESMAN."

The three Pacific Coast States—California, Oregon, and Washington—evidently have very definite opinions on the seniority question. Three strong newspapers of that region, all Independent Republican in their political sympathies, have telegraphed us their views. The Los Angeles, California, "Times," which has long had a reputation as a fearless fighter for what it believes to be the rights of the public in labor controversies and has sometimes suffered physically in consequence, wires The Outlook as follows:

We feel that the railroads were right in keeping faith with the men employed in positions left vacant by strikers. The strikers abandoned their seniority with full knowledge they were doing so when they abandoned their jobs in an attempt to embarrass the conduct of traffic. The men who took their places did so in good faith, in the face of danger, and in pursuance of their Constitutional right to sell their labor as free men. The suggested compromise, if adopted, would make their jobs untenable. For the railroads to thrust them aside in favor of the strikers would be the depths of dishonor, and if continued as a systematic plan in future strikes would result in industrial disaster. The certain result of the proposed compromise would be to strengthen the closed shop everywhere and encourage future strikes.

THE LOS ANGELES "TIMES."

The proprietor of the Spokane, Washington, "Spokesman-Review" has for many years been a supporter of the social and political policies of Theodore Roosevelt. The telegram of the "Spokesman-Review" indicates that it regards the seniority proposal made to the railway executives as a violation of "the square deal:"

It is apparent that the negotiations broke down because the heads of the railroads could not bring themselves to acceptance of the injustice of returning the strikers to their old positions with seniority rights over the loyal men who stood by the railroads and the public. To do that would set a premium on striking and a penalty on faithfulness, the railway chiefs contended, and to that conviction there is no adequate answer. The nearest approach to it was the argument presented by Secretary Hoover that the Administration considers that maintenance of the authority of the Labor Board far transcends the principle of seniority. At the moment it is im-

possible to forecast public opinion on the clear-cut issue thus raised by the refusal of the railway executives to yield their convictions of duty to their loyal employees. It is difficult not to sympathize with them in their dilemma.

"SPOKESMAN-REVIEW."

Lastly, the Portland "Oregonian," for forty years a defender of high social, economic, and political standards on the Pacific coast, points out in its telegram that the seniority question involves, not an industrial, but a moral issue.

Seniority, in our understanding, involves the right of shopmen who by their own acts and statements and by pronouncement of an arm of the Government—the Labor Board—have ceased to be employees of the railroads. It involves the right of ex-employees to return to their positions and oust men employed on the representation that they were performing a patriotic service, and employed also with the widely advertised promise that their positions would be permanent and that they would be protected by the Government therein. From the moral standpoint, it matters not whether these new men are as desirable mechanics as the men who have lately quit their jobs. Bad faith is bad faith. It is not rendered less obnoxious by the facts that it is advocated by so exalted a person as the President of the United States and that it is directed against citizens of lesser importance and influence. The public is probably not yet fully aware of the significance of seniority rights. When it is, we are confident that it will support the moral side of the issue.

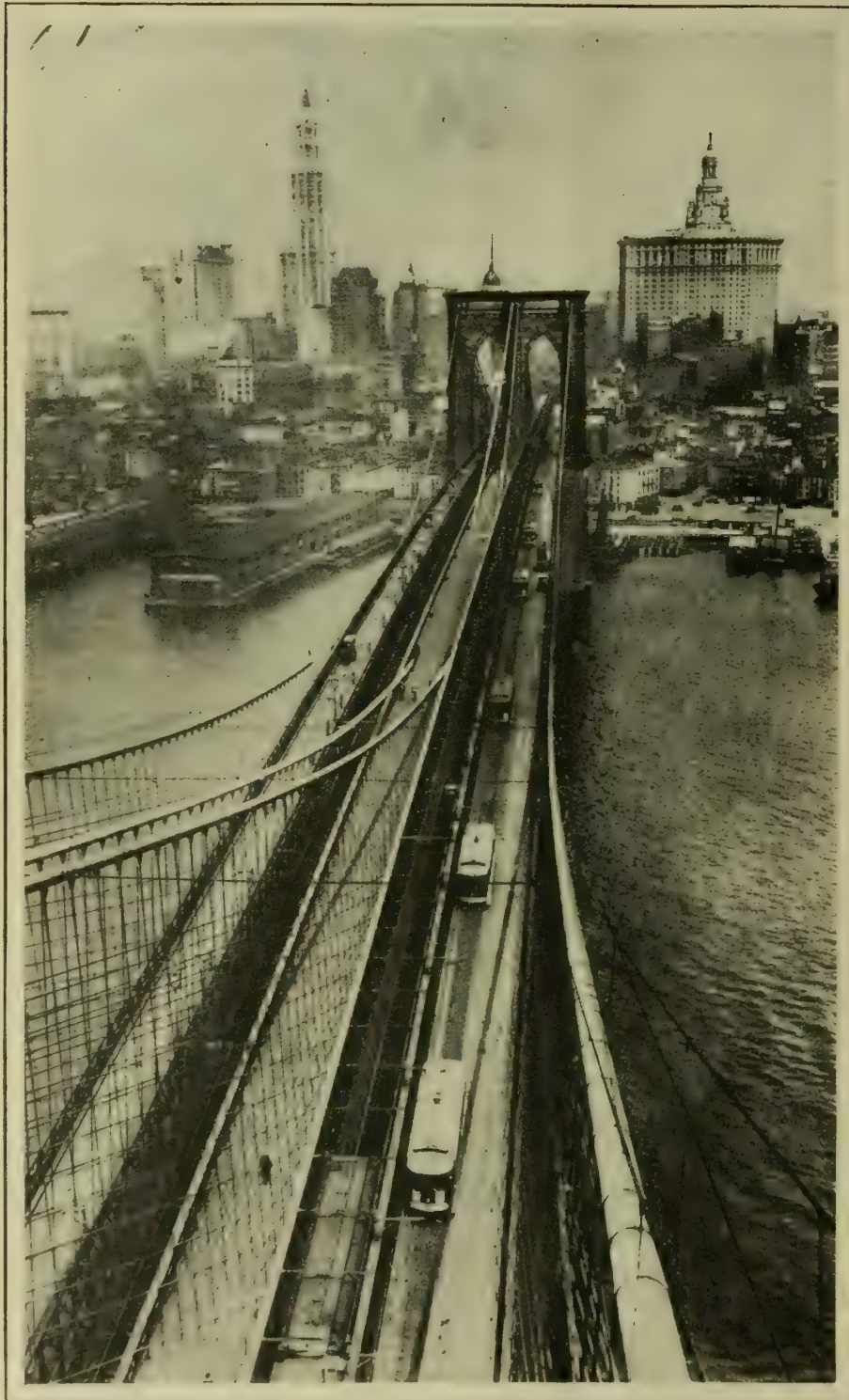
"OREGONIAN."

The foregoing expressions of official and public opinion are not, of course, from every political party or every geographical section of the United States. But they are sufficiently representative, we think, to indicate a very strong and influential opposition to the President's first seniority proposal.

On August 7, after the receipt of the telegraphic comment here printed, President Harding issued another call to both railway executives and railway strikers urging them to submit the disputed question of seniority to the Railroad Labor Board, thus receding from his original position of insisting upon the restoration of seniority rights unimpaired. The Railroad Labor Board by formal resolution has expressed its willingness to adjudicate the question of seniority rights if that question should be submitted to it. Both executives and strikers have expressed dissatisfaction with the new proposal—the strikers evidently and naturally preferring an absolute provision made by the President in their favor to an arbitration by the Labor Board; and the executives taking the ground that if the restoration of seniority is inherently unjust a decision by the Labor Board cannot make it any more just than a decision by the President.

The Outlook's views will be found expressed in an editorial on another page.

AN AMERICAN MONUMENT TO ENGINEERING SKILL



International

BROOKLYN BRIDGE AS SEEN FROM THE TOWER AT THE BROOKLYN END

When the New York City Commissioner of Docks and Bridges declared the other day that one of the cables supporting the Brooklyn Bridge was slipping and that the bridge might have to be rebuilt or replaced, the people not only of New York but of the Nation suddenly remembered what most of them had forgotten—that in this bridge they possess one of the greatest and most beautiful structures in the world. Not even the skyscrapers that have shot up since it was first built have impaired its dignity. The alarm about it is needless. Engineering authorities pronounce it perfectly safe. To lessen the strain upon it there may be some changes in traffic to reduce its "live load;" but its strength, like its dignity, remains unimpaired.

A EUROPEAN MONUMENT TO PATRIOTIC SACRIFICE



Wide World Photos

THE CEREMONY AT THE DEDICATION OF A MEMORIAL TO THE FIRST VICTIM OF GERMANY'S AGGRESSION

People's memories are short. Eight years ago France at this time was withstanding almost alone the shock of the massed troops of the Central Empires, which, if successful, would have made Germany as ruthlessly despotic a power as ever was Assyria or Babylon. To-day this has apparently passed out of the minds of many men who would be paying taxes to German tax-collectors except for what France then did—and did practically alone. The first man to fall in that onslaught was a French corporal, André Peugeot by name. Where he fell, at Jonchery, in Belfort, a monument has been erected, and, as pictured above, recently dedicated

STATESMANSHIP RUN WILD

BY CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

CANUTE, mighty statesman and king, at the summit of his power ordered a seat to be placed for him on the seashore when the tide was coming in. Thus seated, he shouted to the flowing sea: "Thou, too, art subject to my command, as the land on which I am seated is mine; and no one has ever resisted my commands with impunity. I command you, then, not to flow over my land, nor presume to wet the feet and the robe of your lord."

The tide, however, continuing to rise, dashed over his feet and legs without respect to his royal person. And the tide still rises and falls, while the proud conqueror of England, Denmark, and Norway has been dead these nine hundred years. Two years ago I stood looking at a mortuary chest on top of the parclose screen between the choir and altar of Winchester Cathedral, England; in that chest were the bones of Canute. The very next day after gazing at the box of royal bones, when I desired to take ship from Southampton to France, I found the tide rushing into the shipping basin with a powerful current, swift and strong enough to require special cables hitched to special buoys to assist the ship in turning outward toward the sea.

Canute, by an accident of birth, remains as an ossified relic—the tides are mocking, treacherous, they go on forever. Thus does nature rebuke kings and statesmen. The great Danish-Slav knew all this. His seeming foolishness was intended to be a wisdom lesson to his nobles and his successors for all time. But, alas! we flaunt the wisdom of our fathers.

Canute-like, the Allied leaders and statesmen, after the armistice, by restricting commands ordered the German mind to cease thinking, at least along aeronautical lines. Their success about equaled that of Canute with the tides. They had not learned his lesson. The combined intelligence of seventy million people is a mighty factor in human affairs; the mental processes of such a multitude cannot be controlled by alien specification, nor yet by alien regulation.

Hence the Germans, despite the power of the Allies, while not openly braving the restrictions, secretly continued their



Official Photo Nat. Adv. Comm. for Aero.

This extraordinary contrivance afloat in the air is Klemperer's glider. At the time when this picture was taken Klemperer was making a record flight without engine, propeller, or any means of propulsion except the imitation of the flight of birds. His record flight at this time lasted 12½ minutes and covered 8½ miles. This illustrates the way in which the Germans have turned their skill toward intensive aeronautical research under the restrictions imposed upon them concerning aircraft

efforts in the development of aviation until they have outdone the eagles of the air. German bird-men, in flying-machines lacking motors, lacking propellers, lacking gas, have flown for miles at high altitudes, have cut circles and figure-eights, have taken off, and after zigzagging all over the Rhone Valley have returned to the exact spot they left to make their landings. If this is not stealing the secrets of gull and eagle, what is?

Denied the opportunity of building aircraft, denied the right to purchase machines and engines abroad, the Germans were forced to turn their skill and enthusiasm toward intensive aeronautical research. They were successful almost beyond comprehension. The Germans have turned to gliders. It was the study of gliding experiments that furnished the Wrights with their data for building successful airplanes. Now the Germans, by combining the knowledge of early gliding experimentation with the knowledge of flying and wing and

fuselage construction gained since the epoch-making flight of the Wrights' first plane, on December 17, 1903, have built new and stable gliders, and with them have accomplished soaring and gliding flights which equal, and in some respects excel, the performance of huge birds.

At first the Allied officers looked upon this gliding activity as a mere schoolboy craze. This idea found reasonable basis in the fact that the experiments were carried out under the auspices of the various technical high schools, akin to our technical colleges, and that the fliers were in most instances youngsters. But as record after record fell and some of the participants were experienced and skillful aviators, a class which seemed to be growing, the Allied officials took cognizance, and then became alarmed. In fact, at each new record they got an international chill.

This state of affairs, together with certain suspicious doings among the German aircraft manufacturers, brought about a more serious regulatory hampering of the German aeronautical industry. When the full record of soaring flight became known, and it was found that Klemperer had made a glider flight of thirteen and one-half minutes, Martens one of fifteen and three-quarter minutes, and Harth had flown twenty-one and one-half minutes, the whole German aircraft scheme was practically wiped off the slate by a command to cease entirely the manufacture of anything which could be used in, on, or in connection with aircraft. This regulation was promulgated by the Allies on May 5, 1921, and was to remain in force until



Photo. by courtesy of Paris Office N. A. C. A.

This is the way Klemperer's queer contrivance looks as it rests upon the ground. The undercarriage of the usual type in airplanes is here replaced by two padded buffers. Instead of using a catapult to launch the glider, the inventor has ropes attached to the body by means of which running men are able to get the glider off the ground just as a small boy raises his paper kite in the wind

a new set of regulations could be produced which would allow certain aircraft to be built and flown in Germany, but which would confine such activities to commercial aircraft alone.

The result of this dictum was a boomerang which has done wonders for German aviation and placed the Allies in the position of having defeated their own purposes. Not only have the Germans retaliated by discriminatory regulations of their own, which make German aeronautical practice a closed book to the Allies, but they have gone to Holland, Switzerland, and Russia with their men and money, and have thus nullified Allied control. If the Allies were right in their original contention—that is, that aircraft in German hands constitute a menace to the peace of Europe and the welfare of democracy—this last action by Germany certainly contains the seeds of calamity. Germany alone might prove a difficult problem; Germany allied to Russia becomes a menace.

Signs of impending German alliances with capital and industry in outside countries began to appear in the summer of 1921, and the Allied control committees hastened to perfect regulations which should relieve the situation; but this move came too late. As a matter of fact, the Allied control of German aeronautics has passed from blunder to blunder, until one begins to wonder just how far international imbecility can go. With the present scheme of Allied control, which took effect on May 5, 1922, it can be taken for a grave certainty that the end is not yet.

An old fallacy, deemed to be axiomatic by certain French officers who ought to know better, is responsible for this chaotic jam in German aviation. The silly and harmful claim was advanced at Paris that a commercial air fleet can be turned into a war fleet in the course of a few hours, therefore Germany must be prevented from building commercial aircraft. How is it that distinguished officers, diplomats, and statesmen cannot understand, even with the novice in military and naval aviation, that, although a large commercial machine can be turned into a bomber without much difficulty, an entire fleet of such bombers would be utterly at the mercy of a small force of fighting machines unless the bombers were accompanied by fighting machines of their own? Let the Germans build commercial machines—the bigger the better, for they would thus be certain prey for fighters—but restrict the building or purchase of fighting craft.

Instead, the Allies restricted machines of large size, but permitted the building of small, low-powered, short-range planes—that is, since May 5, this year. This has resulted in the production of a small plane with a wing spread of less than thirty feet, with an engine of fifty horsepower, all metal, which can carry three persons in addition to the pilot, and at a speed in excess of one hundred and thirty miles an hour! And this is sup-



Official Army Air Service

Here is another German contrivance. It is the "Dragon-Fly," an all-metal sporting type of seaplane, built by Dornier, of Germany. It has folding wings for space-saving storage and for ready transportation to and from the beach. Low cost and high performance characterize planes of this type. This design was perfected during the months when the Allies' restriction on Germany was at its worst

posed to be a commercial airplane! By their own regulations and restrictions the Allies have been the means of giving Germany the most efficient fighting plane known! Leave out the passengers, provide ordnance, thus reducing the load and gaining fighting equipment, and this new monoplane becomes a war machine *par excellence*.

A little inside history, which now may be told, in connection with the May 5, 1922, pronouncement of the Allied Council of Ambassadors for the purpose of maintaining an aeronautical supervision in Germany to replace the Interallied Aviation Control Commission: The text of the new regulations was forwarded to our State Department for action in October, 1921, obviously with the hope that we would join the Allies in its approval and enforcement. The paper in question was sent by the State Department to the Chief of the Army Air Force, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and to Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, for comment and recommendations.

A remarkable document this pro-

nouncement proved to be. It contained provisions for the makeup of the Guaranty Commission, which, by the way, was to be headed by a high-ranking British Air Force officer, instead of a French officer, and to consist of three other British officers, three French officers, two Italian officers, and two from Japan and two from Belgium. This group was to be established in Germany, with headquarters in Berlin. This Commission was to have the power, according to the text submitted, to go anywhere in Germany at any time to inspect aircraft and their manufacture and operation, and this for a period of eight years, at the end of which period the situation will be examined with a view to future decision.

During the eight years the Commission is to have the full co-operation and assistance of the German Government, to be provided with diplomatic privileges, to be suitably housed and the property occupied to be given extra-territorial status, to be furnished with required liaison officers, and to be guaranteed that no efforts will be made or steps taken of any kind to hinder the operation of the Commission in any manner whatsoever. One evidence of sanity was noted in this paper: the Allies will pay the salaries and expenses of the Commission.

In addition to carrying out the provisions and restrictions embraced in the Versailles Treaty, the Commission will guarantee the nine rules for the discrimination of military and civil aircraft. These rules are particularly interesting, inasmuch as they define what France and England, the other Powers consenting, consider to be military aircraft—that is, in the hands of a potential enemy; just what they would subscribe to in the way of rules restricting the character of commercial aircraft within their own industries might be another story.

Briefly summarized, these nine rules provide: That any monoplane having more than sixty horse-power will be considered a war plane, and therefore war material. Any aircraft capable of flying without a pilot will be given the same rating—this precludes radio control of aircraft in Germany. Any aircraft having armor or means of self-



Official Army Air Service

This also is a Dornier plane. According to the builders, this all-metal transport plane "should especially be suitable for air transport in countries not yet fully opened up." This is significant. In view of German activities in Russia. The 1922 model here pictured is on the wily edge of the regulatory specifications

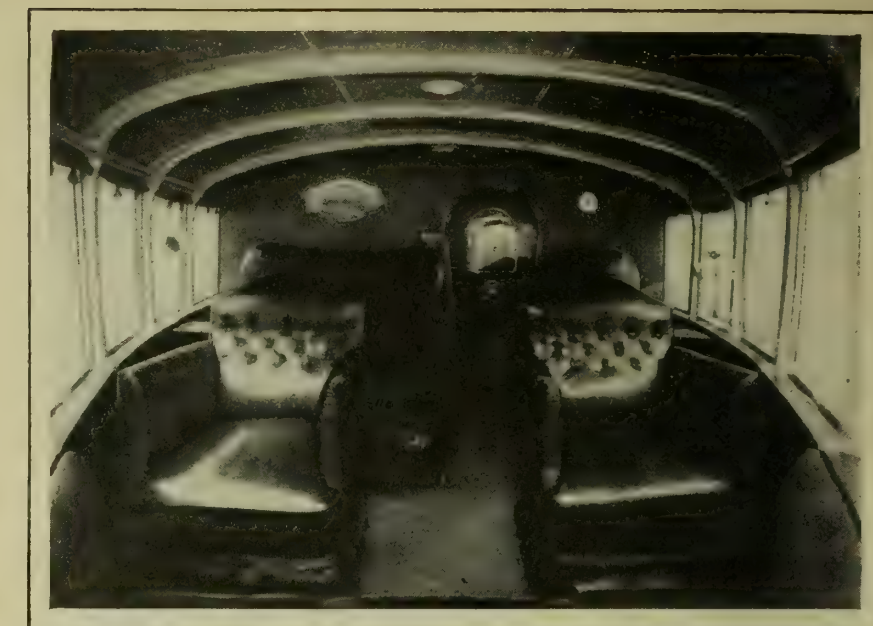
protection or being capable of having sighting devices installed is also military. No plane may have an allowable ceiling in excess of 4,000 meters, and no supercharging system for motors may be carried.

Planes may not exceed a maximum speed, with full load at an altitude of 2,000 meters, of 170 kilometers an hour, and the amount of fuel and lubrication oil to be carried is limited, so that the extreme range of action will not exceed 470 miles. And, further, no heavier-than-air machines will be allowed which carry a load in excess of 252 pounds (600 kilogrammes), whether or not the conditions of the foregoing rules are complied with. This load includes the pilot, mechanic, fuel, and instruments.

With respect to lighter-than-air craft the rules are even more stringent, Germany being the real home of airships. No engines may be used which will give the airships a speed in excess of 60 miles an hour. Rigid airships must not exceed a gas capacity of 1,000,000 cubic feet, less than half the size of the famous R-34. Semi-rigid airships must not exceed 800,000 cubic meters, or two-thirds the size of the Roma; while non-rigid airships (blimps) shall not be larger than 700,000 cubic feet. These restrictions hit the German airship industry a body blow.

In addition, all factories manufacturing aviation material must be declared; all pilots and students must matriculate under the rules of the Commission; and the Commission will determine the needs of German civil aviation. This last means that the Allies control the number of planes and motors which Germany may have for commercial use for the next eight years.

Admiral Moffett, with characteristic statesmanship, often manifested by the officers of our Navy, declared that the United States could not be a party to such discriminatory regulations. First, because this country could not define the military and naval status of aircraft within such narrow limits. The whole science of aeronautics and the art of flying being in too much of a condition of experimental flux, we might, within



Official U. S. Army Air Service

Certainly the Germans are ahead of most nations when it comes to attractive and comfortable fittings on passenger aircraft. This cabin interior of a 1922 model seaplane of the Dornier all-metal type is certainly inviting. Let's go!

a short time, find our regulatory birds coming back to roost.

Secondly, Germany having been one of the foremost nations in the development of aeronautics, and possessed of abundant engineering talent, should not be held down so materially; otherwise the development of commercial aviation, so necessary to present-day commerce where time is a tremendous factor, will be retarded and hindered to the great economic disadvantage of all nations using aircraft.

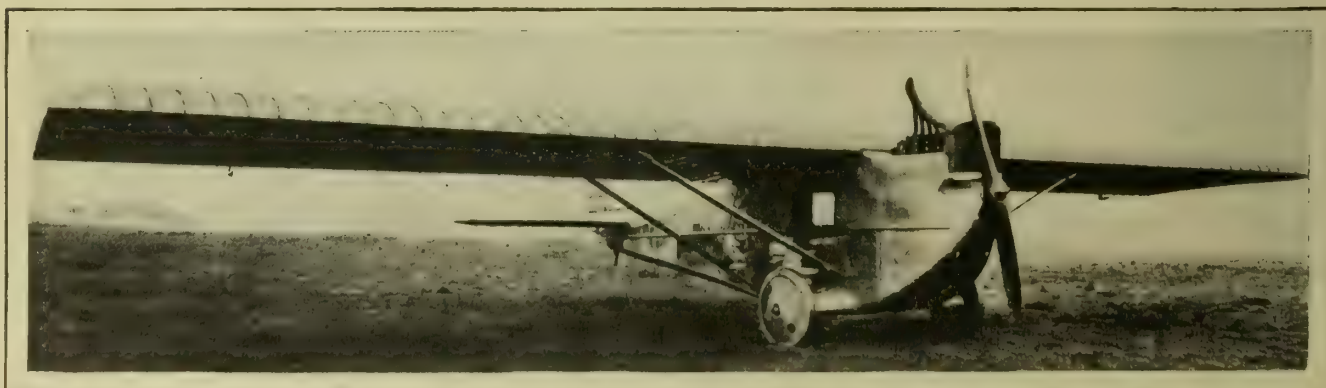
Thirdly, the fact that Germany is the only real barrier between western Europe and the onward rush of the Slavonic advance guard of yellow Asia makes it imperative that Germany be allowed to maintain an air fleet for the common defense of Western civilization. Hence the regulations, as laid down, defeated all thought of the immense advantages of an air force sufficient to absorb the first shock of an Asiatic invasion.

Fourthly, if the restrictions embraced in the communication should be carried

out with honesty, then Germany would feel it a necessity to take her aircraft industry to other countries, and such a course would at once throw the whole matter of Allied control into chaotic inefficiency.

Our Army authorities and the Advisory Committee concurred with Admiral Moffett, and this country refused to become a party to the control of German aviation along the lines indicated. The Council of Ambassadors, however, approved the rules, and the Commission took office on May 5, last.

It now appears that Germany has done just what Admiral Moffett feared. Instead of a buffer against the possible invasion of Slav and Mongolian, Germany is bound to those elements by treaty and is utilizing Russia's enormous supply of raw materials and cheap labor to manufacture aircraft on a grand scale for any use which may be desired, military, naval, and commercial. Of what avail are the rules governing size, speed, carrying capacity, and type?



Official Army Air Service

Here is another view of a Dornier all-metal plane. It illustrates the strange new forms which are coming to light in the German effort to meet the Allied control requirements in aircraft design and manufacture. It is a single engine plane and is, it is reported, a new step in airplane economies

None whatever. Not being able to build "bricks without straw," Germany has gone where such commodities are limitless. Moreover, a revengeful spirit may find it possible to carry out retaliatory measures to the full, and thus visit on the Allied nations a sore rebuke for official persecution.

Already commercial aircraft lines are in operation from Berlin to Scandinavian ports, to the Baltic States, to Poland, and to Russia. Copenhagen, Malmö, Stockholm, Reval, Riga, Memel, and Dantsic are linked up by air, while lines from Berlin via Dresden reach Breslau, Warsaw, and contiguous territory. Other lines are operating between Dantsic and Königsberg and extend to Kovno, Smolensk, and Moscow. Still others are in process of completion from

Reval to Petrograd and important points between.

This would cause no adverse comment if we were sure of Russia, but that virile and unawakened nation is in the grip of the foes of organized civilization as we know it; thus the Slav is an unknown quantity. Germany we know; hence our anxiety. The Allies are of course worried; yet they persist in carrying on, they continue useless and irritating control, they grimly stick to their regulatory guns.

What will come of it all is anybody's guess. One thing is certain, however, and that is that Germany is determined by hook or by crook to have all the aviation she wants, and it appears that she is getting it by, to use a trite expression, leaps and bounds.

As for the left-handed alliance simmering away in the depths and darkness of that land which hurled back the might of Napoleon, the alliance which binds together the supposed two extremes of republican government in Europe—why, anything can come from that alliance. Should disaster to the peace of Europe and danger to world civilization come from it, we may chalk the whole business down among the fretful and irritating gunboils of Allied diplomacy—otherwise European diplomacy—with which the book of time is replete, but which, however, like all such mistakes and blunders, will be swept aside in the onward march of civilization toward the goal of rational thinking, rational living, and—save the mark!—rational diplomacy.

SOMEWHERE ELSE FOR A DOLLAR A DAY

BY J. C. LONG

EVER since the days of Mr. Wells's red-eyed cave man the human species has wanted to be somewhere else. Whether pressing in hordes across the north of Europe, sailing on the unknown Atlantic of Columbus's time, or driving in caravans over the Western plains, man has been on the move.

The organization of modern life has checked the ease of pulling up stakes continually, but the development of the modern automobile has enabled the human creature to continue to satisfy the craving for travel.

The cold weather of winter and the exigencies of business keep the worker pretty much tied down for most of the year; but when summer with vacation comes, the romantic desire to see what lies over the hill asserts itself, and hordes of motorists take to the broad highway.

For many years touring was the sport of the prosperous. To-day one still may travel like a king, but the privilege is no longer exclusive. Low-priced cars, low cost of equipment, coupled with good management on the part of the tourist, make motoring a recreation at the command of the moderate purse. There are camp sites everywhere, most of them free, others making a small charge, such as fifty cents a night. In short, the car owner of 1922 who feels the urge to be moving on can readily be "somewhere else" at an expense of about a dollar a day.

It is assumed that the man who wishes to keep his budget within this figure does not expect to have Statler service nor meals created by Oscar. He will be his own Robinson Crusoe and his own Man Friday; but the meals and equipment suggested here have borne the test of experience, giving health, pleasure, and the sense of getting as closely back to nature as is humanly possible.

The dollar-a-day camper first thinks of those things which he can do without. On a "roughing-it" campaign he can readily dispense with butter, bread, and milk. He is not going to carry an ice-chest, which rules out the tutter and milk at once. He will not have the space for bread, which grows quickly stale.

This does not mean that he will have to sacrifice any food values. Whole-wheat crackers and hardtack will take the place of bread. To one who is sitting at a desk this may seem like pretty dry fare; but after a few hours' drive in the breeze or after a night's sleep in the open the appetite becomes less finicky.

Crackers; to be sure, are merely the base of the meal, not the whole menu. Soup is a good first course. A plentiful supply of canned soup can be readily stored in the car; but it is advisable to choose a thick kind, such as vegetable, for in it is concentrated nourishment. Consommé, for instance, may be appealing in the dining-room, but it makes thin rations around the camp.

Canned beef is good for those who can eat it without future trouble, but the average camper does better on other fare. It is safer to carry tins of bacon. Crisp bacon is decidedly tasty, and it supplies a fat content which is missing from the menu when butter is eliminated.

Powdered coffee, or tea or cocoa may be carried according to the family preference, and evaporated cream can be used instead of milk.

The element of fresh greens remains to be supplied in this bill of fare. Some campers may not miss it; but those who do need not worry. Around every camping reservation there are hucksters who seem to have a genius for finding out where there may be any business.

Salt and sugar must of course be included in the supplies.

With the food question comes the mat-

ter of cooking. Building a fire is usually good fun, but it is a dangerous occupation for the amateur camper. Thousands of dollars' worth of timber are destroyed every year because of the carelessness or ignorance of campers in building fires. It is better to carry a Theroz or Sterno canned alcohol kit, such as can be purchased from the Boy Scouts' headquarters in New York. Several dollars' worth of the alcohol cubes will last a family of four for two weeks or more.

Provision must also be made for sleeping. In some cars the front seats fold down or are removable, so that the vehicle can be turned into a bed for two. But a group of four would need at least one extra shelter tent. Such tents are very inexpensive and have the advantage, since they have no poles, of folding up into a small space, so that they can be readily carried on the running-boards.

The tents may be erected by stretching ropes from the top of the car to near-by trees. Care should be taken to have the pins driven deep to attach the canvas close to the ground. The site chosen should, if possible, allow of drainage away from the tent in case of rain, and should be, so far as circumstances will permit, on gravelly or porous soil. In any event, it is advisable to dig a shallow trench around the tent to carry off moisture.

A rain-coat with blanket spread over it will form a mattress. Some campers and the weight of tradition recommend cedar boughs for a bed, but the art of sleeping on them will have to be acquired. Some motorists prefer to sleep in hammocks, a satisfactory method when there is no rain. In summer-time a rain-coat and a pair of blankets for each person and sufficient tents should care for the sleeping equipment.

A medical kit should always be carried. This should include a Red Cross first-aid outfit. In the absence of a

physician, it is well to have on hand cascara or castor oil; spirits of camphor, to be taken internally in small doses in case of diarrhoea, which is likely to develop from change in drinking water; epsom salts, to remedy ptomaine poisoning; and mustard for external applications in case of cold.¹

A spade should be carried for sanitary purposes.

The question of cutlery, plates, and napkins can best be determined by the preference and supplies of the individual

household, though camping sets which pack in a small space can be purchased at moderate prices.

A camping trip on the programme lined out above can be managed at a cost of a dollar a day per person. The food will be considerably less than that. The cost of elements entering in depend of course upon circumstances. If tents are purchased, the full cost of these cannot be entered on the books for a two weeks' trip, as they will last season after season. Many households will already

have the full equipment required. The expense of motor fuel will depend on the distance covered. Some days this will amount to little or nothing. It is a common practice for the motor camper to drive to a forest reserve, select a camp site for a week, and spend most of the daytime exploring trails on foot.

No fixed budget will apply to every experience, but certain it is that the recreation and romance of the endless road are to-day obtainable by the citizen of moderate means.

LÈSE-MAJESTÉ

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE idle chatter, rising like a fountain
In slender gushes, sinks in silver mist
Upon white shoulders. Higgins, from his mountain
Of watchful inattention, seems to list.

Colossus of wise butlers, for a minute
He sways in clouds of conversation, turns
His face against small flocks of words, and in it
I catch a lightning flash that twists and burns.

Now imperturbable he sees the lady
Depart in warm chinchilla, thinks of her
As something set apart and is afraid he
Might comprehend her motor's feline purr.

EXPERIENCES OF A PINCHOT WATCHER AT THE POLLS

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

M^{R.} PINCHOT, who won out in the struggle between the progressive and reactionary factions of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, gives the women of the State the credit for his victory. He gallantly concedes more than they claim, but there is no doubt that the first check in the pleasant little game arranged by the bosses was administered by Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, Vice-Chairman of the State Republican Committee, when she announced that the women of the State would not vote for any one of the three men favored by the organization.

Courageous, and even daring, as was her act, it had been made possible by the educational campaign conducted by the League of Women Voters.

The members of the League, facing the primary, had asked each other, "Why should we vote for men of whose opinions we know little and of whose characters we know nothing?" A natural question, but one the men of the State had never thought to formulate.

In order to see and know the candidates and their opinions, the League

arranged a series of public luncheons in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. All the various party candidates for the Gubernatorial and Senatorial nominations were invited and given the opportunity to define their attitude toward the problems confronting Pennsylvania.

Over a thousand women gathered at each luncheon. They were a critical audience. They wanted facts. They were not stirred by declarations that the Constitution must be preserved, nor were they roused to enthusiasm by apostrophes to the flag. They were noticeably unresponsive to the oratorical efforts of the three favored candidates, but Mr. Pinchot's suggestions of the best way to "clean up the mess" in Harrisburg were warmly applauded. Mrs. Warburton knew on whom she could rely when she made her declaration of independence.

The women did more than vote for Mr. Pinchot. They watched at the polls and had an eye on the counting of the ballots. In almost every election division of Philadelphia one or two carefully instructed women sat at the polling-place, and several more, under the name of Vigilants, patrolled the pavement, ready to summon legal or police assist-

ance should the watchers be in need of either.

The Voters' Assistance Clause of the Pennsylvania Election Law complicates the task of the independent watcher. Under this clause, any voter claiming a disability may receive assistance in marking his ballot. The disability may be physical or mental. A voter may be blind or lack his right arm; he may be feeble-minded or merely not know how to read or write; in either case he claims a disability and asks for assistance, and a kindly ward leader is always at hand to go into the booth with him and mark his ballot.

In the election of 1915 thirty thousand voters asked and received assistance. Pennsylvania ranks low in the scale of literacy—the superintendent of the Philadelphia public schools has just told us that there are eighty thousand illiterates in that city. Yet even with this large number of citizens unable to read or write any language it seems improbable that thirty thousand men should have required assistance in 1915.

The Voters' Assistance Clause, on the face of it, is merely a device to enable ward leaders to keep tab on the voters who are paid for their votes, and it is a

¹ Concerning the selection and use of medicines we advise consultation with a trusted physician in advance of the trip.—The Editors

matter of current belief in Philadelphia that the number of assisted voters in any election depletes the treasury of the assisting party by as many dollars.

At a general election the voter who claims a disability and asks for assistance is made the judge of his own disability. He may not be challenged unless the challenger has positive proof that the disability is assumed. At the primary, however, the voter asking assistance may be challenged and required to make an affidavit that his disability is as claimed, and it is the duty of the watcher to look on the registration list for the name of the voter asking assistance and see whether he wrote his name or made his mark. The performance of this duty has often been attended with consequences uncomfortable for the watcher. In my own ward brawls and fights have not been uncommon, and before the Personal Registration Act went into effect the independent watchers had sometimes to be carried from the polls to the hospital. Happily, no such fate befell my alternate nor myself, and our faithful Vigilants had no more serious duty than to give us an occasional reminder of their supporting presence.

Our polling-place, instead of being in a saloon, as in the old days, was in a sufficiently respectable office. The election officers, who were all Negroes—for in my ward the Negroes have a numerical majority—were courteous and carried their courtesy to the unexpected and agreeable extreme of refraining from smoking. The judge sustained all my challenges, even one against the hitherto all-powerful division boss, who was the only white organization watcher and the only one who showed hostility toward us women. Early in the day he brought in an old colored man as feeble in mind as in body and said to the judge, "This man cannot read or write. Make out an affidavit for him."

I found the man's signature in the registration book, and challenged. The boss said, contemptuously, "No one can read that scrawl." "I can," I replied. But the boss repeated his order to the judge. I again protested, and the boss, losing his temper, shouted, "Give that man an affidavit, I tell you."

I went to the dazed victim of our election laws and said, "Don't you know that if you put a mark on that paper you will surely go to jail?" Seeing that I knew the law and that the Vigilants were ready at a signal from me to call legal assistance, the boss hastily left the room and sent in a colored sub-boss, who told the old man that it was not necessary to make an affidavit. "Take this and copy it," he ordered, and, thrusting into his hand a sample ballot, he pushed him into a booth.

Sample ballots marked for the organization candidates were handed out openly and freely to all who asked for them and to many who did not ask. I knew that under the law such open distribution of sample ballots is not permitted within fifty feet of the polling-

place, but I knew also that the courts had construed the law liberally and the judge would probably not sustain me if I should make a protest. I contented myself, therefore, with saying to a watcher whose pockets bulged with ballots, "Don't you think what you are doing is perilously like assistance?" He made no answer, but I noticed that he handed out no more ballots in the room.

This lavish distribution of sample ballots was reasonably good evidence that Mr. Pinchot's opponents had not resorted to the "floating ballot," a method of assistance which may or may not be indigenous to Pennsylvania, but which is so effective that, in the parlance of the street, it makes the Voters' Assistance Clause "look like thirty cents."

Under this method, a duly instructed voter, whom we will call No. 1, goes to the polling-place, takes an official ballot, and vanishes into a booth. After a suitable length of time he emerges, and what he does then depends upon the party affiliations of the judge. He may "forget" to deposit his ballot or he may drop into the box a sheet of white paper folded to resemble the ballot.

In either case, he walks away with an unmarked official ballot, which he delivers to the division boss, who awaits him in a convenient and secluded spot. The boss marks the ballot and gives it to No. 2, who goes to the polls, takes an official ballot, pretends to mark it, but on going out drops into the box the ballot marked by the boss and carries away the unmarked one. This is marked by the boss and given to No. 3, who does as did No. 2—drops the marked ballot in the box and walks away with the unmarked one. No. 3 is followed by No. 4 and No. 5, and so on to No. 100 or No. 200, according to the needs of the party or the number of purchasable voters in the division.

This method pleases both the boss and the assisted voter; the boss, because the series of unmarked ballots delivered to him is proof that the bought voter has stayed bought; the voter, because he is spared the humiliation of publicly proclaiming himself illiterate if his illiteracy be genuine, or the possibility of a jail sentence if it be assumed. The final count will show a ballot short, but there will be no clue to the identity of No. 1, who forfeited his own vote to begin the series.

The mysteries of the "floating ballot" were duly explained to inexperienced watchers, and my alternate and myself followed vigilantly the count for Governor. Ballots and stubs came out even, and the division boss said, "The matter with you women is that you are too suspicious."

When the polls opened, the judge assigned me a seat near the desk, where I was able to keep an eye on the registration book. My proximity to the book troubled the organization watchers, and during a temporary absence of the judge one of them said to me: "You are in the way there. Sit over here against the wall."

"But the judge gave me this seat," I remonstrated.

"What if he did?" said the man, squaring his shoulders. "I am the division boss, and what I say goes."

"Very probably," I answered, sweetly; "but I am required to take my orders from the judge, and, with your permission, I will sit here until he returns."

But when he returned nothing further was said about my moving.

Late in the day an organization watcher said suddenly, "No one has voted from Mulberry Street." "No," said another, "and I'll tell you why. A lady on Mulberry Street was put in jail last month; the division leader didn't get her out, and nobody's votin' on that street."

Four hundred and sixty-nine names were on the registration list, but only 309 ballots were cast. It is not so long ago that these figures would have been reversed, and it is barely possible that the revolt on Mulberry Street and the falling off in the number of voters is an indication of the waning power of the boss.

The election officers and organization watchers in my division were all old friends and co-workers at the polls. Two of them were father and son, two were husband and wife. They were intimate with most of the voters, asked after the children, and inquired why John or James or Amelia had not yet turned out to vote. It was quite a family party, and I felt like an unbidden guest.

Except for my challenges and an occasional difference with the division boss, the election in my division was peaceful and uneventful, and so it was in the majority of the election precincts. For this peace and order the Prohibition Law was largely responsible. The law is broken in Philadelphia, as in other cities, but the mass of the people support it, and no better evidence is needed than the order that prevailed at the polls. In a division often disgraced with drunken brawls I saw no sign of liquor and the most disreputable-looking voters exhaled no alcoholic odor, and from a majority of the divisions the women watchers made the same report. We were told the next morning that the quiet election was not due to the women watchers nor to the Prohibition Law, but to a special order from the chief of all the bosses that there were to be no disturbances at the polls. That may have been, but the fact remains that public sentiment would have tolerated no disturbances, and he knew it.

The bosses are learning, but there is still much that they fail even to apprehend. As the polls closed, the same sub-boss who had tried to get me away from the registration list said, "What are you going to get out of this?"

"A good Governor, I hope," I replied.

"Don't try to come that over me," he retorted. "Nobody works for nothing. What's in it for you? If you don't get paid for watching, you're out for a job."

It is this lack of imagination that may be the final undoing of the boss.

PULLING MAIN STREET OUT OF THE MUD

HOW UNCLE SAM, IN THE RÔLE OF A GIGANTIC ROAD-BUILDER, IS HELPING THE STATES BUILD A VAST INTER-CONNECTING NETWORK OF 185,000 MILES OF GOOD ROADS THAT WILL TIE TOGETHER ALL COUNTY SEATS IN AMERICA

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

STRANGE and peculiar things have happened to the alimentary canal. It is no longer the simple, human piece of digestive apparatus it used to be in the days when every home had its yard, and every yard had its garden, chickens, and cow. The table of to-day is usually so remote from the source of its supplies that the speed with which butter, eggs, and vegetables are rushed into the hands of the cook has everything to do with the usefulness of these products. For their day is short.

The digestive journey of a bottle of milk may be said to start long before it flows through human lips. So does the digestive journey of almost everything else on the menu. Good roads have therefore come to be almost as important a part of the digestive tract as good teeth and good stomachs. Hence the road that the delivery truck has to traverse assumes a vital biological importance.

The term "good roads" is one of the least understood and likewise one of the most misunderstood terms in the American vocabulary. Multitudes of benighted residents of large cities still think of good roads merely as smooth and sporty stretches where they can step on the throttle and see what the old car can really do. Farmers of course know better. But vague and foggy remains the general conception of the subject. One inclines to regard good roads from the angle of one's own personal and restricted actual contact with them. And few realize that good roads are as essential a part of manufacture as lathes and benches and manual labor itself; for without the prompt and proper distribution of a product manufacture is an empty and unthinkable gesture. And every pin or thread or button that is manufactured has to rely sooner or later upon good roads to complete its journey to the consumer.

America has achieved a high degree of accomplishment in the neglect of its roads. The Appian Way seems to have been generally regarded as a piece of historic bunk. The Roman Empire may have deemed good roads a necessity, but our idea was sky-scrapers, elevators, and Hudson Tubes. When a farmer got sick of slopping through the mud, he moved to the city. The term "stick-in-the-mud" became a symbol of the hinterland.

THE ROAD OF ROADS

The motor industry realized that the sale of its rolling stock was directly dependent upon the right kind of road

surface over which to roll, and eight years ago a group of automobile men and others got together and organized voluntary groups of citizens to promote the biggest road-building project in history—3,305 miles of continuous im-

MOTOR BORN INTO ROADLESS WORLD

"THE automobile was born into a roadless world," declares John J. Raskob, chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors Corporation. "Compared with the millions of miles of telephone wires and the thousands of miles of steel rails which make the telephone and the steam locomotive effective, the automobile is still in a roadless world. When Morse invented his telegraph and Bell his telephone, man had long before learned to draw fine wire; else these two inventions would have been useless. The railroad train would be merely an interesting mechanical curiosity in the Smithsonian Institution if man had never found a way to make tracks for it to run upon."

"The automobile was the creation of brains which dreamt of thousands of miles of boulevards where once existed mud-holes and ruts. Once more by comparison we have only commenced to cover up those mud-holes and ruts. Yet a good roads movement which promises incalculable benefits to mankind is well under way. In this movement the automobile has been the most powerful missionary, emphasizing as nothing else has done the universal advantage to be derived from adequate highways. Every time a telephone rings there is a motor car somewhere in this country which has traveled seven miles performing some useful function."

proved motor road, running from New York to San Francisco, known as the Lincoln Highway. More than \$41,000,000 has been spent up to date in actual construction work on the Lincoln Highway. The gaps that still remain are rapidly being closed up, and the big trail will probably receive its finishing touches long before the end of the twenty years originally figured necessary.

The Lincoln Highway, far from being merely a sporting proposition for those taking a vacation at the steering wheel, has proved to be a vigorous text-book and object-lesson, not only in the build-

ing and upkeep of good roads, but in their social, economic, and physiological advantages. Physiological? Exactly—for, as Mr. J. Newton Gunn, President of the Lincoln Highway Association, points out, good roads involve the elimination of much of the fatigue that mankind otherwise has to contend with. And scientists point out that the reduction of fatigue serves to prolong life itself.

Hugh Chalmers claims that we always pay for what we need, whether we buy it or not. Thus the farmer who has to drag his product through mud up to the hubs of his wagons pays, in time, loss of energy, and fatigue, a price fully equivalent to the cost of good roads.

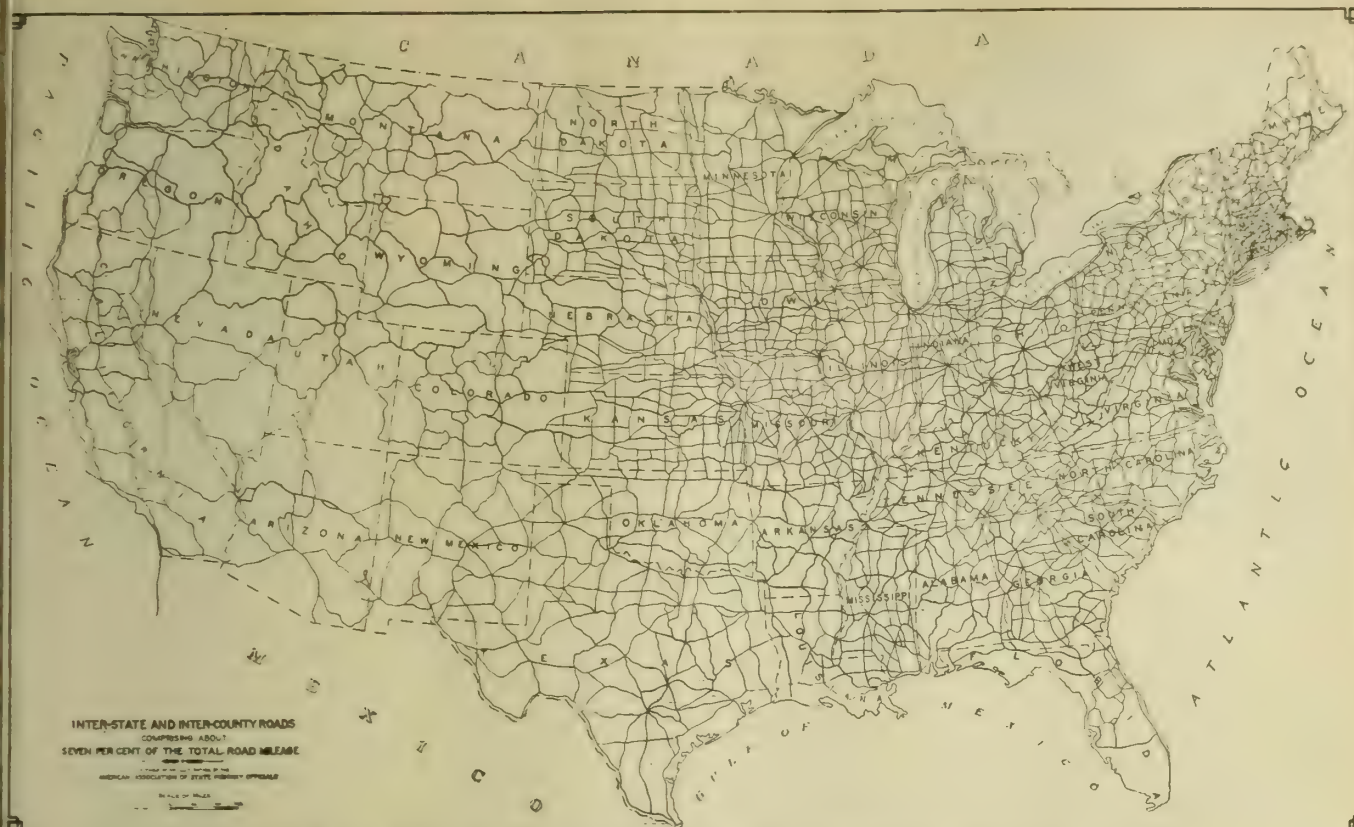
The work of the Lincoln Highway Association has been largely promotional; the actual building funds have come from the regular road funds of States, counties, and Nation, and the sections of the Lincoln Highway in each State that is traversed are being improved as sections of the respective State highway systems.

A ROUGH ROAD TO GOOD ROADS

It is hard to explain public stupidity. We are a church-going, lodge-joining nation. We cling to the idea of public schools. We go for miles to hear the claims of candidates for public office. And yet we have traveled with only the speed of a snail to the idea of better roads over which to go to church, school, lodges, mass-meetings, and to market.

The first puritanical notion that motor cars were pleasure cars may have had something to do with the reluctance to improve our roads, since motor traffic promptly sought the better roads. The next notion was, and largely still persists, that the motorist should pay for the construction and upkeep of good roads. The fact is that one-sixth of last year's \$767,000,000 bill for building and upkeep of American roads was paid into the road funds by motor license fees. Motor vehicle receipts from all sources connected with the motor vehicle and paid into city, State, and Federal treasuries for 1921 are estimated as follows: Federal taxes, \$115,500,000; State registrations, \$122,500,000; personal-property taxes, \$52,500,000; wheel taxes, \$3,300,000; gasoline, \$11,000,000; a total of \$304,800,000. After deducting that part of the road bill paid by the automobile, the remaining cost for good roads was the trivial sum of 1.2 cents a day per person.

If you are a local politician, the subject of roads may still connote politics



HERE IS THE VAST PROGRAMME OF INTER-STATE AND INTER-COUNTY CONNECTING ROADS
THAT UNCLE SAM IS AIDING THE STATES TO COMPLETE

to you. It used to be that when a county had a Republican administration it had a Republican road commissioner, and when the Democrats came in the county had a Democratic road commissioner. And yet, according to Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, speaking at a recent good roads dinner, "it does not make the slightest difference to the average citizen whether he rides on a Democratic road or a Republican road. . . . Partisan politics," he stated, "is worse for the substratum of a good road than adobe or clay soil. We used to build our roads on partisan politics."

The long-continued reluctance of local authorities to disconnect road building from partisan politics and to rely upon non-partisan State highway commissions accounts in large measure for the terrible condition to-day of most of the 2,600,000 miles of roads in the United States. Only one-third of these roads have been improved up to a good standard.

Local political job-holders have hung on tenaciously. They have hated to surrender. The contest has been long and dramatic and is a vital issue to-day. Even where competent, non-partisan, scientific State highway departments have been accepted as necessary to the States' governmental establishment, political favoritism or interference is ever in evidence. As recently as in 1916 a score of important States did not have State highway departments. The Eastern and Far Western States have more freely given both authority and funds to their highway departments than have

the great Central and Southern States which need roads so badly.

Conditions became so bad that the Federal Government itself had to take a hand. Through the United States Bureau of Public Roads it deals only with State highway departments, and is exerting a powerful influence against political interference with such departments. It contends that the building and maintenance of roads should be kept in the hands of skilled road builders of scientific training and broad

practical experience, and that the right men should be kept in power through successive State administrations, instead of being shifted by every changing political wind. This Federal bureau has wisely been kept out of politics, for its work involves problems as vast as that of building and operating railways.

President Harding is giving a great deal of personal attention to good roads, and talked to me very emphatically on the subject.

SOME OF COXEY'S DREAM COMES TRUE

Did you know that road building was the only American industry that went rapidly forward during the industrial slump of the past few years? In 1919 the Federal Government appropriated more money than ever before for road building. This provided work for many ex-service men and others who had been jolted off of pay-rolls by the depression.

This represents a vast change of Federal attitude since the days when "General" Coxey, at the head of his grotesque army of unemployed, marched to Washington, and was arrested and jailed for not keeping off the grass around the White House. Coxey's spectacular march (the late Jack London was in it and was its chief press agent) was motivated by the demand that the Federal Government should become a road builder and give jobs to a lot of unemployed.

Previous to 1919 Federal appropriations for road building were so small that the States to which Federal aid was offered hardly knew whether to take it or leave it. To-day Federal aid



(C) Underwood

THOMAS MACDONALD, U. S. COMMISSIONER
OF PUBLIC ROADS



OUT OF BANGOR, PA., CURVES THE TEMPTING SURFACE OF A TYPICAL CONCRETE FEDERAL AID ROAD

to States for road building amounts to \$75,000,000 for this fiscal year, and has given employment to vast numbers of men. At least seventy-five per cent of the whole sum expended by Uncle Sam goes to labor, including the work done in stone quarries, brick kilns, asphalt plants, in transportation of materials, and on the roads themselves.

GENIUS OF GOOD ROADS FLOWERS IN IOWA MUD

Nearly every spring and fall every road to the little Iowa town of Montezuma used to become impassable. A complete tie-up took place at the horrible hands of mud. Horses sank up to their knees and wagons to their hubs in the thick, soupy troughs that were supposed to be roads. There was a grain-and-lumber dealer in Montezuma, and his business always came to a standstill during this grievous semi-annual mud-blockade. This dealer had a son named Tom, a stocky little chap who was frequently about the lumber yards and the grain elevators. The movement of lumber, of flour, of building materials, to the farms in a rich farm community, and the opposite movement of the grains from the farms to the elevators—the business life of a typical agricultural community—were matters of daily contact. So, too, intimate knowledge of the business of the small-town merchants only accented the mutual loss to town man and country man of the seasonal traffic cessation. At that time the possibility that such conditions did not need to exist had not yet occurred to Tom or to the community. Waiting for the roads "to get better" expressed the same resignation of spirit as bearing any other of the afflictions attributable to the acts of God.

This youngster's restless temperament resented the spring and fall mud blockade that stopped deliveries. It was a dreary spectacle to him. It depressed him in a way that he never forgot.

When he grew up he went to college. He registered for an engineering course at Iowa State College, at Ames. Here he came under the instruction of a civil engineer in whose far-reaching vision such community afflictions as road blockades had no rights of existence. Dean Anson Marston, who was then and still is at the head of engineering, was one of the very few college professors who foresaw the great future of scientific road building in this country. That he spared no personal effort or lost no opportunity to impress this upon his students is responsible more than any other reason for the fact that this college student in his senior year, when he came to write his thesis, chose the far from academic subject of roads. He took measurements of the tractive resistance of different kinds of road surfaces. He made a study of the actual experience of townships and counties in road improving. He made an investigation as to what became of road-building tax levies. He made a count of the amount of actual use that farmers in typical townships made of highways.

The year of his graduation from college the Iowa Legislature did an unusual thing. It constituted the Iowa State College, as an institution, the State Highway Commission. No State had ever done anything like this before, and no State has ever done anything like it since. Very naturally the general direction of the work was placed under Dean Marston, of the Engineering Division, and Dean Curtiss, of the Agricultural Division.

Careful investigation of the cost of macadam roads then being built in the East showed the alarming figure of \$5,000 per mile, and the College, aghast at the high figure, did not have the heart to tell the State of Iowa.

It was at this point that the directors of the Iowa Commission decided to retain the student, now graduated, who had already started studies of the road requirements within the State, to continue and to extend these studies.

The young engineer of the unique Commission wanted to know what was being done with the meager amount of Iowa funds available for roads, and discovered that bridges and culverts over the State's innumerable big and little creeks were eating up nearly all of the money. The bridges and culverts were temporary wooden affairs, requiring almost constant attention and replacement. And so he inaugurated a policy of building substantial and lasting structures of steel or concrete. He not only inaugurated the policy, but put on overalls and helped carry it out by teaching local officials how to build concrete culverts.

AN INDUSTRIAL TITAN

Such was the beginning of the career of Thomas H. MacDonald. From that time on he loomed into a more and more important good roads figure. From 1904 to 1919 he was State Highway Engineer of Iowa, and he is to-day Chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads.



TOURING CARS AND FARM TRUCKS DELIGHT IN THIS FEDERAL AID ASPHALTIC CONCRETE HIGHWAY THROUGH MILFORD COUNTY, P.

As head of the Federal aid road-building organization he is one of the biggest industrial figures in the world.

Working in co-operation with the State Highway Departments, MacDonald is supervising road work in every State in the Union, and on the first of April this involved the construction of \$233,015,000 worth of road projects, representing 13,563 miles of all kinds of roads, toward which the Federal Government contributed \$98,640,000. Moreover, in addition to the work actually under construction, there had on the date been completed \$275,966,000 worth of roads, representing work in all the States, a total of 15,688 miles, to which Federal Aid had contributed \$118,253,000.

This man MacDonald has the physical and mental capacity for getting under load of responsibility that would crush most executives. He is built like a line plunging full-back—short, thickset, close to the ground that he wrings into roads. He is calm, quiet, unflustered, and apparently untiring. His department in Washington is under Civil Service, but his clerks do not knock off work at 4:30 P.M. His office is usually still humming with activity at six.

A few years back Iowa State College didn't have the heart to tell Iowa taxpayers that it would cost \$5,000 to build a mile of good road. Yet to-day the Federal aid programme averages nearly \$18,000 per mile of good road, and no one in Congress or out of Congress is kicking. So competently is the Federal Bureau run that only two and one-half per cent of Federal aid appropriations go for administration. All the rest goes into actual roads.

Federal aid works with a State highway commission on a fifty-fifty basis. Mr. MacDonald tells me. But the States have oversubscribed their share. Federal aid is apportioned among the various States on the threefold basis of their population, area, and miles of

post road. Each of these factors is taken in ratio to totals for the whole United States. But, regardless of these computations, no State gets less than one-half of one per cent of all Federal aid money available. It happens that New York gets five per cent, while Texas tops the list with six per cent.

The Cumberland Pike, started by the Federal Government in 1806, was the first comprehensive Federal road-building project. Its object was to provide a first-class highway to carry traffic through the mountains westward. But with the big railway-building impulse of 1840, the Government directed its aid to railways, and wagon roads became purely local projects. Even State aid was withheld from road building until New Jersey in 1891 appropriated State funds to aid counties, and in 1892 Massachusetts came forward with a State Highway Commission, and was fortunate enough to get Dean Shaler, of Harvard, on this Commission. This gifted geologist put road building on a scientific and soundly technical basis.

A BEWILDERING TASK IN CONTINUITY

Even the ambitious servants of Uncle Sam who hewed the Cumberland Pike through the mountains would have been dumfounded had they been able to look more than a century into the future and catch a glimpse of what to-day the Bureau of Public Roads in co-operation with the State Highway Departments is accomplishing in road building. The job is a gigantic one. It is driving across the face of the earth a vast, co-ordinated, interconnecting network of roads that will join at State boundaries, and ultimately provide continuous main arteries of good roads that will connect all of the county seats in the United States without a single break.

It is a staggering job in continuity. Mr. MacDonald estimates that it will cost to complete it nearly three billion dollars, of which the Federal Government will pay something less than half.

A bewildering mass of State road naps keeps rolling into Mr. MacDonald's office. These have to be co-ordinated, so that the main roads of one State may connect at the State boundaries at all points where an adjoining State's roads begin. Nothing is left to chance.

Seventy per cent of Federal aid mileage consists of graded and drained sand-clay, gravel, and macadam roads. This means pioneer work—building roads where there are no roads. The hardest operating conditions are found in the Mississippi Valley—Mr. MacDonald's old stamping-grounds. This is the worst region in the country for effective road building, and is likewise the region that needs good roads the most. The climatic conditions in combination with the clay, gumbo, and black waxy soils hamper road building, and this is the soil that holds water so long that ordinary roads become impassable during the rainy seasons.

The country has been divided by the

Bureau of Public Roads into eleven districts, each with its staff of engineers. These work closely with State highway departments, which are the real construction units. When a State project is submitted, the Federal Bureau has its engineers go over it. The Bureau makes sure that State funds are available, and every phase of the project is carefully investigated. If approved, the State Commission proceeds in co-operation with the Bureau. No Federal funds are disbursed save in payment of vouchers for work actually completed and approved.

Under this plan, the United States is building the best roads in the world to-day, and the work proceeds in a rapid, orderly, efficient manner, with highly perfected equipment and with notable labor-saving devices.

"It will require at least 185,000 miles of primary roads," Mr. MacDonald told me, "to give the country the required network of continuous and interconnecting highways contemplated by the present Federal aid programme. But that mileage represents only seven per cent of the total roads of the country. We gave the railways huge Government grants in their early days, but there are people who complain that the trucks do not pay the whole cost of building roads over which to carry short-haul loads of commodities. The Government wants the public to regard road building as a business proposition that must be carried on by experts, free to work at construction and maintenance with the knowledge that they will be supported as long as they do good work. The work of the State highway departments is of basic social and economic importance. It is a long-time job, and there should be sufficient tenure of office to enable these men to finish a long-time job without

interruption, completing the roads of a State in the order of importance to itself and its neighboring States. The cost of road building should not be paid by taxes levied entirely against the land adjoining the roads, but by taxes levied against society."

MOTOR TRUCKS AND RAILWAYS ARE ALLIES

Uncle Sam's road chief points out that there is no competition between highways and the railways. The railways as freight movers are essentially long-haul carriers of such commodities as grain, live stock, and coal, while motor trucks cannot hope to figure in the long-haul movement of these products, but are primarily useful in the local gathering and distribution of dairy products, vegetables, fruits, and manufactured merchandise, and the relief of rail congestion at the terminals. New York department stores have made elaborate tests in which they have found that it is cheaper and more satisfactory to ship by trucks than by railways where the distance is under forty miles.

In reply to critics who claim that truck traffic does undue damage to good roads, Mr. MacDonald replies that if trucks are properly built, loaded, and operated they do not menace the roads. As to construction, he points out that some truck manufacturers are at fault in concentrating too much of the weight over the rear wheels, so that many trucks carry sixty-five to seventy per cent, and some as high as ninety per cent, of their weight over the rear wheels. This is a mistake. Trucks overloaded by their operators are also bad for roads; a recent investigation in Connecticut shows seventy-five per cent of all trucks overloaded. Worn tires inflict undue road shocks, while pneumatic tires are tremendous road savers.

But lack of correct upkeep of roads, according to Mr. MacDonald, constitutes the worst menace. The moment a vehicle encounters a bad road surface the destructive effect of the vehicle increases four to seven times.

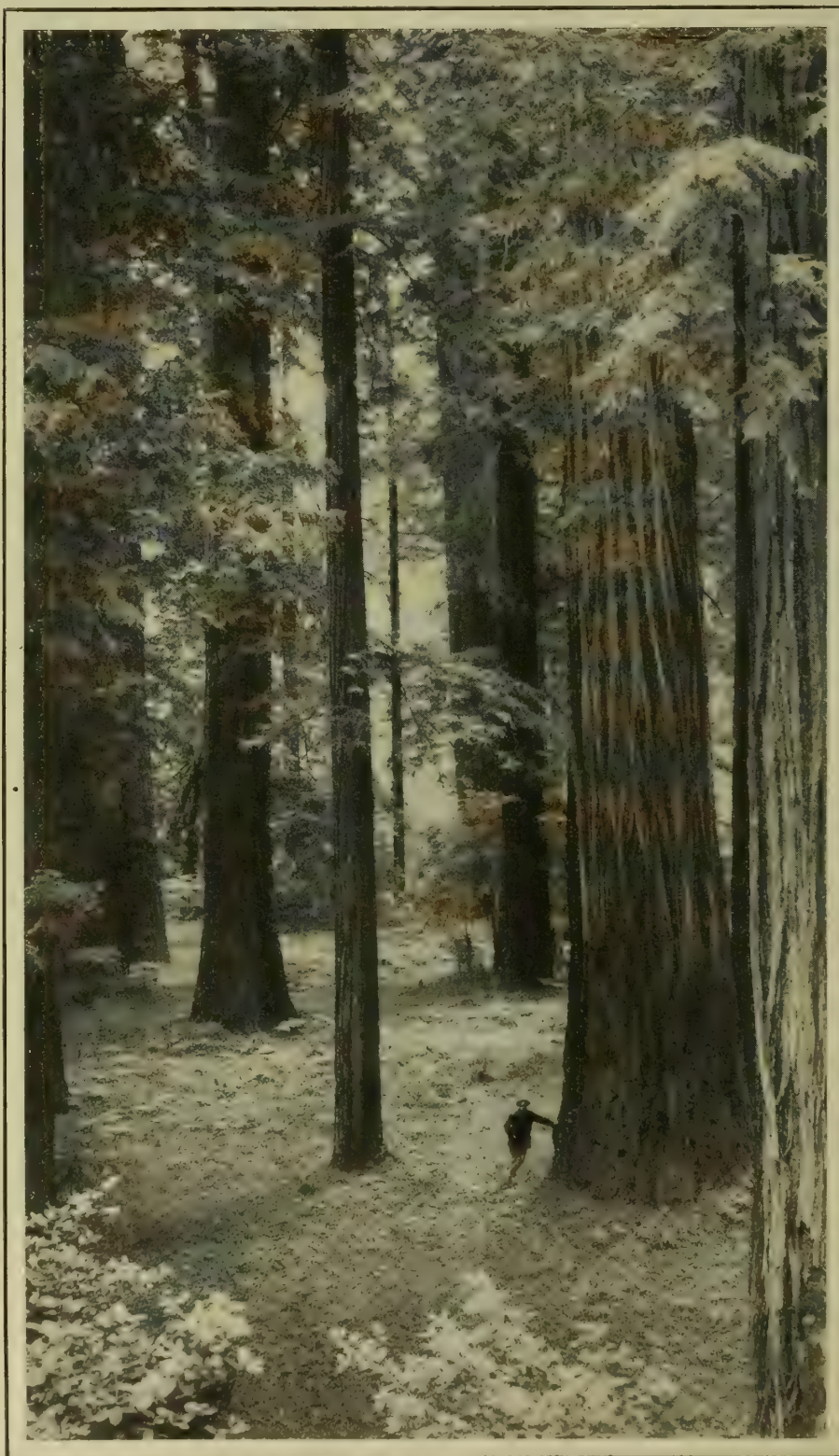
The cities have no idea of the impatience with which rural sections, now that they have become aroused, are clamoring for good roads. The task of Chief MacDonald and the States co-operating in Federal aid construction is the difficult one of confining their labors to the primary, interconnecting arteries of travel that join county seat with county seat and State with State. Huge contracts for this work are being closed all the time, but the means of travel have so far greatly outstripped the improved roads of travel. There are eight billion dollars of capital now invested in automobile rolling stock in this country, while from 1910 to 1921, inclusive, the cumulative investment in good roads has mounted only to \$2,526,000,000. This leads Mr. MacDonald to insist that the United States ought to be spending much larger amounts than the money now available each year in order to get the job done within a ten-year period.



A MERCHANT PAID \$25 PER 100 POUNDS FOR A FOUR-MILE HAUL AND POSTAL AUTHORITIES PAID \$12.50 PER DAY FOR ONE DAY'S MAIL DELIVERY A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN

FORTY ACRES IN ONE

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



Copyrighted by Professor Woodbridge Metcalf

The forests of the redwood region of California, although long a center of interest, have only recently been made accessible to the motoring tourist through a State highway.

This is a scene on Bull Creek Flat, in Humboldt County, California, not far from the new California State Park, now being made ready for the reception of tourists. In the picture are trees of over eleven feet in diameter at a point five feet from the ground and three hundred to three hundred and fifty feet tall—taller than the Big Trees of the Sierras already known to the vacationist. The floor of the forest is here a uniform carpet of oxalis. In other groves the forest floor is covered with a luxuriant growth of ferns over six feet tall. The redwood is found only in a narrow broken strip on the California coast from Monterey north to just over the Oregon line, and not more than forty miles inland. A stand similar to the one pictured and a few miles from it was recently cut and a sample acre scaled. It was found to contain over one million board feet. An acre of this timber would therefore yield more than forty fairly good acres of Eastern timber.

THE BOOK TABLE

WHAT BOOKS DO BOYS RECOMMEND TO EACH OTHER

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL

IN the past ten years, especially the last five, I have been learning that if you can get boys to discuss the books that they have read, passing judgment from one to another on the relative merits of these books, the sum total of their opinions will be not far from correct. Boys can distinguish the masterpiece from the time-killer just as well as we grown-ups—sometimes better, for they are not prejudiced, as we are, by tradition. Moreover, the honest recommendation of one boy to another carries far more weight than the recommendation of any grown-up; for boys, through sad experience, have come to suspect us adults of wishing to force "dry old stuff" down their throats. Instead, therefore, of arbitrarily choosing their books for them, it behooves us to get boys to discussing book values among themselves, and to find out what they recommend to one another, so that when we are called upon to give a book to a boy we can say, "Here, Bill, this is a book that Tom, Dick, and Jim are crazy about," at the same time knowing that discriminating grown-ups approve of the book too.

Perhaps it seems like assuming a great deal to be confident that combined boy opinion will to any extent coincide with mature adult opinion. But in this case it is not an assumption; it is a cheering fact brought to light by a good many years of careful investigation on my part. Let me describe the way in which I have come to this conclusion.

When I was a boy myself, I remember thinking that my teachers were the poorest judges of literature I had ever met. They gave me nothing to read but "dry old stuff" like "Evangeline," "Enoch Arden," "Silas Marner," "Roger de Coverley Papers," and the like. I resolved at that time that if I ever got to be a teacher I should recommend something worth reading, like the "Jungle Books," "Swiss Family Robinson," "The Last of the Mohicans," and others of the same sort.

When I did become a teacher, I began confidently prescribing these books. Soon, to my surprise and regret, I found that the boys felt very lukewarm toward them. Indeed, I had real trouble with one boy, who disliked "The Last of the Mohicans." I did my best to make these books interesting, but the boys had no enthusiasm for the books I prescribed.

However, one day a boy brought into class a book that I had never heard of, called "With the Indians in the Rockies," by James Willard Schultz, and begged me to let the class read it. He exhibited the book to all, told me it was

a true story, and showed me that Houghton Mifflin Company had published it, which rather eased my pedagogical fears. The class read the book with infinite delight. It was full of interesting and true-to-life descriptions of the way a white boy and a Blackfoot Indian managed to live through a winter in the Rocky Mountains, cut off from every supply or source of help. They did not even have weapons or fire when their adventure started. Yet they lived and—but I must not spoil the story. It is worth reading.

That happened several years ago. At first I thought simply that I had discovered a marvelously fascinating book. I had; but that was not the best thing I had discovered; the real discovery was that boys are eager to read what other boys recommend, and that they harden themselves by force of habit against anything prescribed by a teacher. So I decided to stop prescribing, and to let my boys lure each other on. I planned, of course, to veto books that seemed undesirable; but I wanted to see what boys would actually recommend to each other and to stir them up in this way to reading more widely.

My literature periods began to change their aspect. Before choosing a book for reading in class we called for suggestions; boys offered their favorite books, gave their reasons, and voted on what seemed most worth reading. In the older classes—boys from twelve to fifteen—we ceased to read much in class, but discussed books in class and read them outside. Then we began to have boys prepare careful reports on their reading, to be made orally, reading a sample incident from the book reported on and passing a personal judgment on the value of the book.

Almost at once we found ourselves dividing books roughly into three classes: Class I, the books we felt no boy should miss; Class II, worth-while books that could not be classed so highly; and Class III, books which were frankly time-killers. We discussed the qualities that would put a book in one class or another, and settled the matter by vote; for I had learned by this time that teacher arbitration was like sand in a gear-box.

Presently we began to make some calculations as to how many books a boy could be expected to read during his boyhood. We decided that the number was probably between two hundred and four hundred. We estimated that there must be several thousand books for boys on the market. We then saw plainly that we must choose a very small percentage

of these to read. We discussed the basis of choice. We decided that the common-sense thing was to read the superfine books first—the books that "no boy should miss." We decided that after this we should read the merely worthwhile books; and that we should read the time-killers only when we got restless and felt that we must have a literary spree. This all came out in class discussion, perhaps helped by a little judicious guidance on my part; but, as finally put, it was a class vote, and even as such was no more than a recommendation. Each boy was left free to make his own actual decisions.

Somebody then suggested the gathering of a list of books that "no boy should miss." We voted that each boy should make an alphabetical list on cards of the books that he believed should be included in Class I. We started. Soon a boy said he wished we could have a Class II list also. Lastly, one lover of thrilling adventure stories said that he didn't see why we couldn't keep a list of the time-killers too. So it was voted that each boy should classify all the books he had read into three classes, and that we should combine these lists. Again we started. Day by day boys brought to class library cards on which they had written the titles of the books, the names of the authors, and the names of the publishers. Also they wrote on each card a brief statement as to what the book was about, and why they classed it as I, II, or III.

I believe that this process of classifying books according to their merits, each boy passing his own judgment independently and giving his own reasons, did more to develop a thoughtful attitude toward books than all the teaching and preaching I had ever done. We did nothing to forbid the trashy book; but the very act of labeling it trashy raised the boy's own taste one step higher. He became less inclined to read that kind of book when he had a good list of other books which his comrades declared were "too good to miss."

A curious back-fire from this scheme of getting the boys to form their own opinions came at about this time in the form of requests for my opinion on doubtful books. I was tempted to use these requests as opportunities for teaching real literary appreciation. But I controlled the impulse. Instead, almost invariably I threw back the question on the class or on some boy in the class, not giving my own opinion unless pressed for it, and even then giving it without undue emphasis. For instance: a boy asked one day what I thought of "Lorna Doone." Instead of pouring out my own liking for the book, I said, "Well, I like it, but I'm not sure how it would appeal to a boy. It may be too old for you." At that a boy who had previously put himself on record as lik-

ing "blood-and-thunder" books raised his hand. "Oh, I don't think it's too old," he said. "I liked it."

"Did you find too much long description?" I asked.

"Oh, there was some description," he answered, "but most of it was interesting."

By this time three other boys were nodding agreement. A fourth held up his hand and said he thought it was slow. One of the advocates asked him how far he had gone in it, and he blushing admitted that he had read only a few pages.

"Oh, well," said the first boy, "you can't tell what a book is going to be like in just a few pages." And the class chuckled its approval, though probably most of them had a tendency to drop a book after a few pages of trial if it was slow.

Now had I, the teacher, praised the book and chided the boy for not giving it a fair chance, no other boy would have read "Lorna Doone," and almost all would have made up their minds to go on dropping books with slow beginnings. But because my "blood-and-thunder" friend in the class had done the talking several read the book, and I suspect several resolved to give other books a fair trial.

Another boy asked me what I thought of Zane Grey's books, saying that his father liked them but his older sister said her teacher called them trash. As a matter of fact, I enjoy Zane Grey's stories immensely, but I should perhaps hesitate to recommend them to boys as really worth reading. As I was pausing to consider my reply a boy just in front of me spoke up:

"They're awfully exciting, but you couldn't call them Class I books."

"How would you class them?" I asked. He scratched his head doubtfully.

"I guess they're time-killers," he said.

Another boy, who is a curious combination of natural-born athlete, mischief-maker, and serious-minded student, but whose athletic ability and propensities for mischief bulk largest in the minds of his companions, asked me what I thought of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." As a matter of fact, that truly great book had never appealed to me as a boy, and I hesitated to answer frankly. I followed a hunch, and threw the boy's own question back at him.

"What do you think of it?"

"Oh, gee," he said, "I think it's great! I think it's one of the best books I ever read."

Later on he confided to me in the presence of several boys that after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he had decided never to call a colored man a "nigger" again.

Many boys expressed the feeling that "Swiss Family Robinson" was absolutely impossible and childish, because everything came to the family on the island just when they wanted it. There was a big discussion on this point, but in the end a quarter of the class listed it as a book that "no boy should miss."

I could go on giving examples of this sort for pages and pages, but this is enough to indicate that if boys can be brought to frank discussion of book values they will show, on the whole, very good judgment; and that, since their mass judgment is almost always reliable, they influence one another for good to an extent that a grown person is powerless to do.

In combining the individual book lists by unanimous consent we took first the books "that no boy should miss." Immediately we found that to save waste effort we must list only the books that were recommended by at least two boys. After several days we finished the Class I list of books. When we started combining the second list, we found so many books that only one boy recommended that we had to discontinue combining lists, on the ground that we were wasting time. We could better apply ourselves in reading the books on the first list that we had not already read. So the list was mimeographed and passed around. This has been done now each year for three years. Seventy boys have passed judgment. The only thing I have done is to veto books that seemed undesirable—and in three years I have not vetoed half a dozen books!

The full list I keep on library cards. About fifty of the most popular books are put into the mimeographed list, with a brief statement of the nature of the subject-matter and with a number showing how many boys out of the seventy have recommended the book. The boys use this list willingly, because they know that other boys have made it up by their recommendations. They know that no teacher is imposing "dry old stuff" upon them. Yet here is the list, most of the books of which were recommended by at least ten boys. I do not think a teacher need be ashamed to offer such books to the young people in his care:

Adventures of Tom Sawyer.
Arabian Nights.
Biography of a Grizzly.
The Black Arrow (recommended by 44 boys out of 70).
Black Beauty.
Bob, Son of Battle (42 boys).
The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt.
The Call of the Wild (48 boys).
Captains Courageous (39 boys).
A Christmas Carol.
The Deerslayer.
From the Earth to the Moon.
Gulliver's Travels.
Hans Brinker.
Huckleberry Finn.
In the Great Apache Forest.
Ivanhoe.
Jim Davis.
The Jungle Books (44 boys).
Kidnapped.
Kim.
King Arthur and His Knights.
Lad, a Dog.
The Last of the Mohicans.
Little Women.
Lorna Doone.
The Man Without a Country.
Men of Iron.
The Merchant of Venice.
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.

Monarch, the Big Bear.
Mysterious Island.
Oliver Twist.
On the Warpath.
Otto of the Silver Hand (36 boys).
The Prince and the Pauper.
Red Fox.
Robinson Crusoe.
Rolf in the Woods.
The Story of a Bad Boy.
Swiss Family Robinson.
Tanglewood Tales.
The Three Musketeers.
Tom Brown's School Days.
Tour of the World in Eighty Days.
The Trail of the Sandhill Stag.
Treasure Island (53 boys).
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.
Two Years Before the Mast.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Westward Ho!
White Fang.
Wild Animals I Have Known.
With the Indians in the Rockies.

I hope that it will be noted that "The Jungle Books," "Swiss Family Robinson," and "The Last of the Mohicans," which I so nearly ruined for my boys by prescribing, are among their favorites, after all. By ceasing to prescribe them I saved them.

No doubt there are many good books missing from this list, many of higher literary value. But these are books for boys, and the main thing is to develop the appetite for wholesome reading by giving them something at the same time palatable and worth while. We consider this only a beginning. But, from the point of view both of the boy and of the grown-up, we consider it "safe and sane."

BOOKS RECEIVED

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH. By Camille Flammarion. The Century Company, New York. \$3.

FORTNIGHTLY CLUB (THE). By Horace G. Hutchinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

FUNDAMENTALS OF FAITH IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN THOUGHT. By Horace Blake Williams. The Abingdon Press, New York. \$1.25.

PSALMS AS LITURGIES (THE). Being the Paddock Lectures for 1920. By John P. Peters, Ph.D., Sc.D., D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOW TO SELL AT RETAIL. By W. W. Charters. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.

LITTLE CORNER NEVER CONQUERED (THE). By John Van Schaick, Jr. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

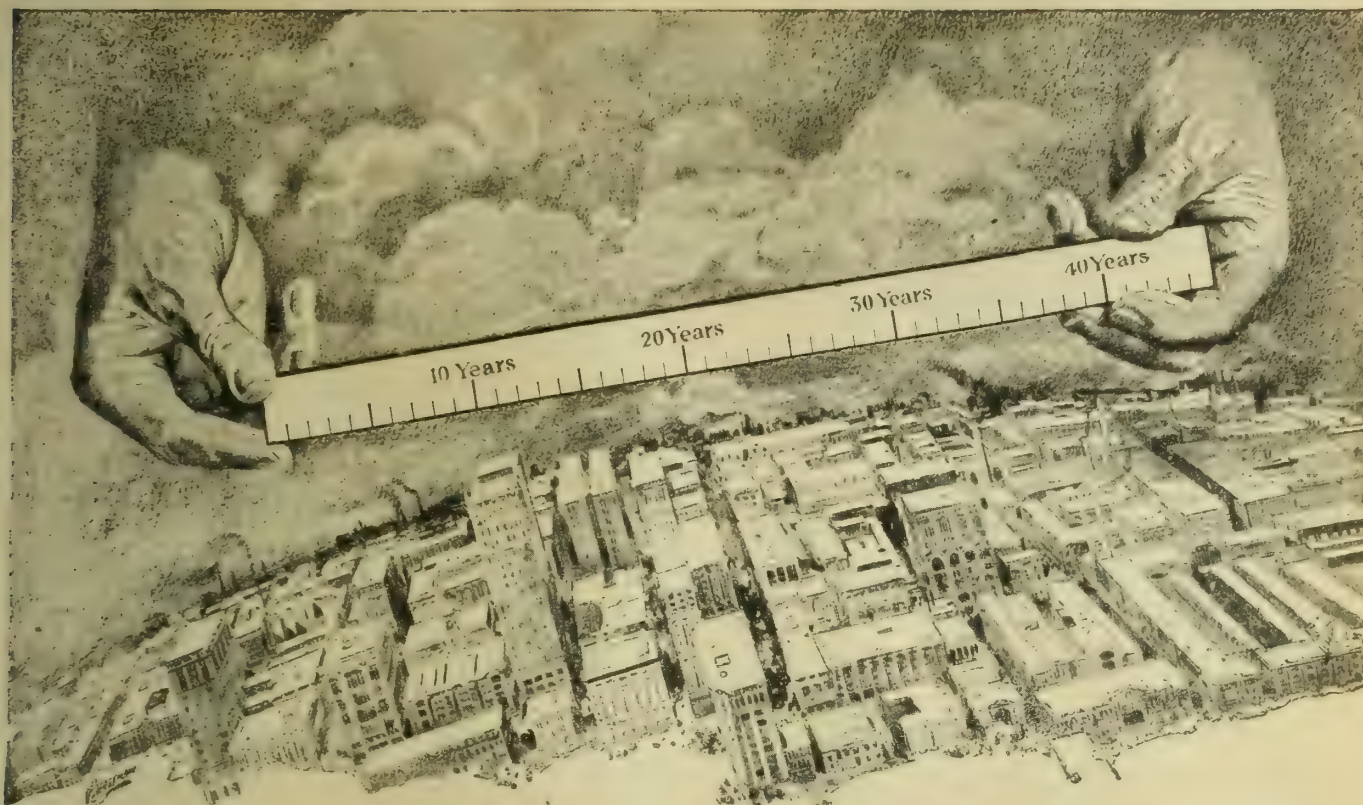
MEXICAN PETROLEUM. Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, New York.

PERIL OF THE REPUBLIC (THE). By Daniel Chauncey Brewer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

FOUR APPRENDRE A PARLER. By François J. Kuony. Allyn & Bacon, New York. \$1.20.

SENECA THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS MODERN MESSAGE. By Richard Mott Gummere. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. \$2.50.

STORY OF THE AMERICAN HYMN (THE). By Edward S. Ninde. Illustrated. The Abingdon Press, New York. \$3.50.



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FROM THE MAIL BAG

WEALTH, WORK, AND GOVERNMENT

IN whatever language the strike policy of the Government may be masked, its essence is, driving the strikers back to work by force. The policy is illogical, unlawful, futile, and extremely dangerous. All labor except a few willing strike-breakers will feel itself outraged and outlawed. Labor was promised a new status if it would work and fight loyally in the war. It did so. Is this the new status?

Unless the strikers return to work they are to forfeit their positions without remuneration. Can any one imagine the Government compelling the mine or rail owners to forfeit their mines or roads without rich remuneration under any circumstances whatever? The injustice of the Government to the strikers is self-evident.

The Government tolerates the claim that the strikers are now striking against the United States, a view energetically exploited by the employers. Had the law endowed the Railway Labor Board with the autocratic power involved in that view penalties would have been attached to disregard of its decisions. None were. It is grotesque to assert that the strike is rebellion against the Government or the people.

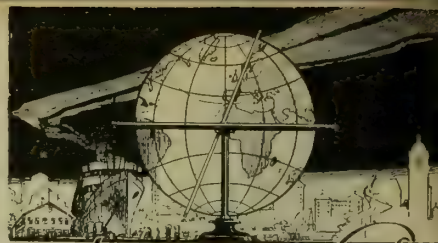
President Harding said to the Governors: "Your State Government and the Federal Government are jointly responsible for maintaining conditions under which free men, willing to work, may work in safety."

Governor Cox, of Massachusetts, said to the sheriffs, mayors, and others: "In the highest interests of the whole citizenship of Massachusetts, I ask your co-operation in making secure to each individual his inalienable right to work."

The "right to work" is a sham unless all men can get work at all times. Men are "free" only when this condition permanently prevails. The unemployment of large numbers is a nearly constant phenomenon in this country. Neither Government nor citizen will give them work. No right to demand it is recognized. Therefore they have no right to work. Therefore they are not free.

The spurious right to work becomes sacred only in one circumstance. That is when the unemployed are needed as strike-breakers. Then the United States Army is ordered out to vindicate the solemn sanctity of their right to work, and to assert the stupendous holiness of their "freedom."

The irony of this farce is more than tragical. It threatens the existence of our Nation. The only reason the army is called out to protect the right to work is that there is no right to work. Were there that right, there would be no unemployed to seize the strikers' places, and therefore no need of "protecting" them. Strikers and magnates would be on a par in the controversy. And if the Government intervened it would do so to



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FROM THE MAIL BAG (Continued)

execute justice instead of to confirm and perpetuate injustice.

Boston.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

[This letter states very tersely views on wealth, work, and government, which, in spite of their fallacies, are very common among partisans of labor in industrial warfare. Certain quite contradictory views, prevailing among partisans of capital, are characterized by corresponding fallacies. We can think of no better training in clear thinking than the undertaking to hunt out these fallacies from their lairs on both sides.—THE EDITORS.]

CAPITALABORISM

AN edition of Webster's Dictionary for 1890 has no word capitalism. Since then this word has been spoiled. The Socialists and Communists have taken the goodness out of capitalism and we need a word to take its place which in itself will convey a respectable meaning. I propose as a substitute the word capitalaborism.

At Johns Hopkins University thirty-five years ago, in bold letters on the wall of a most popular lecture-room, were these words: "History is past politics; politics is present history." So we might put up an inscription: Capital is past labor; labor is future capital.

A boatman named one oar "faith" and the other "works." He noticed that when he pulled "faith" alone the boat went round and round, and this was the case when he pulled "works." But when he pulled both oars his boat went forward even against the stream. So is it with capital and labor. Separated, we stand still or drift. When capital and labor are pulled together, the craft of the individual or of the state moves forward toward success.

The capitalaborist believes in the union of capital and labor against Communism. He is opposed to their separation and isolation. Money compensates labor and labor earns money. The antagonism is imagined, not real, with fair-minded, industrious people. They are envious and lazy people who see only evil in the possession of money. Whatever evil exists is not in the possession of the money, but in its distribution.

The remedy for bad distribution is not in Communistic equalization, nor is it in governmental ownership. The proper remedy must give full credit for superior preparation, superior ability, superior skill. We concede that honest industry must have a living wage, but we do not concede the same wage to all, regardless of efficient service. To reward superiority proportionately is the time-honored and time-tested principle under which skillful management unites labor and capital in the finest co-operation for the common benefit of human society.

On one occasion I divided a circle on the blackboard into three equal sectors. I labeled one sector "brains" and another "brawn," and asked the class to give me a word beginning with the letter b for the third sector. One lad suggested

Kidney Disorders

What an eminent medical authority prescribes for Bright's Disease, High Blood Pressure, Heart and Arterial Deterioration, etc.



Your kidneys are filters whose function is to remove waste products from the blood. When you have kidney trouble, these filters have lost the power to pick impurities out of the blood and throw them off.

How shall you rid your kidneys of these harmful substances? A medical authority of high repute says: "You can clean out your kidneys—and keep them cleaned out—by the liberal use of Paradise Water. This mineral-free water, from Paradise Spring in Maine, has the power to help wash the blood and tissues free from poisonous

waste products whose retention would continually damage the kidneys and other tissues.

"Sometimes, through misuse," adds this authority, "the kidneys get beyond repair. Give Paradise Water a chance before it is too late."

Paradise Water comes in convenient cases of 12 quarts, 24 pints, 36 half-pints. Natural or Carbonated, both delightful tasting, in addition to their health-giving qualities.

PARADISE SPRING CO., Brunswick, Me.

PARADISE WATER
(For Health)

A Delicious Table Water

For sale by leading grocers and druggists in principal cities. Shipped direct elsewhere.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PARADISE SPRING CO., Brunswick, Me. Send me "The Story of Paradise Spring" and specific information on: (Check the ones you want)

☐ No. 1—RHEUMATISM

—Arthritis Deformans
—Rheumatoid Arthritis
—Arthritis

☐ No. 2—KIDNEY DISORDERS

—Bright's Disease
—High Blood Pressure
—Heart and Arterial Deterioration

☐ No. 3—DIGESTIVE DISORDERS

—Feeble Digestion
—Acidity of Stomach
—Intestinal Auto-intoxication

☐ No. 4—BLADDER DISORDERS

—Prostatitis
—Pyelitis

Name..... Street & City.....

E397A

"banks," and the word was inserted. Brains, brawn, and banks make a formidable and winning combination. When management, labor, and capital work together success is at hand.

The New York "World," the "Globe," and the "Mail" have all used the word capitalaborism. Soon we shall hear the word used by famous statesmen. We hope to see it indorsed by leading magazines. It is a word which conveys its own wise, good meaning. Let it win its way as a substitute for capitalism.

CHARLES S. HARTWELL.

Pomona, New York.

THE VALUE OF THE GERMAN CHEMICAL PATENTS

YOUR editorial on the German patents and the Chemical Foundation, in the issue of July 26, is unquestionably the fairest and sanest discussion of this befuddled subject that I have seen. There is one point, however, that deserves special mention, and that is the

so-called "value" of these German patents.

Contrary to the general belief, a license to use one of these German dye patents does not enable a chemical manufacturer to produce the dye. It merely gives him the privilege of spending thousands of dollars and months or years of work experimenting, trying to determine how the dye can be made. Finding and applying the kernel of truth in these patents is a long, difficult job, even for trained research chemists. These patents are written with diabolical skill and the real essential points are concealed under an extremely clever barrage of words. Unfortunately, most of our legislators apparently believe that every patent granted is as clear and guileless as one covering a paper clip or a shoe-button. Until our chemical manufacturers have risked a large outlay of money for research work these German dye patents are of no value whatever, and the idea of placing an arbitrary value of so many millions of dollars on them is absurd.

I. E. KNAPP.

Carneys Point, New Jersey.

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Tours and Travel

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Rio Centennial Cruise

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February 3, 1923

Only 45 days from New York to New York. The Cruise of Cruises for those who desire a fascinating and highly enjoyable pleasure trip of approximately one month and a half. It is especially attractive to those interested in the Brazilian Centennial Exposition. Rates \$750 up—New York to New York. Write for complete information and schedule of rates.

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February 10, 1923, on the S.S. "Rotterdam." Includes Azores, Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Holy Land and other places of equal interest. Rates \$625 up—New York to New York. Write for illustrated booklet.

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Nile Cruises in Private Steamer

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Italy's most perfect month—of the vintage—when the heat has passed. Leaving N. Y. Sept. 16-30; returning from Naples in Nov. The first party, leaving Sept. 16, being under the personal management of our President, Mr. Egerton R. Williams, author of "Hill Towns of Italy," "Plain Towns of Italy," etc., etc.

THE EGERTON R. WILLIAMS CO.
European Tours
220 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

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The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

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Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, \$5-6 in cities and popular resorts, \$4-5 in the country

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FREE TRIP TO EUROPE

will be given to an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BARCOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

Hotels and Resorts

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CANADA'S WILDS Northern Ontario

Timagami Wabi Kon Camp

The unspoiled country—A Camp with every comfort in the heart of four million acres virgin forest—1,502 lakes. Wonderful fishing. Guides. Boats. Canoes and Launches. Bathing. Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. Write for booklets. MISS G. ORR, Timagami P. O., Northern Ontario, Can.

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The LEE HOTEL

15th and L Sts., N. W.

Newest in Washington

Write for Booklet No. 3

Room and bath, \$3.50 a day and upward

EUROPE

ITALIAN RIVIERA, Viareggio, Italy. Very small number paying guests received in charming private villa, facing pine forest, near esplanade. Refined and cultivated milieu. Opportunity for study of Italian or German. ELSA WOLFFHÜGEL, via Fratti 254 (Pineta), Viareggio, Italy.

MAINE

YORK CAMPS LOON LAKE, MAINE. J. Lewis York, Prop. Famous Rangeley region heart of mountains facing lake. Log cabins, baths, open fires, central dining-room. Garage, golf near by, boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, milk. Booklet.

CAMP AIMHI

North Windham, Maine

Bathing, Boating, Canoeing, Fishing, Tennis. Aimhi Family Camp—situated among the pines on the shore of Little Sebago Lake, Me.—offers a natural, healthy, out-of-door life in the midst of an environment which is ideal for rest and recreation. M. L. HODGSON, Mgr.

MASSACHUSETTS

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

The Leslie

A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 18th season.

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WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS. (Near Boston)

Fine location. Hot and cold running water in nearly all bedrooms. Some private baths. Many comfortably furnished rooms for general use. Large, breezy, screened piazza. Cool fern room. "Crow's nest" outlook. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Tennis. Cream, berries, fruit, eggs, chickens. \$15, \$18, \$21, \$23 a week. Tel. Wellesley 71342.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BEMIS CAMPS

Overlooking KIMBALL LAKE near the White Mountains

The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself—boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing, nights around the camp-fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW HAMPSHIRE

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George's Mills, N. H.

Quiet and refined. Enjoy the autumn in our beautiful lake and mountain region. Our house is homey and informal. Booklets. ANNA CHASE, Hostess.

NEW YORK CITY

While in New York

For a quiet, comfortable, home-like place in which to stay—

Single rooms, use of bath, \$1.50 & \$2
Suite, parlor, bedroom and bath, for 2, \$4 & \$5 daily
Parlor, 2 bedrooms and bath, 4 or 5 persons, \$6 & \$7 daily

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR AUTOMOBILE PARTIES

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Five steps only from Broadway Subway Sta.

Hotel Webster

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NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.

REDUCED RATES DURING SUMMER

Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

HOTEL JUDSON

53 Washington Square

adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through
to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

NEW YORK

Adirondacks Interbrook Lodge

and Cottages
Keene Valley, N. Y. Season June 1-October 1. Very heart of highest peaks. Rooms available only for September. Rates \$18 and \$20. Illustrated booklet. M. E. Luck, Prop.

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks

18 Cottages
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

KEENE VALLEY INN, Keene

Valley, N. Y. Altitude 1,200 ft. Mtn. climbing, tennis, fishing. Capacity 150. \$18 week up. Illus. booklet. W. W. Black, Prop.

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On the Shore of Narragansett Bay

Several nicely furnished summer cottages, all modern improvements. Rents reasonable. Booklets.

Health Resorts

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Country Board

Morristown, N. J. Quiet, restful home for a few guests in beautiful residential park near station. Excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. 7,923, Outlook.

Real Estate

CALIFORNIA

Ranch For Sale—California

40 ACRES SAN DIEGO COUNTY AT FROSTLESS FALLS. An ideal place in the heart of "California Playground," for home and investment. Acres fruit, olives, crop on trees, lemons, one variety; balance utilized. Pumping plant, reservoir, irrigating system. Dwelling spot gives commanding view of ranch, valley, and mountains. Los Angeles San Diego, "Inland Route," crosses. 5 minutes to Ocean side's famous beach. Insertion. OWNER, Box 241, Barstow, Cal.

CONNECTICUT

Summer Residence with 51 acres Bargain. Ideal location. DE TAILLOR, owner, Colebrook (Beech Hill), Conn.

HALF PRICE A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HOME.

Cost \$60,000. Easy terms. Particulars, address Box 238, Guilford, Conn.

FLORIDA

Florida Estate for Sale

Ideally situated Seawall's Point, on coast Florida, 39 miles north of Palm Beach. Property consists of 10 acres highly developed. Oranges, grapefruit, pineapples, etc. Wonderful gardens. Main house has six master bedrooms, five baths, besides servants' quarters. Bathhouse, garage, gardener's house, etc. House completely furnished. Fine fishing and bathing. Inquire LAWRENCE VILES, Railway Exchange Building, Chicago.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—large well-established furnished tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7,947, Outlook.

FOR RENT Amherst, Mass. YEA

Furnished. Delightful house, fine location. 12 rooms, 2 baths. Garage. 7,969, Outlook.

DANVERS, MASS. I OFFER

a beautiful estate in this fine residential town 20 miles from Boston and near the famous North Shore. Very attractive house of 12 rooms with every modern convenience; stable with caretaker's rooms, garage, fruit and shade trees. Fine location; near R.R. stations, electric cars, stores, schools, churches, and public buildings. Price \$15,000. Full particulars and photographs upon application. Walter Newhall, 221 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

Rockport, Mass

GOLF TENNIS BATHING

Spacious living-room and fireplaces are features of several cottages for sale with broad ocean view. Also old-fashioned houses. HELEN L. THURSTON, Pleasant St., Telephone 80, Rockport.

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WHITE MTS. HAY FEVER

Rent my furnished cottage in Randolph, N. H. \$90, Sept. and Oct. J. B. TAYLOR, Mt. Lake Park, N. H.

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Small

Vermont Farm

For Sale on Easy Terms

60-acre farm, barns, dairy fully equipped. Well-tilled fields. Crops growing. House of seven rooms, picturesquely situated overlooking three States. Address P. O. Box 3, West Brattleboro, Vermont.

NEW YORK

Fordway Camps—Auger Lake

Spend your autumn vacation in a hardwood forest in the Adirondack foothills. New 4-room furnished bungalows. Hunting, fishing, tramping. \$20 per week, including firewood and use of rowboat. Mace & Nicolls, Keeseville, N. Y.

BY THE WAY

"THE account given by Mr. Brander Matthews of the tactful way in which Pope Pius IX greeted foreigners who were presented to him reminds me," says a correspondent, "of a well-authenticated story of Lafayette. In the great Frenchman's tour of America in 1824 he was greeted as he approached the village of Canandaigua, New York, by a delegation of prominent citizens headed by a band, and in the evening was given reception at the hotel. As the villagers, intent on doing honor to the distinguished visitor, were presented one after the other, his invariable greeting upon shaking hands was: 'I am glad to meet you, sir. Are you married?' If the reply was an affirmative, his response was: 'I congratulate you, sir. What a happy man you must be!' If the man confessed he was unmarried, the response was the same: 'I congratulate you, sir. What a happy man you must be!'"

The "man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo" recently died—broke, according to a cable despatch. He was the hero of a song that was the most

ROYAL MAIL TO EUROPE

"The Comfort Route"

The impromptu dance on deck, or the more formal after-dinner dance, possess a charm and jolly fellowship found only on shipboard. Day or evening, when traveling Royal Mail, every moment adds to your enjoyment—and not least of all are the always-satisfying meals of the Royal Mail cuisine.

Get the most out of your trip by traveling Royal Mail from New York to

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"ORBITA" — "ORDUNA" — "OROPESA"
ORCA—OHIO (Building)

BERMUDA

Weekly sailings from New York by the palatial transatlantic liner ARAGUAYA will be resumed in December.

WEST INDIES

Two cruises de luxe to the West Indies next January and February by the palatial new steamer ORCA, 25,500 tons displacement.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Established 1839

117 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO

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Real Estate

NEW YORK

BOYS' CAMP FOR SALE

Long lease on property and a reasonable price for equipment of one of the finest boys' camp sites in the country. Nearly two miles of lake shore bordering Adirondacks; woods, convenient to trains, excellent bathing and fishing and some exceptional equipment. 1,867, Outlook.

Adirondack Cottage—For September later. Furnished, 3 rooms, running water, modern sanitation. Garage, supplies convenient. Fine mountain view. A good center for touring. \$75. A. WARD, Jay, N.Y.

BOARD AND ROOMS

RARE opportunity to rent a charming room artistically furnished in a barn near tea house on North Shore of Long Island within commuting distance of New York. Would be greatly appreciated by a writer or musician. Highest references given and required. 1,868, Outlook.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES
MANUSCRIPTS

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED: Any subject, immediate reading and report. Dorrance, Publishers, 306 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

70 THINGS TO SELL BY MAIL. Remarkable new publication. Workable plans and methods. Loose-leaf, cloth binder. Prepaid \$1. Wallingford Company, Lafayette Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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SAFE \$1 FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or 5-year terms. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income. Home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIRECTORY for secretaries and social workers. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side, Boston office.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

TEACHERS wanted for public and private schools, colleges and universities. Education Service, 124 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

INTERIOR DECORATOR

DECORATOR will procure artistic furnishings at low prices. Draperies, lamps, mirrors. Furniture remodeled. Estimates submitted. Juliette, 2647 Broadway, New York. Riverside 4073.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheap stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—Trained nurse in school for retarded children. 1,889, Outlook.

Business Situations

EARN \$10 to \$25 monthly. Expenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet C.M. 27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

PROTESTANT French governess-companion by widow with four boys. Must be under forty years, experienced with management of children. Apply Box 385, Haverford, Pa.

RESIDENTIAL position (especially desirable for woman seeking good home and associations rather than salary) in New York City school as receptionist, open September 11. Also another position as caretaker of linen with occasional duties as practical nurse. 1,895, Outlook.

WANTED—Nurse and governess to co-operate with parents in care of four robust, active, well-trained children, eldest 5 years. Attractive home in outskirts of a city. Good health, even temper, patience, and pleasing personality required. Applicants must have good experience and references, fondness for outdoors, able to assist in broad physical and mental training. Should send full details experience and salary with application. 1,875, Outlook.

COMPETENT housekeeper for orphanage in city seventy miles from New York. Must be able to oversee laundry and kitchen serving twenty adults and sixty children, and supervise ten servants. Woman with knowledge of dietetics preferred. Also young woman as assistant housemother in girls' department. 1,871, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Young man well qualified to establish vocational department in private school for slightly retarded boys. School opens September. 1,887, Outlook.

WANTED—Man to teach athletics and academic subjects to subnormal boys over sixteen. School opens September. 1,888, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

YOUNG graduate physician with hospital training desires to spend few months in California or abroad. Would be willing to drive car in addition to acting as attending physician to family. References. 1,873, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, quiet, sunny disposition, cultivated, orphan, desires position useful companion with invalid gentleman. Highest credentials. 1,886, Outlook.

Business Situations

MARRIED man, age 29, now a manufacturing executive, desires employment which will keep him out of doors. 1,865, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE—Capable young woman, publicity experience, successful campaign work, desires interesting high grade position, preferably in Philadelphia or New York. 1,837, Outlook.

SUCCESSFUL experienced young woman, campaign, publicity, writer, public speaker, newspaper work, desires position in New York. Best references. 1,857, Outlook.

SECRETARY, nurse, desires position abroad. Executive ability, pleasing personality, unusual experience. Has traveled abroad. 1,874, Outlook.

SECRETARY—College graduate. Three years' experience personal and business correspondence. Also experience social survey work. 1,882, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

NURSE, capable, refined, companionable, for invalid. Can go anywhere. Physician's reference. 1,845, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as matron or housemother—school, institution. Experienced, dependable. 1,863, Outlook.

LADY desires position as companion-housemother or chaperon in school. Trained and experienced. Unencumbered. No objection to traveling. Excellent references. 1,867, Outlook.

WIDOW of refinement desires position as companion, chaperon, housemother in girls' school, Protestant. Reference. 1,864, Outlook.

COMPANION-housekeeper in home with one or more servants. Thoroughly capable, cheerful, fond of children, helpful to all. Free September 1; any pleasant locality. 1,870, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement desires position as companion. Best of references. 1,868, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of adaptable personality desires position as traveling companion or home secretary. 1,869, Outlook.

WANTED—Position of responsibility in private home. Best of references. 1,872, Outlook.

WANTED—Position assistant housekeeper, companion, nurse. 1,877, Outlook.

WANTED—Position assistant housekeeper in school, companion or governess. Miss Deans, Essex, Vt.

BY refined, educated woman, 38, position as managing housekeeper in motherless home. Splendid executive. Protestant. References exchanged. 1,893, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged woman with daughter, age 15, wishes position as housekeeper, Long Island or New York. Address Mrs. A. Jones, 7 Centre St., Elmhurst, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAINED, experienced, middle-aged woman wants position. School, small institution, private home considered. References exchanged. 1,878, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper. Will go to California. Five years' experience in Pasadena. 1,883, Outlook.

NURSE with business and hospital training desires position in fraternity house, private or parochial school, as housekeeper. References. 1,879, Outlook.

WOMAN, cultured, ambitious, versatile, thoroughly experienced and capable, desires position manager, housekeeper, companion, general factotum—household or exclusive institution. Excellent buyer, hostess, etc. Also able to superintend grounds and garden. 1,884, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR—An experienced tutor wants pupils for summer in elementary or high school subjects. Address Box 54, R. F. D. 2, Farmingdale, N. J., or phone Farmingdale 38 F 5.

LADY, teacher piano and violin, desires position for coming season. New England Conservatory graduate. Experienced. 1,876, Outlook.

COLUMBIA senior, experienced teacher, would tutor child in return for home. Miss Ferguson, Camp Twa-ne-ko-tah, Chautauqua, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOOKKEEPING in a week. Dukes, 1876 Walton Ave., New York.

BOYS wanted, 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan. Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery, 25 West 24th St., New York.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send to-day for free copy America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

SPECIAL HOME CARE FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS. We are now prepared to receive invalids and convalescents and give them special home care. Personal supervision of diet and nursing, giving special attention to the personal comfort of all patients at moderate rates. 1,865, Outlook.

CO-OPERATIVE home-making. Opportunity for woman of education and refinement to share spinster's simple house on 50-50 basis. Pleasant modern home, attractive New England town. 1,896, Outlook.

Marietta Cox, Greencastle, Ind.

"We are advertised by our loving friends."



Mellin's Food Babies

Thousands of mothers can testify that the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification satisfactorily solved their infant feeding problems.

Write today and ask us to send you a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.



Robert E. Wright, Wooster, Ohio

An Unusual Service for Outlook Readers

You are frequently in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant. Or perhaps you are in search of such a position yourself.

In either case, an Outlook "Want Ad" will undoubtedly solve the problem. Here is a typical extract from a letter just received—"I had not anticipated that my ad would prove so alluring. I received twenty-four replies and they came from thirteen different States. It has given me a great respect for the wide circulation of The Outlook."

Try a "Want Ad."

The rate is only Ten Cents a Word.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue

New York City

BY THE WAY—(Continued)

popular hit of its day, thirty or more years ago. He was also the author of an "infallible" system by which he claimed any roulette wheel might be beaten by a player with a sufficient bankroll. It is said, however, that his famous *coup* in the early nineties was the result of pure luck and was never repeated.

Authors often receive curious letters about their books. In a collection of such letters published in the New York "Herald" one received by Mr. Ernest Poole is perhaps the most amusing. It reads:

I have read a book of yours and it has occurred to me that you might be my uncle, Ern Poole. Uncle Ern left home about ten years ago. He said he meant to write for a living, but we have never heard of him since till I read your book. Now if you are my Uncle Ern I want to tell you what I think of the way you left my poor widow mother and have not even written her since—Dear Sir—if you are not Uncle Ern please pardon this presumptuous letter—but if you are, you're a coward and sneak and a quitter for running away like that. If you are not, please excuse this.

A tribute to Washington's athletic prowess is paid by a baseball player who writes to a daily paper that he himself had tried to emulate Washington's feat of throwing a silver dollar across the Rappahannock River and ignominiously failed. As Washington "could not tell a lie," the baseball man concludes, "I believe the story on the ground" (pretty well trodden, we may add in reprinting this well-known quip). "that a dollar went further in Washington's day than ours."

The downfall of Austrian currency is humorously hit off by the following story which is being circulated in Germany, whose own currency is rapidly following the Austrian:

An Austrian was placed in an insane asylum just before the war. A few weeks ago, so the story runs, he managed to find his clothes and escape from the asylum. He hailed a taxicab and after riding many miles got out and asked the price of his ride. The driver replied that the bill was 18,000 kronen. The lunatic, fumbling in his clothes, found a twenty-kronen gold piece and tendered it with profuse apologies.

"But that's quite all right. I have the change," said the cabman.

"Change?" said the astonished man.

"Yes, you have 30,000 kronen coming," replied the driver, hauling out a huge bundle of notes.

"Just keep it," said the perplexed lunatic, "and drive me back to the asylum."

The best photoplays of the year ending July 1, 1922, according to a contributor to the "Photoplay Magazine," are these: "Tol'able David," "Orphans of the Storm," "Hungry Hearts," "The Three Musketeers," "Bits of Life," "The Loves of Pharaoh," "Foolish Wives," and "One Glorious Day."

The Outlook

AUGUST 23, 1922

NORTHCLIFFE: JOURNALIST AND POLITICAL LEADER

VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE, who died in London on August 14 at the age of fifty-seven, was beyond doubt the most noted newspaper man of his time. His influence and power were derived not simply from any individual force as a writer, but from his tremendous energy as an organizer and controller and from his equally forceful ability as an independent and aggressive fighter for issues he believed to be vital. It would be impossible, therefore, to separate his accomplishment as a journalist from that of his activity as a leader of public opinion. Sometimes he was right, sometimes he was wrong, but he always aimed to lead rather than to follow. Added to this was his surprising skill at selecting men to carry out his ideas loyally and on the precise lines he had laid down.

When Lord Northcliffe died, he controlled the London "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News," and a long list of minor periodicals and magazines. He had attained this journalistic pre-eminence in a career of little over thirty years. As Alfred Harmsworth, his early journalistic activities were of the humblest kind. His start towards success began with the popularity of a little periodical called "Answers" which catered to the popular liking for smartly written replies to correspondents and to the love of odd and curious miscellany. It is said that his first attempt to enlarge his audience was the publishing of a "Great Extra Double Summer Holiday Seaside Number" of "Answers." In seven years from this time he owned more than thirty periodicals, ranging from "Comic Cuts" to a monthly magazine. A complete list of his periodicals printed in the New York "Times" names nearly or quite one hundred publications, no less than seventy-six of which have to do with fun, fashions, sports, women, boys, or girls.

Harmsworth entered the field of daily journalism by buying the "Evening News," then in a very weak and unprofitable state. His success as a daily newspaper man was almost immediate. He ran up the circulation enormously and made large profits. Instead of being satisfied with this success, as most men might be, he entered what was one of his most important ventures by gaining control of the "Daily Mail." It is a well-known fact that he spent a large sum of money, much time, and unending pains in getting the "Daily Mail" as he wanted

it to be before offering it to the public. The paper was written and prepared (news, telegrams, editorials, and all) day after day for three months. It was put in type exactly as any paper might



Underwood

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, ON HIS LAST VISIT TO AMERICA

be, but only a few copies were printed. These were seen by the staff only, who criticised, studied, planned, and brought their model into the shape that best suited the proprietor before a single copy was sold to the public. It was charged by conservatives that Northcliffe introduced American methods into English journalism; at all events, he made his new paper everything that was enterprising and graphic, and cast aside whenever he chose existing British theories and practices in newspaper work.

Still unbounded in his ambition, Northcliffe acquired financial control of the "Times," the paper which so long

had stood for dignity and political influence in English history. He showed his genius and intelligence by keeping the two newspapers he owned quite different in character and effort. Both have been eminently successful, each in its own field. The "Mail" is immensely popular and readable; the "Times" retains much of its ancient dignity, but in many ways, and particularly in its "Literary Supplement," is more readable, more modern, and less austere than the "Times" edited by Delane. The whole story of Northcliffe's journalistic career reads like a romance, and it was possible only with a man of boundless courage and equally boundless energy and versatility.

NORTHCLIFFE'S LEADERSHIP IN THE WAR

POLITICALLY, Lord Northcliffe was a man who made enemies as well as friends. His motto was "Pitiless publicity," and if purpose and conviction animated him he would attack a Prime Minister as readily as he would a brother journalist.

In the World War he was a thorn in the flesh of the Government whenever he thought new measures were necessary or that old abuses needed weeding out. His campaign in behalf of high explosives for the British army, and incidentally against Lord Kitchener, brought down a storm of protest on his head; he even saw piles of copies of his newspapers burned in public in London streets as a sign of popular hatred; yet no one doubts to-day that the British army was sorely in need of high explosives and more shells. He advocated conscription before public opinion was ready to accept it. But conscription was inevitable, and it came. He demanded a small and efficient War Cabinet, and was supported in this by Lloyd George, with the result that Asquith resigned as Premier and Lloyd George succeeded him. He fiercely attacked the Government for its errors in the campaigns of Gallipoli and Mesopotamia, and, while the criticisms may have done no good, they were deserved. His work as director of the Allies' propaganda in enemy countries during the war was remarkable; the highest German authorities have admitted that it was far in advance of anything of the kind they had done.

Even before the war Northcliffe was one of the few men awake to the German menace, and in 1909 he used the words, "Great Britain's dear friend,

Germany, is preparing for nothing short of war against her." Soon afterward he declared that the German building of Zeppelins was really a war measure and urged the building of a great English air fleet. Lord Northcliffe's controversies with Lloyd George have been vigorous on both sides. But he certainly sustained the Prime Minister in all efficient war measures and over and over again recognized Lloyd George's ability. The last of Northcliffe's controversies with Lloyd George was in regard to the present relations between France and Germany. Northcliffe, down to the moment of his collapse, fought with his accustomed vigor in behalf of the preservation of the Entente and the recognition of France's needs and rights. He said many bitter things about what he considered Lloyd George's weakness as to German reparations and in dealing with the Russian situation.

NORTHCLIFFE'S PUBLIC SERVICES

OPINIONS will differ as to the total value of Lord Northcliffe's public activity. Yet when one considers its chief objects and results and ignores the personalities and sensationalism that accompanied it, it must be admitted that he was substantially right in a large number of his contentions. Incidentally, through his papers he did a great deal for public comfort in his fight for pure milk, his encouragement of cottage building, the standardizing of bread in England, his Santa Claus Fund, and probably a dozen other helpful agitations.

Lord Northcliffe was always interested in America and an advocate of Anglo-American friendship. The American Ambassador to Great Britain, Mr. Harvey, said in commenting on Northcliffe's career: "It was a cardinal tenet of his faith that perpetuation of civilization could be assured only by mutuality of purpose and action on the part of our two countries, and he actually did more, perhaps, than any other one man, living or dead, to attain fulfillment of that noble aspiration."

Even Northcliffe's journalistic rivals generously and cordially admit the value of his work. The "Morning Post" declares: "His influence is destined long to survive him. It is consolidated in achievements which are enduring;" and the "Daily Telegraph" says, "He was a great man and a great Englishman."

A FRIEND OF IRISH PEACE

IT is easier, but not wiser, to follow a flag to the death than to recognize when the time for a just peace has arrived. Arthur Griffith, who died in Dublin on August 12, after a sudden collapse, was as ardent an advocate of

Irish independence as De Valera, but, unlike the latter, he was fighting for the substance and not the wording of the idea.

More than any other one man, Griffith exercised the influence that brought the saner Sinn Fein leaders to see that Dominion self-government in the hand is worth immeasurably more than a Republic in the bush. It has been said that in the early days of the Sinn Fein Michael Collins was its arm and Griffith its brain. It is to Collins's credit that he saw that Griffith was right and aided him in persuading other Irish negotiators in London to accept the terms upon which the Irish Free State is founded.

Griffith was in his early days a follower of Parnell; later he was a miner in South Africa, and is said to have got the idea of the Sinn Fein from the South African "Our Land" party. He was a prisoner of the British in 1921, and was released in order that he might take part in the London Conference. Padraic Colum described Griffith some months ago in the New York "Tribune" as "square, stolid, enlightened, persistent, devoted to his country." His loss to the Free State party and Government is a serious one, for he had balance and intelligence where too many Irish patriots have fervor and unreason.

IRISH IRREGULARS IN IRELAND AND AMERICA

THE retreat of the Irish "irregulars" from Cork and Limerick indicates that their resistance to the will of the Irish people, expressed in an indorsement of the Free State plan, is weakening and dying out.

The seizure of transatlantic cables by the insurgents was a sensational coup. Bold as the stroke was, however, and considerable as was the immediate inconvenience to commerce, it is not a body blow at the Free State, and may be compared to such acts in our own country as the recent stranding of railway passengers in the desert rather than to any large military action. Certainly the act has not endeared the Irish guerrilla forces to Americans.

By the way, it is amusing to note the present absence in our Congress and anti-British press of fulminations on the Irish question; so long as it was a case of England against Ireland we had plenty of it; now that it is Irish against Irish the anti-British agitators seem to be waiting to see which way the cat jumps.

ACCORD IN THE EAST, DISCORD IN EUROPE

WHILE gradual progress has been made toward the completion of an understanding among the Powers in the

Pacific Ocean and the Far East, practically no progress is evident in the development of an understanding among the European Powers concerning European questions.

There is fresh evidence of this fact.

Recently both Great Britain and Japan have ratified the treaty for the limitation of naval armaments. The three greatest naval Powers in the world have now committed themselves against continuing the old frantic race for naval supremacy.

At the same time there has been held a conference in London among the five nations which were, beside the United States, the chief allies in the war against the Central Powers. The outcome of this conference, which lasted over a week, has been, to use Poincaré's characteristically pungent phrase, "an accord to misunderstand each other." That conference was called to see if some understanding could not be reached concerning the problem of German reparations. To this conference at London the French Premier came with certain proposals. He was willing to agree to a moratorium for Germany, releasing her for the time being from the installments of the reparations which are now due, on condition that certain steps be taken to guarantee the payments. To the French suggestion, for example, that a sixty per cent share in the dye and other industries on the left bank of the Rhine be taken over, all the other countries in conference objected. To the French suggestion that certain of the German mines and forests be administered under Allied control, all but Belgium objected. Great Britain, of course, is interested in reviving trade; and of course anything that is done to put a burden upon Germany to repair the damage done in France interferes with trade. For example, any administration of German forests is likely to introduce a competitor with the Canadian lumber business. So France is prevented from securing guaranties with the aid of her friends, and she is denounced if she suggests getting guaranties without their aid.

It is alleged that Germany cannot pay because she is bankrupt. What seems to be forgotten is the difference between a government and a country. It is true that the German Government is bankrupt—but not Germany.

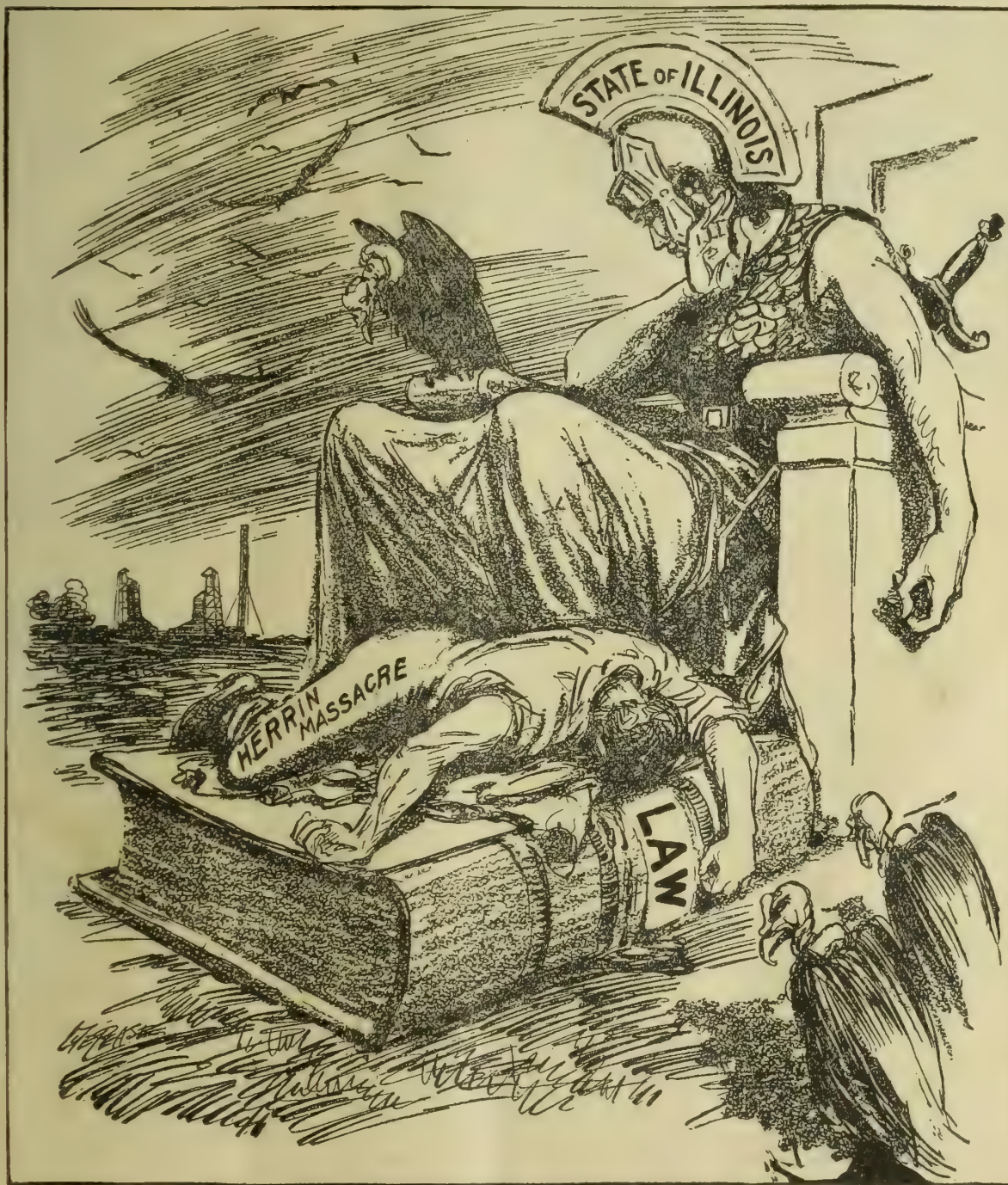
CUBA

ELSEWHERE in this issue we print some interesting correspondence about Cuba from a member of the staff of The Outlook. What our correspondent says is based upon a recent visit to the rich and beautiful island of the Caribbean, and it is confirmed by a

TREASON AND MURDER EVER KEPT TOGETHER

(Henry V, Act II, Scene 2)

Pease in the Newark Evening News



From an Associated Press despatch from Atlantic City, New Jersey, July 13.—Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, delivered the principal address to-day at the final session of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

"But a few short weeks ago," he said, "in southern Illinois, as atrocious a massacre occurred as is contained in our annals. Men were killed, not cleanly killed, but brutally killed, and up to the time in which I speak there is no shadow of a conviction of the

murderers in sight. I know not who was to blame, whether employer or employee—perhaps both—but if our country is to stand we must mete out justice in this case regardless of the affiliations. A blot of this kind on our escutcheon can be wiped out in one manner and one manner only, and that is by due process of law."

From an Associated Press despatch from Marion, Illinois, August 11.—State's Attorney Delos Rutty, Sheriff Melvin Thaxton, and other officials of Williamson County, working under

orders of W. J. Brundage, State Attorney-General, are gathering evidence against participants in the mine war at the strip pit of the Southern Illinois Coal Company at Herrin, near here, on June 21 and 22, in which nineteen non-union workers and three union miners were killed.

It was stated to-day by a county official that sufficient evidence has been collected to convict many participants in the disorders, but that complete evidence as to the mob leaders still is lacking.



Keystone

A SHIPPING BOARD COMMITTEE

In order to make a study of harbor conditions and to get views on shipping problems three prominent members of the United States Shipping Board, aboard the steamship Harvard, recently arrived at Los Angeles, California. Left to right in the group are: Fred L. Baker, of the Los Angeles Ship-building and Dry Dock Corporation; Admiral W. S. Benson, former Senator George E. Chamberlain, and Meyer Lissner, members of the Board; F. W. Relyea, district manager of the Board; and Earle M. Leaf, Vice-President and Secretary of the Los Angeles Ship-Building and Dry Dock Corporation

despatch from Havana to the New York "Times," dated August 6. This despatch quotes from a memorandum recently addressed by General Crowder to President Zayas, of Cuba. The memorandum deals with the financial and administrative deficiencies of the Cuban Government. General Crowder intimates that the present debts of the Government are being badly handled; that the administration of the Government is extravagant and wasteful; that economies of administration must be firmly insisted upon; that there must be a thorough and impartial investigation of the persistent charges of graft and corruption in the Cuban Customs and Internal Revenue Services; and that the Cuban judiciary is not in a healthy condition. General Crowder says that the reforms in the Cuban Government must be "of such character as to make it reasonably certain that the Government of the United States will never have to take steps, under the authority of the permanent treaty and Constitution of Cuba, to secure prompt payment of interest and sinking-fund charges on either the proposed new loan or the existing loans." In his opinion, "it is obvious that adequate assurance that the Government of the United States will be saved from this disagreeable duty under said treaty and Constitution must proceed from measures to be adopted by both legislative and executive branches of the Cuban Government."

General Crowder has been in Cuba for more than a year as personal representative of President Harding under the Platt Amendment, which provides for American approval of Cuban affairs. He is in Cuba with all the moral power, if not the official status, of a special Ambassador. While his memorandum to President Zayas was couched in the most courteous and diplomatic terms, it is a distinct intimation of possible intervention.

Cubans and Americans are fortunate in having such a man as General Crowder in the position which he occupies in Cuban affairs. He possesses both the highest integrity and the highest administrative skill. The way in which he devised and put into operation the system creating a citizen army of three million men under the Draft Law shows him to be a man of insight and genius.

SOME CONSTRUCTIVE WORK BY THE SHIPPING BOARD

WHILE two contending forces in the railway industry of the United States are in a struggle which is rapidly leading to the disintegration of railway transportation, the Shipping Board is hard at work on constructive plans to strengthen and improve transportation by sea.

A section of the Merchant Marine Act provides that the American importer and exporter may enjoy preferential freight rates lower than the domestic

rates for the same hauling in transporting his goods to or from the seaboard, provided these goods are exported or imported in American ships. The only condition upon which such low preferential rates are granted is that adequate shipping facilities are available on American vessels. This section of the Marine Act has never been enforced because the Shipping Board has been of the opinion that adequate American shipping facilities, as defined by the Act, have not yet been available.

The Shipping Board has now appointed a committee consisting of ex-Senator George E. Chamberlain, Admiral William S. Benson, and Mr. Meyer Lissner, all members of the Board, to investigate in person export and import facilities at Boston, New York, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Seattle, Portland (Oregon), San Francisco, and Los Angeles. The accompanying photograph shows the members of the committee and their aids and assistants arriving at Los Angeles.

In its work the Committee has inspected terminal facilities, harbors, warehouses, and docks, and has held hearings with local officials, civic organizations, and citizens on the subject. They have discovered the reasons why certain shippers still favor foreign lines, and their report, when published, will be a valuable contribution to a solution of the complicated problem of building up and maintaining an American merchant marine. We take the occasion to repeat again our wish that the Shipping Board might as rapidly as possible get out of the business of operating ships, and devote itself to scientific investigation, like that being made by the present Committee, which may form the basis of intelligent and just legislation for the regulation of transoceanic transportation.

LAWLESS AND INHUMAN

THE Vice-President of the Santa Fé Railway used exactly the right adjectives when he telegraphed to Warren Stone, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, that the treatment of passengers by employees of the Santa Fé was a "lawless and inhuman violation of their contracts."

Public indignation has rarely been aroused so strongly as in this instance. Without any declaration of a strike, without orders from their union, and without approval by the chiefs of their brotherhoods, engineers, conductors, and trainmen abandoned their service at Needles and other places. A large number of men, women, and children were not only delayed and annoyed, but suffered from intense heat and lack of food. To say that this conduct was inhuman

is to put it mildly. It will go far to alienate public sympathy with the railway workers in the present controversy.

We have looked in vain for an adequate condemnation of this act from the Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He is one of the oldest, best respected, and usually most moderate men among labor leaders. Yet he confines his comment on the act to a statement that this really atrocious conduct is illegal and unauthorized and that labor representatives have been sent to the locality involved to ask the men to return to work. An earnest expression of sincere sympathy with the people thus injured and of indignation toward those guilty would have been a simple act of justice and humane feeling on the part of Mr. Stone and the other heads of the brotherhoods.

It would also be well if a clearer statement than has yet appeared should be made by the union leaders as to the causes alleged for the defection of the men. To say that they will not work while State forces are guarding the shops against striking shopmen or to allege that the trainmen and engineers are asked to take out badly equipped trains and locomotives without giving facts in detail is weak and inadequate. The public is justified in believing that in point of fact these "rebel strikes" are really sympathetic strikes.

The men involved in these outrages have apparently forgotten that even in war women and children and non-combatants are exempt from attack.

MUSIC IN A DEMOCRACY

THE State of Pennsylvania has not been famous for excellence in government. Its progress has for many years been more or less bound hand and foot by a reactionary political machine. There are many signs, however, that the State is breaking its bands asunder. Some of them are political and some of them are educational and musical. And it is a phase of the latter which we here comment upon. The Educational Department of the State has taken on vision and vigorous life under the leadership of the new Commissioner, Thomas E. Finegan, who is setting up fresh modern ideals and standards throughout the whole educational system. He has the good sense to recognize the power and the function of music in a democracy. He brought from Cornell University to the State of Pennsylvania Dr. Hollis Dann, one of the famous directors of music in the country, and has put him at the head of the development of artistic and inspiring music for the schools of the Commonwealth.

This month a summer musical session under the direction of Dr. Dann is being

held at West Chester, thirty miles from Philadelphia, which is being attended by some five hundred supervisors of music from thirty-three States and the Dominion of Canada. A practical training in the teaching of music to the children is being given by members of a faculty chosen for proficiency from different parts of the United States, the children coming from homes near by. The chorus of hundreds of men and women of musical talent from the various States has attained a high degree of finish under its leader. Artistic technique is wrought into the fabric of the great folk-songs of America. What this chorus sings millions of boys and girls can sing. This great summer festival sets the ideal for the supervisors of music to carry out in every part of the United States.

It is to be hoped that Pennsylvania's musical policy will be imitated in her sister States. During the war we developed community singing to a high degree. We thought we needed it in war. We need it as much in peace. Leadership, co-operation, harmony—by the combination of these three factors music is produced. The habits of leadership, co-operation, harmony, wrought into the warp and woof of citizenship, were never more needed than now in this country. Music in the schools, under trained and inspiring directors, can do much to make these qualities habitual in our American democracy.

A CHECK IN THE PROGRESSIVE DRIVE

AFTER the succession of victories for progressive candidates in Republican primaries in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Iowa, it may seem surprising that there should be no sign of vigorous life among the progressives of Ohio.

Carmi A. Thompson, the successful Republican candidate for Governor, is a stalwart regular. He was not, however, nominated because he was a regular, but because he was identified in the minds of the voters with the cause of prohibition. The result is sufficient to prove without a doubt that the Republican party of Ohio is overwhelmingly for the Prohibition Amendment, for the Volstead Act, and for their enforcement.

How far other factors entered into the contest is a matter for surmise. It is very possible that the Republican voters of Ohio were loth to give any indication that the party organization was not strong in the President's State.

The winner of the Republican nomination for the Senatorship was Simon D. Fess, one of the most experienced Representatives in Congress.

In the Democratic primaries A. V. Donahey was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor. Senator

Pomerene, a man of independence and ability, did not have the approval of the Anti-Saloon League, but was nominated to succeed himself. There was no indication that the Democratic party in Ohio is particularly dry.

THE COAL AND RAILWAY CRISIS

IN an editorial in last week's Outlook on the railway strike, we said:

The people of the United States are never going back to the period of irresponsible private operation of railways. They will either require successful operation under Government regulation or they will turn to Government ownership and operation. Now we do not advocate Government ownership and operation. We think we realize its economic, financial, and political dangers; but the American people are getting restive; their patience is being exhausted by broken-down locomotives, dilatory trains, and bad shipment of freight. The managers may say that it is not their fault; that it is the fault of perverse and obstinate workmen. If, however, the railway executives cannot find a way to get on with their employees, the people, in spite of the dangers of bureaucracy, will turn in impatience, if not in despair, to Uncle Sam.

This crisis has come sooner than we expected. The Governors of five States—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, South Dakota, and North Dakota—have met in conference at St. Paul and have jointly passed a resolution and telegraphed it to the President, saying that the "famine in fuel threatens the health and happiness of our people," and that, if he should deem it wise to seize the coal-carrying railways and the coal mines, "in order that the necessities of life of the people during the period of the present emergency may be provided for, such action will have the hearty approval of the executives of these five States, and we believe of the people whom we represent." This resolution will be found in full in a telegram which Governor Preus, of Minnesota, sends us at our request, and which is printed in a group of telegraphic expressions of opinion received by The Outlook, and published on another page of this issue.

The combined population of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota, and South Dakota is nine million people. When the Governors of these five great, representative States of the Republic take the action they have in this crisis, it cannot be waved aside as impulsive or hysterical extravagance. We congratulate Governors Preus, Blaine, Kendall, McMaster, and Nestos upon their decisive courage. They at least are not "pussy-footing." Their telegram to

President Harding may at last make the slow-moving public realize that the coal and railway strikes have forced the country to the very edge of an abyss.

We are, in fact, in the midst of a kind of civil war. The capitalist managers are in one camp; the wage-paid workers are in the other. As in the case of all wars, the innocent bystander is the first to suffer. The farmers' crops are rotting; factories are threatened with shut-downs because of lack of fuel; railway accidents of one kind or another are becoming more frequent; and on the deserts of the Far West train crews, by abandoning their work, have jeopardized the health and welfare, and even the lives, of women and children.

Although we believe that we know some of the fundamental causes of this state of warfare, and can suggest some of the methods by which its repetition may be prevented in the future, we do not think this is the time to discuss the philosophy of the situation. It is a time, not for discussion, but for action. Some of the railway executives and coal operators want to be let alone in order to crush the unions by a fight to the finish; some of the strikers want to cripple or put out of business the railways and the mines, in order to terrify the public into recognizing their supremacy. But now is the time to assert and maintain that the only supreme power in a democracy is that of all the people expressed through the Government.

The Government of the United States cannot control the rainfall, the clouds, the sunshine, the winds, or the carbonizing of ancient tree-trunks into coal; but it can see that no class of men, whether capitalists or laborers, shall combine to prevent the people from enjoying the natural fruits of these processes of nature. There has been too much talk and too little action in the present emergency. The Government that does not exercise its legitimate authority and power to stop warfare over the necessities of life is a failure as a Government.

NEITHER FREE TRADE NOR CHINESE WALL

EVERY time Congress undertakes to enact a new general tariff law, politicians begin to tremble. They dare not leave the tariff alone, and they are afraid to touch it. If their memories are good, they recall the disastrous effects of past tariff legislation upon their party's fortunes. If they are Democrats, they remember the ill consequences of the Wilson Tariff Law in President Cleveland's second administra-

tion and the political peril (averted only by the outbreak of the European War in 1914) which was incurred by the Underwood Tariff. If they are Republicans, they remember the agitation against the Dingley Law and the catastrophe of Schedule K and President Taft's Winona speech. Each party in turn as it comes into power seems convinced that it has a popular mandate to revise the tariff and yet is apprehensive of the consequences of revision.

At the same time the people are confused and irritated. Clamor for a change in this schedule or that clashes with clamor for some other change or against change of any kind. Protective rates invoked in one quarter for the sake of the general welfare are denounced in other quarters as grants of privilege to special interests. Committees of Congress sit, make reports, and propose provisions. Representatives and Senators—especially Senators—make elaborate speeches (printed at the public expense and circulated through the mails without cost of postage). And the people throw the speeches into the waste-basket, read the headlines in the newspapers, and turn wearily away to something they think they can understand. The net result is that public opinion about the tariff bill becomes once more a vague but settled conviction that whatever Congress is doing about the tariff it is doing badly.

This is emphatically the case at present. What do the people generally know about the Tariff Bill now under discussion in the Senate? About its merits or its defects practically nothing. They have perhaps noticed that a proposal for an embargo on the importation of German dyes was defeated—at least temporarily—and that consequently some have asserted that the American dye industry, built up during the war, is probably doomed to extinction. They have read the reports of accusations that Senators financially interested in certain industries have voted for protective duties on the products of competing industries abroad. They have seen some reference to a debate about duties on gloves, and have read that hides are to be on the free list. They have possibly noticed that certain spokesmen for the farming population have changed their minds about the advantage to the farmers of high duties on agricultural products. They have seen some statement that the bill will place a heavy tariff on sugar and have wondered if that is going to make sugar more expensive. Such impressions as they have received are chance impressions, mutually unrelated, and conceived with no principle that they can discover. The general im-

pression they have of the tariff debate is that Congress is trying to make some kind of compromise to satisfy a large number of special interests, and that for a solution it may try as an experiment a plan of setting maximum and minimum rates, and then letting the President decide what the rates shall be from time to time between those two extremes.

This, we think, is about as near as the ordinary intelligent citizen who reads the newspapers gets to the truth concerning the Tariff Bill.

The reason for the fears of the politician and the confusion of the ordinary citizen is that there is not, and there has not been for many years, any clear division between the parties on the tariff. There has been no simple, clear, fundamental tariff policy that could be called Republican or Democratic. There have been slogans—"the full dinner-pail," "tariff for revenue only," and so on—but no principles. Both parties are by practice committed to tariff duties which in fact are protective. The only difference between the parties is a difference of emphasis, and nobody can clearly state, so that the plain people can understand, just where that emphasis is going to be placed.

To make that clear let us consider some simple, easily understood policies.

There are certainly at least three general tariff policies that a party might stand for.

It might declare that Government should adopt concerning international trade a doctrine of *laissez faire*—let it alone. It might say trade between nations ought to be absolutely unhindered, that each country ought to be allowed to produce and sell anywhere the goods it can produce most cheaply. This of course would mean that in one industry one country, in another industry another country, would have a virtual monopoly. Under such a policy, there would be the same freedom of trade that there is between the States of the American Union. At present there is no such freedom of trade, and there can be none by virtue of the action of any one or two or half a dozen countries alone. This policy, to be effective, would have to be adopted by virtually all the trading nations of the world. So no party in the United States could put such a policy into operation; but it could advocate it, agitate for it, declare that it would undertake to negotiate treaties to make it effective. It might say that if it were placed in power it would establish free trade between the United States and any other country that would agree to this policy.

Even if it did not propose to go as far as Great Britain did before the war and abolish practically all duties on imports

without reciprocal action on the part of any other nation, it might thus adopt as its permanent policy the ideal of international free trade.

This is something no party has ever done. It is true that some years ago the Democratic party was called by some of its opponents a free-trade party and that President Wilson hinted at international free trade as an ideal in his Fourteen Points. It is also true that the Republican party, led by Blaine, was persuaded to adopt officially a policy of reciprocity which logically would lead to the same thing. In practice, however, no American political party has adopted as a working policy the doctrine of *laissez faire*.

There is another equally simple, definite, fundamental policy which a political party might adopt. It might declare that the Government should erect an impassable tariff barrier against all foreign goods, or at least against all goods which might be manufactured here. This might be called the policy of the Chinese wall. This of course would mean that many things which other countries can manufacture cheaply would be manufactured in this country at a high cost, and would therefore become expensive; but it would make it possible for this country to be virtually self-contained and become a world in itself. It would mean the virtual extinction of all foreign trade except in such exceptional luxuries of an exotic sort that would have no effect on the life or industry of the American people. It would amount to a declaration of absolute commercial independence. This policy has in modern times never been attempted by any nation except Japan; and there it was carried out to an extreme that would be impossible in a nation like the United States. Nevertheless by means of tariff legislation foreign importations could be reduced to a negligible amount. A party might conceivably declare itself committed to this as an ideal, and legislate for the purpose of making the United States commercially independent and isolated.

This, again, is something no party has ever done. It is true that some high-protectionists have urged this as a desirable ideal; and in some cases, for special purposes, schedules have been devised which shut out certain classes of goods. In practice, however, no party has ever attempted to create out of American tariff duties a Chinese wall.

A third policy, which makes an ideal neither of free trade nor of isolation, is equally definite. It is the policy of adjustment or regulation. Its purpose is twofold, and must be twofold. It is designed to provide both revenue and protection. Sometimes the emphasis has

been laid on revenue, sometimes on protection; but it always combines the two. This is the policy of the United States under both political parties. It has never, in fact, been threatened. It is as firmly fixed as an American policy as it ever was. Though the tariff has often figured as a partisan issue in American political campaigns, it has never figured as a fundamental issue, for the simple reason that no party has ever proposed to depart from this simple policy of regulation and adjustment.

Next week we shall consider some of the aspects of this American policy in its recent development.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NOVELS

THERE has been lately in the London "Times," the American "Bookman," and other periodicals discussion about American novels in England and English novels in America. It has been petty rather than enlightening, because it has turned on alleged discrimination by publishers and critics from supposedly patriotic prejudice. Thus Mr. Sinclair Lewis is represented as saying in effect that the English writers are an effete crew lacking pep and go and with a supercilious attitude toward American books, and Shane Lewis as retorting that American writers are prone to mutual admiration. This is acrimonious but unconvincing. Not prejudice or patriotic leanings, but literary performance, is what tells in the long run. The best novels in the English language are read on both sides; the weaklings do not, as a rule, survive the passage.

But, if one is to compare the fiction output of the two countries, it must be admitted that firmness of texture and thoroughness of workmanship are more common in the English-made novel than in our own. The test is not the number of copies sold, but the interest shown by cultivated readers who care for the art of fiction writing rather than for temporary amusement or excitement. Of course there have been, and still are, American writers whose work is finished with care, whose characters stand out as solid persons and not sketchy types, whose central situations are vital and commanding. Hawthorne and Howells are examples in the past; to-day Edith Wharton, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, Mrs. Deland, and a few others have just these attributes. But if we look over the American novels of a decade or so and compare them as a whole with what has come from the pens of Galsworthy, Conrad, Wells, Walpole, De Morgan, Locke, Merrick, and a

dozen other recognized English masters of the art, the reader who wants fiction that has quality will find the greater achievement abroad.

And this superiority of finish and leisurely completeness exists in English studies of single characters, and even in sensational novels as well as in those that go deeper into life. Where in American fiction of the last year or two, for instance, shall we find such clever pieces of work as Mrs. Kaye-Smith's "Joanna Godden," or Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes," or Sabbatini's "Scaramouche," or Mr. Milne's detective stories—the list might be extended indefinitely. The point is that, allowing for exceptions and for divergent tastes, our English friends score in their thoroughness of execution, while too many of our books are scamped, hurried, and sketchy.

Why is this so? Partly because the tradition of English novel-writing has grown up steadily and gradually; that branch of literature has in England been practiced longer and in a more professional way than it has been here. The American novel of to-day is the offspring of the Sunday-school book and the dime novel; some of us can remember the time when a novel without a didactic or moral purpose was looked at askance by truly good people. So our fiction has developed spasmodically and has tended unduly to stories with a purpose or (for the ungodly) tales of pirates, Indians, and the Wild West. Again, English society is more compact, its civilization is more homogeneous; even its class divisions aid the novelist in balancing his major and minor characters. England is small, and London has been its one great literary center from time immemorial. The novel has developed in an orderly, progressive fashion. Standards of workmanship and literary craft have become recognized in novel building. A type of English novel that is neither French nor American has evolved in which situation, character, incident, and humor play freely within a certain unity of design. In short, without being arbitrary or sweeping in judgment, one finds that the English novel is, on the average, more likely to be well thought out and carefully written than its American rival.

After all, however, there is no rigid nationality in genius. Schools of fiction may arise and fall, critics may bicker about the purpose of novel writing and weigh realism against romance, as they will, but once let a work of genius appear and theories are forgotten. The art of story-telling is a gift as well as an accomplishment. From Homer's day to ours he who can wave the enchanted wand will ever find enthralled followers.

SHALL THE GOVERNMENT SEIZE THE RAILWAYS AND COAL MINES?

TELEGRAMS ANSWERING THIS QUESTION FROM GOVERNOR PREUS, OF MINNESOTA; GOVERNOR BLAINE, OF WISCONSIN; GOVERNOR NESTOS, OF NORTH DAKOTA; GEORGE KENNAN; J. R. HOWARD; SENATOR BORAH; ROY D. CHAPIN; E. B. CORNWALL; A. L. GARFORD; SAMUEL GOMPERS; SENATOR LENROOT

OFFICIAL OPINION

PERHAPS the most startling event in the coal and railway crisis (during the week ending August 15, when this issue of The Outlook went to press) was the joint telegram of five Governors in the Northwest to President Harding suggesting that the Federal Government should seize and operate the coal mines and railways for the benefit of the public. Their action, taken on August 10, was briefly reported in the daily papers of August 11. On that day we telegraphed each of the five Governors as follows:

THE TELEGRAM

Have read with interest report of your conference at St. Paul. A telegraphic expression of your reasons for advising Government seizure of railroads and mines, two hundred words, night press rates collect, will greatly aid in forming intelligent public opinion and will oblige The Outlook.

New York, August 11, 1922.

There follow the telegraphic replies of the Governors of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and North Dakota.

Governor Preus, of Minnesota, is a Republican; thirty-nine years of age; born in Wisconsin; graduate of Luther College, Iowa, and of the University of Minnesota Law School; began his political career as secretary to United States Senator Knute Nelson, who has served over a quarter of a century in the upper house of Congress; has been Insurance Commissioner and Auditor of his State; was elected Governor in 1920; and is looked upon by his party as the probable successor of Senator Nelson.

Governor Blaine, of Wisconsin, is a Republican; forty-seven years of age; born in Wisconsin; educated at Valparaiso University; is a farmer and lawyer; has been in sympathy with Senator La Follette's leadership; formerly Attorney-General of his State, and now serving his first term as Governor.

Governor Nestos, of North Dakota. Independent, in a special recall election supplanted Governor Lynn Frazier, who had been elected in 1920 by the Non-Partisan League aided by Republicans. He represents the return of North Dakota to conservative-liberalism after its disappointment with Non-Partisan radicalism.

GOVERNOR PREUS'S TELEGRAM

The following is the resolution adopted by the five Governors of the Northwest States and presented to the President: "Whereas there exists an acute scarcity of coal due to labor dispute which has suspended the working of many mines and interrupted the functions of the railroads, and whereas this famine in fuel threatens the health and happiness of our people and imperils the prosperity of our business, therefore be it resolved, that we, the Governors of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, and Iowa, do hereby assure the President of the United States that, if from the information at hand he believes it is wise to take over coal-loading carriers as defined in Service Order No. 23, or if he believes it is necessary to take over coal mines in order that the necessities of life of the people during the period of the present emergency may be provided for, such action will have hearty approval of executives of these five States, and we believe of the people whom we represent."

A gradual paralysis is creeping over the industries of the State of Minnesota and entire Northwest due to the lack of coal. The coal operators could have shipped their coal to Lake Superior Dock before the strike was declared on April 1, 1922, for they knew there would be such a strike. They failed to do so. Since the strike has been declared railroads have failed to supply the necessary number of cars to the non-union mines in Kentucky and West Virginia coal fields. The Northwest States have through long usage been accustomed to obtaining their fuel from Eastern coal fields. No coal is being produced in Illinois to supply our needs. The railroads have fallen down in making shipment from non-union mines since the strike was declared. Tremendous hardships face the Northwest, with its Arctic climate and its industries gradually closing down. While I am vigorously opposed to the Nationalization of mines or the Government operation of railroads, nevertheless in this emergency, where the coal operators and the railroad officials have proven their inefficiency, there may be no other remedy than the one referred to in our resolution. Have just received the following telegram from Governor Morgan, of West Virginia, which proves my contention that the railroads between the lower lake docks and the non union mines are unable

to meet the situation: "Your telegram from St. Paul received. Until railroad strike became acute, affecting locomotive power of railroads, West Virginia was producing coal in excess of her normal production, even exceeding her war-time activities, realizing that the Nation was dependent on her production to prevent domestic suffering and industrial paralysis. While railroad strike has curtailed production, West Virginia, despite coal strike, is in position to increase her output from one-half million to one million tons weekly if car service is provided by railroads. We appreciate your grave situation, and be assured that West Virginia will contribute to the full measure of her manpower and resources to assist you."

J. A. O. PREUS,
Governor of Minnesota.

St. Paul, Minnesota, August 12, 1922.

GOVERNOR BLAINE'S DESPATCH

At conference of Governors of Northwest States at St. Paul found that within less than three weeks there would be no coal in Northwest. Our climate is severe in winter. The very life of people at stake, and industries without coal must close, bringing distress to millions and more people. No greater crisis ever existed, and resumption in mining and rapid transportation is the immediate need of the hour to save the people. Government is instituted to promote and protect life and general welfare. This brief statement of the situation constitutes sufficient ground to justify Government operation of mines and coal carriers during emergency.

JOHN J. BLAINE,
Governor of Wisconsin.

Madison, Wisconsin, August 11, 1922.

TELEGRAM FROM GOVERNOR NESTOS

Statements of the press that the Governors' meeting in St. Paul advised the Government seizure of railroads and mines is stronger than warranted by the contents of the telegram sent the President. Governors were convinced that great distress would result unless a supply of coal was furnished the Northwest without delay. It seemed that the only source from which such coal could be secured soon was the non-union field of Kentucky and West Virginia, and the information at hand indicated that the railroad service between that field and the lake ports

had failed to function adequately or as expected. Statements in the press had already indicated a disposition on the part of the President to seize either the mines or the needed transportation systems if no other way could be found for solving the present problem and bringing the requisite fuel to our people. Believing that the President intended to use all proper means to secure a settlement of the strike and that the Fuel Administration would do everything in its power to get adequate coal shipments to the lake ports, we hoped that the problem could be solved under private ownership and operation of these mines and roads, but we desired to assure the President that if this should fail and if, in his judgment, it should become necessary for the preservation of the health and life of our people to seize either the coal-loading carriers or certain mines, we and the people we represented stood ready to support the President in such steps as he might find it necessary to take in order to meet this great emergency.

R. A. NESTOS,
Governor of North Dakota.

Bismarck, North Dakota, August 12, 1922.

GENERAL OPINION

In addition to telegraphing the five Northwest Governors we sent the following despatch to a list of men of public position and influence, representing various shades of public opinion—conservative and radical, capitalistic and laborite, urban and rural:

Inspired despatches from Washington intimate that the Government may be reluctantly forced to take over and operate the coal mines and railroads. Public opinion needs guidance in this crisis. Should the Government in the present exigency seize these public utilities? A telegraphic answer between twenty and two hun-

dred words, night press rate collect, will greatly oblige The Outlook.

New York, August 11, 1922.

We present here some thought-provoking telegrams received in reply to our question:

A LAST RESORT

George Kennan, the distinguished explorer of Russia and Siberia, who some years ago, as Special Correspondent of The Outlook, exposed the corruption and put an end to the political career of Senator Addicks in Delaware, and whose recently published life of E. H. Harriman is a monumental contribution to the history of American railway transportation, believes that Government operation of mines and railways would be a calamity, but may be forced upon the country by the present crisis.

Under normal conditions Government operation of railroads or mines is inefficient, wasteful, and politically inexpedient. As temporary emergency measure public safety may require it. In that case, strikers who refuse to accept decisions of Labor Board should be made the first sufferers from shortage of coal and transportation. Miners who will not produce coal should be the last to get it, and shopmen who will not repair locomotives and cars should be the last to receive necessities of life carried by rail. A single fruit grower of Medina will lose \$10,000 this year through lack of cars to move his peach crop. Why should strikers eat peaches or potatoes when they will not repair cars to carry them? Society has a supreme right to protect itself by withholding fuel and transportation from miners and shopmen who will neither work nor arbitrate. Executives should not be forced to break promises made to faithful employees, but if Government takes

control of course it may favor strikers at expense of loyal workers by *force majeure* and at its own risk. Government operation of public utilities, even temporarily, is only the lesser of two calamitous evils.

GEORGE KENNAN.

Medina, New York, August 11, 1922.

THE FARMERS' ATTITUDE

Two significant telegrams, one from Illinois and one from Vermont, indicate what we believe to be a general truth, that the American farmer is of a conservative temperament, and is reluctant to take any pronounced and sudden step towards the alteration of established American institutions or customs:

Railway Labor Board was organized as arbiter between employer and employee where serious disputes arise. It would be much better for the Government to insist upon obedience to its findings on the part of both roads and labor than to attempt to take over operation of lines, strengthening the authority of the Labor Board by amendments to law, if necessary. A similar impartially constituted arbitration of the coal situation should be demanded. When any party in any controversy refuses fair arbitration, it indicates a selfish and unfair disposition. The tendency of all people to lightly regard and disobey the law is deplorable. The Farmers of America insist upon a strict enforcement of State and Federal statutes, amending the same wherever they are unjust to any class.

J. R. HOWARD,

President American Farm Bureau.
Chicago, Illinois, August 11, 1922.

Am not in close enough touch with situation so that I can advise whether Government should take over and operate the coal mines or railroads. Will support Government in what-

THE COAL STRIKE

PROMINENT LABOR LEADERS AND LEGISLATORS IN A VOLUNTARY CONFERENCE ABOUT THE COAL SITUATION IN THE OFFICE OF SENATOR BORAH AT WASHINGTON

From left to right, the members of the group are seated as follows: Samuel Gompers, born in England, of Jewish ancestry, cigarmaker by trade, one of the great trade-union leaders of the world, President of the American Federation of Labor, generally called the "A. F. L.;" Edgar Wallace, legislative expert of the A. F. L.; Frank Morrison, a printer by trade and Secretary of the A. F. L.; Senator David I. Walsh, Democratic Senator from Massachusetts, a lawyer and banker, of Irish ancestry, graduate of Holy Cross College, honorary LL.D. of several Catholic universities, and one-time Governor of his State; Senator William E. Borah, lawyer, Republican, born in Illinois, educated at the University of Kansas, serving his third term as Senator from Idaho and one of the ablest and most distinguished personalities in the Senate; Senator William H. King, lawyer, born in Utah, educated at Brigham Young Academy and University of Utah, legal education at University of Michigan, Mormon of the progressive type, Democrat, now serving his first term in the Senate, where his seat is said to be somewhat precarious because of contentions within his party in Utah.



(C) Harris & Ewing

ever action it takes. Farmers have taken their deflation without strikes or other disturbance. Operators, manufacturers, and laborers should do the same. I believe in President Harding's proposal that a code should be drawn up covering principles which should govern decision in all labor disputes.

E. B. CORNWALL,
President Vermont Farm Bureau
Federation.

Burlington, Vermont, August 12, 1922.

The attitude of the American farmer interpreted by Messrs. Howard and Cornwall is confirmed by Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. At a recent convention of Virginia farmers he said:

While making efforts to avoid heavy losses, the farmers have not struck. They have not created disorders. They have kept on producing and in the face of extraordinarily low prices have this year grown one of the largest crops in our entire history. The farmer is disgusted with recurring disputes between capital and labor. He is willing to produce food without interruption and has a right to demand that coal be mined continuously and that trains be kept moving. He calls upon capital and labor to cease their petty bickerings and resume production, trusting to American institutions and American sense of fair play to see that justice is done to both.

TWO MANUFACTURING VIEW-POINTS

Mr. Roy D. Chapin, President of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, agrees with Mr. Kennan that the seizure of mines and railroads by the Government should be avoided if possible:

Earnestly hope it will not be necessary for the Government to take over coal mines and railroads. Government operation destroys private initiative, which has contributed so greatly to the development of this country.

ROY D. CHAPIN.

Detroit, Michigan, August 11, 1922.

On the other hand, Mr. Arthur L. Garford, a widely known manufacturer with large interests in Ohio, thinks that the Government has parleyed long enough and should now exert its authority and control. Mr. Garford was candidate for Governor of Ohio on the Progressive party ticket in 1912.

The issue involved in the coal and railroad strikes is rapidly passing beyond the stage of parleyings and bargainings between operators and labor unions. On the part of both it is assuming the nature of an open challenge to the authority and power of Government. When any class, group, or organization sets itself up to function in the Government's stead and undertakes to deprive any citizen of his Constitutional rights or prevent the normal flow of business it is indeed high time that the inherent power of the people through their chosen representatives at Washington be made manifest and that such

instrumentalities of Government be employed as shall promote and safeguard the interests and welfare of the general public.

A. L. GARFORD.

Elyria, Ohio, August 11, 1922.

MR. GOMPERS'S REPLY

It is sometimes said that both the coal and railway trade unions are secretly or cunningly prolonging the strikes in order to force Government ownership and operation upon the country, in the belief that a solid labor vote can then control all industry. Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, does not take this view of the question. He has always consistently stood for private initiative and private profit in industry. We could wish that he were always as outspoken against violence and intimidation on the part of strikers. He wires The Outlook as follows:

There is no need for Government to seize either mines or railroads. Government interference already bears the responsibility for delayed settlement of the railroad strike, while the coal strike has fared no better because of Governmental maneuvers. The road to settlement lies in agreement between the employers and the workers in both industries. For the Government to take over either industry would be a purely unnecessary move, leading to no permanent solution, but leaving road open for a repetition of present difficulties. Whatever settlement is reached, it must be by agreement, for workers can never accept as permanent any terms or conditions to which they cannot give full agreement. Any method implying compulsory enforcement of terms is doomed to fail. The workers in both industries are, and have been, eager to confer and agree upon terms, and employers can at any moment go into conference and negotiate for full resumption of operations.

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Washington, D. C., August 11, 1922.

SENATOR LENROOT ADVISES TEMPORARY GOVERNMENT OPERATION

Senator Borah, of Idaho, courteously telegraphs declining to express his views, on account of "the delicacy of the situation." Senator Lenroot, of Wisconsin, feels no such reluctance. We think Senator Lenroot is right. What is needed in a shipwreck or a fire is, not delicacy, but vigor and decision. It is not a question of hurting feelings but of saving lives that now confronts the country:

Unless coal strike and railroad strike is immediately settled I believe Government should take over sufficient coal mines to make up shortage, paying to miners old scale of wages pending investigation and determination of an impartial commission appointed by President. Believe Government should take over coal-carrying railroads to insure full and

efficient operation. Government operation of both mines and railroads to be temporary, only until their difficulties adjusted.

I. L. LENROOT.

Washington, D. C., August 11, 1922.

THE MIDDLE WEST

A lively controversy was stirred up three weeks ago in the Mississippi region by William Allen White's expression of sympathy with the striking miners and railway workers. How rapidly the railway men have lost public support is indicated by the most recent utterance of the distinguished editor of the Emporia, Kansas, "Gazette." In an editorial in his paper Mr. White says:

Leaving helpless people at Needles and Seligman on the desert in midsummer, without food or shelter save the little mite that the wayside towns provided, was cruel and cowardly. Such an act arouses the sense of fair play in American people at a time when only public sentiment can keep organized labor from a crushing defeat.

Why, in heaven's name, those fool trainmen who deserted their trains did not know that they were taking bread out of the mouths of hundreds of thousands of laborers who have honestly earned it is too much for the average man to understand. Union labor is having a fight for its very existence. This shopmen's strike was ill-timed, because public sentiment was not ready for it. But the shopmen, by their decent conduct, were swinging public sentiment to them, when bang! comes this action of the trainmen, and the public, which does not discriminate, swings back to the railroad owners. It is pitiful beyond words. Yet things are what they are and not what they should be.

The men who left those people to swelter and suffer out there on the desert were of course cowardly and ruthless. But cowardice and cruelty may be forgiven. However, such shameless, blatant folly, such hare-brained, lame-witted stupidity never will be forgiven.

If the men wanted to abandon their trains in Los Angeles or in San Bernardino, that was their royal privilege. But to take a thousand or two people who had done these trainmen no wrong to get even with employers 2,000 miles away was wicked and foolish beyond words, and the sad part of it is that the folly will be paid for in hundreds of thousands of workingmen's homes who are as blameless as the people marooned in the sand.

Why, in the name of all that is good and holy, can't labor get a little sense in fighting its battles?

These lines are written by one who believes in union labor, who is willing to fight, bleed, and die for union labor, but who would like to see labor use common sense, so that what it gains in one step is not lost in the next.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST

At our request, Mr. Sherman Rogers, Industrial Correspondent of The Outlook, who is now returning from a trip of

industrial and political investigation in Alaska, wires the following summary of Pacific Coast sentiment:

The shippers and business men of the coast section of the Northwest are keenly disappointed over the failure of the Administration to bring peace to the railroad situation. I have talked to many of the principal shippers and manufacturers and bankers of this section, and find that there is not the slightest sentiment for Government ownership of either coal mines or railroads. I did not find a single business man but what expressed in vigorous terms his approval of the railroads refusing to waive question of seniority rights after the rail officials had solemnly promised men permanent jobs. The business men do not feel that the strike is against rail heads, but purely a strike against a Government tribunal, and many have told me that they are willing to lose all they have

in upholding a principle rather than purchase peace at a price of unconditional surrender of business honor and public justice. Some business men express a desire for emergency Government control, but if drastic action becomes necessary the Government should specifically announce that Government control would cease immediately on termination of emergency. I have talked to scores of workingmen, and find that a majority are strongly against Government ownership of mines or railroads, but, without question, a majority of workers of all descriptions, both office and industrial, want the Government to temporarily take over both coal and railways to prevent the hardships that will follow in the wake of continued inactivity. One thing is certain, all factions here will welcome any vigorous action of the Government that will guarantee a fair arbitration of all questions involved. The principal criticism I have heard in

this section is directed against the Administration for lack of decisive action. This criticism is well distributed among all ranks. A majority of both business men and workers believe that the Labor Board cut too drastically, but business men point out that railroad heads paid increases when men got the wage raises and that labor should respect the Board's decision or appeal against their decision directly to the President for readjustment. Boiled down, sentiment here is that, while business and professional men are solidly against Government ownership of mines and rails, and a strong faction desire hands off be the cost what it may, a majority favor temporary Government operation if tie-up continues.

SHERMAN ROGERS.

Seattle, Washington, August 14, 1922.

The Outlook's views are set forth in an editorial on another page.

SERVING THE NATION WITH COAL
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON
BY HENRY L. SWEINHART

“ECONOMIZE and use substitutes!” Thus succinctly did Henry B. Spencer, recently appointed Federal Fuel Distributer, summarize what the people of the United States should do to eke out the coal supply which will be available for the needs of the Nation this winter, even with the strikers all back at work long before the snow flies.

There will be no coal to waste, even with all the mines in the country once more in full operation. No random distribution can be permitted if public utilities, homes, and industries throughout the length and breadth of the land are to be assured their necessary supply.

This epitomizes the point of view of the man who has been placed in administrative charge of the work of rationing coal for the Nation. He knows much of the meaning, as well as the practical side of coal distribution, because he was connected with the Fuel Administration office during the war. Furthermore, as a former vice-president of the Southern Railway Mr. Spencer gained much valuable experience for the emergency service work to which he has now been called by President Harding.

Seated in his small office in a former Washington apartment-house (commandeered by the Government during the war), surrounded by a comparatively small working force, Mr. Spencer keeps his hand on the coal nerve centers of the country, issuing or approving orders to distribute coal equably to all sections and localities of the United States. The Federal Fuel Distributer is like the commanding general at army headquarters; and assisting him in the field are a number of district committees who are on the ground in the various



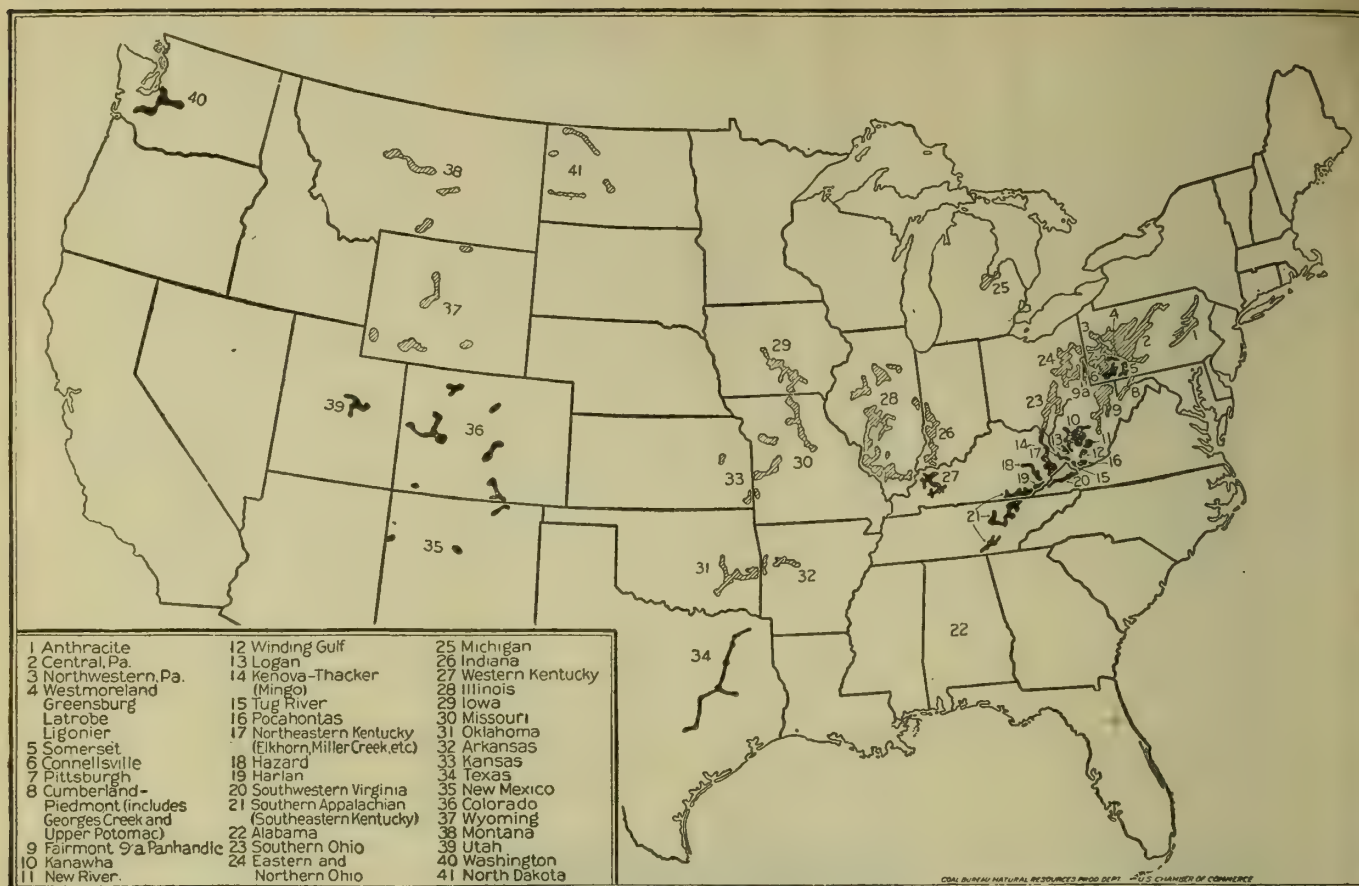
(C) Harris & Ewing
HENRY B. SPENCER, FEDERAL COAL
ADMINISTRATOR

Mr. Spencer was formerly Vice-President of the Southern Railway and Federal Purchasing Agent for the war-time Railway Administration

coal-producing areas. In addition, there are the Governors' committees, whose purpose is to co-operate by furnishing statements of the coal needs of their respective States and by preventing profiteering and extortion in the sale and distribution of coal within their States.

After the coal strike had reached a point where it was seen it would be necessary to resort to emergency measures in order to secure equitable allotment of available supplies, the machinery for carrying out this programme was quickly put into operation. The President's Fuel Distribution Committee was named, with Secretary Hoover as Chairman; and with Attorney-General Daugherty, Secretary of the Interior Fall, Commissioner Aitchison, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and Mr. Spencer as members. The last named was appointed as administrative head to carry out the policies of the general Committee. On each of the district committees are a United States Navy officer, representing the Federal Fuel Distributer, a representative of the railway, and representatives of the coal companies operating in that territory. Stationed at each of the same points also is a service agent of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, whose object is to see to it that cars are allocated as needed in that particular district.

Under priority orders issued by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the needs of the Nation are to be taken care of on the basis of their essential importance. In general, these provide coal distribution in the following order: public utilities and institutions, household use, industries which manufacture



COAL FIELDS OF THE UNITED STATES

Black areas represent fields now working and producing the bulk of the coal being mined; shaded areas represent strongly unionized fields where operations have practically stopped

public necessities, and, lastly, other industries. A special class, which may take precedence of all others, is left open "for such special purposes as may from time to time be specially designated." This will allow immediate attention to be given to any urgent demand that arises. The Northwestern States also, which must be taken care of early, while navigation on the Great Lakes is still open, are being given special attention, and an allotment of 250,000 tons a week is being shipped to that section of the country.

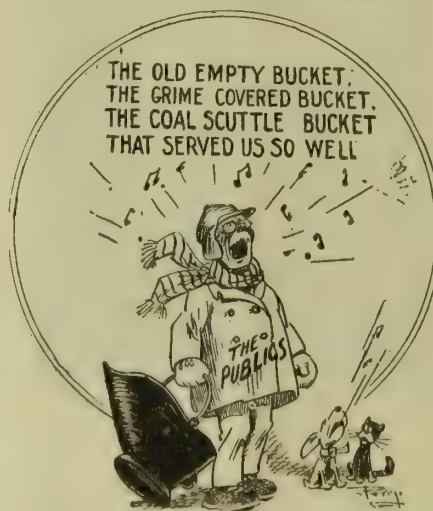
The Nation having gone through a coal strike of such long duration, careful distribution and proper conservation will be necessary for some time after the mines are producing their normal supply. How long a period would be required for this complete readjustment of industrial and household needs Mr. Spencer was not willing to predict when interviewed on this question. After the coal strike which occurred in 1919 only a few weeks were required after the miners had gone back to work to effect a situation where distribution once more took care of itself without any Governmental regulation. Conditions are different now, however, from what they were at that time, Mr. Spencer pointed out, and a considerably longer time may be required to restore the difference between supply and demand to a normal balance.

In any event, he added, as far as the

householders of the Nation are concerned, they should continue to go light on their coal supply throughout the early part of the winter, at any rate; and perhaps such wise economy may be necessary for a longer period, this depending on how fast the hard-coal supply can be put on the market and delivered after it is coming from the mines in normal amount.

Furthermore, substitutes for anthra-

Perry in the Portland Oregonian



YOU MAY GET THIS TOUCHING MELODY OVER YOUR RADIO NEXT WINTER

From Mrs. A. B. Wilson, Yakima, Wash.

cite may have to be used, especially in the early days of the winter. For this purpose coke, wood, and some of the better grades of bituminous should be available; and what hard coal the thrifty householder has in his cellar can be mixed with pea coal and some other of the smaller and cheaper grades which are not usually bought for domestic use. In this way the hard-coal supply will be brought back sooner to a normal surplus on hand.

In order that there may be a goodly supply of coke on hand—and this is the best substitute for hard coal—the industries of the country which secure large quantities of coke as a by-product of their manufacturing processes have been asked by the Federal Fuel Distributor to conserve this coke for domestic uses, instead of selling it, as they have in the past, to various metallurgical industries.

The supply of anthracite coal mined during the first seven months of the present year was only 22,800,000 tons, according to the official figures of the United States Geological Survey. This, compared with 54,500,000 in the corresponding period of last year, shows a decrease of almost 33,000,000 tons. The production of anthracite in July was only 116,000 tons, as against 7,308,000 tons in July, 1921. The quantity at the storage yards of the producers the first of the present month was small, and decreasing. These supplies, it was said, were mostly pea coal, all the larger

sizes of anthracite being practically exhausted.

The nineteenth week of the strike, ending August 12, showed a production of 4,800,000 tons of bituminous coal, an increase of 500,000 tons over the previous week, although it was only two-thirds of normal, the production in the corresponding week last year having been 7,771,000 tons. The bituminous production to date is 27,000,000 tons below what it was up to this time last year.

In the industrial field of fuel consumption, Federal Fuel Distributer Spencer does not think there should be any economizing which would interfere with the prompt restoration of business. Priority orders, of necessity, have limited certain industries; but it is his opinion that they should not be held back a minute longer than necessary, and that they should be given supplies of coal with which to steam ahead again as soon as there is no danger that the public utilities, household needs, and

essential industries will suffer from shortage. It should not take the bituminous as long to catch up on its normal surplus as it will take the anthracite; therefore Mr. Spencer warns the American home coal consumer to economize and use some substitutes, or mix his hard coal, even after his dealer is able to supply him; for the winter supply of anthracite may be a sort of month-to-month proposition. "Keep the home fires burning"—but not too high at first.

THE ITALIAN MUSS

DISORDERLY VIOLENCE IN THE NAME OF LAW AND ORDER—THE WARNING TO THE REST OF THE WORLD—STERN ADHERENCE TO A TRUISM

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ITALY

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

IN traveling about Italy, as I have been doing for the past fortnight, I have seen no evidences of disorder. Yet they have existed. They have even provoked a Cabinet crisis—the brutal turning out of an excellent Ministry by the very forces that created it through their impulsive vote of "no confidence" in the Chamber of Deputies of the Italian Parliament. Such summary treatment has hardly had its parallel in the history of that Parliament.

Italy just now is an object-lesson to the rest of the world, and especially to other countries with similar conditions, dangers, and weaknesses.

Among other political forces in Italy, two in particular have for some time been struggling for mastery. One of these forces is Socialism. The other is "Fascismo"—from the old Roman "*fascis*," the emblem of law and order.

Socialism in Italy has been too much known, particularly abroad, by its extremes of anarchy, Bolshevism, and Communism; and "Fascismo," by its very opposite extremes of brutal revenge for Socialistic excesses. They created the inevitable reaction, which took upon itself the rough-and-ready enforcement of law and order whenever the Fascisti deemed the Government too weak to make "the punishment fit the crime."

The difficulty with these self-constituted guardians of the law, however, has been that their revengefully savage impulses have run away with them. For instance, in to-day's paper I read the following:

At Brandizzo the Fascisti, thirsting to avenge the assassination of one of their number by Communists, wrecked the Communist Club and the Bureau of Labor, burned their furniture and archives.
At Ravenna the Fascisti invaded the building of the Socialist Federation, wrecked it, and then burned it to the ground.
At Zanco the Fascisti, wanting to avenge the murder of the secretary of their local group, killed the Com-

A HALF HOUR WITH THE KING OF ITALY

Though much has happened in Italy since the accompanying correspondence was written in Turin, and though reports from certain parts of Italy have pictured local conditions here and there as resembling civil war, the Italian situation is now, and probably will continue for some time to be, essentially as Mr. Baldwin has described it.

Next week we shall print Mr. Baldwin's account of his audience with Victor Emmanuel III, of whom it has been said that if Italy were to become a republic he would be the most popular candidate for President.
—THE EDITORS.

munist Boario, a member of the Provincial Council.

At Rimini some Fascisti were seen to stop in front of the house of two Anarchists, who were later found murdered.

At Ferrara seven persons were killed, and at Ravenna nine, in conflicts between Socialists and Fascisti.

The Government has ordered the prefects of these regions to deport all non-residents and has concentrated the police and the troops wherever necessary.

Because of insufficiently timely concentration three Ministries have fallen recently—those under Signori Giolitti, Bonomi, and Facta. It has been extraordinarily difficult, of course, not to say impossible, for any Government to keep its police and troops "centered," for no one knows when and where trouble will break out next.

The Socialist situation was bad enough, in all conscience. The situation with the Fascisti, however, is worse, because it means persecution and illegality by those who ought to know better.

They have produced a condition dangerous both to individual liberty and to state authority.

The Fascisti now number hundreds of thousands of members. They are fairly well disciplined and armed and are ready for any necessary violence. They have also their sympathizers, and even their co-workers, in police and army ranks. A member of Parliament said the other day: "Look at those *carabinieri* who are on guard in this Chamber of Deputies. Search their pockets, and you will find, I will wager, that half of those men are carrying Fascismo membership cards."

Now no Government can view without alarm such an organization.

After the Facta Cabinet resigned, the Fascisti offered to collaborate in the formation of a new Ministry. This was embarrassing. Must the new Government thus formally recognize the illegal and revengeful Fascismo? Yet if it did not it would have the immediate enmity of the Fascist forces, and their particular revenge on Government officials would doubtless mean civil war.

An insurrection from self-constituted supporters of law and order might be worse for Italy than was the attempted insurrection last year of Anarchists and Bolsheviks.

The situation, bad enough, has now been complicated by the action of the Popolari, or Catholic, party. It announces that it will support no Cabinet which contains a Conservative member. But the only really possible Cabinet to-day in Italy is a Coalition Cabinet. It must be of course, while representing as many political groups as possible, a Ministry of concentration, a Ministry sternly approving the Constitution, a Ministry superior to the temporary passions of party. Only such a Ministry can meet present conditions and restore order, not in the name or for the sake of any particular party, but in the name and for the sake of Italy as a whole.

Turin, Italy, July 24, 1922.

YOKOHAMA'S CRISSCROSS CELEBRATIONS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY EMMA H. GUNTHER



Photograph by Emma H. Gunther

AS THE DENBY PARTY ARRIVED, THE RICKSHA MEN STOOD AWED

JULY FIRST.

Here in Yokohama! A festive time it is, for streets are vivid in their decorations, tall columns like red-and-white-striped barber poles supporting bright lanterns, the whole festooned with bunches of red and white flowers. But ought we be shouting with Yokohama or cheering for U. S. A.?

We ask our ricksha boy what the drums are beating about, what the firecrackers are shooting for? We of course are thinking of Secretary Denby's party coming next day and of the Fourth of July on its way. He answers with a quizzical look: "Yokohama ha'bor! Sitty-forth [sixty-fourth] year!" And then it dawns on us that a huge celebration lasting three days is planned for the anniversary of the opening of their harbor—July 1, 2, 3. Three days, and with Japan joining America on the Fourth, what a quartet of celebrations it will be!

The orchestra's programme starts with "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" Field-glasses tell us that the gunboat of the Asiatic fleet, with Admiral Strauss, is arriving. He has come to greet the Denby party to-morrow; the big "211" is on time from Shanghai!

Now fireworks shoot out from Yokohama Park; street bands are playing; lights are signaling from the top of our "211;" the first day's celebration and the "sitty-forth" are on!

SOME weeks ago we reported the invitation of Admiral Uriu, of Japan, to Secretary Denby, of the Navy Department, and the surviving members of the class of '81 at the Naval Academy at Annapolis to go to Japan to celebrate the fortieth reunion of their graduation. Admiral Uriu was himself a graduate and a classmate at Annapolis. The reunion almost exactly coincided with the anniversary of the visit of Admiral Perry to Japan in 1853, and did exactly coincide with the celebration of the effect of that visit—the opening of Japan, on July 4, 1859, to communication with the United States and ultimately with the rest of the world. Secretary Denby's party sailed on the transport Henderson. At the time we expressed the opinion that this trip might have been made on one of the finest battleships of the United States, with flags flying and bands playing, because nothing could do more to promote international friendship with Nippon than such a visit. The accompanying correspondence, which comes to us from a contributor who wrote it on board a transpacific liner returning from Japan, gives a little pen picture of the effect of this visit upon the "plain people"—to use Lincoln's fine phrase—of Japan.

THE EDITORS.

July Second.

Firecrackers usher in the day. To be sure, they are really for the "sitty-forth," but timely for the U. S. A. At eleven o'clock we discover airplanes swooping up and down, round about a ship in the distance. Several busy little Japanese destroyers are scurrying back and forth in front of that ship as if bowing their welcome. It is the Henderson, for now she appears in full sight, cannon are fired, and the United States transport carrying Secretary Denby and party is stationed in the bay. Launches steam up, carrying the welcoming advance guard of Japanese officials. We on the shore are busy speculating as to who's who and what's next.

"She's nosing to the pier now," cries a small American boy near. Rickshas take us down to the pier, and we are of the welcoming crowd. Japanese mothers and babies have come—in fact, whole families. Ricksha men in large groups stand awed—"This special group from America, this can be no ordinary landing," they seem to say. The transport is docked; Japanese officials on board; Secretary Denby and his party of about seventy are now really the guests of Japan. What are those tanned United



Photograph by Emma H. Gunther

JAPANESE WOMEN IN A SHELTERED PLACE ON THE DOCK

States sailor lads thinking, I wonder, as they peer out, their faces framed by the portholes of that ship?

Later, colored lanterns twinkle like so many fireflies along the bank; kimonos festive for celebrations look as gay as flowers in an old-fashioned garden; rockets are bursting; thrills for Japan—for the United States.

July Third.

There's a feel in the air of the approaching Fourth. Every little shop-keeper seems to have American flags of his own. He sticks them in a large Japanese jar in the doorway. Venders appear on the street; one carries a huge round tray on his head, a circular ruche, as it were, of small flags, and announces his coming by a loud gong. Hokey-pokey men are adopting red, white, and blue dingle-dangles on their carts.

Our hotel is the center for dinner and fireworks, so workmen are unfolding huge rolls of bunting and winding it about the broad pillars, while others are draping large American flags over the doorways. A bright illuminated shield of colored lights greets every incoming guest. American Stars and Stripes, coupled each time with Japanese flags, are bobbing over every chandelier, while in every basket of flowers on the tables American flags are standing up as pertly as if they, too, were growing in their own soil.

A Japanese wedding party claims our decorated rooms for the afternoon. The bride appears in one gorgeous kimono, now changes for others, as is the custom. The groups move about, a mass of harmonized colors. Old Glory looks on.

Towards evening the smell of fire-crackers is in the air; ships in the harbor are getting their streamers of flags ready to hoist next day; the French Consulate opposite is stringing red, white, and blue lights; a little Japanese lad goes by playing on his coveted mouth-organ—it is "Yankee Doodle."

July Fourth.

Instead, it is raining! It pours! It is Japan's Nubiai season in earnest. By noon notices appear: "No fireworks to-night." It takes ten hours of work to put up construction for set pieces in the water. The American boys in the hotel grunt their disappointment.

Seven hundred or more for dinner, and ten yen (five dollars) a plate. Cancellations are bound to come, for what is a dinner without fireworks afterward, even if the menu has such a distinct American flavor as to include New England turkey with Cape Cod cranberries, Maryland terrapin, Liberty ice-cream, and even Independence cakes?

July Sixth (is at last Fourth of July).

The first clear night has come. Literally thousands of Japanese are collecting for this event. Now a launch gayly bedecked with rows of lanterns; a sampan gliding on with one elongated lantern for its pilot; a flat, broad scow with room for dozens of guests plods along as jolly as the rest. The bay is dotted with hundreds of seacraft all hung with brilliant lanterns, making myriads of lights, row upon row, a wonderful medley of color. Guests of America!

Programme is on—bombshells, colored fires, gold fishes, aluminum bombshells, golden rain of fire, star mines, and fin-

ishing with the Capitol at Washington and the Tree of Liberty. But wait—here's the finale!

On the banks the kimono procession moves homeward, a solid mass of humanity guided by Japanese lanterns held high on rods in the hands of white-uniformed policemen. There they stand, a few feet apart, an illuminated dividing line between crowds moving north and south. Quiet, easily guided, superb in color effects!

Every boat begins to move back toward the canal; one by one they go, so solidly massed one wonders at the

skill of the oarsmen. They glide on, satisfied, happy!

It has been exactly thirty minutes. The crowd has dispersed; the last launch is slowly winding its way up the canal, the strains of music on board trailing on; the framework of all the fireworks down and carried away; the chief sends word to his forty policemen who have served in the vicinity, and they stand in two lines beneath our window; he thanks them for their service, they salute him; he returns the salute, and off they march, the lanterns going out one by one.



Photograph by Emma H. Gunther

CHILDREN

IN THE DARK

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

(THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH OF FRANCE ON ALL SOULS' EVE EVERY GRAVE IS MARKED BY A LIGHTED LANTERN)

THE hillside graveyard all the night
Rocks with a flickering sheen of light,
Because the living people grace
With candles every resting-place.

I wonder if the weary men
That lie there waken up again
And grumble, on their couches deep,
Because the light disturbs their sleep,
Thinking, for just a moment, they
Must work through yet another day.

I wonder if the women there,
With dust of lilies in their hair,
Keep tight their lids against the gleam,
Lest it should drive away their dream.

But I am sure that there are those
To whom the lantern-candle glows
With all the gladness of a rose:
The little children that are dead,
They feel they have been long abed;
The dear, dead children greet each spark
With smiles, for children dread the dark.

ON THE SCALES

BY RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

WHAT do you weigh? You are so small!
Eight little pounds at seven weeks?
Eight little pounds—and that is all—
Of waving arms and rosy cheeks.

But we who tip a heavier scale,
What do we weigh, then, as a whole?
What do our pounds of flesh avail
Against your unweighed soul?

SPEED MACHINES: FOR AIR AND WATER



**A FLYING BOAT
THAT WILL
ATTEMPT THE
TRIP FROM
NEW YORK
TO BRAZIL**

This flying boat, the Sampaio Correia, is seen here on its arrival in the Hudson River, New York, from Essington, Pennsylvania, where it was completely assembled. It is to carry a party of five to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to the Brazilian Centennial Exposition.

(C) Keystone

A WOMAN WINS A MOTOR-BOAT RACE AT CHICAGO

Here is the start of a race in a power-boat contest held as one of the attractions of the Pageant of Progress at Chicago. Mrs. Ethel Hanley is at the wheel of the boat in the foreground. She won the race, covering a distance of five miles in the excellent time of 8 minutes 2 seconds.

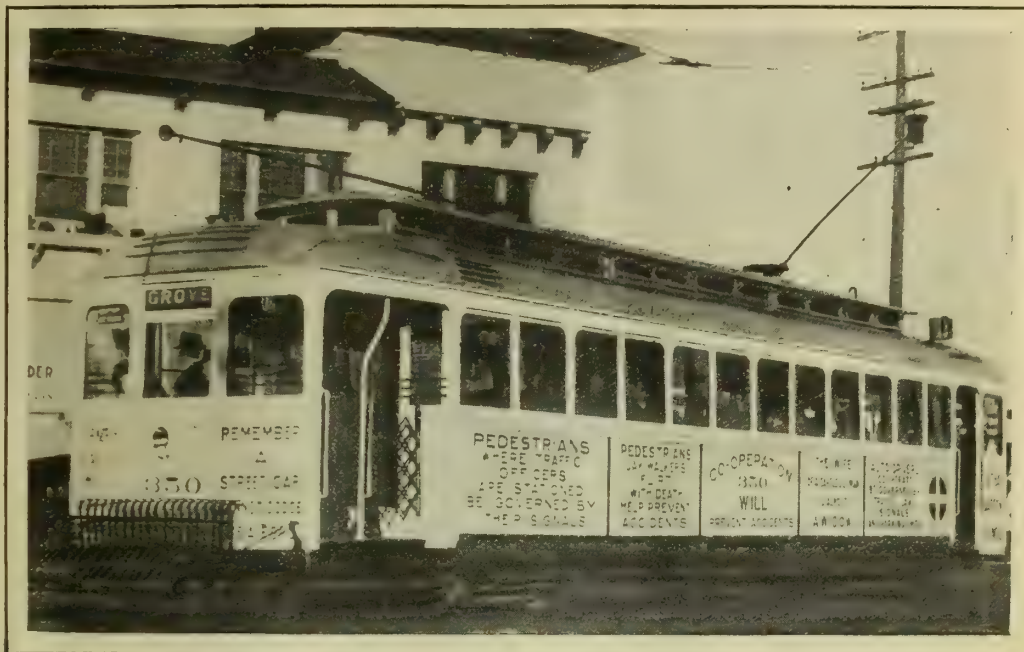


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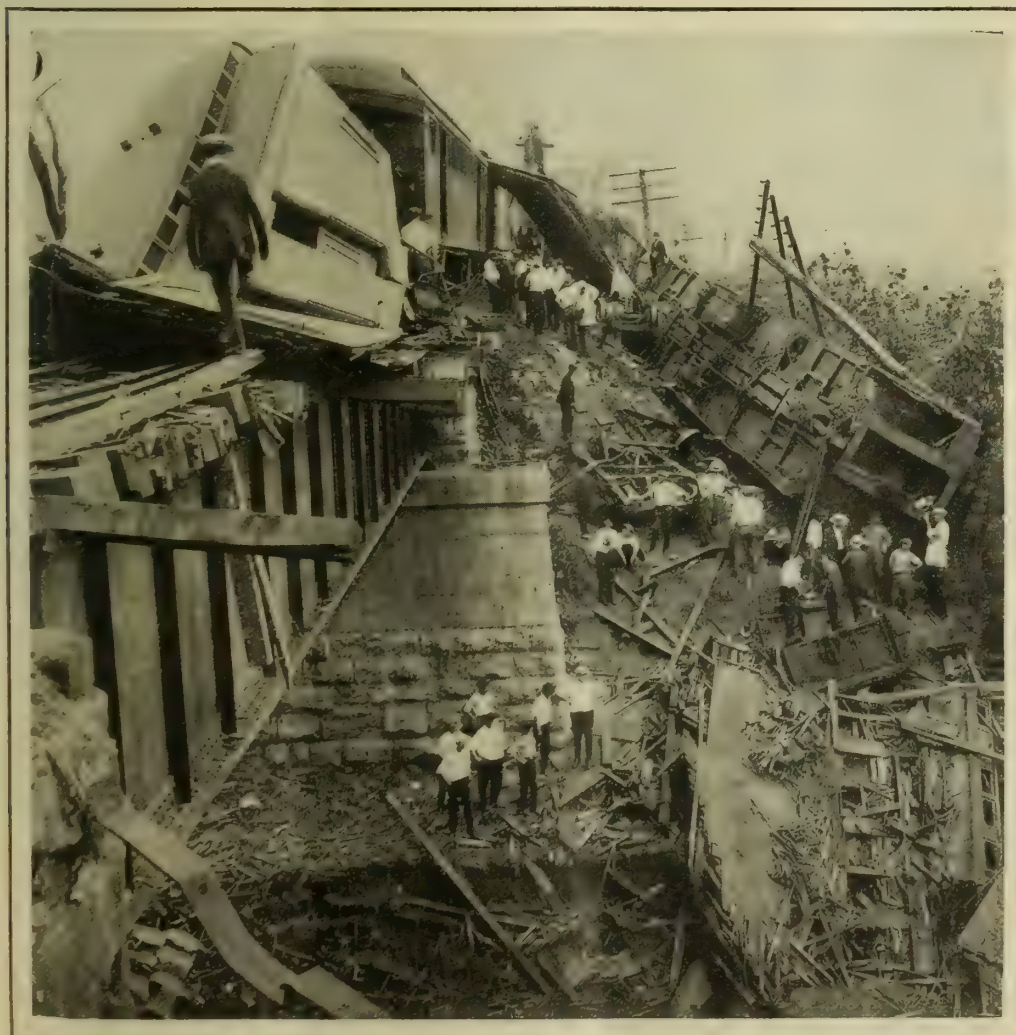
SAFETY FIRST: HONORED AND DISHONORED

OAKLAND,
CALIFORNIA,
TEACHES
"SAFETY
FIRST"
ON HER
TROLLEY
LINES

The car shown in the photograph is in regular service on the city lines, and its warnings to pedestrians and automobile drivers are a notable feature of the city's traffic



International



A DISASTER AT
SULPHUR
SPRINGS,
MISSOURI,
THE RESULT
OF A FAILURE
TO OBSERVE
THE PRINCIPLE
"SAFETY
FIRST"

More than thirty people were killed and scores injured when an all-steel-coach train, in charge of an engineer who is said to have ignored block signals, crashed into the rear of a train of wooden coaches. The smashed wooden cars are seen in the picture

International

ENTER AUGUSTUS THOMAS

AN INTERVIEW

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT



(C) Paul Thompson

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

A STUNNING portrait of Mr. Augustus Thomas adorns a "news pictorial" in the shop windows, while to the left Judge Landis is seen reigning over baseball and to the right Mr. Will H. Hays dominates the movies, and a caption below runs thus:

CZARS OF AMUSEMENT

Three Monarchs in a Republic are the Grand Rulers of Baseball, the Movies, and the Stage. Augustus Thomas, Famous Playwright, has Just Completed the Trio. The Producing Managers' Association have Appointed him Executive Chairman, which Makes him Supreme in his Field as Landis and Hays in theirs.

But what said Augustus Thomas when I talked with him to-day at the office of the Producing Managers' Association in Forty-fifth Street, close to the Great White Way? This: "I am not a 'czar.' I am not a 'monarch.' I am not a 'grand ruler.' I am not 'supreme.' Judge Landis can take a man off the ball field; I can't take a man out of a theater. A newspaper headline calls me an 'arbiter of morals.' I am not. My function is merely to preside at meetings of our Executive Committee."

Well, well! We can't believe everything we see in the shop windows, it seems—or everything we hear in theatrical circles, either. Only last night a very brilliant writer and director of plays warned me: "Careful! Don't be

too optimistic. This reputed get-good-quick scheme of the managers is in reality sheer camouflage. They pick out Thomas, with his unsullied reputation, give him \$25,000 a year, pass him off as an 'overlord,' and say, virtuously, 'Behold the sublimated angel of light we've hired! Now all will be for the best—will it not?—in the best of all possible Broadways.' Meanwhile they intend to go on, just as before, producing their nasty plays." In other words, the "enthronement" of "Cæsar Augustus" has "been arranged" purely in the hope of "heading off censorship."

I quoted this to Mr. Thomas. A good deal amused, though perhaps not altogether surprised, he replied, amiably, by reminding me that the plea for "censorship by citizens' jury" bore the signature, not only of the Authors' League, the Actors' Equity Association, the American Dramatists, the Better Public Shows Movement, and the New York Drama League, but of the Producing Managers' Association as well. They are opposed to political censorship. So is he. But he welcomes this other arrangement—the panel of three hundred good citizens to "protect the drama from fanatical interpretation of Blue Laws" and at the same time "eliminate contemptible, salacious plays, written from the catch-penny motive of appealing to the taste of a Peeping Tom."

The new Executive Chairman takes issue sharply with those who tell us that "such plays, never very profitable, die speedily a natural death if let alone," but he takes issue as sharply with the cynics who talk of "giving the public

what it wants." "It is absurd to call their patrons 'the public,'" he said. "They attract only a small section of the public—a section made up partly of travelers (the now-I'm-in-Paris kind) and partly of repeaters. Morbid people, sensationalists, are not content with seeing a scandalous play once. They come back. And again. And still again. That, and not a general depravity of human nature, is what makes scandalous plays profitable. They remain profitable until they have tired out the repeaters. Unfortunately, repeaters show great endurance."

For details regarding "censorship by citizens' jury" Mr. Thomas referred me to the last issue of the Authors' League Bulletin. By happy chance, it contains also an article reprinted from a theatrical magazine, the "Billboard," in which Mr. Patterson James declares, "The vast proportion of theatrical managers will produce anything so long as there is money in it," adding: "There is a stable that needs a Hercules. But who wants the job? I don't! Does Thomas?"

Officially, he has not got that job, or anything at all closely resembling it, yet he seems aware that his position is nevertheless one of real influence. Not a syllable to such effect do I recall, for new men taking new jobs are naturally a bit reticent. But, perhaps because he has been an actor, he managed somehow to convey the idea. Or did it reach me inferentially? This he did say: "Fifty-three producing managers, or ninety-six per cent of all the producing managers in America, belong to our Association," and it requires no extraordinary exercise of logic to perceive that, as Executive Chairman, Mr. Thomas may affect profoundly the future of the American stage. He believes in clean plays. Throughout his career he has demonstrated that they pay. And he possesses rare tact, rare persuasiveness. A test: During our talk we rambled off into the realm of psychic phenomena apropos of his play, "The Witching Hour." Almost at once we found ourselves holding opposite views. Yet, thanks to the man's unusual charm and magnetism, and to the coaxing way he has of ending a sentence with "Isn't it?" or "Don't you think so?" I became for once—oh, not acquiescent, quite, but at least concessive. What will happen, I wonder, when such a man as Thomas, with such a record, such impressiveness, and such facile diplomacy, gets to reasoning with the producers of "The Demi-Virgin," "Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath," and "Getting Gertie's Garter?" Something notable, perhaps.

Ostensibly—I use the word in no opprobrious sense—ostensibly, it is for his diplomatic qualities that the Producing Managers have made Mr. Thomas their Executive Chairman. They have a blanket contract with the actors' organiza-

tion; under that contract individual contracts are made; when disputes arise, the Executive Committee deals with them in conference; and Mr. Thomas, with his endearing tact and amiability and with the further advantage of having no financial interest in any theater, is henceforth to preside. "There," he says, "is the anatomy of the thing."

But trouble is coming. Two years hence, when the existing contract has expired, the Producing Managers' Association will meet the challenge of the American Federation of Labor, with which the Equity is now affiliated. "You know what the American Federation of Labor has done to the Yiddish theaters," I said. He nodded. It was a compendious nod, meaning, as I thought, "I know other things besides"—things which doubtless accounted for the emphatic finality with which he said, *ex cathedra* as well as from private conviction, "I am against the closed shop."

Still, there was no rattling of the saber. Far from it. "Everything is settled in conference," he said. "Why not hope that these differences between the Producing Managers' Association and the A. F. L. can be settled in that way?" Why, indeed? He is there for the purpose. And yet—

It is always an affair of "and yet" when one reckons with a crisis two years away. Turning to another topic, quite, I recalled that not long ago Miss

Edith Ellis was asked, "What shall one do to become a successful dramatist?" and replied, "Be a foreigner." Himself at once an American and a successful dramatist, and now commanding influence of a high order with producers of plays, Augustus Thomas is in a position to promote native genius. "Why all these plays from abroad?" I inquired.

"Why all these paintings from abroad?" he rejoined. "Why all these jewels and gowns and *bibelots* from abroad? The fascinations of things foreign is perfectly natural, perfectly legitimate, and—perfectly unpreventable. Also harmless. Our American dramatists increase and multiply. When I first came to New York, who were they? Steele MacKaye and three or four others. Now we have a hundred American dramatists in one organization."

Miss Ellis had spoken, too, of what she termed the National uprising against Broadway—the development everywhere of "little theaters," of community drama, and of church theatricals "even among the Methodists." "It all helps the stage," said Thomas. And the movies help. When a fifteen-year-old girl has seen a proposal on the screen, she is more eager than ever to hear the living voice of a character in a play say, "I love you." We think in words. We enjoy thinking. And the movies are a song without thoughts because they are a song without words."

But thought comes dear at the theater, and the papers have been nudging Mr. Thomas as to that. When I brought up the question, he said: "Give us credit at least for fighting the speculators. This Association fathered a bill to restrain them from charging more than a fifty-cent advance over the face value of a ticket. The Governor has signed the bill. We are hoping that it will not be found unconstitutional."

Augustus Thomas was once a newspaper man. Before leaving I said: "What do you think of my performance as an interviewer? Have I brought everything out?" "Everything I am in a position to tell," he answered.

So this, then, was the "monarch" and "grand ruler," the "czar as supreme in his field as Landis and Hays in theirs." No doubt the papers will go on blithely assuming that all the theaters in the world now belong to one concern, of which Augustus Thomas is "dictator." That is their story; we may count on them to stick to it. But I fancy that Augustus Thomas gives thanks that no such alarming fate has befallen him. Who can predict how our rapidly growing class of "overlords" will look a few years hence? Perhaps funny. And Mr. Augustus Thomas is a humorist—wrote "The Earl of Pawtucket," if you recall. Like other humorists, he reverences a joke, but—"would rather see than be one."

SOME HAVANA SNAP-SHOTS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

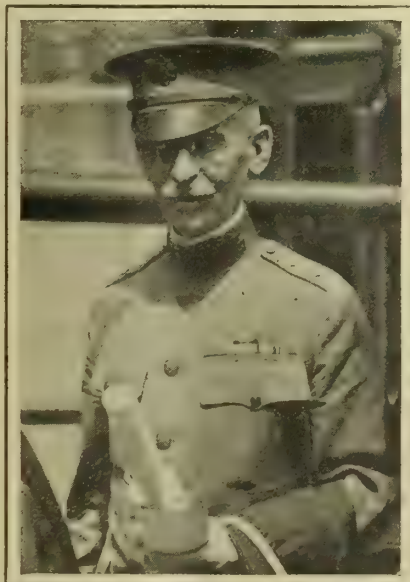
NORTH AMERICA has but a hazy notion of what has been happening in Cuba. Americans may vaguely recall that General Leonard Wood cleaned up the island and set it on its feet and more recently that Cuba had a sugar boom which collapsed.

But America seems to be wholly unaware that Cuba regards intervention by the United States, under the terms of the Platt Amendment, as an imminent probability. It is generally considered that if the United States undertakes a third intervention it will be a friendly and peaceable one. And yet at least one Havana newspaper, "La Nacion," chants a sinister and persistent hymn of hate and declares that the day must come when hatred of the North American will be Cuba's new religion and Americans will be attacked on sight.

Intervention is an odious term, and, while I was told in Cuba that ninety per cent of the people would welcome intervention and the straightening out of Cuban affairs, the political job-holders would not like it and no one can forecast what the American-haters would start.

THE SWIFT TOOTH OF THE WORLD
TURNS TO CUBA

The performances of our boom towns at home have often been lively and ar-



International

GENERAL ENOCH CROWDER

resting. But these performances fade before the fantastic spectacle staged by Cuba during the recent times when the whole world, cut off by the war from other sugar supplies, turned to Cuba for all its sugar. The price of raw sugar

jumped from 1¼ cents to 23 cents, and Cuba very naturally went crazy. The pay of the blacks in the fields and mills jumped from 60 cents per day to \$8 per day. The whole island reeked with sudden riches, and some Cubans thought that before the boom was over they could make the world pay 50 cents for sugar.

A rush of real estate speculation swept Havana's outlying regions. Land hitherto worthless sold for \$25 to \$30 and \$40 per square meter. Parks, boulevards, bridges, marble fountains, monuments, and palatial mansions blossomed in the wilderness. A \$2,000,000 hotel, the Almendares, reared its marbles and tapestries in the middle of a cow pasture miles out of Havana; to-day it is closed and deserted, save for the cows that once more graze, but now in bewilderment, alongside its beautiful walls.

The gold towns, silver towns, cattle towns, and oil towns of the West have had their boomers, but it took Cuba to develop the world's champion of their kind. His name was José Lopez Rodriguez, familiarly known as Poté, meaning a cheap Spanish soup, a nickname suggested by his own slogan, "The pot boils." Poté was a humpbacked Jew, a native of Spain. He began his career in Cuba as a day-laborer, and then went to



Underwood

"QUINTA HIDALGO," THE "STATELY SPANISH MANSION WHICH HOUSES THE AMERICAN LEGATION IN HAVANA"

work in a printing-office and book-shop. Soon Poté was printing all of the lottery tickets, and his fortune was growing steadily. When the boom began, Poté bought some sugar mills, sold out at an enormous profit, and then embarked upon his master work, a two-mile addition outside of Havana.

THE BIG POT BOILS

The imaginative promoter cut down jungle bushes, leveled the rough manigua, and began lavish landscape gardening and incredible construction work. To-day Poté's addition is a marvel of residential beauty—only it is entirely without residents. Spanish mansions built of creamy marble, with stunning roofs of tile, ranged row upon row, with expensive lawns and sunken gardens between them, are fit for potentates and grandees. The wide boulevards are set off with marble pergolas and imposing monuments. Lagoons glisten in elegant parks.

No one has ever lived in Poté's addition; the houses were all built as come-ons; the boom collapsed before the new-rich could buy. Poté himself saw his fifty-million-dollar fortune oozing through his fingers until he had only eleven million dollars left. At this point, considering himself broke, Cuba's richest man hanged himself.

United States Senator Kenyon once paid a visit to Poté in Cuba. The Cuban inquired with interest regarding the United States Senate, its powers, and its methods of enacting laws. Poté was astonished to learn that it took a large number of Senators to enact legislation.

"Here I make the laws," declared Cuba's political boss. "No law goes on the books until I authorize it."

His personal habits were miserly, despite his free-handed squandering of money upon grotesque real estate pro-

motions. For years he lived in a hut, and often walked to save car-fare. Desiring a title, he picked up a smattering of pharmacy, which enabled him to go before the examining board and secure the right to sign certain initials after his name. In the yard of his home stands a large monument of Napoleon, whom he admired and of whom he undoubtedly considered himself to be the Cuban reincarnation. He secured the Government contract for the construction of part of the sea-wall on Havana's water-front. Much of Poté's wall has been beaten to pieces by the waves; that part of the sea-wall built by General Wood stands intact.

Poté's addition, which represented the actual expenditure of seven or eight million dollars, was put up for sale after the boom's collapse, on the following terms: \$100,000 down, and \$500,000 in four years, without interest. It was finally bought on those terms by one of Cuba's ex-Presidents.

BANKRUPT CUBA

Last year the workers in Cuban sugar-canes, instead of receiving the previous year's boom pay of \$8 per day, worked for 60 cents to \$1 per day, and have not yet been paid for last season's work. American bankers concluded that with this condition staring Cuba in the face there would be no sugar crop this year. But the unpaid laborers have remained at work, and this year's Cuban sugar crop totals 3,800,000 tons as against 3,900,000 tons last year.

The workers in the sugar industry are not alone in their peculiar willingness to stick to their jobs despite uncollected back pay. When I was in Cuba in June, neither the Havana police nor Cuban post-office clerks had been paid for two or three months. Perhaps it is the flamboyant "chocolate soldier" uniforms

worn by police officers that keeps them happy even during protracted periods of financial neglect.

One big bank after another began to cave in early in the fall of 1920. The Banco Nacional de Cuba failed with \$150,000,000 of deposits, and still owes more than \$53,000,000, of which \$20,000,000 is owed to the Government. This important bank closed on October 10, 1920, reopened for a short time later on, and closed for good a year ago. Among the other big failures were those of the Banco Español de la Isla de Cuba and the Banco Internacional de Cuba. Many smaller private banks have closed, and seventeen banks are now in the hands of a commission for liquidation. Of the defunct Banco Nacional the ambidextrous Poté had been vice-president and owner of a controlling interest of its stock.

The present administration of the Republic of Cuba, which went into office a year ago, found itself the inheritor of piles of debts and of a looted treasury. Cuban Government checks are to-day being discounted anywhere from 10 per cent to 30 per cent, and more than \$1,000,000 worth of Government checks are still drifting about marked "no funds."

Warrants have been issued for more than \$6,000,000 worth of work done by contractors on public works, for which no payment has been made, and for which no funds are available. Cuban importers are said to have repudiated millions of dollars' worth of debts to manufacturers in the United States.

Cuba's four external loans amount to \$66,500,000. Payment of interest on the first three of these loans was made possible by the fourth loan, which was effected this year. On Cuba's three internal loans, amounting to nearly \$50,000,000, interest has not been paid.

GENERAL CROWDER

In the stately Spanish mansion which houses the American Legation in Havana sits General Enoch H. Crowder. He has been in Cuba for more than a year as the personal representative of President Harding. Round the tall, spare, commanding figure of America's genius of the selective draft revolve the strange, secret currents of Cuba's national politics. General Crowder occupies the position of a sort of czar in Cuba. He is a firm but wise and kindly czar; and it is well for Cuba that it has Crowder. Too acutely conscious of the welfare of 3,000,000 Cubans to be stampeded by the natural desire for speedy intervention on the part of American business interests operating in Cuba, General Crowder deals with President Zayas and his Cabinet with clear-headed deliberation but with unfailing firmness. He talked to me very frankly at the Legation about America's responsibilities to Cuba and of the importance of deliberate action. A bachelor, he devotes himself day and night to problems connected with his mission. General

Crowder is in long and frequent conference with Dr. Zayas, who is described by one observer as a soft-spoken, quiet, kindly old man, a shrewd lawyer, and stubborn in his views.

The United States is understood to have demanded a full and clear moral readjustment in the Cuban Government; and a definite programme, based upon ten memoranda prepared by General Crowder and referred to by Havana newspapers as "Secretary Hughes's ten points," has been submitted. The Crowder election reforms, now in effect, embody a system of identification of voters, and have apparently accomplished all possible elimination of election confusion and frauds.

Graft seems to be Cuba's chief official ailment. But graft is nothing new in Cuba. When the fortress of Cabañas, which adjoins ancient Morro Castle, was completed, bills totaling \$14,000,000 were submitted to King Charles III of Spain. The Spanish ruler seized a telescope and leveled it in the direction of distant Cuba. When asked what he was looking for, he replied, "A fortress costing \$14,000,000 should be visible from Spain."

"ATTACK THE AMERICAN ON SIGHT"

Americans in Havana tell me that if intervention by the United States should occur it would be a friendly move; that it would mean taking over the customs, Treasury Department, and public works; and would include the installation of experts in finance, revenue, public works, sanitation, education, law, economy, and accountancy. It is estimated that a friendly intervention would cost the United States something like \$200,000 per year, including salaries, rents, and supplies.

But if the outspoken views of "La Nacion" may be taken at anything like their face value, then an American intervention might open the door to something more than friendly co-operation. "La Nacion" declared on June 21 of this year that America's co-operation with Cuba "has been the narcotic which has worked on our sentiments, preventing us from declaring all the damage which the Americans have done to us and protesting against the oppression which the Republic has suffered." And the same article continues:

That sentiment of gratitude no longer exists in the hearts of the Cuban people. The admiration which the American democracy produced in the unforgettable year of 1899 has been extinguished. We do not yet hate, but the time is coming when we shall be completely dominated by this passion. What we lack is hatred for North America. The hatred of the American will be our new religion. Our teachers will have to comply with this need of national sentiment. It is the immediate work of the Cuban school, of the Cuban and Spanish teachers who model the mind of the child. This seed must be planted in the heart of the infant. It must be cultivated and cared for until it reaches the proportions which will make of us another Ireland, beloved



Underwood

A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN HAVANA—VIEW OF A SIDE STREET

of death if by that means we can arrive at absolute and everlasting liberty.

HAVANA REMAINS CHARMING

But despite these ominous rumblings of an excited press, Havana remains charming and seductive to the visitor from the United States. You wander fascinatedly about among the shops whose awnings suspend languid canopies clear across streets scarcely wide enough for a Ford and shading sidewalks so narrow that you must proceed in single file.

It was on one of these Havana shopping tours that Joseph Hergesheimer, the American novelist, discovered a Spanish shawl that has since made a unique place for itself in literary gossip. This tenuous, creamy product of Spanish looms and needles, aflame with its brilliant colorings, gave the romanticist no rest. It happened that a popular American magazine had been making an unsuccessful effort to secure a serial novel from Hergesheimer. The latter, remembering this, impulsively cabled the magazine's publishers that he would write them a serial if they would buy him the shawl. The transaction was quickly closed, and the serial, appropriately entitled "The Bright Shawl," soon began its appearance.

Seemingly there is something or other to parade about every night in Havana. Drums, bands, firecrackers, fluttering banners, and marching feet may be heard almost every night along the Prado. Havana seems never to sleep save during the heat of the day, and even that is mitigated by innumerable arcades and awnings. Every building is romantic with balconies. Unlike the glaring white coral structures of Bermuda, Havana builds with soft, peach-colored stone and trims with cool pastel shades of blue and green and lavender.

The low buildings and inevitable balconies must be a constant lure to the porch-climbing temperament; but Latin ingenuity of the underworld seems to prefer to angle for its loot, and a friend of mine tells me of waking up one night to see his watch and chain floating weirdly through the air and out of the window. A fishing rod and line were the instruments of appropriation.

While your watch may be safer under your pillow than on the table, a resident of Havana assured us that street hold-ups are unknown, and that a stranger may taxi without fear through the most suspicious-looking of the narrow thoroughfares at any hour of the night. Under the flare of their curious old iron lamps Havana streets all have an inscrutable air of impending melodrama.

ECONOMIC INCOMPETENCE

Cuba's financial tribulations are not due to intrinsic reverses, but to economic incompetence and to burlesque politics. A one per cent sales tax and an eight per cent profits tax on all classes of business have been imposed to renew public funds. The riches of Cuban soil and climate are almost incredible. A tobacco crop is grown in ninety days, at a profit of \$500 per acre, and sugar-cane bears nine crops after one planting, and may be grown for fifty years on the same soil without transplanting. The world seems entitled to reasonable benefits from these natural riches, isled in Cuba's hotbed of fertility, without the interference of the childish pranks of Cuba's burlesque politicians. But just how much it is the business of outsiders to meddle with Cuban notions of conduct is still to be decided. There is a world of difference, however, between the butchery of General Weyler and the healing hand of General Crowder.

NEWTON FUESLE.

On board S.S. "Ulua" in the Caribbean.

BY THE BLACK HEARTHSTONE

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

It was a seashore as wild as that over which Prospero held mystic sway; and to the west of the shore-line rose the velvet-purple wall of a forest every whit as primeval as Evangeline's. From the far-stretching marshes curlew whistled humanly, something aware of mortal trouble; from the moldering forest, steeped in ancient peace, a great horned owl voiced impressively his stately sorrow. Moonlight marbled the sand beach, and by its enchanting wand even the somber pines were tinged with a faint, austere light. It was the deep of night; midnight and forest mystery and sea mystery. Eerie and glamorous was the scene. The place appeared to be a stage set for fairy rites. It seemed like what Milton must have had in mind when he wrote:

The sounds and seas with all their
finny drove
Now to the moon in wavering mor-
rice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper
elves.

Yet on this lonely sea beach, redolent of romance, were no supernatural creatures—only two human beings of ordinary inconsequence, and before them ambled an old dog of obscurest pedigree. You see, Sam Weston and I were out hunting raccoons.

That was thirty years ago, when Sam and I were boys. Though he was black and I was white, we seemed to have the same appreciation of many things, and particularly of the sport of following the wise and wily raccoon through the pine forest and along the sea beach. In the deep and gloomy woods that fringe that region of the Carolina coast, on the hummocks in the broad salt marshes, in the semi-tropical jungle of the coastal waste lands we followed our game. Our comradeship had all the tacit and genial understanding that is common to youth. We were simply friends.

But then I became bound to education, while Sam remained free. Moreover, though I regularly revisited my old homeland haunts, it just happened that Sam and I did not meet. And, as has been said, thirty years passed.

Recently when I was at home my brother said to me one Sunday morning: "Don't you want to drive out with me to see Sam Weston? He is always asking about you. He lives about a mile from the village here. I want to talk with him about some carpentering; he's the best carpenter we have in this country now," he added.

A brief drive along a fragrant pine-land road bordered by aromatic hedges of cedar and myrtle brought us to Sam

Weston's house. It was small, homelike, immaculate. In the front yard trim little flower-beds were laid out; their borders were carefully kept by conch-shells. On either side of the door were tied handsome bunches of cape grass, which Sam had evidently gathered on some late trip to the beaches. I noticed that he had about ten acres of land fences behind his house. The toil required to clear such a tract must have been considerable; for it was land obstinately wrested from the ancient primeval grasp of a moldering swamp. Dankly the swamp glimmered upon the small, sweet, triumphant clearing that the man had won from it.

At our rap the door was opened and Sam welcomed us. And for a few moments thereafter I could think of nothing but:

Shepherd, I take thy honest-offered
courtesy,
Which is oft sooner found in lowly
sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry
halls
And courts of princes, where it first
was named
And yet is most pretended.

And here I want to bear testimony that the Negro has the grace of heart to be as genuinely courteous as any man who walks the earth. And by *courteous* I do not mean merely kindly and hospitable: I mean that he can sense the fitness of things and that he knows something of the reticences and the deferences of heart. I take it that courtesy of this genuine sort is an excitingly authentic sign of character; and I know that I have found high and gentle courtesy in the Negro. Many a time by the black hearthstone I have been made welcome by an ingenuous and unaffected affection that reached my heart because it came from another's. Judge not the Negro's courtesy—or any man's—when you merely see him in a gang of track laborers, in a group working on the wharves of a seaport town, or in a gang toiling with pick and shovel along the highroad. You may, indeed, in a sense, judge him in such situations; and you will probably find him to be as cheerful and as willing a workman as you have any right to expect any man similarly placed to be. Yet if you would really know the Negro, you will have to sit with him beside the black hearthstone. To know any man you must see him at home, beside his own hearth. Come with me to Sam Weston's fireside.

The three of us sat before the genial fire of lightwood and scrub-oak; and as I looked at Sam, over me came a flood of memories. He had aged, his hair was tinged with gray; but he had not

changed. I saw at once that, instead of permitting life to mar him, he had compelled life (in the grim, implacable struggle that every one has to meet) to make a man of him. Small in stature, muscular in a lithe hard way, with a sharp face evidencing quick perception and restless, almost imperious energy, this good Negro with whom I used so often to follow the hounds on moonlit nights had in thirty years not altered so much as developed. I could now see in his face the same alert intelligence which I, as a boy, had learned to trust to take me out of difficult situations incident to midnight hunting. I could see the old understanding; I could sense the old affection. And to be conscious that early friendship remains unchanged by the years is one of the purest pleasures which life can afford. Physically of course time had changed Sam Weston in its wholesome fashion; but the character, by infallible signs readily detected, had undergone no change save that of sane and simple yet noble growth.

It was the old Sam who, with a quiet geniality that warmed our hearts, assured us that our visit was most welcome to him.

"Where are you working now?" I inquired.

"Down to the Point," he answered, referring to a section of the near-by seacoast town; "we are rebuilding the house that was burned."

"Who has charge of the work?"

"I look after it, sir."

My brother looked at me significantly. Sam's modesty was apparent.

"How many men do you have under you, Sam?"

"Eighteen this week," he said; "we are trying to finish the work so that the family can move in by the first of the year."

"Could you do a little work for me, Sam, some day this coming week?" my brother asked. "I have to get some gutters put on that back porch of mine, and you are the man to fix them."

"I done make a promise to finish the house," Sam said, and in his tone there was earnestness. "I wouldn't like to go back on my word. But I will come any afternoon after we knock off work for the day."

The day was forthwith fixed for the work; and I knew that the work was as good as done, and well done at that. There was no talk of the "eight-hour day," "time-and-a-half for overtime," and all the other formulas so current nowadays. Here was a man who was glad to get extra work; but he was likewise a man of his word—he would accept no

task until he had first done full duty to his first employer.

As I sat there listening to Sam's honest talk I wondered what more could be expected of a good workman than those very qualities which he so unconsciously yet so patently displayed: gladness to toil; readiness to come to an agreement with a decent employer; faithfulness to fulfill his word; cheerfulness over every prospect; efficiency; contentment in skillful service. There may be other qualities which a good workman should have; but if all workmen had those just enumerated the industrial deserts of the earth would be translated into oases where well forth clear springs and where bloom myrtles and roses.

From the Negro who was talking in his thoughtful, courteous way to my brother my gaze wandered about the room. The whole house, I knew, had been built by Sam; and this room had been finished with especial care. Over the fireplace-mantel the places of honor were given to two diplomas of secret-society membership. On the wall a few pictures were disposed. There was a faded photograph of a little boy Sam had lost. On the broad mantel—which was a slab of heart-cypress hewn out with a broadax from some patriarch of the swamp—I marked some trophies of wood and shore: the dropped antler of a whitetail stag, a huge shark hook, and a handful of alligator acorns. The room itself, in every detail, was spotlessly clean; the yellow-pine floor had been scrubbed until it literally glistened, the walls and ceiling had lately been painted. I thought: "This is like the home of a happy craftsman in a land where an ancient civilization prevails; here is a man who owns his house and his land, who loves his work, who is respected by the members of both races with whom he is thrown. He knows and enjoys the simpler—and by that I mean the genuine and fundamental—joys and sorrows of life. He is not in the least troubled in spirit because his position happens to be subordinate to that of some one else. Perhaps he has sensed the necessity of what Boswell termed the grand scheme of subordination, and appreciates the importunate truth of Johnson's fine saying: "There can be no order without subordination." Perhaps his spirit caught long ago the idea that Pope put so pregnantly into words:

Honor and shame from no condition
rise;
Act well your part, there all the
honor lies.

Here, then, is a humble workman acting his part most admirably; a craftsman of whom any civilization may be justly proud; for to the rearing of the vast temples of civilization the obscure artificers have as certain and as necessary work as those who project the tremendous plans, who

Think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble, and in bronze
conceive.

As we were leaving Sam Weston's home he asked us to wait a minute. He disappeared, telling us that he would meet us at the car. And there he met us, smiling, a chicken in one hand and a bag of peanuts in the other. They were gifts for us; nor did his courtesy cease with his gifts.

"If you could come out before day some morning this week," he said, "I would like to take you to a place in the marsh where plenty of mallard ducks are—out yonder near Jeremy Island, where we used to hunt 'coons," he added. "I could easy do it and get back in time for my work; or I could take you to the pond and leave you there for the shooting."

There surely can breathe no man with soul so dead as to refuse such an invitation. I accepted it—but for another year. I must pay my respects to those mallards; but, far more than that, I must renew my sporting comradeship with Sam.

You have seen the Negro at his hearthstone; you have seen him welcoming guests at his door and telling them good-by at his gate. I venture to say that you have seen the genuine man. Yet if you go to the movies, or if you read stories in magazines that have a few million a week circulation, or if you see him on the minstrel stage, you will get nothing but a pitiful caricature of the Negro. Inevitably he will be shown to be cowardly, absurd, pilfering, scheming, credulous, preposterous. If the characterizations were true, they might be ludicrous; but nearly all of them are shamelessly false. Long have I been amazed that the American public could be for so great a length of time so deeply deluded. Of course it depends on what the public wants: the truth or merely something to create laughter; a portrait or a cartoon—and even the cartoon lacking that crude sapience of justice that a good cartoon has; the mirror held up to nature or merely buffoonery and burlesque. If you would hear the oracle, go to the shrine; if you would know the present truth, and through it come to a clear understanding of it, and therefore to a sane vision of the future, visit the black hearthstone.

The popular idea of the Negro is as menacing to his and to the country's welfare as it is essentially false. To be definite, I should like to explode certain current misconceptions concerning him. It must be admitted that the Negro is pictured as a fearful being, afraid of the dark, of ghosts, of deserted houses, of wild animals. Now, as a matter of fact, the Negro will walk alone at night mile after mile through the loneliest country, and will have at least as little concern as the white man. I know well a Negro who received from the British Admiralty a medal for killing single-handed a notorious man-eating shark in the harbor of Bombay. I know another who went with a white man to a solitary

island to capture a herd of fierce wild cattle; and the white man told me that the Negro's nerve was something extraordinary. Lately, at Vancouver, there was buried a Negro, Joe Fortes by name, who for thirty years had been a member of the beach patrol, and as such had saved many lives. The esteem in which he was held may be judged by the fact that when he was buried—

the . . . port

Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

It ought to be apparent that I am not saying that all Negroes are brave; such a statement cannot be made about the members of any race. But I do assert that the Negro has on many occasions showed himself to be a man of courage. I give one last instance of it: My father, a colonel in the Confederate army, had been wounded in the battle of Antietam. His body-servant then and throughout the Civil War was a Negro, Charlie Williamson. After the battle, when Lee began to recross the Potomac, there was a good deal of rear-guard fighting; and the nature of the country rendered this guerrilla work most effective. While fording the river on horseback my father, weak from his wound, which had not been dressed, fell from his horse. In the face of dangerous fire from Federals on the Maryland side of the river, Charlie waded back, drew my father out of the water, and carried him safely to the Virginia shore. I call that bravery; and it was other things as well—devotion and fidelity worthy of renown.

Another false impression of the Negro is that he lacks the humor which compels you to laugh with him, and has only the folly and the absurdity which make you laugh at him. As a matter of fact, the Negro's sense of humor is a part of his philosophy of life; it is not merely adventitious, it is natural. Yet no one who has not lived in the South can well appreciate its exact character or can realize the almost constant gentle raillery and genial badinage that are constantly employed among the Negroes themselves and between the two races. I have long believed that the Negro has all his humor (as he has most of his songs) tinged with fitful gleams from the moonlight of melancholy—the sure effect of one's accurate observation of life and reflection upon it. But sometimes the humor is infectious; always, I may say, it is spontaneous. In reparation its effect can be seen.

"Why, hello, Joshua!" said an old planter to an old Negro who had been his workman and something like his comrade since boyhood. "I see that all the old fools are not dead yet."

"No, sah," Joshua replied with a grin; "and I is glad to see you lookin' so well, Cap'n."

What has been said of courage and of humor in the Negro may also be said of other qualities which popular fancy denies him. Certain of these traits may

perhaps best be illustrated by another visit to the hearthstone.

UNTIL his affliction fell upon him Peter Small was an Esau of the finest order. The world is full of incipient and spurious woodcrafters; but this hunting comrade of mine was a genuine woodsman. Such, indeed, was my respect for his opinion in such matters that for years I seldom accepted as final any statement concerning wild life until I had had upon it the opinion of Peter. He taught me more about trapping the red fox, of finding the home of the otter, of locating the master bull among the alligators, and of a hundred other curious matters of nature than all the books I had ever read. Other Negroes might tell me of having seen droves of forty wild turkeys, or of having seen ten deer in one herd; but I would not be satisfied until I had seen and consulted Peter. He is a man of few and of final words. He always thinks carefully before answering; but the answer will be a genuine reply. Well, not long ago I heard that Peter was sick; and the report made me fear that something ominous was wrong.

After three miles of walking through dank watercourses, over airy pine ridges, and along old hedged plantation roads I came to the Negro's solitary cabin: and in the sunshine before it sat my old friend. By "old" I do not mean aged, but for long my comrade. He observed me coming, and he tried to smile a welcome; yet he could not rise to greet me. Nothing could have more deeply emphasized the grievousness of his trouble.

"Why, Peter," I said, "I had been hoping you would run an old buck over me this Christmas. What is the meaning of that bandage on your head?"

"I have a little trouble, sir," he said; and his voice was full of suppressed pain. He said no more.

I sat down on the bench beside him in the sun, and for a time I told him of what I had been doing since last we had met. Then at last I asked him about himself.

"The doctor says I've gwine leave you," he said. His tone was one of simple resignation; but on his face was a bleak wistfulness as he gazed off over his home fields. From him was no complaint; he did not even discuss the details of his illness in the manner characteristic of main streets and small towns. He bore and was silent. For him I could do little; of course I did what was possible. But here was a fine specimen of manhood doomed to early death; and he might have been saved by a good doctor if his care had been given in time. Among the most crying needs for the rural South is a Grenfell—or a hundred such—to minister to the Negro physically. To make the imperative nature of this need clear, I may say that in the vast plantation regions not

one Negro mother in a hundred ever receives at childbirth medical attention; and thousands of little babies are reared without ever having in their periods of childhood's ailments any genuine attention such as modern science can give. Many survive, but many perish. Devoted physicians are sorely needed. Many men now in general practice do indeed give the Negro almost boundless help; but the need is still great. I have long wondered why those who give money to Negro education do not specify that some of it is to be devoted to the training of Negroes who shall be medical missionaries to their race; or why all our medical missionaries feel it incumbent to go to Korea and to China and to the other ends of the earth. Great free dispensaries in the South would be of immediate and inestimable assistance to a race which is in dire need of such help, far more in need of it than in need of either lower or higher education. If there is a real "Negro Problem," it seems to be the problem of having him, as a race, given proper medical assistance.

The case of Peter Small, just described, illustrates the Negro's quiet and uncomplaining acceptance of hardships that would make many a soldier quail. Perhaps he does not have those sensitive spirit wings that are so easily crushed by life and its storms, that lift one perilously into ethereal realms; but he has an ascent of spirit sufficient to make him see certain of the fundamental truths of life; to make him steadfast in affliction, courageous in pain, stoical in cruel suffering. These qualities of heart must not be denied the Negro; only by an assured acceptance of them as genuine possessions of his can we approach an understanding of his character.

AGAIN, it has been said that the Negro is slovenly—though, oddly enough, the Negro as pictured in the modern magazine is shown most fashionably tailored, to meet popular fancy in matters sartorial. And I am ready to admit that his acute poverty often lends to him and to the things that are his the appearance of a neglect bordering on abandon. Yet once more come with me to a black hearthstone, and I will show you as bonnie an inglenook as you will find in the glens of Lothian or Argyleshire.

The place in question is called Tranquillity. No stranger abode is to be found on this continent. In the midst of that wild morass known as the Delta of the Santee, where a hundred years ago fortunes were being made in rice, there is now a solitary hillock of white sand. It has upon it two noble live-oaks. There are several cabins there. A half-mile away in the gross delta marsh stands a dark tower—a "slave-tower," wherein in the old days the slaves used to take refuge when a sudden West Indian hurricane came up the coast. But no storm and no mighty freshet which inundates all other parts

of the Delta ever covers with wild waters this inviolate hill of Tranquillity. I often go there to shoot ducks; and I am always welcomed by London and his wife.

Let us say that I arrive after dark. At my call London comes with a lantern; and while we make our way to his cabin he regales me with tales of the abundance of ducks—which, to tell the truth, I can hear hilariously quacking all about me in the flooded fields. In the cabin is London's wife, Lucy, who has supper ready. A cheerful fire of driftwood blazes in the ample hearth; a little lamp, with a chimney clean as crystal, is set on a small immaculate table. The fire and the lamp give sufficient light to show me that the room is immaculate. There is not a cobweb, not a fleck of dust visible. The yellow-pine floor glistens. At the fireplace are shining pans and dark clean pots. Hominy is bubbling thickly. Bacon is frying. Coffee is steaming. London has a neat stack of wood ready to replenish the blaze as long as he and I sit up to talk hunting and the old days. After a time Lucy brings me a broad light cypress board for my lap; and on this she serves my supper—all that a hungry hunter could desire, and served daintily.

After supper we three talk for an hour. Lucy then retires; and London and I rehunt the Delta wastes for the past thirty years. At length he shows me to my room—a little offset from the cabin, which, though bare and small, is as clean as human care can make it. The frame of my bed is of pine boards; the mattress is of Spanish moss; but the sheets are snowy, and so fresh as to seem lavendered. Between these I lose myself in ineffable peace until at four o'clock London calls me for breakfast and the morning shooting.

We return at eleven o'clock; and by broad sunshine the cabin of London is as speckless as it had appeared by night. Besides, on all sides I see neat fences, orderly little garden patches, trim paths. Having, therefore, known this home, and many another like it in character, how can I accept the gross dictum that the Negro is slovenly? When I see a Negro home suffering for want of repairs or for want of all things in the way of neatness that a home should have, I know that "chill penury" here has set its blighting hand. Such a home is more pathetic than it is hopeless; for I feel that it is the result of circumstances rather than of intention, of conditions rather than of character.

IN these days we hear much of this problem and of that; of the industrial problem, of that of immigration, of that of the Negro. But I take it that there is no problem, local or National, which does not resolve itself into a human problem, and therefore an individual problem. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a mystically profound and all-powerful command. The so-called trou-

ble between the Negro and the white race is identical with the trouble between any two individuals of any race or age who do not understand each other and do not wish each other well. The hearts of all of us are infallibly human; and by the truth of such a statement all of us are indicted; for, since we are human, we are liable sometimes to be intolerant, selfish, unappreciative of another's position, needs, hopes, fears, de-

sires. The Golden Rule is the almighty solvent for all human ills of the character in question; one touch of its wand, and the shadows of ages flee away.

Clouds and darkness rest upon all phases of life; upon that of the field and the forest, the strident mart, the moiling factory, the mazy and pulsating arteries of transportation. But the movements of men and women in the more active phases of life often give us no

real idea of the inner life—the sanctuaries where dwell the hearts of the race. It is only by the life of the home—or chiefly so—the joys and sorrows, the music and the silences before the family fireside, that we come truly to know any people with the poignance of acute understanding. And I hope that I have come to know something of the real Negro through my visits to the black hearthstone.

PETTICOAT HILL FOR EXAMPLE

BY FRANK A. WAUGH

PRESERVING LOCAL SCENERY

IN western Hampshire County steep hills command no special premium. Even when they have a good stand of timber they are considered valuable chiefly to the lumberman. At the very foot of Petticoat Hill itself stands a thriving sawmill, which obviously could not keep piling up its sawdust cones unless timber cutting were a going business. Yet the sawmill is one of the very clearest reasons for the present status of Petticoat Hill.

For this is not just a common hill with a common stand of second-growth mixed hardwoods on it; this is a State reservation with a bronze tablet set in a stone at the front entrance. The inscription on the tablet reads:

PETTICOAT HILL
GIVEN INTO THE KEEPING OF THE
TRUSTEES OF PUBLIC RESERVATIONS
BY
MARTHA WINSLOW NASH
IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND
EDWARD WORTHINGTON NASH
A LOVER OF NATURE
1906

In short, we have here a beautiful woodland park typifying several principles of great importance in the cultural life of this interesting young American race.

MAKING A MEMORIAL OF NATURE

As a memorial what could be finer than this? In fact, do we not have here the very model for all those communities, all those posts of the American Legion, and all other public bodies now seeking the best means to memorialize our friends and comrades who failed to return from the Great War? Town parks and forests have been frequently suggested of late as appropriate memorials. Any one who cares to see how it seems may drive up to Williamsburg, Massachusetts, and satisfy himself fully. A half-day scrambling over Petticoat Hill, walking through the cool forest, resting on the convenient seats, drinking from the big spring, looking out at the inspiring distances, ought to convince anybody that such a memorial is worth while.



THE BIG WHITE OAK ON PETTICOAT HILL

"This is not just a common hill"

generally obliterated, and in place of the ancient story written with blue-stem, bunch-grass and buffalo-grass, with purple astragalus, prairie sage, and upstanding compass-plants, there is inscribed a new story of wheat and corn and alfalfa. No one need regret the

transformation, except that it has been too complete. There ought to be some adequate and legible remnants of the prairies kept for succeeding generations.

The fact is, the common college graduate, mill worker, floor-walker, member of the Legislature, or hotel barber does not appreciate the importance of saving good specimens of local scenery. Each of these representatives of general society does actually love the landscape, and goes fishing, golfing, or picnicking in it whenever possible, but he no more considers the public duty of protecting it than he thinks it his business to look after the State's water supply. That is why a concrete example like Petticoat Hill is so significant.

In Belchertown, at the other end of Hampshire County, is another reservation of local scenery equally worthy of mention. This is a deep, rocky, picturesque glen with heavily wooded slopes above and a courageous little stream below. The name commemorates the youth of the author, James G. Holland, spent in this neighborhood. The land was recently bought by public subscription and is held by the trustees of the Belchertown Historical Society.

Still another example of delightful landscape which enjoys a neighborhood reputation and use is found in Whately Glen, in the neighboring town of Whately. Here a considerable brook comes down from the hills through a gorge of heavily faulted granite. There is a whole chromatic scale of waterfalls from A altissimo down to G below the cow pasture. The big ones roar in the gloomy shadows like lions in the jungle; the little ones flash over the sunny ripples like butterflies on the milkweed blossoms. Here, shut in by the towering hills, shaded by the woods and sung to by the tumbling waterfalls, is one of the finest picnic grounds I have ever seen, and I do not forget Schoenbrunn, the Bois de Boulogne, nor Maxwell's Grove on Sharps Creek in Kansas.

This delightful spot, well known and loved by the citizens of two counties, is nevertheless only partially published. It is still held partly in private ownership. The village of Deerfield has some water rights, but the public has no permanent



PICNIC GROUNDS AND CASCADE AT WHATELY GLEN

"There is a whole chromatic scale of waterfalls from A altissimo to G below the cow pasture"

picnic rights. Something ought to be done about it, and quite possibly something will. The trend of civilization lies that way.

GOVERNMENT AND LANDSCAPE

Since we have begun to use these joyful bits of common scenery to illustrate general principles, we might as well carry our generalizations one step further. The preservation of good landscape is one of the highest functions of human government. The government hasn't generally found it out yet, but that does not alter the fact. The Federal Government of these United States has lately taken to the protection of a few outstanding landscape features in the National Parks, a few others in the National Monuments, and the incidental, unintentional safeguarding of scenery in the National Forests. Some States have State parks and forests; others are waking up to the sound of the alarm clock and are stretching themselves in a sleepy sort of way toward the same goal.

THE MORE LOCAL, THE MORE IMPORTANT

But when this is all done, it is not enough—not nearly enough. Petticoat Hill, Whately Glen, and Holland Glen are not National Parks, they are not even State parks; they are merely indispensable. They are here in Massa-

chusetts, where we live, right in our own neighborhood. We can go to see them two or three times a year if we have sense enough. One could go to them as easily and as often as to the movies, with results possibly as good. They are a part of our daily environment. They help to make Massachusetts beautiful, and Massachusetts is the habitat of some millions of people who need beauty at home.

The general principle here is that local government is the most important—the more local, the more important. The government of our town concerns us more than the affairs of our State, and our State business affects us more seriously than anything they do in Washington; while any one can lately observe that national government is so much more important than world government that national governments will hardly permit the world order to emerge at all. Thus when it comes to that highly consequential function of government, the reservation, protection, and publication of scenery, the most serious concern in the whole programme is that the local community should take care of its own picnic grounds.

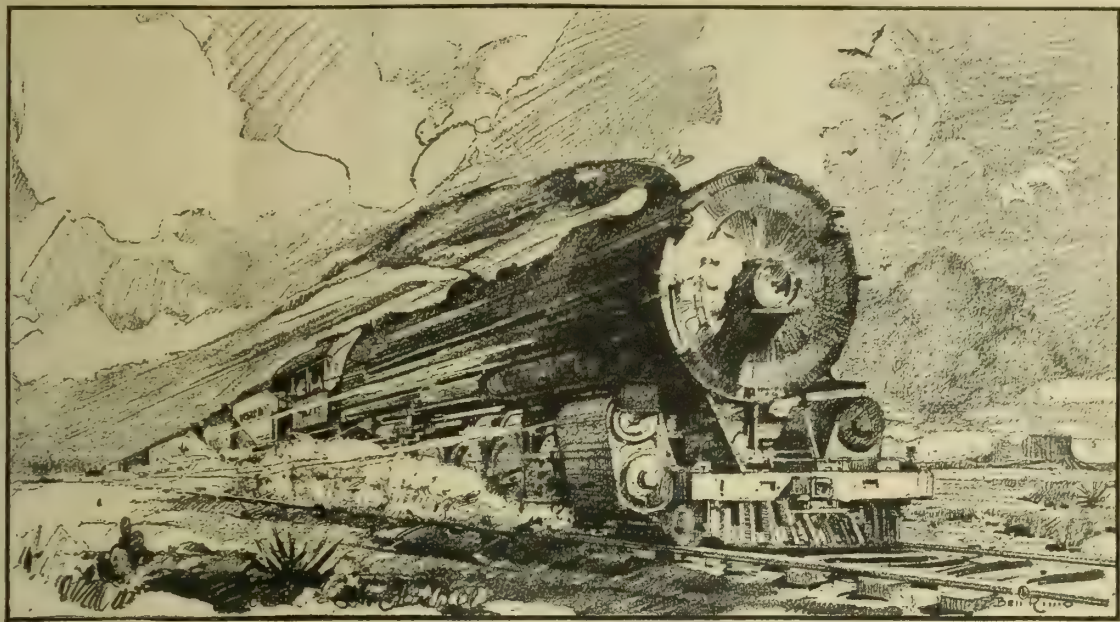
This generalization applies without exception or qualification to every community. Has your neighborhood some

exceptionally lovely spot, some lake, some stream, some hilltop outlook, some forest, better than the average and representative of your country at its best? Certainly you will want to keep it, to enjoy it, and to hand it down unimpaired to your grandchildren. Or is your neighborhood, on the contrary, destitute of all these glories? You will then certainly want to keep the best you have, and haply to improve it, so that you may not be ashamed among the neighbors of your State, nor your children unused to the beauties of their native land.

DRAWING A MORAL

Either way, your town requires the best local park which your territory can supply, and the sooner your citizens come to themselves and do the right thing for themselves, the better it will be also for the popular human race, and especially for your immediate successors. It is not necessary to wait for an act of Congress, or even to get a bill through the Legislature. If you and your neighbors know what you want, there are forty ways to get it, and all of them better than getting it through Congress. Petticoat Hill is one example among thousands of what has already been done.

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He has helped pack hours into minutes!



AFTER all, the measure is how much he the years he has on earth; civilization's hardest battles struggle with Time... of a man's life accomplishes in and one of civilization's hardest battles struggle with Time... the unending effort to give to each succeeding generation the means of making a fuller use of the winged minutes.

This war with Time is old as Time itself . . . yet the most glorious victories have come in the past century . . . the century that has seen the entrance of the Chemical Engineer into the world's industries. It is he who has helped make your minutes as long as your great-grandfather's hours. It is he who, working miracles with metals, has made possible the wonders of today's time-saving transportation . . . the mile-a-minute locomotive, the cross-country truck, the racing motor and now, the promises of the sky's highways.

Helping to produce telephone, telegraph—and wireless, he has cut the time of communicating with other people to the merest fraction of what it was a century ago. His applications of chemistry to inks, colors and papers, have made possible books, magazines, newspapers, publications that reach millions in the time your great-grandfather took to reach a few scores of people.

His paints, enamels, varnishes have placed beauty beyond Time's destroying hand. His movie films flash the world before you, and his phonograph records immortalize Caruso's voice for your children's children . . . while Jenny Lind's is but a memory to a passing few.

* * *

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This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc., Wilmington, Del.

TRADE  MARK

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"SMITH'S FIRST INVESTMENT"

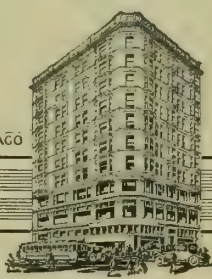
IN the belief that many readers of The Outlook are not familiar with the method of buying and selling stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, we shall try to explain to them how such transactions are carried out. The idea was suggested to us by a pamphlet, in the form of a little play, issued by the Committee on Library, New York Stock Exchange, from whom copies of the pamphlet may be obtained upon application. The pamphlet is entitled "Smith's First Investment," with the sub-title "A Dramatization of a Typical Investment Transaction Made Through the New York Stock Exchange." It

is an extremely interesting and informative piece of work, and we take the liberty of presenting the gist of it here.

The playlet opens with Smith, a man with money to invest, entering the Denver branch office of Wilkins & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange. A "quotation board" is on the wall at the rear of the office, and a boy is posting quotations on it as they are read off to him by another boy at the stock ticker, which lists every transaction on the Exchange a few moments after it is made.

Smith has never bought any stock in the office before. He

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is introduced to the manager, and explains that he has \$10,000 he wants to invest in a good stock. He presents a letter of introduction, opens an account with the firm much as one would open an account with a bank, and is told that when he gives an order a deposit of one-half the amount required is necessary, the balance to be paid when the stock certificates are delivered to him. Upon inquiry, Smith learns that the usual commission for executing stock orders averages about 1/6 of 1 per cent—that is, \$15 for the purchase of 100 shares of stock at \$100 a share, involving \$10,000.

Smith is satisfied thus far, and asks the manager to buy him some stock which he considers good. The manager quickly informs him, however, that no good firm will take the responsibility of such an order; they are glad to give an opinion on securities, but cannot accept "discretionary orders." Smith thereupon asks his opinion of a certain stock, and the manager tells him he considers it a good investment. He explains to Smith, however, that an order for this stock does not mean that it is being bought from Wilkins & Co., but only through them. The brokerage firm is merely an agent. He explains further to Smith that a great advantage of buying stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange is the fact that they can be bought and sold on a very few minutes' notice, which is not true of many unlisted securities. Again, listed securities make better collateral and it is easier to borrow money on them. Lastly, the investor is protected, because the Exchange severely restricts the way business is done there.

The manager and Smith then consult the ticker, and find that the stock they have in mind has just sold at 95½. Smith thinks he does not want to pay more than that for it, and finds that he can enter an order for it at that price and it will be bought for him at 95½ or less or not at all. He therefore writes on the order pad, "Buy 100 Blank Common at 95½."

The manager takes the slip to the window marked "Orders" and hands it in. A clerk takes the slip, reads it, and hands it to the telegrapher seated at an adjoining desk before a telegraph instrument. The telegrapher reads the slip as he transmits the message over the firm's private wire to New York, "Buy 100 Blank Common at 95½."

In the wire room of Wilkins & Co.'s New York office are several telegraphers seated at desks labeled "Denver," "Boston," etc. The instrument on the Denver desk begins to click and the order comes in, "Buy 100 Blank Common at 95½." When he has written out the message, the telegrapher hands the slip to the order clerk. The order clerk takes down the receiver of his telephone, which is connected with another telephone on the ground floor of the New York Stock Exchange. "Hello! Hello!" he says. "Buy 100 Blank Common at 95½. Got it?" He replaces the receiver.

At the other end of the phone is another clerk. He too writes out the



En route to American sidewalks

AT every stage, from living cattle to finished footwear, good banking smooths the commercial pathway for the leather industry. Whether hides and skins are shipped from the American or Canadian West, Latin America, the Orient or elsewhere, funds and documents are handled accurately, safely and swiftly. The banker also conducts investigations and performs other special services at moderate cost.

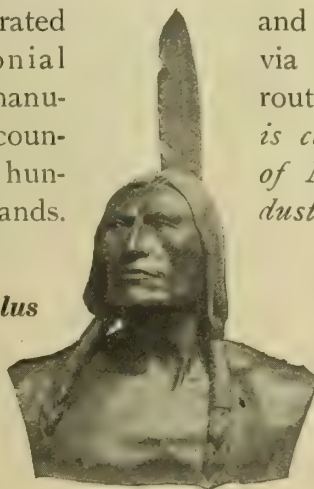
Boston, the greatest leather market, is a clearing house for domestic and foreign hides. Tanneries have operated here since Colonial days. Leather manufacture in this country employs hundreds of thousands.

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Complete Banking Service
More than \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

order on a slip of paper, presses a button beside him, which flashes a number on the annunciator board at one end of the room, this number belonging to Mr. Wilkins, the floor member of the firm. He sees his number on the board, hurries to the telephone, and gets the slip with the order on it. He then hurries back to the trading floor, which is covered with brokers and pages; there is a loud murmur of voices and many people are hurrying to and fro.

Mr. Wilkins approaches the "post" where Blank stock is traded in and inquires the market on Blank Common. A specialist seated at the "post" replies, "94 $\frac{7}{8}$ bid—offered at 95 $\frac{1}{8}$." Mr. Wilkins then shouts to the crowd assembled there, "I'll give 95 for a hundred Blank." Another broker answers, "I'll sell a hundred at 95 $\frac{1}{8}$." Again Mr. Wilkins tries to buy it at 95, in order to save the extra eighth for his customer, but the other broker is firm. A third broker appears on the scene at just that moment and offers a hundred at 95. "Take it," shouts Wilkins, eagerly. The two brokers confirm the deal, and Wilkins reports to his telephone clerk. The report of the purchase thereupon starts traveling back towards Denver over the same route the order to buy had taken, and in a very few minutes—less than ten probably—Smith is handed a confirmation slip by the manager announcing that Wilkins & Co. have purchased 100 shares of Blank Common for him at \$95 a share. Smith gives Wilkins & Co. his check for one-half the purchase price, and inquires when he may expect to receive his stock certificate.

"Not for several days," says the manager. "You see, this transaction must go through the clearing-house first, and Wilkins & Co. will get the certificate tomorrow. But, as you wish to take this stock up and hold it as an investment, it must first be transferred into your name at the transfer office of the Blank Corporation, in New York, so that the dividends will be sent to you. Before the certificate is transferred into your name you must pay us the remaining sum you owe on it. When our New York office gets the certificate made out in your name, it will send it by registered mail to us. When we receive it, we will notify you, and you can take it away."

"But, in the meantime," Smith asks, "how about a receipt?"

He has the confirmation, the manager tells him, but of course he can have a formal receipt too.

Meanwhile the boy at the ticker in the Denver office reports the sale of 100 Blank Common at 95 and the board boy puts the quotation on the board, where the customers seated about the room can readily see it.

"Probably the 100 shares you bought," the manager says to Smith.

"How are the reports of sales and purchases put on the ticker tape?" Smith inquires.

"When a sale is made on the floor of the Exchange," the manager explains, "a

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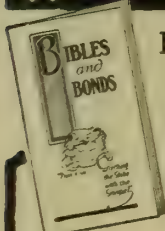
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Write for Booklet 14

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY
Bible House, Astor Place, New York

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

reporter writes it down, checks it with the brokers making it, and turns it over to one of four telegraph stations on the floor. The operator there telegraphs it to an office in an upper story of the Exchange building, where another set of operators put it on the ticker. From there it goes out, and is printed immediately on ticker machines all over the country."

Smith asks if any one can get a ticker machine, and learns that the Stock Exchange is very strict about them and will allow no one to have one of their tickers unless the results of careful inquiries are entirely satisfactory. Any firm suspected of illegitimate transactions is liable to have the ticker removed from its office, for all tickers are the property of the Exchange.

So it happened that Smith made his first investment and discovered how it all was done. If he had wished to sell 100 shares of Blank Common, the procedure would have been almost exactly the same, except that he would have had to deliver his stock certificates for this number of shares when he placed his order to sell. And he could have instructed his broker not to sell for less than 95%, or "at the market," which means the best price the broker can get for it at the time of sale.

Buying and selling stock through the New York Stock Exchange is, so far as the investor is concerned, one of the simplest things imaginable. And the service rendered is probably speedier and more efficient than is the case with any other transaction in the world of business.

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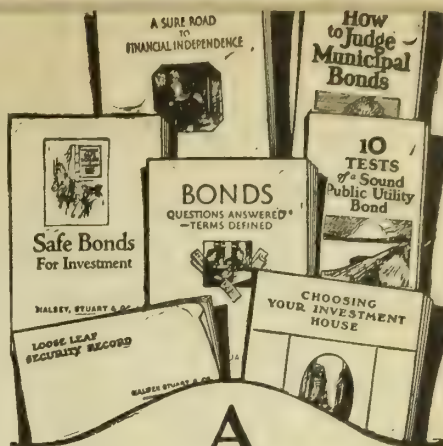
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- [1] Choosing Your Investment House.
- [2] A Sure Road to Financial Independence.
- [3] Bonds—Questions Answered—Terms Defined.
- [4] Ten Tests of a Sound Public Utility.
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WANTED—To purchase whole or part interest in bookstore. Middle West preferred. 1,908, Outlook.

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DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TEACHERS wanted for public and private schools, colleges, and universities. Education Service, Southern Building, Washington.

DIRECTORY for secretaries and social workers. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston office.

SECRETARY—typist speaking French for this office Sept. 5. Hopkins Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave. Governesses, housekeepers, teachers, etc.

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WANTED, by conservatory graduate, experienced organist, accompanist, teacher of piano, voice, and pipe organ, position as church organist in city with opening for studio. Fine references furnished. 2,012, Outlook.

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LILACS

BY HARRY LEE

THE little seamstress
Paused before a stall
Where lilacs were—
And suddenly
The street became
A leafy lane to her,
All rainy winds
And twitterings,
And flitting amber light,
And wings—

The room rent paid,
One need not think
Of anything
But food and drink—
And one can work
With such a will—
With misty lilacs
On the sill—

The little seamstress
Paused before a stall
Where lilacs were—
She came
In threadbare gray, but oh—
She went
In lavender—

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When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

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Professional Situations

WANTED—Trained nurse in school for retarded children. 1,889, Outlook.

LATIN TEACHERS WANTED by famous New England school. Should be young and unmarried, have done some graduate work, and had a little experience in teaching. Address Latin Department, 8,008, Outlook.

Business Situations

EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet C.M.-27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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RESIDENTIAL position (especially desirable for woman seeking good home and associations rather than salary) in New York City school as receptionist, open September 11. Also another position as caretaker of linen with occasional duties as practical nurse. 1,885, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined and experienced young woman to assist mother in care and training of four small children, Ridgewood, N. J. Address 2,010, Outlook.

WANTED—Intelligent, capable working housekeeper for infirmary and social service center in mountains of North Carolina. Prefer country woman interested in teaching children. Communicate with Miss L. Holman for particulars, Altapass, North Carolina.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Young man well qualified to establish vocational department in private school for slightly retarded boys. School opens September. 1,887, Outlook.

WANTED—Man to teach athletics and academic subjects to subnormal boys over sixteen. School opens September. 1,888, Outlook.

WANTED—Man teacher for fifteen-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son. Winter months in Florida or Europe. E. L. King, Winona, Minn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, quiet, sunny disposition, cultivated, orphan, desires position useful companion with invalid gentleman. Highest credentials. 1,886, Outlook.

Business Situations

SUCCESSFUL, experienced young woman, campaign, publicity, writer, public speaker, newspaper work, desires position in New York. Best references. 1,857, Outlook.

SECRETARY, nurse, desires position abroad. Executive ability, pleasing personality, unusual experience. Has traveled abroad. 1,874, Outlook.

WANTED, October 1, position as superintendent of children's home or nursery. Experienced. Present position six years. Very successful with girls. 1,898, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, executive ability, two years' experience as translator and research clerk, desires similar position. 1,907, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT or secretary, forceful, 37, accustomed large responsibilities in manufacturing, mechanical engineering, general business administration, desires new engagement September 1. 2,007, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman of adaptable personality desires position as traveling companion or home secretary. 1,869, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires engagement as housekeeper, housemother in school; would manage gentleman's home and children. Capable of taking full charge. References. 1,852, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse of refinement desires position attendant to invalid or elderly lady in pleasant Protestant home near Philadelphia. Address Miss Foresman, 607, Milton, Pa.

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WANTED—Position as companion to lady, elderly person, or invalid. Address 1,902, Outlook.

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ENGLISH lady seeks re-engagement as managing housekeeper, or any position of trust where maids are kept. Trained nurse. Would like to have little daughter of 10 years with her. Highest references. Mrs. Miller, 115 South Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION desired as managing housekeeper in institution or refined private home, or as directress of tea room. Reference. Address E. H., care of H. H. Lyman, Middlefield, Conn.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper, economical and efficient, desires position. References. 2,003, Outlook.

LADY of wide experience desires position as housemother and chaperon in girls' private school. Excellent references. 2,002, Outlook.

WANTED—Position in home for children, or instructor in week-day school of religious education. 2,001, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED dietitian desires position, preferably in tea room or cafeteria. 1,909, Outlook.

LADY wishes position taking care of semi-invalid or convalescent. Middle West. Address 522 N. 6th St., Wahpeton, N. D.

MIDDLE-aged American gentlewoman desires position as companion or managing housekeeper in or near New York City or Boston. References given and required. 2,018, Outlook.

EXCEPTIONAL young woman, highly educated, socially trained, widely traveled, amiable, adaptable disposition, wishes position as companion or courier to one or more persons or chaperon to girls. Free to go anywhere after October 1. Correspondence solicited. 2,017, Outlook.

MATRON, housekeeper, housemother, school or nurses' home. Highest credentials. 411 Linden St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

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COLLEGE professor, university graduate, North American, desires post immediately to teach English in Latin-American university or college. Moderate salary. Speaks Spanish and French. 1,860, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED governess, mother's helper, desires position with children under ten by October 16. Graduate kindergarten. References. 2,004, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, college student, desires position as teacher in private school in or within commuting distance of New York City. Arts and crafts, athletics, folk dancing. 2,013, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOOKKEEPING in a week. Duke, 1857 Walton Ave., New York.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave. New York City.

YOUNG lady wishes to give services household of business couple in return for use of piano and time for practice. 2,011 Outlook.

REFINED GENTLEMAN and wife, owing to unusual circumstances, will undertake trustworthy care large country estate during winter in exchange for rent. Particular qualifications. Excellent references. 2,006, Outlook.

THE Berkshires. Lady in attractive bungalow offers room and board for September useful companion. Miss R. N. Hornor, R. D. Winsted, Conn.

FOR SALE—Half price. Complete piano and organ correspondence course. 1,904 Outlook.

INDIVIDUAL instruction for exceptional children. Beautiful country home. Experienced psychologist. 1,904, Outlook.

WANTED—Defective people to board Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

A little fellow about 4 years old wants playfellow about his age who is similar situated. City or country. His father would like to meet a parent who believes two boys of equal age might live together to mutual advantage, having the same kindergarten teacher, etc. Nelson has always had a good home (Protestant), is well behaved, and perfect health. His sisters (about 8 and 10) are entering a boarding school, and it does seem right to leave him alone. His father New York business man, might live in the same home with him if accommodations a suitable, but this is not required. Surroundings must be A1. Appointment for interview may be arranged by addressing 1,904, Outlook.

BY THE WAY

WHAT mental image is called up by the words "an Englishwoman"? Probably that of a fair-haired, blue-eyed, slender woman above the ordinary height. And with this image in mind the author of "Crusading in the West Indies" no doubt received a shock when he asked an old Negress in San Juan if she was a Porto Rican and received the proud answer, "I am an Englishwoman!" "I never," he says, "should have suspected it from her color. It appeared that she was born in one of the neighboring English islands and was a British subject—therefore 'an Englishwoman,' not bad logic!"

President Southard, of the International Association of Women Preachers, in a recent address said that of all the churches the Friends (Quakers) have had the largest proportion of preaching women. The Disciples of Christ and the Christian Church have also always given opportunity for women to preach. The Salvation Army recognized sex equality from the beginning. "The liberal churches, Unitarian and Universalist, ordain women. 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' was written by a Unitarian minister, Julia Ward Howe."

Wealthy Uncle (as reported by the "Purple Cow" of Williams)—"You are extravagant, sir. These cigars are a lot better than I smoked at your age."

Collegiate Nephew (coolly)—"They're a lot better than you smoke now."

"Finance and mechanics have long been considered non-feminine spheres," a writer in the "New Republic" says, "and so it is encouraging to discover that in New York City there are 399 women bankers and money-lenders, 940 real estate agents, 1,699 manufacturers, and 1,051 managers. It is equally gratifying to discover 137 women engravers, 22 electricians, 12 building contractors, 24 architects, and 10 electrical engineers. The list even includes seven inventors, a mechanical engineer, and 324 dentists—all tasks requiring mechanical skill."

Visiting Aunt (as reported by "Punch")—"You've been a naughty little girl to-day, Pamela."

Pamela—"Well, you shouldn't come on a Monday; that's my bad day."

Commenting on Mr. Hutchinson's novel "If Winter Comes," as the greatest success in fiction of the past year, Mr. C. K. Shorter, editor of the London "Sphere," raises the question whether the book's psychology is altogether sound. "Men's understanding of women is a thing upon which they continually flatter themselves," he says, "but where they constantly come to grief. Novelists and poets have not been the most fortunate classes so far as their married life is concerned."

"Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve Were not drawn from their spouses, you'll believe,

says Byron, and an analysis of the married life of the majority of poets and novelists who have prided themselves

upon their knowledge of womankind has shown that they have almost invariably selected the wrong partners in life. But the main thing is that Mr. Hutchinson has succeeded in writing another novel which will command a wide public and which will prove provocative of discussion."

The question has been raised as to where O. Henry, the famous short-story writer, got the O. in his *nom de plume*. A writer in the New York "Times" quotes "the only interview ever given to a newspaper" by William Sydney Porter, as O. Henry was known in real life, as conclusive on the subject:

"It was during these New Orleans days that I adopted my pen name. I said to a friend: 'I am going to send out some stuff. I don't know if it amounts to much, so I want to get a literary alias. Help me pick out a good one.' He suggested that we get a newspaper and pick a name from the first list of notables that we found in it. In the society columns we found the account of a fashionable ball. 'Here we have our notables,' said he. We looked down the list and my eye lighted on the name Henry. 'That'll do for a last name,' said I. 'Now for a first name. I want something short. None of your three-syllable names for me.' 'Why don't you use a plain initial, then?' asked my friend. 'Good,' said I; 'O is about the easiest letter written, and O it is.'"

Basketball Coach (as reported by the "Yale Record")—"Here you! Don't do that! Use your head!"

Little Green—"Oh, is that allowed?"

A lover of horses sends these items about famous chargers:

Epitaph on the grave of Copenhagen, the charger ridden by the Duke of Wellington the entire day of the battle of Waterloo:

Born 1808. Died 1836.
God's humble servant, tho of meaner clay,
Should share the glory of that glorious day.

The Grenadier Guards had a snuff-box made of one of the hoofs of Napoleon's horse Marengo. The lid was inscribed:

Hoof of Marengo, barb-charger of Napoleon. Ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the Russian Campaign and at Waterloo.

General Lee's horse, Traveller, lived two years after his master's death, lovingly cared for.

General Custer's horse, Comanche, alone of horses and men, survived the Battle of Little Big Horn. He lived to be almost thirty years old—was never ridden again after Custer's last stand. His name was entered on the retired list of the U. S. Army and for nearly twenty years drew a pension.

Apropos of faithful horses, it is announced that Mrs. Warren G. Harding has presented a check for \$100 to "Clover," a fifty-one-year-old horse. "I hope Clover will long continue to be the oldest horse in the world," she said in presenting the gift.

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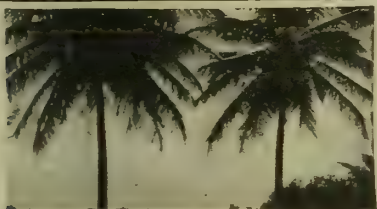
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A ton-mile, the measure of transportation, is one ton moved one mile. A hundred million ton-miles are equivalent to moving a ton a distance greater than from the earth to the sun; or of moving 4,000 tons around the world.

In the same twenty-four hours the passenger trains record 10,000,000 passenger-miles, the equivalent of carrying more than 10,000 passengers from Chicago to New York.

The day's work of the New York Central Lines is about one-tenth of the transportation service of the railroads of the United States, and is greater than the service rendered by all the railroads of England and France combined.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY - MICHIGAN CENTRAL - BIG FOUR - PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
KANAWHA & MICHIGAN - TOLEDO & OHIO CENTRAL - AND THE
NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS is Professor of History at Whitman College, in Walla Walla, Washington. With his article Mr. Bemis sent us copies of the "News Bulletin" published by the Foreign Policy Association, containing arguments for the return of all alien property and also regarding the recognition of Russia. He refers to these bulletins in his discussion.

A FEW years ago there appeared in The Outlook a group of poems from the Chinese by Witter Bynner and Dr. Kiang—the first of these translations to be printed in any magazine in America. Since that time nearly two hundred of them have been published in various magazines in this country and in England. Mr. Bynner has again submitted another group which we present in this issue. Mr. Bynner is a playwright, poet, and lecturer on poetry and kindred subjects. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1902, and was for four years assistant editor of "McClure's Magazine" and literary editor of McClure, Phillips & Co. From 1907 to 1915 he was advisory editor with Small, Maynard & Co.



ELON JESSUP, whose timely articles on various outdoor activities have been of invaluable assistance to the more or less amateur sportsman, furnishes the readers of The Outlook with some practical instructions in mountain climbing. He is the associate editor of "Outing."

FRANCIS ROGERS is the author of the article entitled "A Glimpse of England." He is a graduate of Harvard and a very finished musician. He has been instructor of music at Yale University, and during the war did extensive Y. M. C. A. work in France. His special correspondence from Europe has interested and informed readers of The Outlook from time to time.

SPECIAL correspondence from Europe comes to us from the pens of two other men well able to give clear and authoritative information. Major-General Sir George Aston has been recently contributing articles on British affairs. Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin is a member of our own editorial staff who is representing The Outlook abroad.

WILLIAM P. HELM, JR., has made himself known to Outlook readers by his Washington correspondence.

FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT, of the New York Senate, writes on a subject which is of never-failing interest to the American public. The article is but one indication that Senator Davenport's skill in dealing with public questions has its source in a very broad human interest.

The Outlook

AUGUST 30, 1922

GARVEYISM

IN the present circumstances of "Rt. Hon." Marcus Garvey—the "Negro Moses" and "Provincial President of the Republic of Africa"—Mr. O'Neill might find material for a play as gripping, almost, as "The Emperor Jones."

Uptown, at Liberty Hall in Harlem, New York City, Garvey dons robes of green, crimson, and black to preside over his third "world congress" of Negroes, grants titles of nobility, and divides up Africa into "dukedom." Downtown, meanwhile, officials of the United States Department of Justice are preparing for his trial, early this fall, on charges growing out of misfortunes that have overtaken his steamship corporation, the Black Star Line, whereby the \$600,000 invested by hard-working Negroes vanished into thin air.

In his schemes his Black Star Line was "vital." For years, now, he has told his followers that only by supporting the "merchant marine" and linking together the fragments of "scattered Ethiopia" could they hope to liberate Africa, unite it, civilize it, develop it, arm it, and make it a black Zion of refuge and at the same time a defender of black men everywhere. Invariably his speeches, as well as the state documents issued through his newspaper, "The Negro World," led up to "And now a word about the Black Star Line; we must have ships—more and larger ships!"

Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois has gone on record as declaring his belief in the man's honesty, though he long ago foretold the consequence of slipshod business methods. Judge Panken, lecturing Garvey in the Seventh District Court, said, "It seems to me that you have been preying upon the gullibility of your own people, having kept no proper accounts of the money received for investment," but added, "There is a form of paranoia which manifests itself in believing one's self a great man." The Friends of Negro Freedom, however, are less charitable. Their poster, headed "Marcus Garvey Must Go!!!" invites "men and women, white and colored, foreign and native" to Shuffle Inn, where anti-Garveyism challenges Marcus (and the police) every Sunday afternoon.

According to Garvey's figures, Garveyism the world over has 4,500,000 adherents. According to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Belgian Consul has been inquiring about Garvey apropos of unrest in certain Belgian colonies. This has

led the Association to call up the French Consulate, who, according to report, attributed unrest in certain French colonies to the same cause. According to Garvey's own published statement, his newspaper has been excluded from certain British colonies. A page of that paper is printed in Spanish. To reach Spanish-speaking America? Perhaps only to reach the now fairly numerous Spanish-speaking Negroes of Harlem, where a branch of the New York Public Library maintains a Spanish department. In all that relates to Garvey and Garveyism one expects exaggeration. Not long ago an anti-Garveyite statistician reviewed the Provisional President's figures in the light of his finances and concluded that, at most, his followers numbered 90,000.

PRIDE IN RACE

IT would be a mistake to conclude that Garveyism is the product purely of the bravado which expresses itself in Garvey's uniforms and in the gorgeous feathers that adorn his hat as he rides in glory, or of the equally gorgeous pretentiousness of his programme. Whatever success Garveyism has had has been made possible because there is in it an appeal to a sound and wholesome quality, though the appeal is perverted and the quality exaggerated. Garvey's whole appeal is addressed to the instinct of self-reliance. With all its bombast and absurdity and mad quixotism, it is an appeal to race pride. The injury that it has done to the more credulous among the Negroes and the mental torment that it has inflicted upon the saner element among the Negroes cannot be ascribed to the fact that it has been an appeal to race pride, but that it has been an appeal to false pride of race. Booker Washington also appealed to race pride, but it was the pride that set men, not to chasing rainbows, but to self-respecting work and to service of the commonwealth.

It is perhaps significant that Garvey, who proclaims himself the Provisional President of the Republic of Africa, is not an American but a West Indian, and that the notion of "Africa for the Africans" was not even originally his own, but was borrowed in London from Dusi Mohammed Ali, half Negro and half Egyptian. This sort of thing is not likely to have any permanent influence on Americans, white or black.

While Garveyism is running its spectacular and tragic course, the steady

progress of the Negro in America is following the lines marked out by Booker Washington, one of the great Americans of his time, whose pride in his race existed side by side with a humility that was one of the elements of his greatness

SECRETARY HUGHES ON THE NEWBERRY CASE

THE occasion for the vigorous letter recently written by Secretary Hughes in which he declares that Senator Newberry was wrongly and most unjustly convicted was an inquiry from a single correspondent; but the timeliness and value of the letter lie in the fact that the charges against Senator Newberry, which have been thrown out by the highest court in the country and by the action of the Senate itself, are being used in the political campaign in Michigan against the candidacy for renomination by the Republican primary of Senator Townsend, who has ably supported and defended his colleague, Senator Newberry.

It is true, as Mr. Hughes intimates, that there still remains some misunderstanding as to the nature of the charges against Senator Newberry and the result of the thorough investigation by the Senate. Mr. Hughes sums up by saying, in his usual vigorous and clear manner: "The conviction of Senator Newberry was obtained under a statute held by the majority of the Supreme Court to be invalid. It rested upon a ground which did not involve any finding by the jury of moral turpitude, and was effected only by a most serious misconstruction of the statute which exposed him to conviction regardless of any moral offense upon his part and no matter how high-minded he might have been in his conduct in the campaign."

When the facts of the case showed that no legal offense had been committed and that the so-called conviction was really no conviction because it was for a supposed offense not forbidden by law, opponents of Senator Newberry shifted their ground and tried to arouse prejudice and public feeling against Senator Newberry by asserting that the amount of money spent by his friends to secure his renomination was excessive and scandalous. Secretary Hughes points out that it was practically impossible for any candidate to avoid violating the statute if it were construed as the prosecution claimed it should be, for on that basis it would forbid the expenditure by a candidate in a primary of more than

\$3,750—a ridiculous sum when one considers that the very purpose of a primary is to allow the party voters to become informed as to the merits of the different candidates and that this must be done very largely through printed matter and addresses. It has been said that the campaign of Mr. Pinchot for the primary nomination as Governor in Pennsylvania cost over \$125,000, yet every one knows that the campaign was not one of mercenary influence but of public information and of getting the facts and arguments before the voters. In this Michigan campaign, moreover, Senator Newberry's opponent, Mr. Ford, spent enormous sums in what was in effect political publicity, although it was in the guise of commercial advertising.

Senator Newberry was convicted under a law which was not a law as the case proved, and not for any alleged act of corruption, but only on the charge of expending more money than the statute allowed. We repeat what we pointed out when the case was first under discussion, that "to set an arbitrary limit for the expenditure of money for elections is to create a crime where no moral wrong is necessarily involved, and it was a relief to many reasonable students of public affairs to find that this law was based on an arbitrary distinction proved on another ground to be unconstitutional."

PRESIDENT HARDING ON THE LABOR CRISIS: COAL

THERE has been some disposition to criticise President Harding's address to Congress relating to the present crisis in the railway and coal strikes. It is said that he is trying to shift the burden of responsibility from his own shoulders to Congress without definitely telling Congress how to deal with the actual existing crisis; but it is easier to criticise the President for not doing something or proposing something than to describe just what he should do or propose. Immediate and effective action would probably lie in the direction of taking over the mines and the railways, or of enforcing compulsory arbitration, and either course would encounter formidable opposition. When, however, the President declares, as he does in his Message, that the people of the United States are at the mercy of the United Mine Workers, and neither exercises the powers he now has nor asks for new powers to assert the authority of all the people over that part of the people that has them at its mercy, it is not strange that there should be disappointment at the apparent lack of leadership.

The President does make four definite requests from Congress, but none of these requests applies directly to immediate settlement of the strikes. The

request which has met with the most opposition in Congress and seems least likely to be carried out (namely, the proposal for the establishment of a Governmental coal agency which should have power to buy, sell, and distribute all coal that is subject to inter-State shipment) aims to guard the public interest and to prevent profiteering, suffering, and loss if the strikes continue or after they end if the shortage of coal is still a public menace. It does relate to the present crisis, but it does not provide a way for settling the difficulty.

The request for a law which would establish a National coal commission to investigate the coal industry—mining, carrying, distributing, selling, and profits—is admirable, and seems to meet with acceptance in Congress as well as with the public. It would take up and report to Congress such questions as the best way to deal with the over-production and over-mining of the soft-coal mines, with the desire of miners generally for a working year of, say, not less than 280 days, problems of storage and seasons, and how to deal in future with disagreements as to wages and contracts. But this proposal suggests a remedy not for this but for future crises.

PRESIDENT HARDING ON THE LABOR CRISIS: RAILWAYS

ON the railway situation the President's chief recommendation is to do what is popularly called "putting teeth" into the law behind the Railroad Labor Board. The President points out that the Board as it stands now cannot impose penalties nor enforce its decisions, nor require compulsory arbitration. He holds that its decisions must be made enforceable and effective against employers and workers equally. He does not answer the question which every one at once asks, namely, How does he propose that the Board should enforce such powers? Probably he would answer that the case would be analogous to that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which has very definite powers; that the orders of the Court could be enforced against the railways precisely as those of the Inter-State Commerce Commission are enforced; and that, as to compelling the workmen to obey the mandates of the Board, the recent decision of the Supreme Court, which would render the unions liable financially through their treasuries, will be of great assistance.

The last specific recommendation of the President does not at first sight seem to bear on the labor question; but it most emphatically does so, for it proposes to allow the Federal Court jurisdiction in criminal cases within States where violence is done to aliens. The immediate occasion for this is of course

the Herrin massacre and the lawless acts of railway employees in holding passengers under uncomfortable and even dangerous conditions on deserted trains. The practical argument for such a measure has often been put before the country, but Congress has never acted. It is certainly an embarrassing situation when such an incident occurs as that which happened years ago in New Orleans, where Italian citizens were lynched; their home Government naturally applied to the United States Government for redress, and our Government was obliged to reply that it had no power either to prevent such a lynching in advance or to punish the criminals. A number of such instances might be quoted, and it seems certain that our dual form of government acts unjustly in this matter. The President did not hesitate to speak of "the mockery of local inquiry and the failure of justice in Illinois," and urged that in the future the Federal Government should have power to "punish barbarity and butchery at Herrin or elsewhere, no matter in whose name or for what purpose the insufferable outrage is committed."

There were energy and purpose in President Harding's pledge in this address to use all the power of the Government to maintain transportation and sustain the right of men to work. He did not hesitate to point out abuses of labor organizations and unfairness of organizations of employers.

THE LABOR CRISIS AS IT IS

BUT meanwhile, up to August 22, there has been no positive advance in the settlement of the railway and coal quarrels.

Under the Cleveland agreement, certain soft-coal operators have pledged themselves to open their mines and some mining of soft coal has been done. The hard-coal strike remains unsettled; day after day we hear of new conferences, but only of hopes of settlement; one such conference is going on as we write, and may have positive results before this is read; one chief difficulty is the insistence by the miners that agreements now and in the future must be reached by conferences, and not through arbitration.

The seniority question, which we have already discussed at some length, remains the difficult point in the railway trouble; the Eastern roads are uncompromising on this point; the Western roads show some disposition to compromise.

THE HERRIN MASSACRE

THE feeling of horror and the demand for action and for the legal punishment for those who perpetrated the slaughter at Herrin grows rather than diminishes as time goes on. One corre-

GIVE ME SOME HELP HERE, HO!

(All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Scene 1)

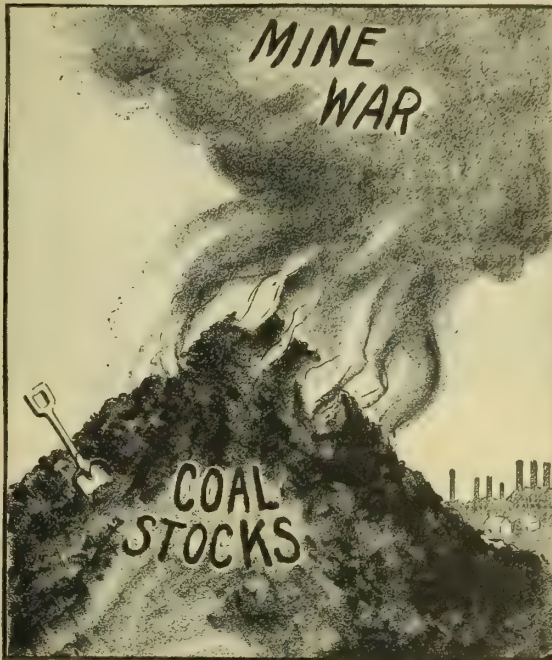
Enright in the New York World



CARRYING IT HOME

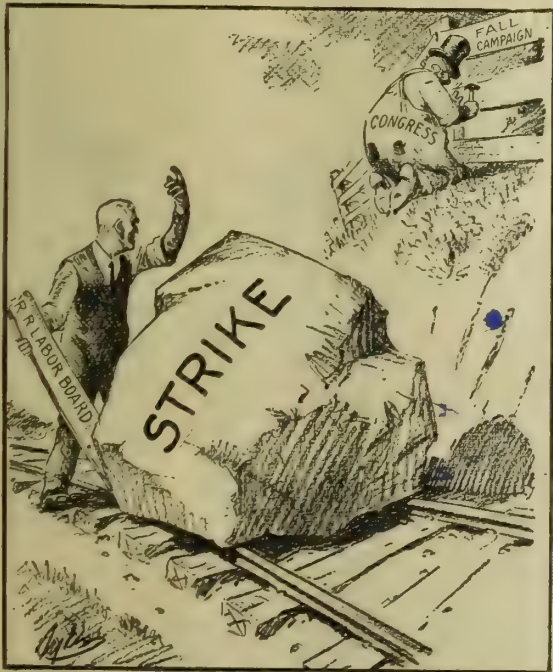
From J. B. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



WASTE

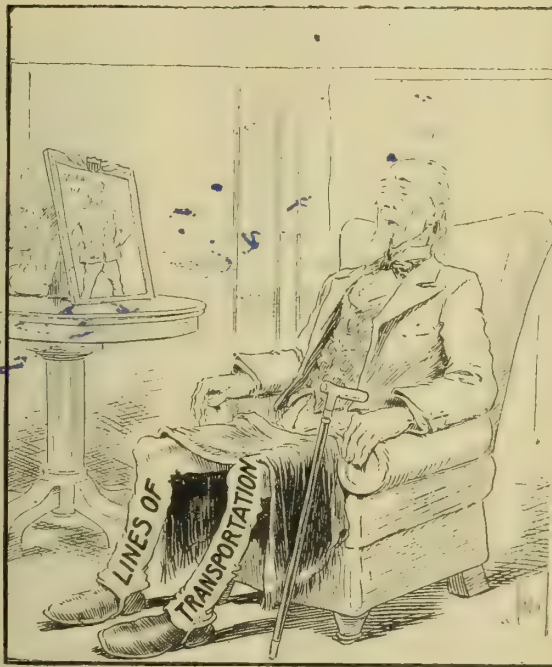
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



MORE IMPORTANT THAN FENCES

From Frederick Eisler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



THE INVALID

From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, Ohio



International

CHIEFS OF THE "BIG FOUR" AT WASHINGTON

Left to right: L. E. Sheppard, head of the Order of Railroad Conductors; W. S. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; D. B. Robertson, head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; W. N. Doak, head of the Order of Railroad Trainmen

spondent of a New York paper asks why no adequate measures have been taken and intimates that it is because the local officials have been intimidated by the "Red element." It is true that the local authorities have shown little disposition to deal with the matter bravely and thoroughly. We are glad to note now that a special Grand Jury is to be impaneled to consider the case.

Other indications show that Illinois outside of Herrin is seriously disturbed and active in the matter. One despatch from Chicago states that a private fund of from \$25,000 to \$100,000 is to be raised to enable the Attorney-General to extend his investigations and press prosecution. The Illinois Chamber of Commerce is vigorously pushing this plan, and its president has received a letter from President Harding in which he expresses his gratification of this evidence that there is "a conscience in Illinois which will not tolerate such a disgraceful thing."

Under the present limitations of law and Constitution the Federal Government has no power to move, the sole authority lying with the State authorities because the crime was committed within its limits. We have referred elsewhere to President Harding's request to Congress to remedy this state of things.

ARE THE RAILWAYS SAFE?

RAILWAY employees engaged directly in the transportation of passengers and freight claim that cars and locomotives during the period of the shopmen's strike have fallen into such a state of neglect and disrepair as to render many

of them unfit for use and, in some instances, unsafe for operation.

On the basis of this and other professed fears, transportation employees here and there have temporarily abandoned their duties. An extreme instance was the abandonment of transcontinental passenger trains on the Pacific coast, to which we referred last week. Deserted by the crews, the passengers, including the aged and infirm, were left

for several days and nights to the mercies of the desert in midsummer.

In a letter to the President the Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission pointed out that the Commission is charged with the enforcement of laws governing the safety of rolling stock; and the President, in a reply which received general commendation, urged that there be no modification of vigilance in enforcing these safeguards thrown around the traveling public.

The man or woman who takes passage on a train is entitled to every assurance of safety that human ingenuity can devise. It is as much the railways' duty to safeguard passengers as it is to carry them to their destination. A carrier is required by law to keep its equipment in safe and workable condition at all times. This prime requirement of every-day operation is enhanced during periods of industrial upheaval. Safeguards should be increased, not diminished.

The present condition of rolling stock, whatever it may be, is not wholly the result of the strike of the Federated Shop Crafts, which began on July 1. What were the railways doing to bring their equipment to required standards of safety prior to the shopmen's strike? Have cars and locomotives one hundred per cent safe on June 30 deteriorated so rapidly as to become unfit for use two months later?

On the whole, we think not. Some of the claims of the employees may be justified, but, all in all, their recent sound-



(C) Harris & Ewing

AN INFORMAL CONFERENCE ON THE COAL STRIKE

John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, is shown at the right talking to two newspaper men; James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, is at the left, with hand extended, engaged in earnest conversation with a larger group of newspaper reporters

ing of alarms savors somewhat of propaganda. It would be but natural for the strikers to court public support in this manner in their desire to end the strike. It seems, however, to have been overdone. The railways still load almost capacity freight, except for coal.

But where in the scale of requirements did rolling stock stand when the shopmen's strike was called?

All told, there are 2,258,000 cars in the ownership of Class I railways. Of that total more than fifteen per cent, or upwards of 342,000, were in bad order July 15. The figure is about the same as that of July 1. These railways operate 64,000 locomotives. More than 15,000 were in bad order July 15. One locomotive out of every five owned by the chief carriers of the country was laid up for heavy repairs. One out of every twenty was laid up for light repairs. The figures are those of the railways themselves.

That was the situation June 30, in substance, for two weeks made little change in the numbers. It has been the average situation for two years past, the carriers' reports reveal. The situation was worst in July, 1921, and had been growing progressively better till the strike was called. The railways were not wholly to blame for this sad state of affairs. They have not even yet fully emerged from the demoralization of Federal control. The business depression also depressed equipment repairing. But with the coming of the business revival the railways had started to put their house in order—a task interrupted by the strike.

The interruption should be but a temporary one. The figures are far higher than they should be. When working conditions become normal again, as they surely will, it should be the carriers' first duty to take their broken equipment out of the shop and put it, in safe running order, on the rails.

A BAD TURK

ENVER PASHA was the last to die a violent death of the triumvirate that misruled Turkey, and that ordered or allowed the slaughter and starvation of hundreds of thousands of Armenians and affronted the sentiment of the world. Talaat, who brutally defended the massacres, was assassinated by an Armenian; Djemal was slain a few weeks ago; now Enver has been killed in Bokhara by the Bolsheviks, whom he first supported and then betrayed. He was the strongest of the trio intellectually, but his violent temper and his insatiable personal ambition pushed him always into situations where revenge and hostility encompassed him.

Enver had the evil pre-eminence of being the man who forced Turkey into the arms of Germany. He even made a



Ewing Galloway

SIGNING THE AGREEMENT THAT HAS VIRTUALLY ENDED THE STRIKE IN A PART OF THE BITUMINOUS COAL FIELD

T. K. Maher, Chairman of the Inter-State Scale Conference, representing the operators, is at the left; John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, at the right

secret alliance with Germany months before his purpose was known in his own country and took measures hostile to the Allies while Turkey was nominally neutral. His military activities (apart from the defense of the Dardanelles, which was largely planned and carried out by German experts) were vacillating and ineffective. Since the war he had been a wanderer and a schemer; he plotted to become monarch of the Kurds, nominally aided the Soviets in the Caucasus region, and finally took arms against them.

There was a time when Europe thought it saw in Enver Pasha the leader of a rejuvenated and reformed Turkey. But the Young Turks' régime was as oppressive and as far removed from ideas of self-government as the Sultanate it overthrew. It ruled by force and ignored what laws were supposed to exist. After the close of the war, Enver was outlawed at Constantinople, was declared the author and instigator of many crimes, and condemned to death, if caught.

Enver's career was devoid of patriotism; principles he had none. He fought for his own hand, and died the death of a turbulent disturber of the peace.

"THE MOTHER OF CONTINENTS"

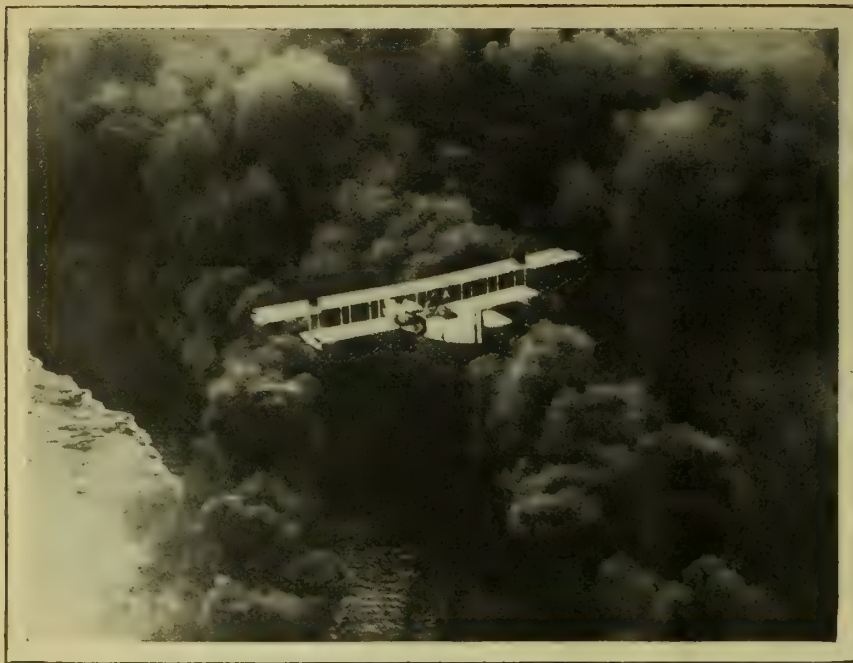
AN article in "Asia" by the distinguished scientist Dr. Henry F. Osborn, who is at the head of the American Museum of Natural History, has as its title "The Mother of Continents." It relates to recent discoveries by an expedition under the leadership of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews for the Museum in Mongolia. There in distant and barren

tracts have been found large deposits of prehistoric remains.

The interest and importance of this find is not in the fossilized remains themselves, but in the deduction drawn from the quarter of the globe where they have been uncovered. One of the great problems of science has been that of the course and movement of mammalian life over the globe. The two great beds of prehistoric deposits heretofore known are widely separated—one in Europe, the other in our Rocky Mountains. Now Dr. Osborn has long argued *a priori* that the progress of the extinct, big mammalian life could not have been from one of these regions to the other, for if so there would be evidence of a spread of that life from the Rockies east and from Europe west. The only other logical alternative would be that the original region of full development before dispersal must have existed at some point on the other side of the globe, west of the Rocky Mountain center and east of that in Europe. That would be somewhere in Asia. It was partly to seek such a center that this expedition was sent out.

The discovery lately made precisely answers the requirement of Dr. Osborn's hypothesis, and verifies the theory that from Mongolia the emigration of the great mammals started east and west, reached the centers already known, and thereabouts died out by dispersal. Dr. Osborn comments:

This discovery gives the answer to one of the four great questions which the expedition sought to solve: namely, whether ancient Asia is the mother of the life of Europe to the far west, of North America to the



International

NAVY SEAPLANE HANGING LOW OVER A HEAVY SMOKE SCREEN THROWN OUT BY A DESTROYER FLEET

This picture, taken near San Diego, California, shows the plane veering to the left to dodge the black clouds. The plane is co-operating with the battle fleet, being employed to direct its actions behind the smoke screen

far east. It is a kind of realization of a palæontologic Garden of Eden—of the birthplace, or Asiatic homeland, from which many kinds of reptiles and mammals spread westward and eastward.

The value of the discoveries may be of basic importance in the large aspects of evolution, and it is hoped that further work may bring out similar evidence regarding the early history of the "primates" from which man is held to have evolved.

The story as told by Dr. Osborn in the current issue of "Asia" is a fascinating episode in the always enlarging chapter of scientific research.

THE AIRPLANE AND THE BATTLESHIP

THE recent bombing by airplanes of the British pre-war dreadnought Agamemnon confirms the conclusion of the demonstration off our Virginia capes a year ago. But those are totally wrong who suppose the conclusion to be that the day of the battleship is over. On the contrary, the navy has gained a new and potent weapon. Hereafter warships will carry fighting airplanes and bombing airplanes, and a major engagement at sea will have its attendant or precedent battle of the air.

Those who have read the articles in The Outlook by Lieutenant Clifford A. Tinker, of the United States Bureau of Aeronautics, have learned what advances have been made in the planning of small fighting planes, in the devices for launching them from vessels, in "landing" them safely at sea, and in building

aircraft carriers. They have learned also how the Germans, debarred from building large commercial planes lest they be turned into bombers, have built small, low-powered, short-range planes and are now making fast little monoplanes that, in Lieutenant Tinker's judgment, form a menace to the peace of Europe. All signs point to new and different developments in future wars of the air, but the new weapon will be an adjunct of navies, not their supplanter.

The attack on the Agamemnon was a startling demonstration, for if the "bombs" dropped upon it had been war bombs instead of "duds" the vessel would have been destroyed a dozen times over. Some four hundred of these dummy bombs fell on and around the war-vessel with a degree of accuracy that showed the efficiency of recent sighting devices. The Agamemnon was controlled and maneuvered by wireless and was moving at fifteen knots an hour. Many of the bombs were dropped from a height of 8,000 feet, at which height an airplane is practically immune from anti-aircraft firing. Not only were 400 bombs dropped on or close to the Agamemnon, but some of the fast planes flew so low as to sweep the decks with machine-gun fire. One result of the demonstration was that the British Government at once announced its agreement with the Air Minister's plan of providing a new air force of 500 planes for home defense, at a cost of about ten million dollars a year.

There is evidently a use for airplanes apart from the navy, but there is most

emphatically also a use for airplanes working and fighting in conjunction with the navy.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE GERMAN GLIDERS

TWO weeks ago Lieutenant Tinker, in the most recent of his Outlook articles, gave what is probably the first authentic statement of the achievements of the Germans in the art of using gliders. By experimentation the Germans, as he pointed out, have "built new and stable gliders, and with them have accomplished soaring and gliding flights which equal, and in some respects excel, the performance of huge birds."

Since that article appeared the Germans have made astounding advances in this new art. The record made some months ago by Harth of a gliding flight of twenty-one and a half minutes has been totally eclipsed by a flight made by a young student named Hentzen which lasted for ten seconds over two hours. More than that, extraordinarily accurate landings were made in a contest in which a point was designated near which the competitors sought to land. The victor in this contest of "goal flying" succeeded in landing within thirteen feet of the goal.

Lieutenant Tinker said that the earlier efforts in gliding were regarded by the Allied officers as a mere school-boy craze, but later became a matter of concern and even alarm. Now it is reported that the French see in these German accomplishments a serious threat to their own air supremacy.

It is said that these records made in Germany did not depend upon a very high wind. In fact, during the competition the wind varied from twelve to eighteen miles an hour, and some of the gliders kept in the air in a breeze of less than nine miles an hour.

Simultaneously there have been gliding flights in France. The best French record up to August 21 is an endurance flight of five minutes. This record was made by a Frenchman, who succeeded in making also the best record in the total time aloft, which amounted in all his attempts to a sum of fifty minutes. These French records seem absurd in comparison with a German flight of two hours.

It is said in explanation that the German trials were under much more favorable conditions and at a much more favorable locality. Wasserkuppe, in the Rhone Mountains, is declared by Edmund Allen, the American participant in the French contests, a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to be three times as high as Combe-grasse, where the French contests were held, and better for its rising currents of air. The contests were to continue in

both France and Germany. The later French contests were to be made at a higher point.

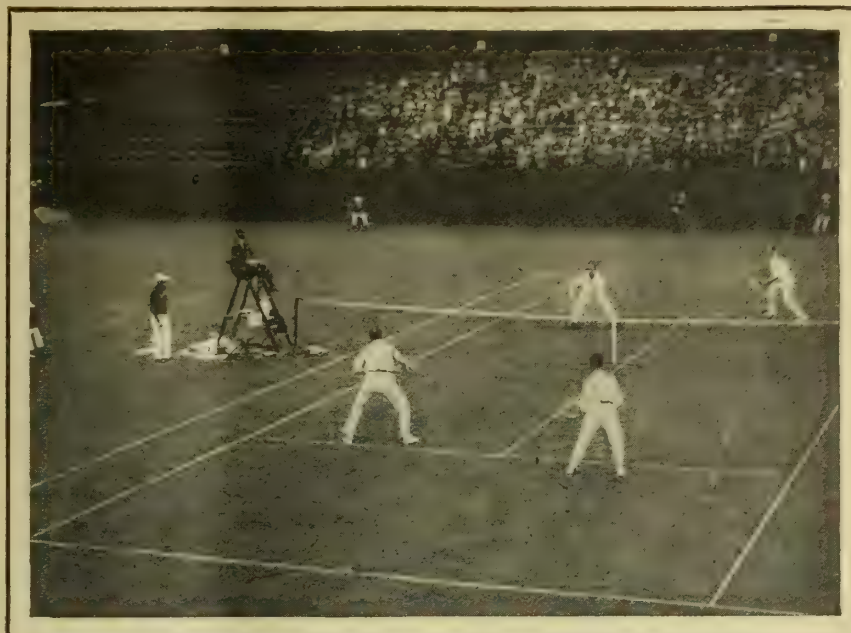
INTERNATIONAL TENNIS

VERY few ambassadors accomplish more for wholesome and friendly international relations than sportsman-like contestants in international games. The very idea of sportsmanship has served as a test by which to distinguish between the conduct of civilized and barbarous people in even the grim contest of war; for experience proves that advantage rests with soldiers who know how "to play the game." Much more in times of peace is the attitude of good sportsmanship a test of amicable relationship between one people and another. Nothing in recent years has done more to prove that East and West can meet than the encounters between American players and the two members of the Japanese Davis Cup team, Ichiya Kumagae and Zenzo Shimidzu, who became affectionately known as Ichy and Shimmy and whose whole career reflected honor on Japan and created good feeling in America.

American relations with France and Spain are undoubtedly to be appreciably affected for good by the coming to this country of the French and Spanish Davis Cup teams.

France has already established her place in tennis by the skill and power of her representatives in other years, and in particular by the supremacy of Mlle. Lenglen over all other women players of the world. This year, however, the French players have made an especially strong impression. The French team entered for the international matches of which the Davis Cup is the trophy was defeated by the Australian team, but the names of Gobert, Cochet, and Borotra will be remembered in tennis annals.

What perhaps was the sensation of the Davis Cup contests this year was the playing of the Spaniards. It is said that no player in the world is quicker on the ball than Manuel Alonso. He showed himself one of the masters of the game in his defeat of the Australian Pat O'Hara Wood. The Spaniards and Australians broke even on the first day of the singles matches, but the Spaniards lost the doubles match on the second day, and then, after a spirited contest, lost the two remaining matches in singles. The three Spanish players—Señores Manuel and José Alonso and Count Manuel de Gomar—have reinforced the French players in dispelling a good many illusions about the Latin temperament. The so-called Anglo-Saxons of the English-speaking peoples—and we count in that category those who are Celts as well—have done a



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AUSTRALIANS DEFEATING THE FRENCH IN THE DAVIS CUP DOUBLES

The French players, André Gobert and Henri Cochet, are in the foreground; the Australian players, Gerald Patterson and Pat O'Hara Wood, are on the further side of the net

great deal to establish standards of amateur sportsmanship; but these French and Spaniards and other players that no one would dream of calling Anglo-Saxon are helping to make standards of good sport (which, after all, are only standards of fine conduct in all competition) a universal rule.

THE CONFLICT OF INTERESTS

IN a fight for principles even defeat brings with it some measure of satisfaction. There is an element of joy in being a soldier in the noble army of martyrs. To fight, however, for something that is not a matter of principle and then to be beaten is to taste bitterness. That is why American politicians are so uneasy in any tariff campaign. They know very well that there are no political principles involved. They have no righteous cause by appeal to which they may seek to rouse the people to action. They have no political ideal for the sake of which they might ask their party to risk success. The only justification for a course in respect to the tariff is the honest opinion that that will lead to a result approaching practicable justice and a fair distribution of benefits.

It would be very much simpler for the politicians and much less confusing to the voter if the two major parties of the country were divided on the tariff according to some fundamental policies. As we pointed out last week, however, neither party has ever undertaken to carry out a tariff policy based on a simple and basic political theory. If one

party had said that it would direct its course toward making of the tariff a Chinese wall and the other party had directed its efforts to the abolition of all tariff duties, there would have been alternatives presented to the voters which they could have understood and on which they could have made their choice.

Instead of dividing on the matter of principle or theory, the two parties have been in practical agreement in upholding the general policy of a tariff of adjustment or regulation with a view to both revenue and protection.

This policy, which is not a party policy but a National policy, has not been agreed upon because it is simple. On the contrary, it bristles with difficulties. Just because it is a policy of adjustment it cannot ever place the tariff in the category of settled questions. Congress has often been denounced for its proclivity to "tariff tinkering." It ought not to be blamed for this. If it is going to do the will of the people of America, who have evidently committed themselves to a policy of adjustment, it must provide for tariff tinkering of some kind. If Congress were allowed to build up a Chinese wall, it could probably build it high enough and strong enough to last for many years without repairs or additions. Or if it were allowed to do away with the tariff altogether, it would not need to be bothered with questions of specific rates on this and ad valorem rates on that, but could relegate the tariff to the limbo of forgotten issues. So long, however, as the people want neither exclusion of imports nor free trade, Congress must keep continually changing the tariff gears in order to ac-

commodate the power of the commercial engine to the constantly changing economic grade.

Since, then, there have to be frequent changes in tariff schedules, the various interests affected become at once parties to the tariff controversy.

These interests are chiefly of two kinds.

In the first place, there are the interests of one locality or section of the country conflicting with the interests of another.

In the second place, there are the interests of the producer as contrasted with the interests of the consumer.

As a consequence every tariff bill as soon as it is introduced into Congress becomes the target of criticism from every angle. It is bound to cause dissatisfaction, in varying degrees, among all the interests involved. The wool grower wants the tariff rate on foreign raw wool high; the wool importer wants it low. The sugar refiner wants a tariff rate that will give him a wide market in which to choose the cheapest raw material; the sugar grower, on the other hand, wants to limit the refiner's market in order to avoid the danger of finding his foreign competitor's product offered for a price that does not meet his own cost of production. Every interest is tempted to believe in a Chinese wall tariff for its own product and free trade in the products that it needs to buy. Thus it comes about that under the American policy, which is neither distinctively Republican nor distinctively Democratic, the tariff, as Hancock once said, is a local issue. The task of Congress, whether it is Republican or Democratic, is the disagreeable one of finding some series of compromises which will be productive of the fewest political enmities. In the enactment of every tariff law the members of Congress are sure to cause dissatisfaction to practically every interest. We do not recall a tariff measure that has won hearty praise from anybody except its own sponsors. Such a result of dissatisfaction is inevitable in any attempt to reach a compromise between conflicting demands.

If the task of reconciling these local interests is difficult, the task of reconciling the difference between the interests of the consumer and those of the producer is impossible.

Practically everybody in the country is both producer and consumer. It would seem, then, that it would be easy to lead an individual citizen to see that he would have to strike a balance between his own conflicting interests. It would be easier if each citizen were a producer of one thing and a consumer of another, or a producer of everything and a consumer of everything. What

creates the difficulty is the fact that each is directly a producer of only one or two things while a consumer of virtually everything.

The natural consequence of this fact is that the interests of producers are divided, while the interests of the consumers are to a very large degree united. On another page we print in a group of cartoons one representing the citizen as heavily loaded with the burdens of various duties—on clothes, on shoes, on cotton goods, on utensils, on sugar, on food. This is the sort of cartoon that appeals to everybody because everybody is a consumer. If, however, it pictured the producer of shoes, either capitalist or wage-earner, as using the power of the tariff on foreign-made shoes as an automobile to help him carry his packages, the cartoon would have a very limited appeal because it would appeal only to the shoe producers. And even that cartoon would have to show, in fairness, a gasoline tank labeled "Free Hides." Thus it happens that, while the demand upon each Congressman is for the protection of the commodities produced among his own constituents, the attack on Congress as a whole for protecting those industries in the aggregate is nearly overwhelming.

Congress is thus faced with a dilemma. If it refuses to touch the tariff, it is charged with being unresponsive to the demand for adjustment of the rates to changing conditions, while if it begins to touch the tariff it is threatened with all sorts of punishment.

In a future editorial we shall consider some of the conditions which make this dilemma peculiarly perplexing at this time and the efforts which Congress has made to escape from it.

THE ALMIGHTY SOLVENT

THAT was a delightful essay in last week's Outlook on certain characteristics of the black American by Archibald Rutledge—a South Carolinian who knows his English poets, his classical philosophers, and also the red fox, the wary otter, the bull alligator, the droves of wild turkeys, the flocks of wild ducks of the Southern uplands, swamps, and seacoast. He knows the old-time Negroes of the South, too, and has drawn the portraits of three—Sam, Peter, and London—that make the reader wonder whether there might not be a rising tide of color, which Lothrop Stoddard does not take into account in his lugubrious prophecies, that would be a blessing instead of a curse to humanity.

It is not, however, the poetry, the outdoor flavor, or the skillful character

drawing in this essay of which we wish to speak—although it might be said in passing that Archibald Rutledge is uncovering a new vein of fine literary art in the South. It is not because his paper is redolent of pine and cypress and musical with the call of game birds and the beat of hoof and patter of paw; not because it combines so pleasantly the virility of the woodsman with the shyness of Nature in her poetic moods; not because it is comparable to the best work of Richard Jefferies or W. H. Hudson or William Beebe or John Burroughs, that we comment upon the essay here. It is because it ends in a shocking paragraph of morals—shocking, we mean, in the simple sense that, wholly unexpected in such a context, it arrests attention. The paragraph reads:

In these days we hear much of this problem and of that; of the industrial problem, of that of immigration, of that of the Negro. But I take it that there is no problem, local or National, which does not resolve itself into a human problem, and therefore an individual problem. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a mystically profound and all-powerful command. The so-called trouble between the Negro and the white race is identical with the trouble between any two individuals of any race or age who do not understand each other and do not wish each other well. The hearts of all of us are infallibly human; and by the truth of such a statement all of us are indicted; for, since we are human, we are liable sometimes to be intolerant, selfish, unappreciative of another's position, needs, hopes, fears, desires. The Golden Rule is the almighty solvent for all human ills of the character in question; one touch of its wand, and the shadows of ages flee away.

How simple it all sounds, and yet in how heartbreaking a fashion we all neglect the Rule by which most of our social and political problems might be solved! The encouraging thing is that, while creeds and rituals, while archiepiscopal letters and Papal bulls pass away, the Rule, in spite of the cant and hypocrisy with which it is often enmeshed, still persists in impressing mankind with its reality. Even the literary revolutionists, who are determined to cast aside all man-made schemes of morality and portray life as they think it really is, come back to the Rule as a standard and measure of human beauty. Theodore Dreiser can hardly be called a sanctimonious preacher of puritanical morals, and yet from the point of view of literary art he has never done anything better than his studies of the effect of obedience and disobedience to the Rule upon the lives of three of his "Twelve Men"—a country doctor, a country storekeeper, and a country workman.

In "If Winter Comes" and "The Clean

Heart," the best two of A. S. M. Hutchinson's deservedly popular novels, the author actually, although we hasten to acquit him of any ulterior or cunning moral design, sets forth the supreme happiness that practice of the Rule brings into life. More than that, he discloses one of its often hidden but most golden qualities—it does not require self-sacrifice, but only that one shall not sacrifice others to one's own selfishness.

Archibald Rutledge is right in calling the Rule the almighty solvent.

THE HAPPY DE MORGANS

THERE is no more delightful and entertaining reading than biography, provided that it has certain requisites: the lives described must be worth while; the material available must be warm with the glow of human nature, not mere arid records; the author must have ability to put before his reader traits and personality with ample use of incident, anecdote, and humor. It is because the recently published volume entitled "William De Morgan and His Wife"¹ has just these qualities that it is a welcome and enjoyable addition to literature. The book is made beautiful by fine reproductions of over twenty photographs of exquisite specimens of Mr. De Morgan's pottery and Mrs. De Morgan's paintings, so that it gives pleasure to the eye as well as to the mind. The author is Mrs. De Morgan's sister; she is an experienced biographer; her intimate knowledge of those about whom she writes, joined to sound literary judgment, made her the one person admirably equipped for this particular task.

Rightly this is quite as much the Life of Evelyn De Morgan as of her husband. It was one life; they were closely associated in art, in his literary success (which was due to the impulse he received from his wife), and in their friendships with Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Morris, and others. No two lives that had to do with imaginative work were ever so tied together unless those of the Brownings. Sir William Richmond, their old friend, who writes the book's preface, says:

It is seldom that a marriage is absolutely successful, where the road of life taken is so similar, where the temperaments are completely in accord, and where no commonplace rubs against life's sharp and tiresome edges ever occur. Evelyn and William De Morgan were absolutely one: one in sympathy, in intelligence and its direction, one in tastes, and in perfect companionship. They teased and

chaffed one another as schoolboys do, they were amused at each other's idiosyncrasies, and I verily believe amused also at their mental similarity. He believed in her Art and she in his. They were both artistic in the highest sense, and where the business capacity came in is a puzzle to every one.

The story of the way in which De Morgan came to write "Joseph Vance" has often been told, but never so vividly as in this book:

Some time before, in 1901, during a spare hour, he had written two chapters of a novel, "just to see what I could do," he explained subsequently; "I always loved grubby little boys, and I thought I should like to write the story of a grubby little boy. I began and got interested in him. But when I read over what I had written, I was so little impressed with the result that I nearly burnt it; in any case I put it away in a drawer and forgot all about it. Later in the year, when we were going out to Florence, it accidentally came with us among a great mass of business papers." Turning out these papers some time afterwards, he tossed the despised manuscript with a heap of rubbish into the waste-paper basket, where by chance his wife saw it, and glanced casually at it before consigning it to the flames. The story, with its graphic, sordid realism, at once gripped her attention; she set it carefully aside and awaited her opportunity.

Shortly afterwards De Morgan was ill in bed, suffering ostensibly from influenza, but principally from the unwonted idleness which filled him with depression and sapped his vitality. Evelyn took the piece of manuscript to him and laid it by his bedside, with a pencil temptingly adjacent. "I think something might be made of this," she said briefly. When she looked in softly half an hour later, he had started on the occupation which he was never again to abandon, and was writing rapidly.

What is not so well known, however, is that De Morgan, having once started in his novel writing, kept on with tremendous energy regardless of success or failure. Publishers not unnaturally hesitated a little at the length of "Joseph Vance," and before it had actually seen the light "Alice-for-Short" and "Somehow Good" were finished.

De Morgan failed as a commercial potter, but he did not fail as an artist in ceramics. One art critic, for instance, has said since De Morgan's death that the things by De Morgan that were shown in 1914 at the British exhibition in the Pavillon de Marsan "glowed there among the dim splendors of pre-Raphaelite survivals, evidence of a complete union of art and craft such as rarely is found in modern times." So that has come true which De Morgan himself playfully said after his factory failed: "All my life I have been trying to make beautiful things, and now that I can make them

nobody wants them. Only my own extinction can make them valuable."

What made De Morgan's novels—all written, remember, after he was sixty-five years old—was exactly that which one finds everywhere pervading his letters. They have humor, playfulness, sympathy, and admiration for what is high-minded and honorable, a philosophy that is optimistic and cheerful, together with the born story-teller's sense of plot and character. He liked "Joseph Vance" best himself, probably because its humor was liveliest; many of his admirers would put "It Never Can Happen Again" or "Somehow Good" first for choice. He wrote nine novels, two not quite finished when he died, and at least five of these were richly and abundantly good. And this from a man who had spent his energy up to his sixty-sixth year in producing pottery and tiles! His wife's painting—modest as she was about it—received more praise than his ceramics. Mrs. Stirling tells us that "her husband, as success came to him, facetiously remarked the *volte-face* in their respective positions: 'Formerly it used to be Mrs. De Morgan and her husband, now it is Mr. De Morgan and his wife!' Of all which he owed to her, however, he was profoundly aware, and once when some one was talking in enthusiastic terms of his genius, he cut short the panegyric gently by pointing to the 'real Janey': 'There is the genius,' he said."

The letters in this book are capital; even the boy De Morgan's illustrated letters are good fun, and one later illustrated letter from him to a boy—reproduced in facsimile—is quite like those that Theodore Roosevelt used to send his children. De Morgan's letters to Burne-Jones and the replies are especially full of humor and have interesting side glimpses at art and literature.

There are lessons in this record of two busy, happy, and loving lives—lessons too obvious to need pointing out. We may suggest them, however, by quoting a deserved tribute paid to William De Morgan by Professor William Lyon Phelps at the close of an appreciative article on Mrs. Stirling's book: "To me he is one of the world's great humorists, who regarded the show of life with that clear-sighted tolerance that only humor and sympathy can give. And no one can read this biography without a sense of gratitude toward the author of it, first, for presenting to us so clearly a remarkable personality, and, second, for the proof that such a personality gives of the possibility of living a cheerful, happy life, provided one lives from day to day, taking happiness as it comes without discontent, and without crying for the moon. For if any man in this imperfect world ever lived happily, that man was William De Morgan."

¹William De Morgan and His Wife. By A. M. W. Stirling. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$6.

CHRISTY MATHEWSON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

THE other day I read in The Outlook the editorial on Christy Mathewson entitled "The Fight of a Clean Sportsman." I have often wondered what gives Mathewson such a continuing hold on the affection and the respect of great numbers of the American people, whether the particular baseball public or others. I had never met him, though I have seen him pitch in other years and have been impressed by the remarkable personal as well as physical self-control which he exhibited, a quality to which The Outlook called attention in its editorial.

Last week I happened to be motoring through the village of Saranac Lake where Mathewson for two or three years has been making his stand against the grim enemy of tubercular disease. The editorial came to my mind, and I thought I would look Mathewson up. I asked the boy behind the soda-water fountain in the village drug-store if he knew where Mathewson was residing. "Sure!" he said. "Ninety Park Avenue." I wended my way up towards the locality, and, not finding the place at once, inquired again of a young miss. She exhibited the same familiarity with the number and pointed out the house. I found Mathewson resting easily in a long porch chair, and in good color, flesh, and spirits.

I had no thought of interviewing him or, indeed, of writing about my visit. It was only a friendly call upon a man who was brought up on the edge of a country village in Pennsylvania near which I spent my own boyhood. I quote from the conversation only those points which I am sure would not be embarrassing to him but which are so illuminating of your editorial that I am sending them to you.

I found, when I left, that I had a peculiar sense of the quiet poise and generosity of spirit of Mathewson. I felt that there was something about it worthy of imitation by all those who look for success similar to his in any field of life. He was associated from 1901, when he first pitched in a professional game, until Labor Day, 1916, when he pitched his last game, with many rough and plain citizens of the Republic who were his comrades in the struggle for the pennant of victory. He would be the last to concede it, but he himself was a thoroughbred in native stock and educational training compared with most of the men with whom he was surrounded. But his estimate of them, I found, was high. He said that they came from the mines and the farms and from many walks in life, but that they soon acquired in their new and trying environment a practical education which developed their personalities and made them very interesting and companionable associates. I said nothing to

him about it, but I have often heard elsewhere surprising stories of the influence Mathewson had upon them, of how the coarse or profane badinage of the clubhouse suddenly ceased when Mathewson walked in. There was no awe about it. They just didn't want him to hear it, that was all. It didn't seem appropriate. Incidentally, my recollection is that, while Mathewson never posed as a saint, he thought it was a good thing for the country to keep the dollar mark off Sunday, and so always declined to play professional profit-making baseball on that day.

This democratic instinct for doing the plain right thing grew up with him in the simple country village of Factoryville, Pennsylvania, where he passed his boyhood. The doctors let him go back there last week by automobile to spend his forty-second birthday with his father and mother. The press throughout the United States carried news of the event and of how the countryside turned out to greet him. He told me at Saranac of his boyhood at Factoryville. Baseball was his early passion. He liked it so much better than hoeing potatoes on the little farm near the village. "I remember," he said, "the first game I ever pitched for money. Factoryville didn't have a team of its own, but when I was fourteen years of age a club at a little distance away offered me one dollar to pitch nine innings, and I was to pay my own expenses. I would have been willing to have paid them a dollar, if I could have scraped it together, for the privilege. Nothing seemed so much worth while to me."

I learned where he acquired that terrible accuracy which disconcerted many a batsman in the National World Series in later years. "I regret very much," he went on, "that I developed a deadly aim in my boyhood by throwing stones at birds. I was responsible for slaughtering a good many of them, I am sorry to say."

We fell to discussing the salaries of big players. "They are very much larger now than they were in my day," said Mathewson. "I began at \$250 a month for six months' work. Even at the height of the period the best players got only from \$7,000 to \$10,000 for the season. Now I hear that Babe Ruth gets somewhere near \$40,000 a year."

Here was an opening. I said, "Isn't Babe Ruth growing irascible and showing pretty poor self-control?" Instantly the poise and breadth of sympathy of Mathewson showed itself. "Well, I don't know," he replied. "Self-control is a wide word. Sometimes the management doesn't think a player has self-control because he exercises his own judgment at the bat instead of following implicitly the directions of the coach. Ruth is what he is. It is his temperament

which makes him so valuable to baseball and so worthy of his salary. The mass of people on the bleachers care most for a man whom they can cheer to-day and jeer to-morrow, and Ruth fits into that picture. He is on the heights when the bleachers rock with applause, and he is correspondingly depressed and irritable sometimes when the great crowd turns on him because he doesn't produce the thrills. It is all in the mercurial temperament. And it is the very thing which gives Ruth great money value. Now there is Sisler, of the St. Louis team—he is every bit as valuable a player as Ruth, some people think more valuable. But he has another temperament. When he makes a great hit or a great play and the crowd are ready to idolize him, he modestly touches his cap and fades away out of sight. He doesn't fit into the picture."

Mathewson was surrounded with vases of wild flowers. I spoke of them, and he said: "Oh, yes. The doctor lets me take about twenty minutes' quiet exercise twice a day, and so I have been studying botany and brushing up upon the wild flowers about Saranac, so that I will know their names when I see them again. It is fine to be able to get about a little." This big six-footer, who now weighs again 204 pounds, was down to 150 pounds a year and a half ago when the fever laid hold upon him. If he gains for six months more, or at most a year, the doctors have great hopes of a permanent cure.

I remembered that The Outlook editorial was not quite positive as to whether Mathewson was with the American Expeditionary Forces in France when disease overtook him. I asked him about this, and he said that he was the assistant gas officer of the Twenty-eighth Division, but that his health began to fail only when he had been back in this country several months.

Such a mellow, sane, intelligent, self-controlled personality I have rarely talked with. As I walked away I felt that it had been good to be with him and that the American people knew what they were about in keeping an eye of affection upon this great human athlete in his lonely struggle. It is an astonishing thing that six years after he pitched his last game the solicitude of millions should follow him as eagerly as ever. I read an editorial in the "Evening Bulletin" of Philadelphia last week to the effect that every decent American ought to put up a prayer for him on his forty-second birthday, because every decent American ought to want to help to pull him through. There may be something inscrutable, but there is something very real and deep about such a carrying personal influence. The secret is to be found, I reckon, in genuine character that has produced the goods. The

CHRISTY MATHEWSON, PERMITTED BY THE DOCTORS TO LEAVE SARANAC LAKE TEMPORARILY FOR A BIRTHDAY VISIT TO HIS PARENTS, PLAYING CHECKERS WITH HIS FATHER AT HIS OLD HOME AT FACTORYVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



(C) Keystone

American people care very little whether the field is baseball or politics or religion. They know the real thing. I was talking to a companion at a dinner party in Pennsylvania the other night

about my impressions of Mathewson at Saranac, and before I knew it everybody at the table was listening. When I had finished, a well-known director of music who sat on my left said, "I have two

boys, and next to Theodore Roosevelt their ideal is Christy Mathewson." Well, after all, it is the same thing. Whoever is as big as the best in the American people is the idol of all of us.

CONDITIONS IN BRITAIN

I—A GLIMPSE OF ENGLAND

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY FRANCIS ROGERS

IN July, 1921, England was burned brown by a pitiless, prolonged drought, the value of the shilling was only 18 cents (a drop of 6 cents since 1914), and the evidences of appalling unemployment were to be seen on every side. England was carrying on bravely, but grimly, concealing her many scars and infirmities as best she could and meeting her multitude of new and perplexing problems with the suppleness born of long experience, with which she has been able so many times to circumvent her difficulties.

In July, 1922, abundant rains have restored England to her normal verdant, fertile self, the shilling is worth 22½ cents, and official figures confirm the superficial signs of a substantial reduction in unemployment. So much as this one may discover for one's self in a few hours; it would be a long task, and one for which I am not competent, to offer a comprehensive and reliable estimate of England's condition at this time. All I shall attempt here to do is to transcribe for the readers of *The Outlook* a few glimpses of the England I have been in these past three weeks.

It is only little by little that one can take in the enormous price that England has paid and will for years to come continue to pay, for her participation in the war. Our own country is rightly proud of her share, but when one is in England one comes to realize that America, despite the magnitude and intensity of her effort, suffered but little in comparison with the older country. England put all her man power into the war, and, in addition, mobilized her woman power to an extent unequaled by any other great nation. Over two hundred thousand women were in uniform under Government discipline; this without counting the myriads of women engaged unofficially in war work. All England's material power was pledged to the winning of the war. In 1922, four years after the war, the English are the most heavily taxed people in the world. Of its actual fighting men the greater part are dead. (I was told the other day that in one small counter-attack in Belgium six years ago all but one out of forty-three officers were killed.) Forty-seven thousand veterans are now in hospitals and never will leave them

alive; some six thousand are totally blinded. Such figures as these might be extended indefinitely, all pointing the same moral: that these burdens and bereavements England incurred in our behalf, as well as her own, wherever she faced the Germans. Surely it were contemptible in us now to show ourselves, rich and all but unscarred, anything but generous and sympathetic in our dealings with our late allies.

The great need of England, if she is to get firmly on her feet again, is productive employment, and yet while I write Congress is trying to enact a bill to reduce trade with England. With one breath we ask her to repay what she borrowed from us with which to defeat our common enemy; with the next we would deny her the ability to do business with us. To-day the Balfour Note has been published, and England is awaiting America's response; I wish I felt sure that it was to be as magnanimous as the circumstances merit!

Rural England is again a delight to the eye. Its fields are full of grazing flocks and herds, or of yellow grain. Its trees are as opulent as ostrich plumes,



"IT IS GRATIFYING TO OUR NATIONAL PRIDE TO SEE HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON GAZING SERENELY OVER TRAFALGAR SQUARE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND SAINT-GAUDENS'S LINCOLN PLACED DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE ABBEY"

Photographs copyrighted by the Keystone View Co.

and in their luxuriance and symmetry seem never to have known either animal or vegetable blight. This great fertility must mean prosperity to the farmer, although I am told that the general use of harvesting machinery works much to the disadvantage of hand labor, which used to count on the returns from the harvesting season. Industrial England is still in a parlous state, waiting for the resumption of trade, upon which, indeed, the prosperity of the entire world depends.

In matters artistic England is on the upward grade. The Royal Academy exhibition, though by no means epoch-making or revelatory of new genius, is the best since the war. I arrived too late to hear any of the performances of opera in English that signalized the spring season, or any important concert, but I know from other sources of the excellent promise of the young English composers. Among the dramatists Milne is the most prolific in the field of light comedy; Galsworthy's "Loyalties" is the strongest of the new plays. I spent six days at Stratford-on-Avon and witnessed eight performances of the New Shakespeare Company in the Memorial Theater.

When an Englishman comes to the United States, his first interests are the sky-scrapers and Niagara Falls; the American seeks first Westminster Abbey, then Stratford. All summer long our doughty tourists have streamed through this little Midland city, hurrying from Shakespeare's birthplace to his tomb by way of Anne Hathaway's cottage and the

grammar school where the poet learned his "small Latin and less Greek" (or, probably, no Greek at all). Too few of them know that on the banks of the smiling Avon is a theater in which during the summer weeks an admirable company of players, talented, ambitious and thoroughly trained, give daily performances of eight of Shakespeare's plays, changing the bill at every performance. It is a stock company, in which every player holds himself ready to play any part assigned to him. The Mark Antony you admire to-day will be an even better Iago to-morrow; the charming Rosalind will as Cleopatra sweep you off your feet. Our country has known no such competent company in a generation. This summer they are playing also "The Rivals." Iago, Othello, and Emilia gave exhilarating impersonations of the two Absolutes and Lydia Languish. The delightful old comedy is produced according to Sheridan's own version, and not "with Sheridan twenty miles away," in the guise inaugurated by Joseph Jefferson and revived by The Players in New York last spring.

The stage management of the Stratford Company is thoroughly intelligent; the scenery is adequate, though so simple as to permit the rapid shifts necessary for a lively performance; the costumes are for the most part those given to the Memorial Theater by Sothorn and Marlowe when they retired from the stage some years ago. Across the street from the theater are the assembly-room and reading-room of the English-Speak-

ing Union, that valuable institution that is doing so much on both sides of the water to make Americans and English understand and thereby like each other better. The Stratford Company would welcome an opportunity to make an American tour, but, unfortunately, they have not yet been able to secure the financial backing for the venture. A visit from them would be an important beneficial event in our theatrical life.

I cannot conclude these random notes without speaking of the friendliness and courtesy that follow the visitor wherever he goes in England. To a New Yorker, not used to considerate treatment in the streets and other public places, the good manners of the English are especially ingratiating. It is also gratifying to our National pride to see Houdon's statue of Washington gazing serenely over Trafalgar Square in the direction of the Houses of Parliament and Saint-Gaudens's Lincoln placed directly across the street from the entrance to the Abbey.

Washington, Lincoln, Shakespeare, and a thousand other great traditions the two nations share with each other; the war has forged a thousand new links in the chains that bind our destinies together. Unless the two nations continue to make common cause against the powers of disruption now so rampant in the world, the future of civilization is black indeed. England will spare no pains, I am certain, to continue this union of effort. Let us pray that the United States may not be found wanting in the critical hour. If any American

thinks that England needs us more than we need her, he will do well to study an English newspaper and see how England's interests reach to every corner of

the world and certainly do not focus on us. No, the prosperity and general welfare of the British Empire are of incalculable value to us, and, even if only

from self-interest, we should strive to further them by every means in our power.

London, August 1, 1922.

II—IRELAND AND BRITISH "EMPIRE" DEFENSE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

IT would be rash to predict anything of unhappy and turbulent Ireland, but there is at least better ground than before to trust that order will be established, the liberal Constitution offered the Free State by Great Britain be formally accepted, and representative government put on a sound and permanent basis."

I am encouraged to write this article by the above extract from *The Outlook* of July 12, and by a previous reference therein to General Jan Smuts as having, more than any other man, convinced the Irish people at large that, whatever their aspirations for independence in the far future, they may well be willing for the present to have the liberty of action and self-government that satisfies the Canadian, the Australian, and the citizen of the South African Republic.

I had the good fortune to be serving in South Africa at the time of the Union, a critical period in South African history. Towards the close of 1908 I presided at Durban over a conference between representatives of what were then four self-governing "colonies"—Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State—about mutual defense, one of the levers by which Union was achieved. In 1912, after the Union, General Smuts handed over to me at Bloemfontein about fifty officers to be trained as the Staff Officers of the new South African Defense-Force. Half of them were British South Africans and half were Dutch South Africans. Most of them, only ten years before, had been fighting each other to a finish in what, in those days, we used to call "the" war. In my inaugural address I told them that they had before them the ideal of a South African nation, that the spirit in which they would work would be a South African spirit, that upon them, more than upon any other public servants, would the success of the South African nation depend; because the South African forces formed one of the most important, if not the most important, indications of South African nationality. General Smuts said, in an inspiring speech: "South Africa must not have a Boer army or an English army, but a South African army," and, he added, "If you succeed, as we believe that you will, you will not only produce an army but a nation." That was just ten years ago this month. Those ten years have seen a South African army, so created, put down three rebellions in the country, and stand shoulder to shoulder with British, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and Indians—not to mention men from all other parts of the British "Empire"—in defending

the anti-imperialistic ideals for which that very misleading expression stands. Regardless of their racial origin, Dutch and British combined to form the South African army which, at Delville Wood, made the name of South Africa famous throughout the world, and every South African proud of his nationality.

I remember, during those days of South African Union, reading over and over again F. S. Oliver's "Alexander Hamilton" and Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror," which adds so much human interest to the tale of the Union of the States of America. I also remember wondering, in view of the subsequent experience of the influence of States' rights in bringing about the Civil War, how such matters would stand in the new South African Constitution. This Constitution turned what had been independent self-governing colonies into "provinces" with little vestige left of their independence, only such matters as primary education and the upkeep of roads being left to the provincial administrations. For contiguous states, grouped in the same nation or community, a central or Union Government was established having full power over finance, economics (through control of railways, customs, and taxation), and defense, including police. It is with defense that we are here concerned, with the influence of the new Irish Free State Constitution on the problem of British "Empire" defense.

We see in Ireland, now being accepted, a policy which is the exact opposite to that adopted for contiguous "colonies" in South Africa at the time of Union; it is a policy similar to that adopted for the British Commonwealth of nations which are not contiguous but remote from one another, spread all over the world. The expression "British Empire" does not occur in the Irish Free State Constitution; "British Commonwealth of Nations" is there used officially for the first time, to the best of my knowledge. The South African policy is being reversed, and, instead of trying to incite a national sentiment in the United Kingdom by maintaining one British army, the historic South of Ireland regiments with their wonderful war records have been disbanded. The Irish Free State, in this matter, has been given what has loosely been called "Dominion status." That expression as applied to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa means virtual independence, the only official links being allegiance to the same constitutional sovereign, and, to a decreasing extent, the appeal by citizens to the same final court of appeal, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Lon-

don. It means, from the defense point of view, the right to maintain sea, land, or air forces and fortified bases from which they can operate, without interference by any external authority. It does not and cannot mean the same for the Irish Free State. This should be clearly understood, to avoid misconceptions and accusations of ill faith, of which we have had enough in the past. The late Admiral Mahan wrote: "Ireland by its geographical position stands across and controls the communications of Great Britain with the outside world." The British people are unwilling at the present stage to run the risk of their communications with the outside world being controlled by a nation constantly proclaiming its hostility to everything British. To that extent, and only, I believe, to that extent, the Irish Free State Constitution does not confer "Dominion status."

The establishment of a virtually independent nation in territory hitherto included in the United Kingdom has already had one good result. It has exploded once for all the myth about the attitude of Britain to Ireland. All that the British have done for many years has been to try to keep the peace in Ireland between Irishmen of different views and religions. By so doing they have incurred such bitter hostility as to give rise to the saying that England's trouble would still be Ireland's opportunity. The use made of that opportunity in the Great War sorely weakened the British army, owing to the need to keep large forces in Ireland at a most critical period. In the words quoted above from *The Outlook*, there is at least better ground than before to trust in the future. Much will depend upon the success of the recent appeal by the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State to the agitators and enthusiasts who "make dishonest appeals to emotions, founded in many cases upon deliberate falsehoods."

The establishment of the Irish Free State will, on the one hand, throw upon the English, the Scots, the Welsh, and the Ulstermen, still grouped in the United Kingdom, an additional share of the white man's burden of empire proper, a burden which is not shared by Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, though it is by South Africans, who govern five times their number of native races. On the other hand, if the experiment succeeds, as we hope and believe that it will, the army maintained by the still United Kingdom will be more free to accomplish its mission in Empire defense, the maintenance of order within, and defense against invasion from without.

MEMORIES OF



THE FAMOUS
PICKETT'S
CHARGE
AT THE
BATTLE OF
GETTYSBURG,
ENACTED BY
UNITED STATES
MARINES
DURING THE
GETTYSBURG
CELEBRATION
THIS YEAR

This photograph was
made at the Bloody
Angle, on the historic
spot where most of
the slaughter during
the real battle took
place

(C) Harris & Ewing

DISMANTLING
A MONITOR,
ONE OF THE
TYPE OF CRAFT
THAT REVOLU-
TIONIZED
NAVAL
WARFARE
DURING THE
CIVIL WAR

Joined in a common
doom with much more
modern warships—
submarines, destroy-
ers, cruisers, and even
battleships, which are
being scrapped at the
Philadelphia ship-
yards where this pho-
tograph was made—
is this survivor of an
earlier period in our
naval history



International

TWO GREAT WARS

THE
GERMANS
WANT "NO
MORE WAR,"
AFTER THEIR
DISASTROUS
ADVENTURE
ON BEHALF
OF WORLD
DOMINATION

Here is a scene during a demonstration in Berlin held on July 30, a date set for international protestations against further wars. Note the banners carried by the supporters of the movement



Wide World Photos



ABOVE IS WHAT
THE GERMANS
NOW SAY—
HERE IS
WHAT THEY
DID

In the background is ruined Ypres. In the foreground we see members of the Ypres League, an organization of the British forces who fought at Ypres during the war. They are revisiting the scenes of the great conflict

SHALL WE FORGET THE LUSITANIA?

BY SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS

THEY say a good story has been going up and down the boulevards of Paris. It is one which may get written into our school texts of American history.

An American doughboy was captured by the Germans. He was brought before a staff officer for interrogation.

"How many of you Yankees are there in France already?" the German asked.

"Oh, about three millions," the American replied, nonchalantly.

"Three millions! Impossible! According to our precise information, there are not enough ships to carry across that many troops, even if they could get through our submarine blockade." The German was astounded.

"Oh, yes, we have ships enough. In fact, only one ship was necessary to get us all across."

"One ship enough! Absurd! What ship was that?"

"The Lusitania."

It was indeed that one ship, and the long train of submarine controversy which followed its destruction, that brought the United States into the war and our boys to France. Let no American fool himself into believing that our Government went to war for any other reason than the murder of our citizens on the high seas in the most wanton violation of international law. If it had not been for the submarine outrages we would not have joined the Allies, and Germany would have won the war. Let any one who will not believe this read the revealing letters of Franklin Lane on President Wilson's Cabinet meetings or the London letters of Walter H. Page.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF AMERICAN CLAIMS

The one ship brought three million American troops into the war and changed the destiny of humanity. That the cause for which these men fought was righteous no one in America will now deny. If so righteous, it follows that this Government has morally obligated itself to secure proper indemnification for the outrages to neutral American citizens whose assault and assassination brought this country into the war. Our Government owes it to its self-respect and honor to see that the families and dependents of the scores of these citizens shall be indemnified at the expense of Germany. It owes it to its self-respect and honor that American citizens surviving those horrors with crippled bodies shall be indemnified for their suffering as far as material compensation can help restore them to health and happiness. The United States in all its history has had no more righteous nor more universally acknowledged claims than these against a foreign Power. It is to the honor of both our

great political parties that they have shown a determination to secure for our victims of German piracy the reparation they deserve.

AN ORGANIZED PROPAGANDA TO FORGET

Very curiously, there is developing an organized opinion that is already trying to make us forget the Lusitania. It would leave to shift for themselves these Americans who had the temerity to travel, in full protection of their Government and with its passports, on Allied passenger ships during the war. This sort of organized propaganda would forget altogether our fellow-citizens killed or crippled on the Lusitania, Sussex, and other Allied passenger boats and on American merchant ships during the period of our neutrality. In the case of Swiss and Spanish subjects who were injured or who lost their lives in the torpedoing of the cross-Channel passenger packet Sussex in 1916, Germany made prompt indemnification. She also offered to indemnify the United States for the Lusitania and Sussex horrors. We correctly refused to accept mere money compensation for such shameless insult. We insisted on absolute and final rejection of the principle of ruthless submarine warfare before discussing material reparation. We insisted, ultimately, on extinguishing by armed force that vicious principle. Now that the principle itself has been attended to in the only possible way, the claims of these Americans may be considered. But, we repeat, there are fellow-countrymen who would forget the Lusitania—at least the American victims murdered on it in the most spectacular assault against civilization that modern times have witnessed.

Before the writer is a little circular put into wide distribution among American educators, writers, students, and clergymen by an association whose general purpose is a liberalization and definition of American foreign policy. The circular is entitled "Return *All* the Alien Property." It refers to property of German, Austrian, and Hungarian owners sequestered—not confiscated—during the war by the United States, after act of Congress, and now held for eventual disposition in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian. It is this property alone which can be available to satisfy the claims of our citizens or the dependents who survive them, claims so just as to have justified a war.

It is useless to speak of collecting anything from Germany unless out of this sequestered property. This can easily and honorably be done, and Germany be left to indemnify in such way as she can the German owners of that property. The same is true as to Austria and Hun-

gary, if we choose, although this article applies specifically to Germany. All that Germany has now is mortgaged to the European Allies by the Treaty of Versailles. The property now held in trust by the United States amounts to something considerably over \$600,000,000, ample to satisfy the claims of which we write. What is left may be returned to the German Government. But we should remember right here that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Also that an American dollar at this writing is worth anywhere between four hundred and five hundred marks. The history of the Boxer indemnity shows that the United States, the only Power to return to China any surplus out of the round sum collected, may be trusted to do justice to Germany with what is left after securing to our own citizens the justice so ruthlessly trampled on from 1914 to 1917.

PRIVATE PROPERTY IN WAR TIME

The argument for the immediate return of "*all* the alien property"—the word "*all*" has been used and italicized because of reports that the Government had proposed to return properties of value of less than \$10,000—is the more plausible because it purports to be based on international law. It is the more indefensible because it is put forth to liberal-minded Americans by an organization whose directors are students of international law and who have, perhaps unconsciously, failed to give the law of nations fair examination in this particular instance. Above all, they have not made their brief fair to the American citizens murdered on the Lusitania. Their argument runs in favor of Germany and against the justice of requiring payment for the American claims out of the sequestered property and leaving to Germany the obligation to restore to her citizens the property which she will have agreed to divert to our purpose. The argument is not only not patriotic, but not just.

They contend as follows. Heretofore the United States has always insisted on the sanctity and security of private property of enemy aliens in time of war. This procedure "embodies what has since 1793 been deemed a fixed rule of international law and has been considered unassailable. Whatever path other nations may choose to follow, we at least have an honorable tradition to maintain in this matter, fortified by our treaties, by international law, and by the promises expressly made when Congress adopted the policy of sequestration." It is asserted that the argument that this sequestered property should be held as security to satisfy claims due American citizens strikes at the root of the in-

violability of private property in time of war, "for to use private property to pay governmental obligations is merely a method of confiscating it in whole or in part." Anyway, it is held, the claims of American citizens will probably be reduced to a sum not exceeding \$25,000,000 (this statement despite press reports that the State Department has totaled the American claims, filed under oath, at several hundred million dollars). Therefore all this sequestered property should not be held as security for the just claims of Americans slain and mangled by German torpedoes, but should all of it be immediately returned to its alien owners. It is needless to add that thereupon it will be taken over by the Allies to satisfy the unextinguished claims of their subjects.

The question thus is one whether the claims of killed and injured Americans, the victims of these outrages during the period of our neutrality, should be relinquished—after the United States has made victory possible and has demanded no war indemnity nor cessions nor reward of any kind—to help satisfy Germany's European creditors. It is argued that it is illegal or dishonorable, or both, for the United States to hold this sequestered property against satisfaction of our just claims.

Now, as a matter of reality, it is neither illegal nor dishonorable to hold this property until our claims are satisfied. And it is obvious that these claims actually can be satisfied in no other way. An attentive examination of the treaties between the United States and Germany and of the relevant principles of international law, simple enough for everybody to understand, will show that our hands are in no danger of being tainted.

Even immunity from absolute confiscation—remember it is only temporary sequestration with which we need actually be concerned here—has by no means been a universally acknowledged principle of international law. One of the standard treatises on international law before the war was Hall, who declares as follows on confiscation:

Upon the whole, . . . although the seizure by a belligerent of property within his jurisdiction would be entirely opposed to the drift of modern opinion and practice, the contrary usage, so far as personal property is concerned, was until lately too partial in its application, and has covered a larger field for too short a time to enable appropriation to be forbidden on the ground of custom as a matter of strict law; and as it is sanctioned by the general legal rule, a special rule of immunity cannot be established by custom alone. For the present, therefore, it cannot be said that a belligerent does a distinctly illegal act in confiscating such personal property of his enemies existing within his jurisdiction as is not secured upon the public faith; but the absence of any instance of confiscation in the more recent European wars [i. e., since the Napoleonic wars], no less than the common in-

terest of all nations and present [1889] feeling, warrant a confident hope that the *dying right*¹ will never again be put in force, and that it will soon be wholly extinguished by disuse.

It has been the tendency of some writers after Hall to consider the decrease of that "dying right" of confiscation (not the milder procedure of temporary sequestration) to have occurred already, although there had been since Hall's time no European war of sufficient consequence to test the strength of the increasing desire for such immunity. Thus, for example, the distinguished American publicist, Hershey, writing in 1912, regarded the confiscation of private alien enemy property as entirely obsolete in practice. He was speaking of course of confiscation, not of sequestration.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CONFISCATION AND SEQUESTRATION

Two years after Hershey's book was published the European War broke out, and the immunity of private property could not stand the strain. It was to the interest of Germany to secure the general adoption of that principle, just as it was for her interest, in the face of British sea power, to secure the general adoption of the Declaration of London and, if possible, the immunity of private property at sea. This was simply because of the great amount of German investments abroad. Germany would have had far more to gain than to lose by establishing the immunity of private property. Not so with France and England, which speedily sequestered German-owned property located within their territory. In protest and retaliation, Germany did the same to French and British property in Germany. Later Great Britain proceeded to sell all sequestered German property located in her territory and to wind up German-owned business concerns, holding the liquidated proceeds against the terms of peace. France did not ordinarily sell the alien enemy property. She was content to administer it during the war. Following the British practice of liquidating enemy-owned property, the same procedure was put into force by Germany against British-owned property. In innocent Belgium, where no cause for retaliation should have existed, the property of alien enemies was placed under German administration, except in the case of British-owned property, which was promptly liquidated. As is well known, the Treaty of Versailles settled the question of the eventual disposition of this sequestered property, not by confiscating it, but by crediting it to Germany's reparations account. By the terms of the Treaty, Germany took over the responsibility of indemnifying her subjects for property over which they had thus by the action of their Government lost title.

¹ Italics inserted.

When the United States entered the war, the right of sequestration was thus in full practice by the chief nations of the world. There had been no actual confiscation, nor technically has there been confiscation since that time. In fact, there is no occasion to use the word confiscation at all here. We are dealing rather with sequestration, a milder procedure which recognizes the title of the property to be held in trust for the owner. The practice of the United States, however, had been to favor the complete immunity of alien-enemy-owned private property, just as we had consistently voiced our desires to see accomplished the complete immunity of private property at sea. We actually wrote an anti-sequestration guaranty into our first commercial treaty with England, at England's strong insistence, because of the enormous amount of British-owned property then existing here, concerning which sequestration had been recently threatened by Congress. That treaty applied to the War of 1812 in so far as this provision is concerned. During that war the Supreme Court of the United States held that *confiscation* could not take place without a special act of Congress. Since the War of 1812 we have not been engaged in a war in which the question of enemy-owned property existed in magnitude enough to be of vital importance. When we went to war with Germany, we stood confronted with the existence of a great amount of enemy-owned property within our confines and the widespread European practice of sequestration. To allow that enemy property to continue in its existing shape would actually have weakened the military strength of the Nation. For example, if we had not taken over the German privately owned ships in American harbors, if we had recognized the absolute sanctity of private alien property in that instance and had forborne to use these ships for transports, Germany might have won the war, and there would be no question of sequestered German property vexing a few good people to-day in our land. They would be annoyed, instead, by the difficulties of meeting staggering taxes to pay Germany's war expenses. It is interesting to note in this connection that the clamor against sequestration has not been very audible in the case of the ships taken into custody and used for transports during the war. In regard to the other German-owned property sequestered and later sold, the proceeds were largely invested in Liberty Bonds, which are now held in trust by the custodian—instruments which proved almost as helpful in winning the war as the ships we were lucky enough to find in our harbors.

Considering that there was no express prohibition of international law against sequestration, nor even any certainty in the case of actual confiscation, and considering the widespread practice of European nations, among them our

enemy, the American procedure of taking custody of alien property in this country and putting it into such shape as was most useful for victory is nothing which can be held to tarnish the honor of our country. All this is written in the assumption that Germany and her allies had not already committed against us hideous violations of international law such as to justify not only this calm sequestration but retaliatory measures of the most severe and unmistakable nature. Understand that we have been discussing the question only from the technical point of view, as if the decks of passenger ships had not already been made slippery with American blood and as if no American woman or child had been done to her death by a German *Schwarzkopf*.

OUR TREATY OBLIGATIONS OBSERVED

It remains to see whether in our sequestration of German-owned property we have violated any treaty obligations. The only treaty provision which applies is Article XXIII of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce between the United States and Prussia of 1799. This article repeats the terms of the same article in the treaty of 1785, and was reincorporated in the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation of 1828, which continued legally to govern relations between the United States until the outbreak of the war in 1917. The article stipulates:

If war should arise between the two contracting parties, the merchants of either country then residing in the other shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance. And all women and children, scholars of every faculty, cultivators of the earth, artisans, manufacturers, and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages, or places, and in general all others whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, shall be allowed to continue their respective employments, and shall not be molested in their persons, nor shall their houses or goods be burnt or otherwise destroyed, nor their fields wasted by the armed force of the enemy, into whose power by the events of war they may happen to fall; but if anything is necessary to be taken from them for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price.

With this article in mind, let us examine American treatment of enemy-owned property.

The procedure was determined by the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act of October 6, 1917. An admirable summary of that act and procedure under it may be found written by the eminent authority on international law, Professor James W. Garner, in the "American Journal of International Law" for 1918, also summarized in the same writer's "International Law and the World War" (1920). The act provided for appointment by the

President of an Alien Property Custodian with power to receive all money or property due or belonging to an enemy or enemy ally subject which might be delivered or conveyed to him, and, under the direction of the President, to hold and administer the same. All corporations, associations, and trustees with shares owned by enemy aliens were required to make manifest the amount and location of enemy alien ownership. All debts owed to alien enemies or property due them, not otherwise expressly provided for by license, was to be delivered to the Custodian. These last-mentioned funds were then to be invested in United States bonds. All other property held by the Custodian was to be "safely held and administered" by him. According to Professor Garner, the sale of enemy property does not appear to have been authorized by the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act further than was necessary to protect that property against waste and to preserve the interests of the United States in the same. But by a clause in the Urgency Deficiency Bill of March 28, 1918, the Custodian was given general power to sell to American citizens any property in his possession; and by an executive order of April 2, 1918, sales were commenced. "The avowed purpose of this measure . . . was to destroy the enormous financial power which had been built up in the United States by persons resident in Germany," and to root out German influence." The proceeds of sales of course were not confiscated by the Government, but retained—sequestered—in its safe possession until a proper occasion should come for adjustment of the several difficulties with Germany. It is this money which is still in the possession of the Alien Property Custodian, and which some few people would not like to see returned immediately and without condition to Germany.

The question arises, Was this sequestration a violation of the Treaty of 1799, above quoted? On this the authority of Professor Garner is quite clear:

This treaty stipulation was, however, clearly inapplicable to property owned in the United States by persons residing or domiciled in Germany. It evidently had in mind the protection of peaceable non-combatant enemy aliens who remained in the United States after the outbreak of war, and not those who were abroad and engaged in carrying on war against the United States. . . .

It does in fact not appear that the property of any German subject residing in the United States not actually engaged in making war against the United States and not interned, was seized or sold. Seizures and sales were in the main limited to property owned, not by enemy aliens residing or domiciled in the enemy country and embracing such persons as the Emperor, the late Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg, and many capitalists belonging to the ruling class who held enormous property interests

¹ Italics inserted.

in the United States and who were actually engaged in making war against the Government and people of the United States.

Only in case restitution of this property is not contemplated can it be regarded as confiscation, opines Mr. Garner, not without noting the Senate debates which maintained that confiscation would be just reprisal for Germany's conduct in destroying the lives and property of American citizens on the high seas. He continues:

Apparently it was the intention of Congress that the whole question of restitution should be left for determination by the treaty of peace at the conclusion of the war, the idea being that a claim would be presented to Germany for damages on account of the unlawful destruction of American lives and property at sea by the German naval forces, and a balance struck between the amount so claimed and the amount of the proceeds derived from the sale of German-owned property in the United States. On this assumption, the seizure and sale of German-owned property in the United States by the American Government, severe and unprecedented as it may seem, can be justly defended.

It is not necessary to contrast the weight of authority behind these words with that on which rests the unsigned text of a well-meaning but uninformed liberal association which purports to give advice to Mr. Hughes in the disposition of the foreign affairs of the country. One might be tempted nevertheless to note that the same association which stands here, after its own logic, for the sanctity of private property is at present conducting a campaign for the recognition by the United States of the Russian Soviet Republic, which has arrogantly and persistently refused to restore private property of any kind, alien or domestic, confiscated in 1917.

The final assertion against retention of this sequestered property as security for claims is that it is contrary to "promises expressly made when Congress adopted the policy of sequestration." As to this assertion, it is enough to say that it is wrong in fact. A reading of the acts in question shows no such promise, nor does a reference to the United States Statutes at large and the "Congressional Record" for the period of the war.

GERMANY'S OWN VIOLATIONS OF THE TREATY

Before losing sight of the treaty of 1828 with Prussia, we should notice certain other articles applicable to the treatment of the United States as a neutral by Germany, a belligerent. Article XII of the treaty declares:

If one of the contracting parties should be engaged in war with any other Power, the free intercourse and commerce of the subjects or citizens of the party remaining neutral with the belligerent Powers shall not be interrupted. On the contrary, in that

case, as in full peace, the vessels of the neutral party may navigate freely to and from the ports and on the coasts of the belligerent parties, free vessels making free goods.

The treaty further provides that in case a strictly specified list of commodities shall be subject to detention as contraband they shall never be confiscated as such, but full indemnity for their actual value shall be paid the owners, although the goods fall within the enumerated category of contraband.

Contrast with this treaty the German submarine blockade of England and its application to American shipping. Contrast the ruthless submarine warfare—not anticipated by any treaty, it is true, but as rank piracy beyond the pale of civilized warfare and international law—with the loyal observance by the

United States of the terms of the old Prussian treaties. It is both silly and wrong to maintain that the conduct of the United States toward alien-owned property during the recent war has been anything but honorable and fair. We have pursued the path of "proud punctilio," and that in the face of shameless violation by Germany of international law in its universally recognized definitions and of her very treaty obligations with the United States.

THE JOINT CLAIMS COMMISSION

It would not be even necessary to subject the matter of these claims to a German-American joint commission. The United States is perfectly competent, and the history of the Chinese Boxer indemnity shows that it is able honorably and justly to settle them without

reference to German assistance. But to avoid any accusation by Germany of "veiled confiscation" a joint claims commission can be set up by agreement between the two Governments, with the understanding written into the convention that all sums awarded to American claimants be paid out of the German property now in sequestration, the balance of which shall then be promptly returned to Germany. That is what appears to be the policy of the Department of State. Surely there is nothing unfair or dishonorable about this procedure, nor anything wrong in holding the property in sequestration until Germany is willing to agree to such a settlement of claims the justice of which she had expressly acknowledged before she finally forced us into war.

Let us not forget the Lusitania!

VICTOR. EMMANUEL III

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ITALY

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

NEVER have I met a simpler, more unaffected, more intelligent man.

Simplicity was in refreshing contrast to the stiff salutes from the many gorgeously uniformed military men as I entered the palace, crossed a great court, and ascended a long, spacious stairway leading to splendidly decorated rooms. In the last of them was Duke Borea d'Olmo, Royal Master of Ceremonies, with whom I conversed for a few moments. Then a door at the other end of the room was opened, and another official appeared and shook hands with me. Both then took their positions on either side of the door and, standing at attention, invited me to pass through.

I entered the throne room. I looked towards the other end, where I expected to see the monarch sitting in state, when, lo! close to the entrance a small, friendly-looking person was smiling, extending his hand, and saying in English, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Baldwin."

Before I could recover from my surprise he had escorted me across the room to a sofa, on which he ensconced himself in true Rooseveltian fashion, indicating at his side a table for my "topper" and an armchair for myself. In the same way, later, when he gave me his hand in good-by, indicating that the audience was at an end (I had of course to wait for the royal signal before rising), he accompanied me across the room to the door, thus thoughtfully saving me the otherwise necessary backing out and the three customary bows, and also saving himself the furniture I surely would have backed into on my way out.

I had come for a supposedly three-minute formality. The King kindly kept me half an hour.



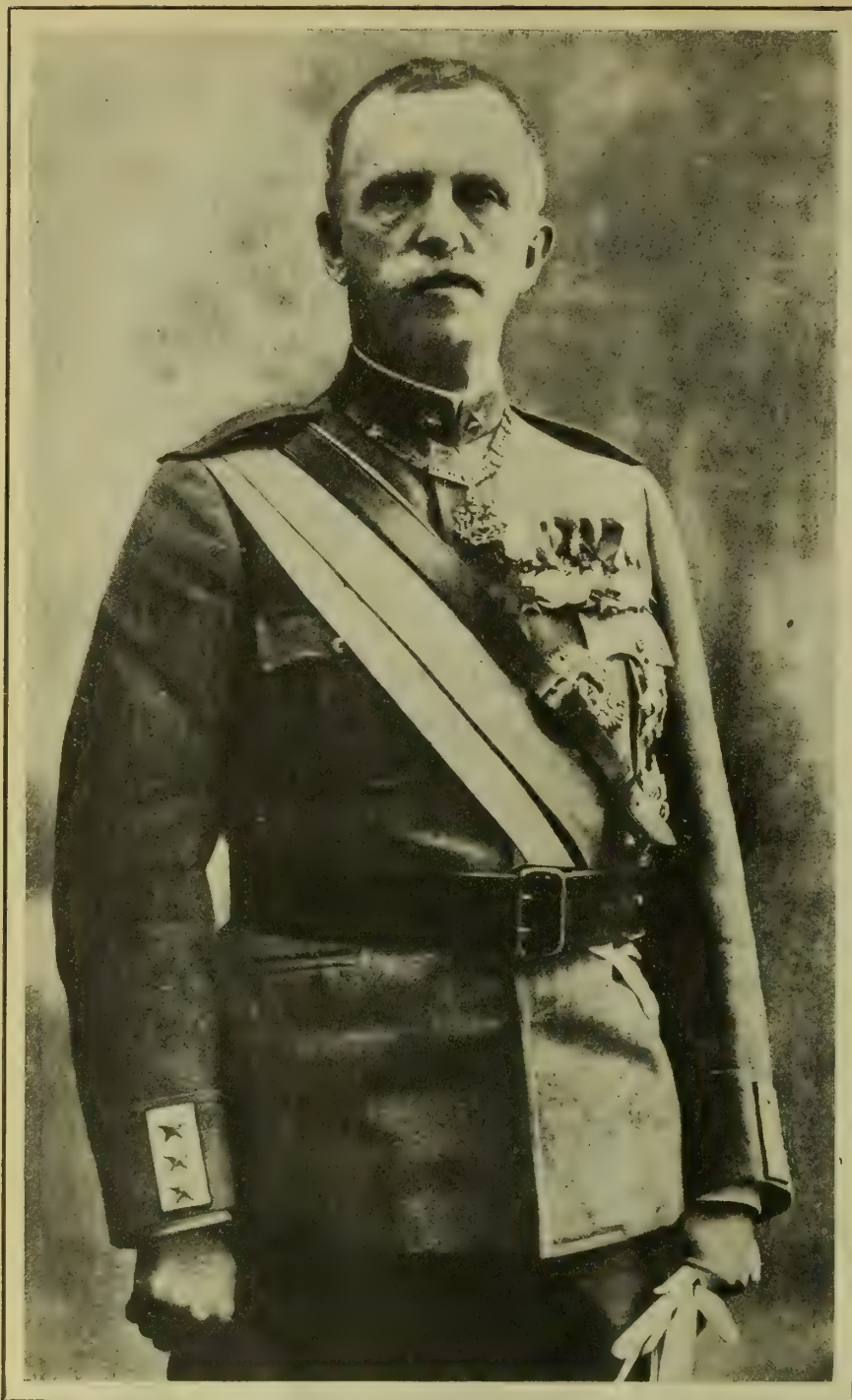
THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY VISITING TRIESTE

The Queen is kissing a little Yugoslav child, a representative of the race which occupies Trieste in conjunction with the new Italian rulers of the city

The American Forestry Association had requested me to inform his Majesty of its gift to Italy of five million Douglas fir seeds. From what the King told me, I felt surer than ever that the gift would be appreciated here.

I did not have to tell him what the American Forestry Association was any more than what The Outlook was. His knowledge of men and things is simply omnifarious.

Speaking of The Outlook, he inquired



Keystone

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III OF ITALY

"King Humbert gave his son a Spartan education in every way. You read the result in the strong lines of the present King's face"

how long I had been on its editorial staff.

I replied: "Thirty years."

He answered: "You must have begun young."

"No, your Majesty."

"Why, how old are you?"

When I told him, he said: "I supposed we were about the same age."

He knows how to hand out a compliment.

In connection with The Outlook, we spoke of Theodore Roosevelt. "What a pity such a man could not have been

spared!" remarked the King, and then made me tell him about the Brazilian expedition. "He seemed so young when he was here," his Majesty added, "it is difficult to realize that he is gone."

We talked of various events. The Facta Ministry had fallen the night before, and I thanked the King for receiving me at a moment when his engagements were presumably pressing.

Not once did I have to take recourse to Italian or French. His Majesty speaks English not only with easy

fluency but, strange as it may seem, without foreign accent.

Victor Emmanuel's portraits do not do him justice. In the first place, he is maturer, not to say older looking. In the second place, his face is finer and more winsome. In face, as in mind, he is ahead of his father, Humbert I, and his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II.

King Humbert gave his son a Spartan education in every way. You read the result in the strong lines of the present King's face, as in the marvelous range and accuracy of his information. His physician said to me the other day: "Tap his Majesty on any subject, and you will get, not only a ready response—you may find that in some things he is unusually erudite." Such proved to be my experience.

His manner unites his father's force and his mother's grace. Yet there is a wistful something about the manner, as of one who, though happy because of many blessings, had long since found one fundamental blessing withheld and would know the reason why—a blessing more essential to a king than to a commoner.

As I sat there I could not help thinking of my earlier visits to Rome, when I saw the King, then a little boy, driving with his tutor. Like every one else, I admired the boy's mother, Margaret of Savoy, and used to go frequently to the Pincio, where she drove daily, to get a sight of her lovely face and gracious manner. Once I had a bow from her all to myself, and that was a red-letter day for me.

Now the boy has become the man. His closely cropped hair is graying fast. His prominent mustache does not altogether hide the lines of his fine mouth. His clear eyes are at once piercing and all-embracing; they are kindly, but they show that he cherishes no illusions. Unlike most Italians, as he talks he makes few gestures.

A conscientious and a really powerful ruler, Victor Emmanuel is first, last, and all the time a domestic man. Some people complain that the King and the Queen do not show themselves enough in public. They are not always on dress parade, it is true, but they show themselves conscientiously and sufficiently. What is more necessary for Italy or for any other country, they show themselves models of family devotion. Years ago the royal physician—as he himself told me—happened in at the palace nursery, and found the King, Queen, and their children all on the floor playing mumbletypeg.

A few hours after my audience to-day I saw an old Roman friend who visits the King frequently. "The next time you have an audience with his Majesty," remarked my friend, "ask if you may not bring one of your sons along with you, should the occasion permit. The King takes a great interest in young men. He has a fine boy of his own."

Rome, July 20, 1922.

THREE POEMS BY CHANG HU

TRANSLATED BY WITTER BYNNER AND KIANG KANG-HU

AN OLD SONG

THREE thousand li from her native land
And twenty years in the depths of the palace,
To-day, at the end of a single stave,
She cannot hide her tears from you.

ON THE TERRACE OF ASSEMBLED ANGELS

SUNLIGHT slants on a stately roof, Branches present their red blossoms for dew . . . Last night the Emperor made a new choice— Ever-True's bright smile parts the curtains.	The Emperor favors Lady Kuo Kuo. In the morning, approaching the palace gate, riding, Contemptuous of paint as a blemish on beauty, To meet him she smooths her two moth-tiny eyebrows.
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AT CHIN-LING FERRY

IN the one-story inn at Chin-ling Ferry
Even a night is enough misfortune,
But down the dead moon's ebbing tide
Beckon the twinklings of Kua-chou.

THE NEW GUARD AT THE PUBLIC PURSE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

THE Federal Government spends, year in and year out, about \$100,000 every working hour for transportation of its property and employees. Nearly every dollar of this money is spent wisely and judiciously, but once in a while there is a slip and a few dollars are spent unnecessarily. When such slips occur, they are investigated, safeguards against their repetition are erected, and the Government profits in the long run through changes which would not have been adopted otherwise.

A case in point is the recent shipment of a human skeleton. It was sent with a miscellaneous lot of hospital supplies—food, containers, laundry-bags, instrument tables, and bed screens—from one institution to another. With the exception of the skeleton, the shipment, which weighed 13,600 pounds, was subject to a low freight rate. The freight rate on the skeleton, however, was three times the first-class rate.

As the car containing the goods was sealed and the weights of the various items were not listed separately, the entire shipment moved at the skeleton rate. Moreover, railway regulations prescribe 20,000 pounds as a minimum carload, so the freight charge was based on that weight. Because of these circumstances, the Government paid about five times as much freight on the shipment as it should have paid.

The high charges on the shipment did

not escape the eye of an official recently assigned to the task of saving money for the Government in the item of its transportation charges. He investigated, found that the railway was clearly within its rights, ordered the bill paid and the system changed. No Government laundry-bags will travel hereafter at three times the first-class rate.

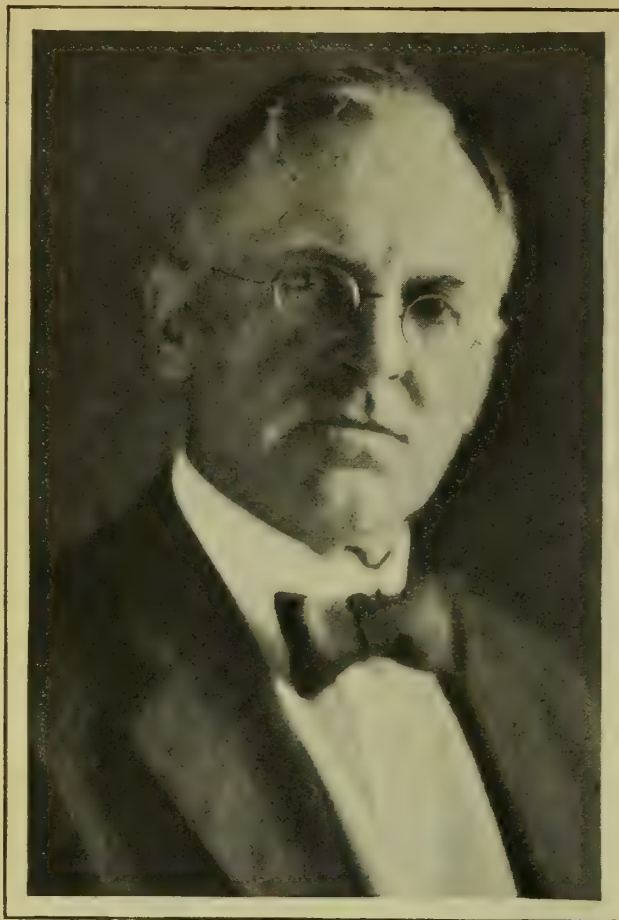
The change was made through the vigilance of the Government's newest major agency, the Bureau of the Budget. That agency has been functioning smoothly and quietly for about a year. It employs no press agent; it does not work in the newspapers, so little is read about its activities. Its duties consist of nothing more or less than saving money for the taxpayers.

It saves money in hundreds of big and little instances, all of which come under two headings: First, economy in planning for future expenses; and, second, economy in spending funds already appropriated. Its work is so big and broad and with so many ramifications and the economies it has already achieved are so richly studded with striking illustrations that it is difficult in a short article to portray even its high lights. Its scope and accomplishments are measured in savings of hundreds of millions of public funds and in a spirit of economy that is spreading, like leaven, through every executive branch of the Federal Government, clear down the line to the humblest employee.

It is little more than a year since Congress enacted the Budget Law. Under that law the executive branch of the Government is required to plan appropriations for a year ahead, in detail, and submit the estimates to the Director of the Budget, who holds over them the power of veto. The Director of the Budget has exercised his prerogatives to such good effect that Government expenditures during the present fiscal year are many millions below what they would be without such a check.

Bureau after bureau has sent its estimate to the Director of the Budget, to have it slashed in its non-essentials; to have cherished plans of increased Governmental activity—and expense—eliminated; to have pet projects thrown into the discard. Bureau chieftains have finally realized that a new day has come in spending public funds and that there is a new and effective check to boundless expansion of Governmental domain. It has been a shock to these well-meaning and highly efficient gentlemen, the like of which they have never had before.

In justice to these able public servants, it should be clearly pointed out that they have been trained for generations to consider the end to be accomplished as of prime importance and the cost secondary. With this lifetime training become set in the hard mold of habit, there is little wonder that they are wrenched in adjusting their affairs



(C) Harris & Ewing

FORMER BRIGADIER-
GENERAL H. M. LORD,
THE NEW DIRECTOR OF
THE BUDGET,
Succeeding General Dawes

to the new rule that the cost comes first and, with certain notable exceptions, the end to be accomplished second.

They are learning, however, thanks to the deft guiding of the first Director of the Budget, General Charles G. Dawes, and to his resourceful and energetic successor, General H. M. Lord. The first of these gentlemen taught official Washington the new rules of the game; the second is training it to team-work and perfection in its play. The first, because of his vigorous testimony before a Congressional investigating committee, has been profanely dubbed "Hell-and-Maria" Dawes; the second, from his own slogan, "Economy with Efficiency," is growing into the characterization of "Economy" Lord.

Dawes, first in the new field, accomplished the spectacular; Lord, his successor, is carrying on and, in addition, is putting into effect some highly meritorious and efficient ideas of his own. He realizes, in his own language, that "we must sell the budget every day to the American people," and he is seeking every day of his interesting official life to perfect his salesmanship.

The Director of the Budget is the personal agent of the President. The President has clothed him, by virtue of the Budget Law, with extraordinary powers. He has the dictum in affairs of finance over the rulings of members of the Cabinet. Subject only to the President's approval, his word is law as to what ex-

penditures shall be recommended to Congress and what shall not for every bureau, board, commission, and department of the Federal Government.

Clothed with these ample powers, the Director of the Budget has made intensive study of Government expenditures.

One of the first things investigated by the Budget Bureau was the business of buying. It uncovered some amazing things. It found that in the Treasury Department alone, for instance, there were twenty-six separate and independent purchasing agencies, each buying supplies. Imagine a great business organization with twenty-six unrelated purchasing agents! That was changed of course; the Treasury now has one purchasing agency. The Department of Commerce had sixteen such agencies; there now is one. And so that phase of the work is progressing through the entire fabric of the Government. The savings, naturally, are enormous.

The Budget Bureau also found that certain Governmental agencies, notably the Army, the Navy, and the Shipping Board, had on hand billions of dollars in surplus supplies. Investigation disclosed also that other Government agencies needed the very articles, in many instances, which were classed as surplus. Here was an opportunity for one branch of the Government to sell, at sheriff sale figures, supplies which other branches of the Government were buying at market prices.

That, too, was changed. Now there is a clearing-house for all Government requirements. When a department needs supplies, its requisition must go to the clearing-house. If another department has them on hand as surplus, an exchange is made, with resultant saving. Not until investigation has shown that the required supplies are not on hand as surplus in the Government's possession is the department making the requisition allowed to purchase them.

That system saves money. Here is one instance:

The Navy needed twenty-nine vessels—cargo steamers, tankers, etc.—to replace worn-out auxiliary craft. Under the old way of doing things, it would have advertised for them. Under the new way, it got them from the Shipping Board, which had the vessels tied up and was paying out money to keep them properly conditioned and under guard. The savings to the public in that item alone exceeded \$17,000,000.

Take another case. Taxicabs were required for the use of foreign delegations at the Arms Conference, and the United States Government, as host, sought to provide them. It offered to make a contract with a private taxicab company at Washington, but the price named by the company was considered too high. Through the Bureau of the Budget an arrangement was made to use the War Department's excess passenger automobiles, much more commodious and comfortable than private taxicabs, and \$20,000 was thereby saved to the taxpaying public.

One more illustration. The Post Office Department sought to obtain extra trucks to move the flood of Christmas mail. Four hundred War Department vehicles were pressed into service throughout the country, and the saving therefrom totaled approximately \$50,000.

Such co-ordination in purchasing was unknown before the enactment of the Budget Law.

In the field of transportation a Federal Traffic Board was installed to effect economy. An Advisory Committee composed of Mr. Lewis J. Spence, Director of Traffic, Southern Railway; Mr. George H. Ingalls, Vice-President of the New York Central Lines; Mr. Lincoln Green, Vice-President of the Southern Railway System; Mr. H. M. Adams, Vice-President of the Union Pacific System; and Mr. Archibald Fries, Vice-President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was named to assist. These gentlemen, serving without pay under the chairmanship of Mr. Ralph C. Caples, an experienced traffic man, have aided and are aiding the Government in its new work under the Budget Bureau.

As expected, the Board is saving public money. An economy of \$220,000 was effected in five months by the shipment of Government property by rail and water instead of all rail. A fifty per cent cut in rates (from \$2.50 to \$1.25 per hundred pounds) has been obtained on all water shipments of Government

property, a big item, from coast to coast. This in addition to the \$220,000 cited above. Within six months, it is estimated, the total savings brought about through the Federal Traffic Board have been not less than \$1,250,000. And, in addition, the Board has laid down regulations which will perpetuate this saving annually to an equal or greater sum.

Other great subdivisions of the Bureau of the Budget have been built up and are to-day in effective, though little heard of, operation. Here are a few illustrations of savings not only directly attributable to the Bureau of the Budget, but brought about solely by the Bureau's initiative:

Prohibition officials used to rent private warehouses in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, and other large cities for the purpose of storing their seized contraband. Space that was unused in Government warehouses is now used for that purpose, at an annual saving of \$80,000 in rent.

Three hundred Marines guard the mails in New York City. They were housed at the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. building and were receiving commutation of rations. The Bureau of the Budget found space for them on an unoccupied Shipping Board pier at Hoboken, with a resultant saving to the Government of \$300 a day, or more than \$100,000 a year.

A transfer of fire extinguishers listed as surplus by the War Department was effected to various other departments.

On the market the extinguishers were priced at \$10.50 each, as compared with \$4.75 paid by the War Department. The savings on that transaction were about \$21,000.

The Chicago Postmaster was furnished surplus coal at a saving of more than \$8,000; the Marine Corps was enabled to effect a \$24,000 saving in obtaining cotton undershirts from the War Department; a saving of \$120,000 a year in the upkeep of a cable ship was effected through a transfer; and the Labor Department saved more than \$5,000 in a little deal involving the purchase of blankets.

These are some of the ways—a handful drawn for purposes of illustration from thousands—in which the Bureau of the Budget is operating to save money for the American taxpayer.

Just now the Bureau is engaged in the task of paring down the estimates of Government officials as to what they will need to keep their various enterprises going during the coming fiscal year. That part of the work is not spectacular; it is not calculated to make friends for the Director of the Budget; it is not altogether pleasant. It is a hard thing for a man to cut into another man's ambitions, especially if the other man happens to be a personal friend. But that is what Director Lord is having to do to-day, and will have to do to-morrow, and will continue doing until he sends the completed product to the President for transmission to Congress.

General Lord is one of the most popular of army officers. He has spent considerable time in high service with the War Department at Washington. His previous work had to do almost wholly with War Department finances, of which he was in charge. He established a record for efficiency there which has not been eclipsed. Under his administration of its funds the Department came through the last fiscal year without a single deficiency bill. He is trying now to apply that measure of success, so far as it can be applied, to the entire organization of the executive branch of the Government.

He has already received preliminary estimates of next year's requirements from the various departments. Under the law, he will receive final estimates not later than September 15. It will be his task to cut them approximately \$600,000,000 to bring about a reduction in the cost of government and hold total expenditures to the limit of total anticipated receipts.

"Our country," said President Harding the other day in addressing a meeting over which General Lord presided, "is one of the few in the world which is now paying its way as it goes, and I must regard with disfavor any tendency to interfere with this condition or to increase taxes."

"Mr. President," said General Lord in response, "we guarantee new and signal triumphs in the field of governmental economy with efficiency."

CLOSE-TO-HOME MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

BY ELON JESSUP

AN outdoor activity which demands varying degrees of specialized knowledge on how to walk, creep, writhe, and in certain instances almost hang on by your finger-tips has become extremely popular within recent years. To-day is the heyday of mountain climbing. In the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Rockies of Colorado, Sierras of California—almost any mountain or hill locality, in fact—one finds all ages and both sexes turned mountaineer, youngsters as well as grown folk scaling towering peaks.

This general popularity of mountain climbing is gratifying to any one who likes to see the outdoors made the most of. It is a recreation which is good for the soul and good for the body. A Swiss guide once remarked: "I have no evil thoughts when I am climbing a mountain."

Which sums up with engaging simplicity one side of this excellent sport. The present article, however, is mainly concerned with physical aspects. The good works of mountain climbing are numerous in this respect. With practice, mountaineering develops nimbleness and all-around strength of body,

strong lung power, fine sense of balance, caution, teaches one properly to preserve energy and how to keep one's nerves under control. The game gives and demands all-around development rather than specialized muscular development.

Next Week

in The Outlook for September 6 will begin

"Under Four Presidents"

The Autobiography of

Oscar S. Straus

Unfortunately, mountain climbing in its present-day popular phase is too often accompanied by high spirits run wild without thought of caution or result. The rules of the game receive an insufficient amount of attention. The exhilarating combination of expanding lungs and hungry imagination now and again blinds one to important practical details. There is a temptation both to overdo and take foolhardy chances, although of course one is not always conscious of running these chances. The experienced mountaineer never, if he can possibly help it, does either. He plays safe.

Mountain climbing is, or should be, considerably more than a haphazard scramble. Some people are born climbers, but, as a rule, the game must be learned in the mill of experience. And it does not make a vast amount of difference where one learns, for the fundamental principles of mountaineering hold good the world over.

The snow-fields and glaciers of the Alps, Canadian Rockies, and Himalayas of course demand a specialized knowledge of snowcraft which is hardly necessary in regions such as the Adirondacks



CLIMBING MOUNT SIR DONALD, SELKIRKS, CANADA

and the White Mountains. Snowcraft is a big subject in itself. Yet the fundamental elements of caution, knowledge of natural conditions, and conservation of physical energy are about as essential in one place as another. A fall of fifty feet from the Hudson River Palisades may prove just as fatal as a fall of three thousand feet in the Rockies, a landslide in the White Mountains may be more disastrous than a snowslide in the Alps.

One of the first rules of mountain climbing is that of learning the game by easy stages. I know a girls' camp located in the New Hampshire hills from which every so often during the course of the summer a party of about fifteen girls ranging from eight to thirteen

years of age are taken on a four days' climb among the peaks of the White Mountains. They all look forward to this climb as the big event of the summer.

None of the girls, however, is allowed to go until she is in fit physical trim and has set her mind and feet to work learning the fundamentals of mountain climbing in the low foothills close by the camp. She is put through a thorough course of sprouts which will make her feel at home in bigger hill company.

This system is excellent in every respect and fully as applicable to grown-up climbing beginners as it is to children. And with the widening of one's climbing experience, say from the White Moun-

tains to the Rockies, it still holds good. Every mountain range has individual characteristics, and these should be learned under tolerably safe conditions. If your fancy turns to snow-mantled peaks of the Canadian Rockies, learn your mountains and the specialized methods of climbing which these demand on reasonably low and easy peaks of this section before tackling high and difficult monarchs. There are few experiences more terrible than those of becoming physically exhausted and losing one's nerve in a dangerous mountain spot.

The present article is confined for the most part to what might be termed close-to-home mountaineering, meaning thereby that it deals with climbing methods which may be practiced in varying degrees in almost any mountain or hill section on this continent, from the Ramapo Hills to the Canadian Rockies. Snow and ice climbing methods are omitted, for the reason that these are found only in certain regions. Close-to-home mountaineering is far more general than alpine mountaineering.

The two outstanding dangers in almost any sort of climbing are accident and physical strain. The average climber is not so liable to the former as he is to the latter. Even a fairly steep foothill is a strain upon human powers, and while mounting its slope your strength is being pitted against one of nature's greatest forces.

It is only when this strain is reduced to its minimum that you have the proper kind of climbing. Which for the most part means being in fit physical trim before tackling a mountain and knowing how to preserve one's energy on the way up. A ten-year-old boy, for example, is likely to be endowed with a greater supply of spirits than wise judgment, and for this reason will stand watching and advice. By all means encourage his mountain-climbing ambitions, but teach him how to climb. And in all instances give due consideration to the condition of the heart and lungs, for the strain upon these organs is great.

Methods of getting to the top of a mountain or hill vary with local conditions, but whether you climb in the Adirondacks, Berkshires, Alps, or Rockies there is up-hill and down-hill walking to be done, and this means a different sort of foot-work than that to which one is accustomed on level ground. Let me explain the energy-saving technique of walking up a fairly steep slope.

If you were to ask the average small boy (and not a few of his elders) to demonstrate the best method of mounting a slope, he would probably start off at top-notch speed and with each stride upward he would give a vigorous spring with the toes of the rear foot, or, in other words, *push* himself up the slope: a proceeding comparable in some respects to lifting yourself by your bootstraps. A great deal of spirit and foot-work, to be sure, but not much head-work. He is throwing stored-up energy

to the winds and playing havoc with the muscles of the calves of his legs.

A similar demonstration on the part of an experienced mountain climber shows a notable difference. In this case the whole body seems to be doing the walking. In place of high spirits we find even rhythm and leisurely restraint. The rear foot, instead of being pushed upward, is *pulled* upward. No one set of muscles is being overburdened; the work of climbing is being equitably distributed throughout the body. If the slope proves too steep for comfort while walking upward in a straight line, the course is changed to a zigzag route. Paradoxical as it may seem, the longest route to the top sometimes proves the shortest.

There is a slight swaying motion to the body of the experienced climber and his steps are fairly short. When he reaches level spots in the slope, his stride is lengthened a trifle but the speed is not appreciably increased. Always on both steep and level stretches he walks with the heel as well as the ball of the foot planted flat on the ground, even though it is necessary to place the foot sidewise to the slope in order to accomplish this. To mount a slope solely on the toes and balls of the feet, so that the heel is left suspended in air without support, means great waste of energy. This is commonly done by beginning climbers.

While climbing a slope, one now and again slips backward from stepping on loose stones, mud, or wet grass. The beginning mountaineer under such conditions is likely to resemble a horse in a treadmill; he makes frantic efforts to hold his balance and regain lost ground, but fails to think about lost energy. The seasoned climber, on the other hand, acts as the condition of the slope warrants. The loosening of a single small stone may sometimes start a dangerous rock-slide, and in such a case one must get off to one side in a hurry, out of harm's way. But as a general rule a slip is a wholly innocent proceeding; the experienced mountaineer amiably allows himself to slip without making any effort whatever to stop, and then when he has ceased slipping goes back again to his leisurely rhythmic climbing.

Expanses of loose small rocks or great boulders are likely to be encountered on occasional slopes, and these should be regarded with suspicion and trod with catlike caution. Small rocks should never be dislodged from their positions if one can possibly help it, and when stepping from one of the larger rocks to the next it is wise, as a rule, to plant the foot upon the sharp edges. The flat surface of a large rock may seem an inviting foothold, but it is not likely to be so certain as one of the edges.

In crossing a tilted expanse of great boulders it is far safer to step from one to the next than to walk on the ground. It would be foolhardy to walk between two boulders, for there is always the chance that the boulder above may break



FOLLOWING A ZIGZAG TRAIL IN THE VALLEY OF TEN PEAKS, CANADIAN ROCKIES

loose as the result of some slight jar. In stepping from one boulder to the next the climber must be constantly on his guard against a sprained ankle. Due to the uneven nature of the footing, such a possibility is rather greater in this particular variety of climbing than in most others. Alertness of eye in picking the right footholds and the thought in mind that you will sprain your ankle unless you are very cautious serve perhaps as the greatest safeguards against such an occurrence.

To return to ordinary, every-day slope climbing, with special reference to the

descent. The principles of descending a slope are somewhat different from those of mounting it. Just as in uphill climbing the natural gait is one of leisure, so on the downward course the natural gait is one of speed. But not too much speed, or one is likely to land in the lap of trouble; not a harum-scarum down-hill plunge in which the feet function more quickly than the eye. One should know every moment just where one's feet are stepping.

The best gait, except for fairly level stretches, is one which is more of a canter than a walk; the footprints are close



A PARTY ON THE PEAK OF MOUNT MADISON, WHITE MOUNTAINS

together in pairs, instead of being evenly separated as in ordinary walking. If one foot lands upon an insecure foothold, the other foot is close by to hold the ground and thus prevent a tumble. The legs function more like springs during the descent than they do in the ascent. The jar of one's descending body demands this. The knees should be bent, although not too much so. Springiness of legs lessens the chances of a sprained ankle, although one must always be on guard against this accident during the descent of a slope.

The most dangerous type of climbing is that of scaling a precipitous rock cliff. This variety of climbing should be taken by extremely easy and safe stages until one has acquired a workable knowledge of rockcraft. And rockcraft demands, among other things, the cautious paws of a cat, the sharp eye of an eagle, and the steady nerves of a mountain goat. If these attributes can be augmented by a fair knowledge of geology, so much the better. If one is climbing a mountain which is in a rapid state of disintegration, it is expedient to bear this fact in mind as one strainingly reaches for a far handhold or foothold. Likewise, one

must study the tilt of the rock strata. Strata which project upward furnish holds which the reverse lay of the rock does not.

The instructions of a Swiss guide with whom I climbed Mount Sir Donald, in the British Columbia Selkirks, go far toward summing up rockcraft in a few words. As we were about to tackle the sheer rock cliffs which towered above glaciers and snow he said:

"From now on we're going to be four-legged animals. Hands do as much work as feet. Test every new hand and foot hold before you trust it. Take your time. Go slow."

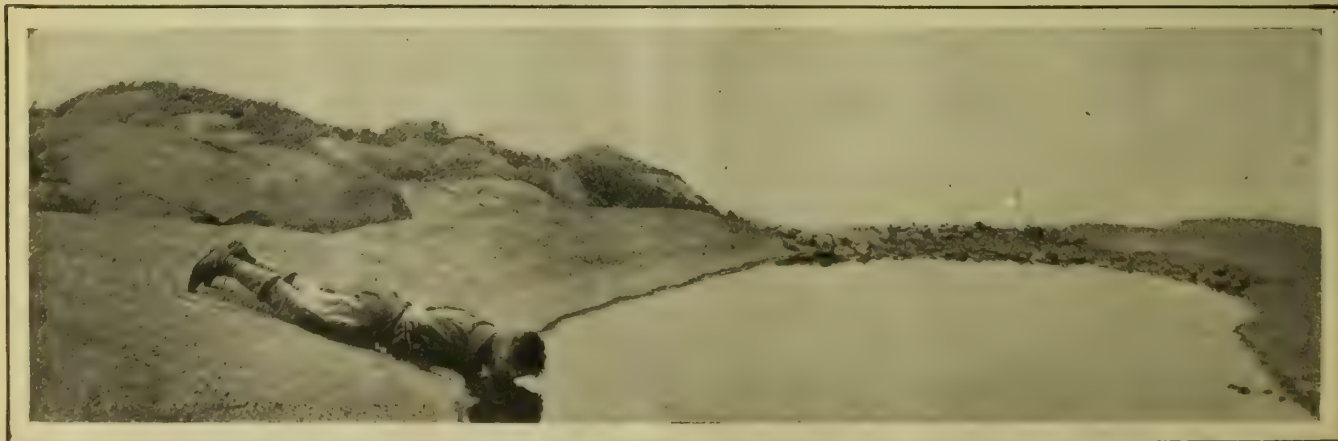
As indicative of the technique of rock climbing in general, I will briefly relate some of the methods which we used in scaling the tilted face of that stupendous mass of rock known as Mount Sir Donald. We left our alpenstocks behind at snow-line. These staffs, which are so necessary on snow slopes, are in rock work a far greater encumbrance than help. Our rope line slowly writhed up the face of rock, only one man moving at a time. I used the word "writhe" advisedly. Rockcraft demands a gradual shifting of one's weight when mounting

a sheer cliff. There is never a sudden spring, as in climbing a stairway.

Our hobnails underfoot, doggedly gripped inch-wide ledges, yet we were careful not to place too great an amount of confidence in these footholds alone. Three of one's four limbs should be constantly anchored to various nooks, ledges, and projections. Hands oftentimes become more important than feet. Every nook and projection in which we hoped to put our trust we first regarded with suspicion. In the majority of instances our suspicions proved to be ungrounded, for it so happens that Sir Donald is an especially substantial mass of rock. On a crumbling mountain our proportion of safe holds would not have been nearly so large. For the same reason, the danger from stone missiles dropping from above was lessened, although more than once there came a warning clatter which induced us to flatten ourselves against the face of rock until the reason for the clatter bounced off into space.

The descent was in some respects more difficult than the ascent; a quite different variety of descent, I can assure you, than the speedy canter which has been described in connection with the ordinary mountain slope. Eyes are located in one's head, but in descending a cliff you really need them more in the feet. Furthermore, while ascending one is almost constantly facing the gray rock so encouragingly close to one's eyes and does not give much thought to the dizzy drop below, whereas during the course of the descent one sees quite a bit of that dizzy drop and cannot wholly help thinking about it, however hard one may try to banish it from the mind.

It is at such a time that one who is inexperienced in the ways of rockcraft may be taken with that strange physical and mental confusion known as dizziness. Steady nerves play an important rôle in rockcraft. Before attempting a difficult rock climb one should make sure first that the nerves will stand the strain. And remember the first and last rule of this type of climbing, which is—never make even the slightest move in a hurry.



EVEN RAIN-WATER IS A GOOD DRINK AFTER THE HARD PULL UP MOUNT AMPERSAND, IN THE ADIRONACKS

THE BOOK TABLE

GOMBO

BY CARLETON BEALS

GOMBO is not the name of an elephant, a Siamese prince, or the latest breakfast food. It is a royal château of King Victor Emmanuel, of the house of Savoy, and is situated on the Ligurian seacoast near the mouth of the Arno River—a little gem of a retreat surrounded by four hundred square kilometers of pine and oak forests and plantation lands known as the Cascine Vecchie di San Rossore. The Cascine was founded by the Medici; the present buildings at Gombo were built for the pastime of the kings of Italy.

But far more significant: On July 8, 1822, Percy Bysshe Shelley, while crossing the Gulf of Spezzia from Leghorn for Lerici in the Don Juan, was drowned in a summer tempest directly opposite the gates of Gombo. Two weeks later his body was tossed up on the shore. The pockets of his coat were still bulging with a volume of Sophocles and Keats's last book of poems doubled back to the "Eve of St. Agnes." On August 16 the body was burned on the sands in the presence of friends: Leigh Hunt; Mary Godwin Shelley, his wife and author of "Frankenstein;" Lord Byron; and Edward John Trelawney, "who loved Shelley, traced out his corpse and snatched from the fire the Heart of Hearts."

Happening to be in Pisa on a hiking tour through Tuscany, I was able to visit Gombo one hundred years, to the very day, after the poet was drowned. The whole of the previous afternoon I wasted trying to secure a special permit to wander at will through the Cascine and out to the beach, but, whether such permits are not granted or whether I looked too seedy, I was unsuccessful.

So, on the hot morning of the 8th, I set out boldly, not with a Colt in my hip pocket, but armed with a small wad of lire, which in this modern age of over-touristed Italy are more potent than pen, sword, or the cross. Knapsack on my back, kodak at the hip, two sandwiches in an inside pocket of my shirt, staff in hand, I swung over the Arno by the Ponte Mezzo, down the long cool arcades of the Borgo Largo, through the vast Piazza Duomo with its tilted campanile, its gray Cathedral and Baptistery, its Campo Santo, out through the New Gate and along the Stradone delle Cascine—a straight white road flanked with poplar trees and sluggish irrigation ditches.

Carts creaked past loaded with pine cones and wood from the royal forests, high-bodied white oxen tugged patiently at great timbers, quivering thoroughbred horses were enjoying their morning outing. Here and there barefoot men crept warily along the canal-banks hunting for eels, or flung their flies for fish

smaller than the thumb, or wielded enormous nets fastened at the four corners to bamboo cross-sticks. A glorious walk under the spreading trees with vistas of open hay fields and the dark green of the forests beyond!

After four miles the road parted, flowing around a wire fence that inclosed the administration buildings of the vast royal estate. I turned rapidly to the right. But a warden wearing Puss-in-Boots buskins and a green feather in his gray hat intercepted me.

I gave him an ingenuous smile. "This, I presume, is the road to Gombo."

He picked me over with a hostile eye. "Ughuh. Let's see your *permesso*." Then he pointedly informed me my journey had come to an end.

"That's too bad," I said, mournfully. "I had set quite a store on walking through the Cascine." I added some comments about the beauty of the country, the picturesqueness of his costume, the kindness of Italians, and the loyalty of the King's servants, finding an excuse for lingering by taking an exposed film from my kodak.

"If you *should* go in," the warden speculated, rubbing his chin, "you couldn't take that kodak along."

I promptly handed it across, remarking that I felt quite safe in leaving it in his custody. He took it dubiously.

"But say, just *why* do you want to go to Gombo? *Perchè, perchè?*"

"Well, a poet was drowned there"—that was what I had meant to say, but in reality had stumbled upon one of those many confusing preterit and perfect tenses with which Italian abounds, so that my remark in reality was: "Well, a poet has just been drowned there."

"What!" With a hairy, sun-burned hand he promptly beckoned me inside the wire inclosure and locked the gate behind me. Telling me to wait "with patience," he leaped on a bicycle and pedaled furiously off toward the buildings. In a few minutes he pedaled furiously back.

Presently a fat paunch, bedecked with a massive gold chain, waddled around a turn in the path. The newcomer regarded me suspiciously and demanded:

"You say a man has died near Gombo?"

"Yes, a poet."

"How'd he get in?"

"He didn't. His boat capsized, and his body was thrown up on the shore."

"No *body* has never come this way—*mai, mai!*"

"It was burned on the sand—by friends."

The fat man exchanged a sharp glance with the warden. "Now look here," he went on, "what was the name of this here poet?"

"Shelley."

"*Scelli*. Italian, *davvero?*"

"No, English."

"*Ma!*" Relief relaxed his features.

He felt himself on firmer ground. Englishmen are always doing unusual things. "When did you say this happened?" he asked.

"July 8—"

"What! And his body already burned!"

"Excuse me; I meant July 8, 1822. A hundred years ago to-day."

The fat man wrinkled his brows painfully. Well, Englishmen were queer, poets were probably worse, and Americans were sons of Englishmen—it worked out quite syllogistically: A dead poet and a modern "nut" wanting to see where he had died. His fatness consulted volubly and passionately with the warden, using enough gestures to have appreciably reduced his weight had he held dumb-bells in his hands. I was to be allowed to proceed. The fat official waddled off mumbling. The warden gave me my final instructions.

"Mind now, don't take your coat off; that would be showing disrespect for his Majesty; and don't go wandering off the road—*sempre diretto diretto*. They won't let you past Gombo to the sea, but—well, have you anything to eat? You can't eat on the royal farms, you know."

He pawed painstakingly through my knapsack, meticulously examined an aluminum alcohol cooking outfit, then made me throw away small quantities of tea and sugar. I thanked my stars for the two sandwiches inside my shirt.

And so with the warden's final "*Capito, capito?*" (understand?) ringing in my ears, down the straight road I stepped through the King's four hundred square kilometers of plantation and forest.

No more shade trees arched overhead; the sun was now high and blazing hot, the dust eddying up from my feet acrid and choking. After a cautious glance back toward the group of administration buildings, I sacrificed respect for comfort by removing my coat.

On either side well-tended forests stretched for miles. At intervals an unseen cuckoo, that prince of European birds, would call to me; rabbits started up from the roadside; fat partridges whirled out of sight through the trees. The shady depths looked cool and inviting. But I set my face resolutely to the hot, white roadway that is a two-mile rule laid down between the administration buildings and Gombo.

At Gombo a pompous caretaker in shirt-sleeves—where was his respect for royalty?—came to the latticed fence. I peered curiously through at the queer, steep-roofed, gabled red and yellow buildings, and informed him gently that I had come to see Gombo. But Gombo was not to be seen under any circumstances!

"At least I may look at the sea?"

"The road ends here," he said, oddly

puffing out his cheeks at the corners of his lips.

I patiently explained that I had come all the way from America to gaze upon the sea at this particular spot—I avoided the subject of dead poets; that I had walked these many miles just for that purpose. I waxed eloquent—or at least he pitied me.

"But you can't leave this main road," he said, but more kindly. "Still, I suppose that if you kept close to the fence—not an inch away—it might not be construed as leaving the road; it might be construed that you were following the road if it did keep going."

He stuck his hand through the fence. I seized and shook it heartily. He licked his thick lips and gave me a hurt glance. So I shook his hand again, more genteelly, with less American gusto, and then—of course—I slipped a two-line note into his palm (not quite ten cents at present exchange rates). He beamed shingly, and I followed the road that was not a road.

"And, whatever you do," he called after me, "don't go in bathing. That is highly treasonable. All this coast is reserved for the King."

I thanked him again and continued along the fence, dodging around deserted concrete sentry-boxes until I came at last to the Ligurian Sea.

The greenest of green seas and a forlorn sandy shore—this is the outlook from Gombo. Save for the royal bathing pavilion, thatched and weatherbeaten, save for a rickety diving pier and three or four palm-leaf shooting blinds, the coast stretches for miles without a sign of human handiwork; only far south, at the mouth of the Arno, the village of Marina is a fleck of gold on the white sands. My gaze wandered out over the green, green sea to the tiny purple island of Gorgona, then, swinging about the palest of blue horizon circles, rested upon the hazy mountains beyond Lerici—that never-reached goal.

My mood changed—one of those quick shifts in the human feelings that transforms the whole aspect of the universe. The spirit of the lost poet hovered over the shore, investing it with pathos and solemnity. His impassioned and meteoric career flashed before my retrospection. The waves rose and broke with that same austere and relentless rhythm which cadences the last and sublime passage of "Prometheus:"

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;

To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;

To defy Power which seems omnipotent;

To love, and bear; to hope till hope creates

From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;

This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;

This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

And telling over these last lines, I was possessed by a burning urge to feel the sea against my chest, the same sea that had taken his life. I was sweating; I was parched with a thirst that the lukewarm water from my canteen would not allay. All the King's horses and all the



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

From a crayon copy of Miss Curran's oil portrait in the Bodleian Library

King's men would have had to stand between me and those low diving Mediterranean breakers. Quicker than the telling, I was running into the surf; and a dashing wave broke in a dazzle of spray over my head, and a quick delicious chill shot through my body. Glorious—for a second.

But all the time I was thinking of Shelley; of the catastrophic blow with which nature had felled him as a lesson in real charity to those whose bigotry had helped to drive him into exile; of the momentary peace and relaxation, perhaps, with which he had set sail that clear, hot morning a hundred years ago. I thought of the mockery of that last ambitious and unfinished poem, "The Triumph of Life," for fate, it would seem, had determined to punish the audacity of his having seized upon such a theme. I thought of the story of Job which he was planning to put in metrical dress, and I wondered whether the Job he might have created would have been a greater soul even than Prometheus—a soul whose lofty patience would ultimately have shamed an unjust tribal god into righteousness; who would have hoped as did Prometheus until hope created from its own wreck the thing it contemplated; who would thus have achieved spiritual liberation, even as Shelley had done during those years when English public opinion was tearing at his vitals. I imagined the poet pondering over this great new poem, matching its rhythm with the pulse of the sea he was riding, a pulse which quickened to violent fury, and I visual-

ized his own life enacting the tragedy he might have written.

And suddenly the very salt of the sea seemed to carry the tang of his spilled blood, and the sea had grown more warm than the surrounding air. I was being bathed in something more than sea, and the surf beating on the shore seemed still to carry the echo of his dying cries. I ran naked up the shore, shaking the big drops from my body with something like fright. Panting, I lay down in the sun to dry.

All around the horizon the clouds were puffing up into the azure sky, but their stalks were black, like those of white mushrooms springing from mire. And almost in awe, I watched the gathering storm, wondering what poet—this hundred years later, when the world is once more a fury of hate and destruction—what poet, what great soul is, perchance, perishing to whom the world will some day pay its belated homage.

And my hand fell upon a heap of purple shells; white on the back, purple in the hollow, and where the purple melted into white their texture was like the skin of a beautiful woman—or a poet—beneath which delicate veins flowed with rich life. Were I living in a less practical-minded age, I might have imagined that the gods had willed that the shells on this coast be forever tinted with the blood that had pulsed from the great "*cor cordium*." Certainly the blood in the veins of Shelley was of royal purple, more royal than that of the kings of the House of Savoy who have usurped the shore where he died; for, though there are greater poets than Shelley, he, and perhaps he alone, stands with Dante in loftiness, purity, steadfastness of soul, unshaken honesty of purpose, and unflinching idealism.

And when I had dressed and tramped back around the road that was not a road and the road that was a road; when I finally redeemed my kodak, I gave the green-plumed warden two purple shells.

"These," I told him, "are worth more than all the lire ever printed by the Banca d'Italia, for they are tinted with the blood of a poet."

And now I know the perplexed fellow believes me mad. Purple shells! Purple shells and an afternoon filled with the glamour of departed greatness. Purple shells and dreams.

Florence, Italy.

THE NEW BOOKS

POETRY

BALLAD-MAKER'S PACK (A). By Arthur Guiterman. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.

If Arthur Guiterman's poetry was as perfect as his rhymes, he would be the finest poet in America. But, alas for Arthur Guiterman! it is not so. "A Ballad Maker's Pack," for instance, affords the reader a deal of dexterous matter in point of technique, but rarely ever is that unexplainable urge which

transmutes verse into authentic poetry to be discovered. His grace and spontaneity should be perceptible to all; his facility is undoubted. It is a fatal facility, however, and it would undoubtedly be better for the versifier if his stanzas did not come so easily. He writes about everything in the 260 pages of his book—sentimental verses, patriotic effusions, legends, peeps at other

lands, nature verse, anything the reader desires. The plethora is so great that it is impossible to give a fair estimate of the writer by quotation.

DRAMA

WHITEHEADED BOY (THE). By Lennox Robinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

Those people who witnessed the production of Lennox Robinson's amusing

three-act comedy by the Irish Players last season will hardly need any comment relative to the play. "The White-headed Boy" is fairly representative of the contemporary manner of the Irish stage. No small part of its success is due to the mellow drollery of the dialogue, which is distinguished by a delightfully light touch. It sets off admirably the apt character.

THE MAIL BAG

BIRDS AS MONEY SAVERS

IN the issue of The Outlook for June 21 I read with interest "How Birds May Save a Billion Dollars' Worth of Foodstuffs a Year." As a lover and protector of bird life, I heartily agree with all Mr. Moulton says except his statement in regard to the bob-white. He says: "The policy of absolute protection recently adopted by one of the States is not called for by strictly economic considerations." Doubtless he refers to Ohio, and I want to say that with us it was a policy of absolute protection or extinction.

Ohio is a great industrial as well as agricultural State. Towns and cities are close together, and our farms are overrun by hunters and trespassers, many of whom hunt without permission of the landowner and assume that everything is free in the country. Can you imagine the feelings of a farmer who had found a little flock of frightened quail on his farm, petted and fed them through an ice-bound winter, only to have them ruthlessly exterminated during the open season the following fall? Persecuted as they were by dog and gun, the time came when they were rarely seen, except now and then one with a broken wing or a leg shot off that had escaped the hunter's bag to die of pain and starvation.

We farm folks know that the bob-white is our most faithful ally in our endless war on weeds and insect pests; we know too that bob-white never did a harmful thing in his life, and that the meat on his little breast would never pay for the ammunition and time required to kill him. Largely through the efforts of the Ohio State Grange, State Senator C. A. White of Lisbon, Ohio, and the farmers of the State generally, a law was finally enacted putting bob-white on the song-bird list, where he should be. A few years of protection and two open winters have increased his kind wonderfully. They step daintily and fearlessly about our premises now, even condescending to answer our rather inferior whistle, and we are proud of their friendly confidence.

Sportsmen and manufacturers of ammunition are making a desperate effort to get them back on the game-bird list. Some of their arguments might be amusing if they were not so maliciously false.

One is that the bird, being so very prolific, will soon become more numerous than the country can support. We reply that when they do will be time enough to begin the slaughter. Another is that, since they are no longer valued as game birds, they are becoming extinct through starvation and neglect; yet it is an undeniable fact that they are many times as numerous as they were when on the game list. Another is that unless the coveys are shot to pieces annually the species will deteriorate through inbreeding and eventually become extinct; and we are moved to inquire sarcastically how they think Mother Nature ever managed to run her business before they came on the scene with a shotgun.

If sportsmen want to do the country an economic favor, let them have an open season the year around for rabbits and red squirrels, for these two pests destroy billions of dollars' worth of foodstuffs annually and do no perceptible good. Or, if they must shoot birds, let them try their marksmanship on blue jays and English sparrows, whose vices outnumber their virtues and who do their utmost to drive out more desirable birds.

In winter droves of juncos, titmice,

chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches, five or six different varieties of woodpeckers, and a few cardinals come to the writer's home for feed. We hang suet and bones on trees about the house, and even on the back porch, where the smaller birds, especially chickadees, come quite fearlessly. A high shelf on the porch is kept supplied with crumbs, and some are scattered on the ground, for juncos prefer crumbs and will eat meat only as a last resort. An ear of easy-shelling corn is fastened on a window ledge for the cardinals, as this is the only place we have found where the jays, sensing our hostility, will not molest them. Evergreen trees afford a welcome shelter for all.

In the springtime horsehair, bits of string, cotton, and other nest-building material scattered about help to attract the migratory birds. A hollow behind our house, with a stream of spring water and scattered forest trees interspersed with cherry and mulberry, makes a paradise for more birds than I have time or space to mention here. All summer long they furnish us with exquisite music and protection for garden and orchards. It is well worth any one's while to cultivate the friendship of birds.

MARY CALDWELL.

Leetonia, Ohio.

COLONEL THOMPSON DEFENDS THE A. A. U. AND REPLIES TO "AMERICA'S BOSS-RIDDEN ATHLETICS"

IN The Outlook of April 19 you printed an article by Newton Fuessle, called "America's Boss-Ridden Athletics," and featured it on your title-page.

In this article Mr. Fuessle refers to the American Olympic Association as an arm of and a "subsidiary of the Amateur Athletic Union," and makes a series of grave charges against the A. A. U. By featuring Mr. Fuessle's article The Outlook indorses his charges, and as The Outlook passes into the libraries of the best element in the country, these charges, if unanswered, remain a continuing charge which must necessarily weaken the influence of the American Olympic Association, and therefore I ask you to publish the following statement.

The A. O. A. was organized to promote the Olympic Games—that is, inter-

national amateur sports—to encourage every American youth, not merely to better his muscular development, but to make the best possible body that the thews and sinews given him by God and his ancestors will permit; to elevate and broaden the standards by which athletes to compete in the games are chosen; and to kindle in their souls such a love and respect for the United States that the world will say, as Baron de Coubertin, creator and President of the International Olympic Committee, said of our 1912 team at Stockholm: "Until your teams are animated by the same patriotism which controls the representatives of the United States you cannot hope to compete with them."

If all the organizations that participated in the meeting of November 25,

1921, join the A. O. A., it will represent every sport association in the country—those that deal with men who may now compete in the Olympic Games, those interested in youth who in the future may compete, and great organizations like the golf and tennis associations not yet represented in the Olympic Games.

The A. O. A. will not be controlled by any group or faction; it will be a senate, the members of which are elected by independent organizations. There will be two parties in the A. O. A., just as there are in the United States two political parties—one that believes in States' rights, and one that believes in a strong Central Government; the one administered by volunteers trying to produce "individuals," the other trying to produce good classes; the one believing in unpaid management, the other in highly paid expert management. Both parties have good and evil in their composition, and both are animated by a strong desire to do good.

There is room for both in the American Olympic Association, and the associations that fail or refuse to join the A. O. A. will fail to do their full duty to the United States.

The A. O. A. has nothing to do with the management of National sports; it has everything to do with the international Olympic Games. It will control the "try-out games," prescribe standards for the competitors in those games from the winners in which the men who are to compete in the Olympic Games must be selected, take the team to the games, and see that they conduct themselves properly while there.

The A. O. A. will have enough to do without joining in any of our home disputes, which always have and always will occur, just as we will always have different political groups.

I am perfectly certain that on the next Olympic team we will have representatives of the Army and the Navy, of the colleges, and of the great athletic organizations of the country, working together in perfect harmony, maintaining the same high American standards as did the team of 1912, and securing even better results in the sports than did that historic team.

I hold no brief for the A. A. U., but that organization is a member of the A. O. A.; it always has taken, and probably always will take, a prominent part in Olympic Games; and in fairness to that organization I submit the following statement, the facts therein being within my own knowledge or obtained from official sources:

Mr. Fuessle says: "A self-appointed and self-perpetuating hierarchy of bosses absolutely controls America's representation at the Olympic Games." This statement is untrue.

For instance, on the 1912 team at Stockholm, riding was represented by five Army officers designated by Major-General Leonard Wood, then Chief of Staff of the Army. The Rifle Team represented the Rifle Association and included a Princeton professor, but was

mainly composed of officers and men of the Army and Navy, and was captained by the then Lieutenant-Commander (now Captain) Harris Laning.

The Fencing Team had on it officers of the Army and Navy, and it represented, and the men were chosen by, competitions held by the Amateur Fencers' League.

The Revolver and Shotgun Teams were chosen by and represented their own associations. The Army, represented by Colonel George Patten, contended in the pentathlon.

The track and field athletes, representing athletic associations from all parts of the country, contended at try-out games held in various parts of the country, and the winners at these games were the "Track and Field" athletes on the Olympic team. I can conceive of no fairer or better method of selection, and certainly no "self-appointed and self-perpetuating hierarchy of bosses" controlled America's representation on this team.

On the team were Army, 11; Navy, 4; undergraduates, 41; and representatives of various athletic and sport organizations, 112. The team of 1920 was selected while many of the young athletes of the country were still in the Army and Navy, and was composed of Army, 54; Navy, 37; undergraduates, 56; and athletic organizations, 200.

The team was sent to Antwerp on an Army transport, and had probably the same treatment and the same accommodations that our soldiers had. It is common knowledge that the world was not on a normal basis and that the comforts of 1912 could not be expected in 1920. Still, the team did wonders, secured 557 points, and our Fencing Team, captained by an Army officer, Major F. W. Honeycutt, won the third place over the strong British team. So much for the teams.

Now for the committees that managed them, described by Mr. Fuessle as "a small and arbitrary group." The American Olympic Committee that supervised the games of 1912 was organized in 1911 at a meeting of representatives of the National associations of the sports generally featured at the Olympic Games.

A large committee was selected, on which were representatives of every section of the country, and an Executive Committee on which were the three representatives of the International Olympic Committee: Professor William Sloan of Princeton, Allison V. Armour, and that fine gentleman and sportsman Everett Wendell, who, alas! is no longer with us. On that Committee were representatives of the Army and Navy, the Fencers' League, the Rifle and Revolver Associations, the Intercollegiate A. A. A. A., and the A. A. U.

After the 1920 games it was suggested that a permanent Olympic Association should be formed, and at a meeting held in New York on November 25, 1921, to organize an American Olympic Association, two proposed constitutions were submitted—one to form an American Olympic Association, and the other to

form a Federation of Athletic Associations. The meeting voted to adopt the first constitution, and the representatives of the Associations who favored the Federation withdrew, and declined to join the A. O. A. The trouble was largely due to a misunderstanding of Clause Six of Article III in the constitution as adopted. The Federation representatives believed that under this clause the A. A. U. would have absolute control, whereas the fact is that out of 127 votes the A. A. U. had only 35 votes.

The Executive Committee, which should be composed of men especially interested in athletics and qualified to represent America and the American spirit, will have on it, if the Federation and the Army and the Navy finally accept membership in the A. O. A., five men who are officers of the A. A. U., five who are officers of the Army and Navy and Federation, and five who are independent.

Of course it is true that no association can continue to exist if the members of the association are not willing to trust each other, but, from my knowledge of the men, I know that if once they know each other misunderstandings will disappear and the men will work together. The object which we will have at heart is to secure a proper representation of the United States in the Olympic Games, and to have our representation therein so managed as to secure the good will of our foreign competitors.

Mr. Fuessle describes the A. A. U. as "that powerful Amateur Athletic Union, whose strength has been steadily growing for sixty years," and then goes on to say: "The Amateur Athletic Union, known as the A. A. U., in no wise represents the vast number of institutions and organizations from which our athletic strength is recruited."

The A. A. U. is composed of twenty organized districts, representing nearly nineteen hundred organizations, each one of which manages its own games with entire independence, employing the machinery of the A. A. U. only when the games are open. The A. A. U. then steps in to insure that professionals posing as amateurs do not intrude into the games.

One of these A. A. U. district associations, for example, the Metropolitan Association, has in its membership the American Legion of "New York State Department," representing 100,000 members; the Public Schools Athletic League of New York, representing 200,000; the Bankers' Athletic League, composed of thirty-six banks in New York City, representing 15,000; the Municipal Athletic Activities Association of New York, which promotes athletic activities for the employees of the city, representing about 80,000; the Scandinavian-American Athletic League, composed of Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian and other Scandinavian clubs; the Sunday Schools Athletic League; the Western Union Athletic Association; the Amateur Industrial Athletic Association; the Industrial Athletic Association of New Brunswick; the Newark Insurance and Banking Ath-

letic League; the Y. M. C. A.s of New York, including all the Y. M. C. A.s in the greater city; the Y. M. C. A.s of New Jersey, including all the Y. M. C. A.s in the State of New Jersey north of Trenton.

The Association also included Columbia University, Princeton University, the College of the City of New York, Fordham University, New York University, Rutgers College, Brooklyn College Club, and Cooper Union Night School. There are also the Knights of Columbus councils, Elks' clubs, settlement houses, Young Men's Hebrew Associations, Turn Vereins, all the National Guard Regiments in Greater New York, the Hotel employees' organizations, etc.

Altogether there are 187 independent organizations belonging to the Metropolitan Association. Mr. Fuessle states that the A. A. U. is a clannish organization composed of local and powerful athletic clubs. But the list named above certainly does not bear out his statement.

It is true that the New York Athletic Club and several other clubs are in the Metropolitan District and are members thereof. It is also true that the New York Athletic Club has exactly the same vote as has each unit of the Y. M. C. A. or the Sunday School League.

The New York Athletic Club was organized in 1868 by young men who fought from '61 to '65, and in the more than fifty years of its existence it has constantly worked to promote amateur athletics. I am proud of the fact that I have been twice the President of that club.

I assure you, Mr. Editor, that the way to build up athletics is not by trying to destroy an organization which, as Mr. Fuessle says, "has been growing stronger for sixty years;" and which represents over two million members, each one of whom has an opportunity at the proper time and place to vote for representatives, who in turn select the officials who manage the A. A. U.

In conclusion, let me remind you and let me remind the public that 1924 will soon be here, and that in the meantime we have got to take the necessary steps to provide a team for the Olympic Games of that year. We will provide it and it will be a good one; and let me prophesy that the Army and the Navy and the colleges will take part in selecting and managing that team.

ROBERT M. THOMPSON,
President American Olympic Association

[Colonel Robert M. Thompson, President of the American Olympic Association, replies here to an article based largely on an interview with General Palmer E. Pierce, President of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The Outlook is of course in sympathy with the principles for which General Pierce stands.]

It appears that if all organizations invited to join the American Olympic Association do so, 64 votes will control any meeting. And if, as stated by Colonel Thompson, the Amateur Athletic

Union has 35 votes, it is seen that this number is more than half the 64 votes required for a quorum. The result of this voting power is shown by the election of officers on November 25, 1921. The president, three vice-presidents, secretary, and auditor elected on that date by the American Olympic Association were all either officers or prominent members of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Colonel Thompson's defense indicates apparent tentative changes in the constitution of the American Olympic Association, which to some observers reflects

the arbitrary control of the A. A. U. and makes many organizations fearful of joining.

Finally, college-trained members of American Olympic teams since 1896 have been responsible for approximately seventy per cent of the successes achieved at the games by American representatives. It seems desirable that the trainers of these men should have appropriate representation in the conduct of the affairs of the American Olympic Association, which, it appears, has been denied to them.—THE EDITORS.]

More of the BEAUTIFUL INFORMAL ENGLISH in

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS *of* EDWARD FITZGERALD

The Translator of OMAR KHAYYAM

to BERNARD BARTON, *the Quaker Poet*

It is twenty years since the last collection of FitzGerald's letters was published, and it seemed unlikely that any more would be forthcoming. Recently, however, through one of Barton's kinsmen, a lot of letters from FitzGerald to the Quaker Poet, written in the late thirties and forties, have been found, and Scribner's Magazine is privileged to print two articles from that correspondence. Here will be found the beautiful informal English for which FitzGerald is famous. The poet, Barton, and he had a bond in common—both were ardent collectors of pictures—and these letters are full of the eager quest for drawings and pictures at very moderate prices, for neither had much money to spend. The letters, which you will read in Scribner's Magazine, are also filled with allusions to FitzGerald's literary friends—Tennyson, Carlyle, Trench, Milnes, and other great Victorians. These letters are a real find. Get your copy of

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NEW YORK

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Keene Valley, N. Y. Season June 1—October 1. Very heart of highest peaks. Rooms available only for September. Rates \$18 and \$20. Illustrated booklet. M. E. LUCK, Prop.

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks
Altitude 1571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars.
C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

KEENE VALLEY INN. Keene Valley, N. Y. Altitude 1,200 ft. Mtn. climbing, tennis, fishing. Capacity 150. \$18 week up. Illus. booklet. W. W. Black, Prop.

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"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 25 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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Morristown, N. J. Quiet, restful home life for a few guests in beautiful residential park near station. Excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. 7929. Outlook.

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Old Colonial House, 1 hour from N. Y. 5 fireplaces, Dutch oven; 10 rooms, attic; furnace, bath, electricity. Furnished. \$15,000. 3 acres, larger acreage available. I. F. CONANT, National Arts Club, N. Y. City.

FLORIDA

In Florida—For Rent

Two completely furnished cottages, modern improvements; one 3 rooms, bath, for \$225 for season; other 8 rooms, sleeping porch, sun parlor, garage, dock, \$500, November till May. E. J. BLAIR, Cocoa, Fla., Box M. Fishing, hunting. Facing Indian River. Secure now.

Florida Estate for Sale Ideally situated on coast Florida, 39 miles north of Palm Beach. Property consists of 10 acres highly developed. Oranges, grapefruit, pineapples, etc. Wonderful garden. Main house has six master's bedrooms, five baths, besides servants' quarters. Boathouse, garage, gardener's house, etc. House completely furnished. Fine fishing and bathing. Inquire **LAWRENCE M. VILES**, Railway Exchange Building, Chicago.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7,947. Outlook.

NEW YORK

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Real Estate NEW YORK

Adirondack Cottages—For Sept. or later \$60 and \$75. Furnished, 5 rooms, running water, modern sanitation. Garage. Supplies convenient. Fine mountain view. A good center for touring. A. Ward, Jay, N. Y.

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LADY will receive into her home on Brooklyn Heights, New York, after October 1 one or two young girls wishing to study at the Brooklyn Master School of Music, or to avail themselves of New York advantages. References given and required. 2,000 Outlook.

WANTED—Rooms and board. Two ladies. Permanent. Refined environment, within thirty miles Philadelphia or New York. Moderate terms. 2,632. Outlook.

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COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income; home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

WANTED—Active partner in established girls' camp. Man or woman with some capital, business experience, and advantageous connections. 1,897. Outlook.

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DICTATORS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIRECTORY for secretaries and social workers. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston office.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

150 letter sheets and 100 envelopes, \$1. Postpaid. Burnett Print Shop, Box 145, Ashtland, O.

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Professional Situations

WANTED—Trained nurse in school for retarded children. 1,889. Outlook.

LATIN TEACHERS WANTED by famous New England school. Should be young and unmarried, have done some graduate work, and had a little experience in teaching. Address Latin Department, 8,008. Outlook.

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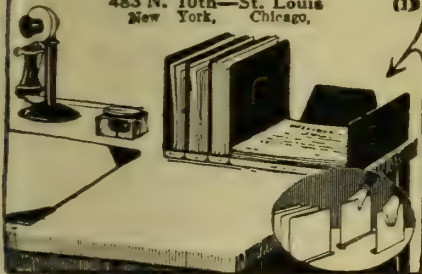
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(1)

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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

An Unusual Service for Outlook Readers

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In either case, an Outlook "Want Ad" will undoubtedly solve the problem. Here is a typical extract from a letter just received—"I had not anticipated that my ad would prove so alluring. I received twenty-four replies and they came from thirteen different States. It has given me a great respect for the wide circulation of The Outlook."

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The rate is only Ten Cents a Word.

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New York City

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Refined and experienced young woman to assist mother in care and training of four small children. Ridgewood, N. J. Address 2401, Outlook.

WANTED—Young lady's companion to act as chaperon during winter in Washington. Prefer English woman. References required. 2402, Outlook.

REFINED Protestant as waitress in family employing dietitian and governess. No servants. Cedar Hill Farm, Reading, Pa.

WANTED—Nurse and governess to co-operate with parents in care of four robust, active, well-trained children, eldest 5 years. Attractive home in outskirts of a city. Good health, even temper, patience, and pleasing personality required. Applicants must have good experience and references, fondness for outdoors, able to assist in broad physical and mental training. Should send full details experience and salary with application. 1875, Outlook.

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WANTED—Teacher of French for private school in South. Please give details of training and experience in first letter. Native teacher preferred. Address 2440, Outlook.

RESIDENT or non-resident French teacher in girls' private school with limited enrollment. Five miles from Philadelphia, Main Line Pennsylvania R. R. Apply immediately, enclosing testimonials and recent photograph, please \$1.10 and living expenses. 2444, Outlook.

WANTED—French Protestant nursery governess, help chamber work and sewing. Seven year old girl goes to school. New York winters. Mrs. L. H. Beers, Westhampton Beach, Long Island.

WANTED—Young man well qualified to establish vocational department in private school for slightly retarded boys. School opens September. 1887, Outlook.

WANTED—Man to teach athletics and academic subjects to subnormal boys over sixteen. School opens September. 1888, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, quiet, sunny disposition, cultivated, orphan, desires position useful companion with invalid gentleman. Highest credentials. 1886, Outlook.

WOMAN physician would go abroad in professional capacity. 2422, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse wishes position with nerve or mental patient. Good credentials. 2408, Outlook.

GRADUATE experienced nurse would like position in school. Miss Class, Central Club, 132 East 45th St., New York City.

Business Situations

SUCCESSFUL, experienced young woman, campaign, publicity, writer, public speaker, newspaper work, desires position in New York. Best references. 1857, Outlook.

LIBRARIAN with business experience, proficient in library economy, cataloguing, filing, indexing, compiling statistics, and installing systems, desires position in or near New York City. 2445, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAINED nurse desires position as nurse and housekeeper to elderly lady or gentleman. Would travel California and Middle West. Cheerful, agreeable disposition. Disengaged September 5. 2449, Outlook.

AMERICAN Protestant widow as managing housekeeper private home where maid is employed, or hostess in college dormitory. Experience. References. 2409, Outlook.

SWISS refined lady, university graduate, desires position as teaching governess, companion, managing housekeeper, position of trust. Great experience in education; usual subjects, French, German, English, handwork. American references. 2428, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher wishes position as chaperon-companion for girl under fourteen. 2480, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement desires position as companion or home secretary. Best of references. 2404, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY requires position as nurse-companion or managing housekeeper. Would take care of delicate child. Wide experience. Has traveled all over Europe. Highest credentials. Miss Helen Thomson, care General Delivery, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED, by experienced, adaptable middle-aged Protestant American woman, position of trust, such as traveling companion, chaperon, housemother. Would consider care of children. Located thirty miles from Pittsburgh. References given and required. Address, stating particulars, 2441, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary with lady traveling. Well educated young woman, business and private school experience. Best references. Isabel Hughes, Williamstown, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER and supervisor, public school, desires position at once. Specialties, music and penmanship. 2423, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher of little children, graduate of Teachers College, Columbia, wishes tutoring in Brooklyn, N. Y. 2437, Outlook.

SOUTHERN gentlewoman, excellent teacher, wishes position. College training, exceptional references. 2447, Outlook.

TUTORING. Private instruction in Latin, French conversation and grammar, history, and English subjects by a Smith College graduate of French ancestry. Experience. References. Regular instruction for fall and winter. 2450, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

WANTED—Board and care for active aged lady. Pleasant, quiet home near New York City. Reasonable rates. Address Mrs. William Patten, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

REFINED, exceptional home, Passaic, N. J., for infant or child. Mother's care. Highest references as to qualifications and experience. 2424, Outlook.

CHILD or young girl accommodated in my home in Colorado Springs. Excellent environment. Intelligent care. Open air school. References exchanged. Leaving New York early in September. 2423, Outlook.

CORNELL graduate will tutor limited number of DIFFICULT OR SLIGHTLY BACKWARD BOYS between 12 and 16 years. Outdoor life on farm in Virginia. Individual attention and special help. Best references. Address Joseph H. Russell, 100 Sanford Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

SELL YOUR SNAP SHOTS AT \$5.00 EACH. Kodak prints needed by 25,000 publishers. Make vacations pay. We teach you how and where to sell. Write WALHAMORE INSTITUTE, LAFAYETTE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WANTED—Patient with an attendant in modern suburban home; all conveniences. Apply Box 425, Brewster, N. Y.

WANTED—To board difficult little girl of nine, preferably with family of clergyman or retired school teacher, in the country within sixty miles of New York. Seven dollars a week. 2446, Outlook.

BY THE WAY

A Child's Reading

DO you realize the tremendous importance of selecting books for young people which will not only entertain but will help to *mould character* as well? Such books are the famous animal classics, *Black Beauty* and *BEAUTIFUL JOE*, stories which have never failed to hold the children's attention to the very end. They read and love the story of *BEAUTIFUL JOE*, the homely and abused little dog who was rescued and adopted by a sympathetic family. And they read it without realizing for a moment that they are absorbing one of the greatest lessons a child can learn—the lesson of *unselfishness*.

More than a million copies of
BEAUTIFUL JOE have been sold

A story that will never grow old, and one that speaks not for the dog alone, but for the whole animal kingdom. Through it we enter the animal world, and are made to see as animals see, and to feel as animals feel.

BEAUTIFUL JOE

By Marshall Saunders

has just been revised and re-issued in handsome cloth binding, with colored picture-cover, many illustrations, and charming end papers by Charles Copeland. Don't wait for Xmas to help your child develop the qualities needing development *now*. Every bookstore has it or can get it for you. \$1.50.

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Philadelphia

EAT AND BE WELL

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare; also effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

DIET BOOK

SENT FREE

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.
HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
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SPENCERIAN SILVERED STEEL PENS

*Will Not Corrode,
Always Keep Bright*

Samples of *ten* different patterns and finish, sent on receipt of *10 cents*, including a thirty-two-page booklet on handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York

A CORRESPONDENT seeks to put you straight as to the name of the horse of the famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek," a subscriber writes, "and quotes from Sheridan's 'Memoirs' to sustain his claim. But he gives too much weight to Sheridan's words in the 'Memoirs,' for Sheridan does not there say that the horse *always continued to be called 'Rienzi.'* In Hinton and Burr's *Life of Sheridan*, on page 214, there is an allusion to 'Rienzi, or Winchester as he was called by the General after the battle at that place,' etc. On October 17, 1881, Sheridan wrote to Colonel Herbert E. Hill from Chicago, and, speaking of the ride, says: 'My black horse Winchester was saddled,' etc., and later in the same letter says, 'I rode my black horse Winchester,' etc. On the following day the General wrote again to Colonel Hill saying: 'The black horse Winchester died October 2, 1878,' etc. These two letters are set forth in Hinton's *Life of Sheridan*, page 212."

"I am built just as other people are built, so far as I can discover," says Mark Twain in "Unpublished Chapters from an Autobiography" in "Harper's Magazine," "and therefore I do prize a good hearty compliment above rubies. But when a man goes beyond compliment, it makes me ashamed. . . . Adulation. Adulation—spoken or hinted. And never earned; never due, to any human being. What a king must suffer! For he knows, deep down in his heart, that he is a poor, cheap, wormy thing like the rest of us."

Prohibition agents who found a still in full operation in a tenement in New York City were regaled with an ingenious explanation by the owner. "I was in an elevator accident once," he explained, "and ever since then I have had to take alcohol baths. Sometimes I get more alcohol from this still than I need for my bath, and that I make into wine for occasional internal use to help me get back my health." Notwithstanding this pathetic plea, the owner was locked up and his still confiscated.

A New England library contains a file of the "Providence Gazette" for 1783. The advertisements occupy an inconspicuous place and are couched in a much humbler style than the appeals of our day. Here are two characteristic examples:

Samuel Coy, Painter, begs leave to inform the Public, that he continues to carry on his Business, in every branch, and is ready to serve his Customers and others at the shortest Notice. He has for Sale, Colours and Putty as usual.—The smallest Favours will be gratefully acknowledged.

N. B. He will take any Kind of Country Produce in Pay. At present he is in Want of Stone-Lime, House-Plank, Joist, Yellow Pine Boards, and some other Materials for Building, which will be received in Lieu of

Cash, provided they be delivered this Winter.

To be sold by Olney Winsor, at his Shop, a few Doors Northward of Dr. Arnold's Hay-Scales, a neat and well-bound American Edition of the Holy Bible, Printed by Mr. Robert Aitken, in Philadelphia, and examined, approved and recommended by Congress. As this is the first Edition ever published in our language in this Country, it is presumed that the Curious, as well as the Religious, will wish to be possessed of a copy. They will apply soon, as but few are on Hand.

The "London letter" which is a front-page feature of an issue of the "Providence Gazette" in 1783 contains these items of contemporaneous interest to our forefathers:

The Americans have made a demand for several hundred thousand pounds, principally for the subsistence of the prisoners taken at Saratoga.

Anecdote: A few nights since, a celebrated Duke, after supping with the Prince of Wales, and drinking rather freely, gave for a toast, "a speedy coronation!" This intended compliment however failed in its effect; for his Royal Highness, with a proper spirit of indignation, filled a bumper and threw it into the Duke's face. The offender, struck with the impropriety of his own conduct, thought the best way was to put it off with a laugh, and filled his own glass and dashed the contents thereof in the face of —, who sat next to him, saying, "His Royal Highness hath given us a new fashioned sentiment in preference to my toast, so pray put it round."

On Monday the 2d inst. died at his apartments, No. 12, Cockspur-street, Mr. Burne, the Irish giant, in the 23rd year of his age. His remains are secured in his coffin which measures upwards of 8 feet 4 inches: His friends are determined to have him carried to Ireland in a few days. All persons desirous of seeing the above coffin, will be admitted this day, at 2s. 6d. each.

The August Bulletin of the American Relief Administration contains this cheerful announcement:

"The Russian people have been snatched from the brink of a catastrophe unequalled in the history of the world's disasters. The generosity of the American people . . . has accomplished the almost impossible. For the last sixty days no one has starved in Russia: the number of deaths from starvation which six months ago threatened to extend into the millions has been limited to a number which certainly will not exceed half a million, if that many. To-day almost ten million destitute people subsist on American foodstuffs bought with American money, transported across the ocean in American ships, and distributed by an inconceivably small group of American personnel."

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1922

SHALL WE FORGET THE LUSITANIA?

"THE QUESTION IS WHETHER THE CLAIMS OF KILLED AND INJURED AMERICANS SHOULD BE RELINQUISHED TO HELP SATISFY GERMANY'S EUROPEAN CREDITORS." SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS DISCUSSES THE PROPOSAL TO RETURN ALL ALIEN PROPERTY TO ITS FORMER GERMAN, AUSTRIAN, AND HUNGARIAN OWNERS

The Outlook in Schools and Colleges

BOARD OF EDUCATION
THE CITY OF NEW YORK
THE BOARD OF SUPERINTENDENTS
Park Avenue and Fifty-Ninth Street

I congratulate you on the frequency with which I see *The Outlook* used as a text-book in the schools and on the interest and vivacity of the recitations in which it is used. I do not know of any single subject of more vital importance to the coming citizen than the study of actual National problems which will confront the voter when he reaches his majority. A clean, concise consideration of these questions such as is presented by *The Outlook* every week without "writing down" to the supposed lower intelligence of the school makes a highly desirable text.

WM. MCANDREW,
Associate Superintendent, Public Schools,
New York City.

June 27, 1922.

"SUGGESTIONS FOR USING THE OUTLOOK IN THE TEACHING OF CURRENT HISTORY, CIVICS, ENGLISH AND RHETORIC"

—is the title of a pamphlet giving a complete outline of suggestions for the use of *The Outlook* in class-room work which will be mailed free of charge to any instructor or teacher in the United States. The Outlook's special class-room rates are also enclosed and explained in this pamphlet. There is no charge and there is no obligation—simply drop a line of inquiry to

The Educational Director

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Making New Markets With Printer's Ink

ONE of the most striking changes of the past ten years is that which has come about in the important business of housekeeping. In this short time the broom and the washboard have vanished from the housewife's coat of arms, and the comic pictures in which Mary hurls the flatiron at John don't ring true, as they once did.

Broom, washboard and flatiron have given away to suction sweeper, electric washing machine and electric iron. And Mary doesn't hurl the iron at John any longer, not simply because it's fastened to a cord, but because she's taking no chances with it.

What has brought about this new and agreeable state of affairs? Well, how did Mary happen to buy that new iron which has proved such a boon to herself—and John? She saw it advertised, of course. And the multiplied Marys of today represent a great market created largely through national advertising.

No wonder the alert retailer and the wholesaler have come to hold national advertising in high esteem—for besides making easier for them the sale of goods with long-established markets, quickening their turnover, protecting them against in-

ferior merchandise and benefiting them in many other ways, national advertising is constantly creating markets for new merchandise and opening up new channels of trade.

It is because America reads advertising that the new idea today so swiftly supplants the old. Advertising changes deep-rooted habits. Advertising creates new desires. Advertising sets new and better standards. And all this it does with amazing swiftness—for advertising speaks to millions simultaneously.

The safety razor, the player piano, massage cream, the glass baking dish, wallboard, fireproof roofing, the talking machine, soap flakes, canned soup—one could go on indefinitely extending the list of products which today testify to the ability of national advertising to create new merchandise demands.

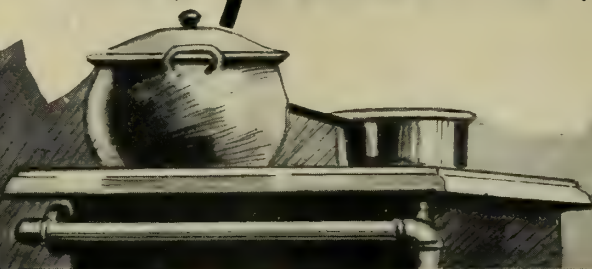
There is probably no industry today for which advertising has not blazed new trails. There is no merchant, wholesale or retail, the scope of whose business it has not greatly widened.

* * *

But the main thing which advertising does for the retailer is to speed up his turnover; that's what makes him a profit.

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The American Association of Advertising Agencies]

A black and white fashion illustration of a woman standing, wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved dress with a wide collar and a dark skirt. She has her arms crossed and is looking down. The background is dark and textured.



In such emergencies Absorbine, Jr. affords prompt relief. It is an antiphlogistic and stops inflammation and soreness. It is cooling, soothing and healing.

After sudden and long-continued exercise, the prompt application of Absorbine, Jr. to the parts affected prevents that next-day stiffness, lameness or soreness, so commonly experienced by persons unused to exertion.

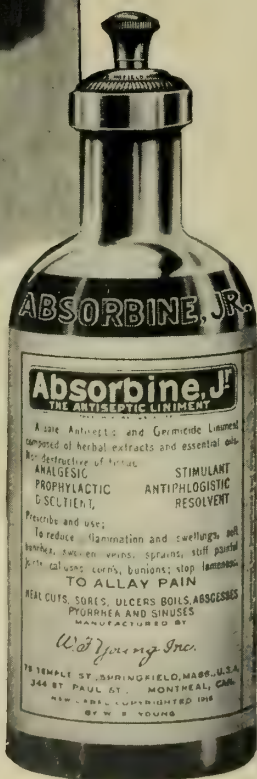
A rubdown with diluted Absorbine, Jr. affords a delightful sensation. Athletes and trainers use and highly recommend Absorbine, Jr.

Diluted Absorbine, Jr. is also an excellent mouth wash, gargle and spray. It leaves the mouth refreshingly clean, removes disagreeable tastes and breaths, destroys crevice hidden germs and alleviates conditions of sore throat.

In one convenient container you have both an antiseptic and a germicidal liniment. It is safe, of a clean, pleasant odor and without the usual liniment stain; especially desirable characteristics where there are children about.

*At most druggists, \$1.25, or postpaid.
Liberat trial bottle, 10c. postpaid.*

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 443 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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